

REGIONAL ROOM
FILE FOLDER
NO. 1908

County



Arden W. Stewart

Arden Stewart

Arden W. Stewart, age 61, is up for re-election as Uintah County Sheriff. He is a high school graduate and has had extensive police training.

Political background: Been an active Republican all my life. Sixteen years as sheriff. Has been a local and state delegate for the Republican party.

Rate the following issues in order of importance and explain why: budget, administration, personnel matters, public relations, and dealing with commissioners.

1. Budget: It takes money to run the department and at the same time we must be mindful of how we spend it. 2. Administration. It takes a good administrator to run the department in a proper manner. 3. Commissioners: We have to get along in order to accomplish better things for the county. 4. Personnel: We must be mindful of our personnel's needs in order to keep them performing at the highest level of efficiency. 5. Public Relations: The public has the right to know what is happening and what our performance is.

In your opinion does the County Sheriff's Department have adequate personnel and equipment to provide effective law enforcement in the county? Explain why.

Yes, we have coverage on both sides of the county and our officers are able to respond to calls at a reasonable time. Through our efforts past no. 1 crime is down in the county and the jail is running at near capacity and generating a large amount of revenue for the county at the present time. About \$150,000 thus far this year. The Sheriff's Dept. is healthy.

1937-05-27

Bishop Ira Gardner was in Vernal today (Thursday) from Jensen on his way to the funeral services of "Hank" Stewart at Roosevelt. Mr. Stewart and Mr. Gardner were associates in the round-ups in their younger days.

Poppy Scheduled For Saturday, May 29th Here

Poppies which will be worn here in memory of the World War dead on Poppy Day, May 29, have been received by Witbeck Post No. 11 of the American Legion Auxiliary from the Veterans hospital, of Salt Lake City, where they have been made by disabled war veterans. The flowers are crepe paper replicas of the famous poppies of France and Flanders, that flourished and bloomed amid the war's desolation. They are being arranged for city-wide distribution on Poppy Day.

"Each flower has been made with pains and care by some disabled World War veteran," Mrs. J. Emery Johnson, president of the Auxiliary explained. "They are made to represent as closely as possible the little red flowers that these men saw in the fields of France where so many of their comrades still lie. Their significance comes from the sacrifices of those thousands of brave young Americans who died in the country's service on the battle field of France."

"Making the poppies has provided employment for many hundreds of disabled men through the winter and spring months. The work not only has enabled them to help support themselves and families, but also has been valuable as occupational therapy. It has been conducted in veterans' hospitals, and in special poppy workrooms in every part of the country."

"Disabled veterans receiving little or no government compensation are the only ones employed in the poppy program. Preference is given to those with dependent families. The work is a Godsend to these men who could not possibly find or perform other employment."

Vernal Milk and Butter Used to Make Local Bread

"Mother's Bread," manufactured by the City Bakery of Vernal is gaining considerable popularity not only in Uintah Basin, but in Northwestern Colorado, for its delicious flavor and freshness. Each day hundreds of loaves of this wholesome bread are baked for local consumption.

The purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Mother's Bread," and because of the method used in baking "Mother's Bread," it seems to have a longer lasting quality. Camping parties, sheep and cattle outfits, are using large quantities of "Mother's Bread."

Every person in Uintah county should be a booster for this local product.

A. C. Boyle, Sr. Died Sunday at A Local Hospital

Albert C. Boyle, Sr. 88, father of Dr. A. C. Boyle, Jr., superintendent at the Dinosaur national monument, passed to his final reward Sunday at 11:43 in a Vernal hospital where he was taken the day previously.

Mr. Boyle came to visit with his son on May 10 and was enjoying fairly good health. After the first week he became weakened and was able to be up for only a short period at a time until Saturday when he consented to be taken to

River Victims Located Near Scene of Death

Robinson Boomed for High Court



Mentioned for the Supreme Court post to be vacated June 2 by Justice Willis Van Devanter was Senator Joseph T. Robinson (Dem. Ark.), above. Robinson, Senate floor leader, is 64. Possible obstacle to his appointment, in addition to his age, may be the new judiciary retirement act which may forbid the appointment of a member of Congress to a position whose

Record Crowd at Graduation Held At Alterra High

Twenty-five graduates received their diplomas at the Alterra high school on Thursday evening, May 20. The largest crowd ever to gather in the school auditorium witnessed the exercises. The graduates were presented by Principal Duane P. Anderson. In the past four years Alterra has graduated 108 students, truly a record for so small a high school.

C. Ray Evans, principal of the South Summit high school, gave the address to the graduates. The class project was a flag pole and U. S. flag for the school grounds, presented by Lynn Morrill, senior class president. Representative students were Lynn Morrill and Raymond Bolton.

The class officers were Lynn Morrill, president; Ora Bastian, vice president; Elaine Bastian, secretary.

The commencement program consisted of the March of the graduates; selection "Beautiful Dreamer", girls glee; invocation, John G. Bolton; reading, June Birchell; salutation, Lynn Morrill; representative boy student, Raymond Bolton; duet, "The Little Red School House", Erna Caldwell, Sylvia Ekund, valedictory

Bodies of Hank Stewart and Thomas McKenna Found By Searching Crews a Short Distance from Place Of Drowning in River.

Both of the bodies of the Green river victims, who met their death Tuesday, May 18, at the Stewart ferry six miles below Ouray, have been recovered.

The body of Thomas McKenna was located Tuesday evening about 5:30 p. m., as it was floating down the river about two miles below where the tragedy occurred. The body of Hank Stewart was discovered by Matt Curry and companion at 5 a. m., Wednesday morning. The body of Stewart had lodged in a drift of wood several hundred yards above where the body of McKenna was recovered.

Under the direction of Sheriff J. Emery Johnson with Austin W. Wardle, a brother-in-law of Stewart, and Merle McKenna, a brother of McKenna, in charge of operations, a crew of from 40 to 60 searchers were constantly on the job. From the Stewart ferry to the gorge below, a distance of over 16 miles, 8 motor boats and 3 row boats, with crews on horseback and afoot have patrolled the distance day and night, all believing there was little chance to ever find the bodies.

The finding of the body of McKenna gave encouragement that his companion would be found in the near vicinity as evidently the bodies were being held by an undertow and only drifted after rising to the surface.

A reward of \$50 was posted Sunday by Vernal City and Uintah county for the recovery of either body and on Monday the relatives of Mr. Stewart posted a \$100 reward for the finding of each body.

The funeral services for Thomas McKenna were held Wednesday at 3 p. m., at Leota under the direction of the Leota ward bishopric.

Funeral services for Mr. Stewart were held today (Thursday), at 12:30 p. m., in the Roosevelt chapel, under the direction of the ward bishopric. Under the auspices of the Vernal Lodge No. 24 IOOF, of which Mr. Stewart was a member, interment will be made in the Roosevelt cemetery. The Swain Funeral Home of Vernal will have charge of funeral arrangements.

The tragic death by drowning of Mr. Stewart on May 18, at his ranch on Green river below Ouray brings to close the life of another one of Utah's colorful pioneer stockmen, associate of Ed Lee and the late Preston G. Nuttall of the Nine Mile country, rich in legend and story.

Hale and hearty, able to ride and work hard, he did things a far younger man would shirk. His very death in the torrents of the Green river was because he could not contentedly lay down the work he was so accustomed to doing. Hank Stewart fitted into the times, now rapidly passing, respected for his hardihood and straight-forward dealing with his fellow men.

John Henry "Hank" Stewart was born at Mona, Utah, May 1, 1888, on what was known as the Star ranch, the son of Dr. Simeon

and Mary Ellen Sullivan Stewart. When a young boy his parents moved to San Bernardino, Calif., during the gold rush days. Later returning to Mona where his father, the old time doctor, had a practice covering many miles. With his brother, George, he spent much of his boyhood days in the Puget Sound country, living with an uncle and aunt. The family moved to Tintic and the boys attended school at the All Hollows college in Salt Lake City.

With the true spirit of the pioneer and love for the out-of-door, he went to Carbon county where in 1897, he married Minerva Van Wagener. After a visit of some length into the Ashley Valley they settled in the Nine Mile country, where he became a successful rancher, raising cattle and horses which he ranged in that section.

Mr. Stewart later became interested in placer mining in the Horse Shoe Bend on the Green river and purchased a large holding of land at the mouth of Willow creek where he operated a ferry as he owned land on both sides of the river. The ferry was used principally for crossing bands of sheep.

Again he engaged in the stock business especially the breeding of fine horses and purebred cattle. At nearly every race meet and rodeo held in the Ashley Valley for several years Mr. Stewart was one of the judges and was noted for his fair decisions.

He is survived by his widow Etta Wardle Stewart, their son, Ardon and a daughter and son by a former marriage, Mrs. Eva Ashton, of Vernal, National committeewoman of the American Legion Auxiliary and former president of the Utah Legion Auxiliary, and one son, Van Stewart of Brigham City, district manager for the Salt Lake Tribune in Box Elder county; one brother, George E. Stewart, Fort Duchesne; also two grandsons.

AS I KNEW HANK STEWART

Hank Stewart was a man with his heart in his hand;

A better one never passed by. He would stand by his friends to the last bitter end.

If he knew they were willing to try.

He was honest, straight-forward upward and good.

Always ready and willing to help where he could;

But the voice of the Shepherd has called him away.

May his soul rest in peace until the great judgment day.

—WATSON THOMPSON

Funeral Services Held at Leota for Thomas McKenna, River Victim

The funeral services for Thomas McKenna, victim of the drowning accident, May 18, six miles below Ouray, were held at the Leota ward chapel Wednesday at 3 p. m. under the direction of Bishop I. Exund. A large crowd was in attendance.

The opening song was a trio by Barbara Hovey, Selva and Etnett Exund who sang "Nearer My God to Thee," with Viola Exund as accompanist.

Oscar Jensen offered the invocation, and Calvin Jorgensen the benediction.

The speakers were Bert Hovey and Roy Knight, with closing remarks by Bishop Exund, who offered words of sincere consolation and sympathy to the bereaved wife and children and other relatives.

A duet, "One Fleeting Hour" was sung by Mrs. Bodilly and Mrs. Calvin Jorgensen.

The closing song, "Before Time, Lord, I Bow," was sung by Mrs. Bodilly, Mr. and Mrs. Jorgensen.

Interment was made in the Leota cemetery under the direction of the Swain Funeral home, with Bishop Exund dedicating the grave.

Tuesday, April 18, 2017

County Commission recognize family, approve agenda items

LIBERTY BEST
lbest@ubmedia.biz

Uintah County Commissioners recognized the Arden Stewart family at the regularly scheduled meeting on April 10.

Brad Westwood, director of the Commission of State History and state preservation officer for the state of Utah, presented the award to every member of the family that was present at the meeting.

Westwood had the family stand at the front of the conference room where they were recognized on behalf of what Arden Stewart had done for history preservation.

"Arden W. Stewart was an exceptional Utahn, both in Uintah and Duchesne County, long time Uintah

Basin resident, someone who was deeply involved and studied Utah and Uintah's canyon's histories, but he also made a fair amount of history himself," Westwood said. "Author of Cowboys Poetry work in the Pine, rancher, canyoneer, a longtime county sheriff for four consecutive periods, a veteran and an American Legion member. It is state history's honor to recognize this exceptional history and Utahn."

Uintah County Commission approved Resolution #04-10-2017 R1, revision #02-17, and Resolution #04-10-2017 R-2, revision #02-17, which accepts portions, of 4300 S. and 2300 E. from class D roads as 1-B paved roads and 2225 W., 475 S. and 2110 W. as class 1-B paved roads and

added the road portions to the Transportation Plan for Uintah County.

The roads are in subdivisions within Uintah County. Commissioners approved a contract in the amount of \$10,000 to secure the entertainment of Ned LeDoux at Uintah County Fair, in June. A \$27,000 approval was to secure monster trucks and tractor pulls at Uintah County Fair.

According to Stringer, entertainment for the fair generally exceeds \$20,000, and the entertainment for this year is substantially less than average.

At the end of the meeting, Commissioner Brad Horrocks made a motion to appoint Sen. Kevin Van Tassel to complete Duane Shepherd's term on the Uintah Transportation Special



The Arden Stewart family was recognized at the Uintah County Commission meeting on April 10, 2017, for the work Arden Stewart had done to preserve history in Utah and Uintah County.

Service District Board.

Van Tassel would continue on the board until December 2018.

Van Tassel has had past experience with the Utah State Transportation Board, and also serves on the Senate Appropriations Committee, which is the state of Utah budget.

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UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY

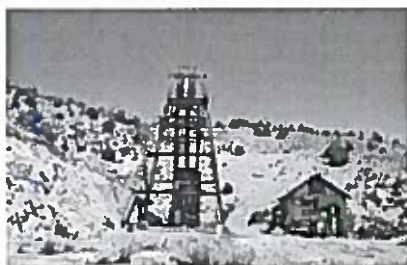
REGIONAL ROOM

FILE FOLDER

NO. 1968

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Eureka Utah



The former Utah mining town of Eureka Utah ... now a living ghost town with over 700 residents ... is found in the once immensely rich Tintic District.

But unlike so many of Utah's mining towns, it didn't just rise up for a few years and then die. It continued to produce ore for decades.

By 1910, after 40 years of activity, more than **\$75 million in ore** had been dug from the area's mines. And the town's population had reached 8,000. In fact, in 1909, 80% of the stocks being traded on the Salt Lake Stock Exchange were Tintic properties.

If you drive east from downtown Salt Lake City on South Temple Avenue, you'll be amazed at the **magnificent mansions** ... beautifully preserved ... still standing on both sides of the street. Many of them were built by the moguls who earned their millions from both the Park City and Tintic mines.

In 1869, a lone cowboy herding cattle through the lush grasslands of the surrounding valleys was seen carrying a large chunk of silver ore.

News of this soon spread and prospectors poured in. The "Tintic District" ... named after a Ute chief of the same name ... was soon established as many more strikes were located.

The next year, a couple locals were gathering firewood on the side of a hill. They found shiny silver ore right on the surface of the ground.

It's not known whether they first uttered the word "Eureka" or whether Captain E.B. Ward ... who bought out the claim ... first said it.

But whoever is responsible, the **Eureka Hill Mine** and the town below soon took on the descriptive name. And by 1871, the first buildings were erected.

Watson Nesbitt ... the mine superintendent ... built a small stone fort to mainly keep claim jumpers from Pioche, Nevada out.

The cedar trees ... so prevalent in this area of the state were cut down for hundreds of yards around the mine site.

The "Crazy Dutchman" ... John Beck ... thought that the rich ores from up the mountain just had to extend downward. He made his claim down below in the canyon and proceeded to dig.

200 feet below ground, he struck it rich. And the **Bullion-Beck Mine** soon became one of the biggest producers in the area.

Beck became a millionaire naturally. But he gave it all away. It was just too much for him.

If you've been to other Utah towns, you'll soon realize the Mormon way was to **survey and stake out everything**. Order and structure was their nature. But not in Eureka Utah.

It grew without purpose. The main street did follow the canyon. But the side streets had no direction heading off haphazardly. Houses, outhouses, mines, and mills were seemingly intertwined without regard for order or privacy.

As with so many mining towns in dry Utah, **water was a problem**. Or lack of it. Water was piped to the mining operations from **Homansville** where wells had been sunk.



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But drinking and culinary water had to be hauled to town in large barrels and sold. That is until an aqueduct was built from a mountain stream to Eureka.

Reverend Lawrence Scanlon ... a Catholic missionary ... arrived in 1873. He travelled the area and had the **largest parish in the nation** ... 2000 square miles. And public schools were built in 1881.

There were two years of typhoid and smallpox outbreaks. And a flash flood down Main Street in 1890. A huge fire in 1893 wiped out 20 buildings. Resulting in most of them being rebuilt of brick, stone, or block.

Eureka was truly one of the quietest boom towns in the west. Perhaps because of the makeup of its citizens. Or because of its police force. Probably both.



By 1910, Eureka Utah was the 9th largest city in the state with over 3,400 people. And churches, schools, department stores, theaters, hotels, lodges, and even a band. It was supposedly the smallest city in the country with an **Elks Lodge**.

J.C. Penney put his second store in Eureka! **The library** ... built partly with funds from steel magnate Andrew Carnegie ... **contained 12,000 books**. Subscribed to 73 leading magazines. And 9 national and international newspapers.

Active mines were dug on both sides of the canyon:

- Eureka Hill
- Bullion-Beck
- Gemini
- Centennial-EurekaRidge
- Valley
- Chief Consolidated

Two railroads competed for the right to carry the ore leaving the mines ... the **Denver and Rio Grande Western** and the **Union Pacific**. Headed to Salt Lake City, these trains had carried 45,000 tons of ore out of town by 1910.

Over the years, the reachable ore gradually ran out. High costs, lack of water, and lower prices shut most of the mines down by 1940. The last major mine closed in 1957. Is there more ore still in the ground? Very likely.

Eureka Utah lies 45 miles southwest of Provo ... in Juab County ... and 25 miles west of Payson on U.S. Highway 6. The 2000 census established the **population at 766**.

There are still many colorful and abandoned homes and false front stores on Main Street and on the side streets. Mine buildings and head frames still stand tall. There's not much to keep you long though.

If you're a hockey fan like me, you'll be interested to know that Eureka is the **birthplace of Frank Zamboni** who was the **inventor of the**

Zamboni. The machine used to resurface ice.

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ID_ GRV25457
GRAVE_LOC Maeser_L103_S4
GRAVE_NUM 4
DECEASED BREWER, Elsie Olive Wardle Stewart
BIRTH_MONTH 10
BIRTH_DAY 12
BIRTH_YEAR 1904
BIRTH_PLACE Ft. Bridger, Lyman, Wyoming
DEATH_MONTH 1
DEATH_DAY 11
DEATH_YEAR 1988
DEATH_PLACE Vernal, Uintah, Utah
CAUSE
BURIAL_MONTH 1
BURIAL_DAY 14
BURIAL_YEAR 1988
AGE 83
GENDER
FATHER Wardle, Jedidiah
MOTHER Wardle, Elizabeth Abplanalp
SPOUSE Stewart, John Henry "Hank" deceased
MARRIAGE_MONTH 9
MARRIAGE_DAY 5
MARRIAGE_YEAR 1919
MARRIAGE_PLACE Heber, Wasatch, Utah
SPOUSE_2 Brewer, John Charles "" Jack
MARRIAGE_DATE_2 13-Dec-38
MARRIAGE_PLACE_2 Vernal, Uintah, Utah)
KIN
OWNER Brewer, Elsie -- Cert. # 0035
OWNER_ADDRESS
OWNER_PHONE
TRANSFER
PREVIOUS_OWNER
FUNERAL_HOME Thomson Vernal Mortuary
VAULT_TYPE
HEADSTONE
VETERAN
WAR
COMMENTS
INFORMATION Uintah County Library Regional History Center
STATUS Occupied
PID GMIP16939

Hats off to the life long efforts of Arden Stewart

By VIANN PRESTWICH

There is an oral history in the Uintah County Oral Histories collection with Arden Stewart's name on it. The 89-year-old man talked quickly and effortlessly for two hours, yet the recording only tells his story through his military service.

"To record everything he has been through, seen and done will take a lot of time," Rex Stewart said of his father. "He's got quite a story."

The length of the man's story isn't because he is a animated and detailed story teller, although he is. The length of the story rests in the variety of experience one man lived through.

The first 20 years of his life includes riding the ferries his father, Hank Stewart, owned. When Arden was 12-years-old,

his father drowned hauling farm machinery across the river. When Arden's mother moved with a new husband to Bitter Creek out in the Book Cliffs, the boy boarded with various families in order to attend school. One of those families was his aunt who lived in Oregon.

While in high school, Arden played football and basketball. He came home summers to work on the ranch. He lived several months helping Josie Bassett, the notorious rancher who lived ten miles north of Jensen and eventually being sent to the Pacific Theater during WWII.

While in the Navy, Arden was with a construction battalion that built airstrips. This often put them in hot spots where they were repeatedly bombed. They also found themselves in areas being used by the enemy as hid-



"Best Dad Ever."
"He wasn't just good to me," Rex said. "He was always doing something for his community whether it was being a baseball coach or scout leader taking guys to the top of Kings Peak. He did that for year. He worked hard, but always had time for those things. It is just amazing if you think about it."

Arden and his wife served an LDS mission to Crawford, Florida before returning home to continue serving the community. Besides working with boys through sports and scouting, Arden loved preserving history.

"He was very active in the Elderhostel Group, which took grandparents and kids on trips to historic spots," Rex explained. Even with his health declining, Arden is helping to restore some of the old outlaw graves around the area.

The poems he has written over the years were recently compiled in a book entitled, "The Rim Rock and the Pine."

"Most of it would be called cowboy poetry," Rex explained, "but it isn't simply cowboy poetry. It's much more."

The family has copies of the poetry book, or it can be ordered online at bookpatch.com.

Hats off to Arden Stewart, and energetic man who served the community under many different titles. To suggest an individual or group who deserves a "Hats Off," contact viannprestwich@comcast.net



ing spots.

After nearly two years of active duty, Arden returned to the Basin and climbed on a horse. He spent nearly five years riding for the Cripple Cowboy Cow outfit which raised cows over thousands of acres. During one of the huge roundups in Matt, Colo, he met and proposed to his wife.

Arden worked in a lumber yard for a time, saw his first son born and started

writing poetry.

About this time the Republican Party approached him and asked him to run for sheriff. When he started his first of four 4-year terms there were three full-time employees at the sheriff's office. When he left there were over 30. He oversaw tremendous growth in construction as well as personal.

After leaving office, Arden established a central

dispatch for the area. Rather than the county, city,

fish and game and other identities having their own communication system, they were centralized.

Over the years, the energetic man was active in the American Legion. He was eventually a Utah State Commander and meet with the United States President.

One of the titles Rex Stewart gives his father is,



SHERIFF ARDEN STEWART instructs Gayle and Scott Cantu on the proper way to use a telephone to make an emergency phone call. Youth should be trained to use the telephone as a safety tool.

Kids taught to phone for help in emergency



GARY R. HERBERT
Governor

SPENCER J. COX
Lieutenant Governor

Julie Fisher
Executive Director
Department of
Heritage & Arts



Brad Westwood
Director

UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY
REGIONAL ROOM
FILE FOLDER
NO. 1908

August 5, 2015

Ellen Kiever
Uintah County Regional History Center Staff
204 E. 100 N.
Vernal, UT 84078

Dear Ms. Kiever:

The State Division of History was pleased to hear of the great historical work and dedication of the late Arden W. Stewart and his preservation of Uintah County history. As the Director of the State Division of History, I would like to thank you for this posthumous nomination in Mr. Stewart's behalf.

To show appreciation for all Mr. Stewart has accomplished, I would like at a future date come visit Vernal, Uintah County, you, your staff and Mr. Stewarts family, to present a certificate to honor the many contributions he made in preserving Utah history, and visit some of the projects he was involved with.

I appreciate your support of Utah State History as well, and hope to be able to meet with you in Vernal soon.

Sincerely,

Brad Westwood
Director
Utah Division of State History

cc: Greg Thompson
Dina Blaes

English Department
Southern Utah University
24 June 2015

To Whom It May Concern:

I am writing this letter to support the posthumous nomination of Arden W. Stewart for an "Outstanding Achievement Award" from the Utah Historical Society. Mr. Stewart grew up along the Green River in Desolation Canyon, the son of legendary ferryman and rancher, Hank Stewart and his wife Elsie Wardle. He had a life-long interest in the history of the river and of Uintah and Duchense counties. He was also an award-winning cowboy poet.

I came to know Mr. Stewart in 2003 when I began researching my USU Press book, *The River Knows Everything: Desolation Canyon and the Green* (2009). He was an invaluable source of information from beginning to end. Besides the seemingly endless amount of information he gave me, he also directed me to scores of other sources. I do not know how I could have done the book without him.

I also know that Mr Stewart had assisted other scholars, writers, and filmmakers such as Dr. Bryan Brown who is creating the Southwest Ferry Project, a website dedicated to researching the ferry operations in the Southwest.

Finally, Mr Stewart donated his entire photograph collection (close to 500 images) to the Special Collections of the University of Utah's Marriott Library. This is one of the most valuable image collections of Green River and Uintah County history anywhere.

Please recognize the contributions of this extraordinary Utah citizen.

Respectfully submitted,

James M. Aton, PhD
Professor of EEnglish

Dear Hans:

Enclosed is a release form that allows me to use an image of your beautiful Jimmie Jones painting for my book. Please sign at the red Xs, date it, and let me know how you want the painting attributed: Hans and Mary Chamberlain? Private Collection? Something else?

I have enclosed a SASE for easy return. Thanks.

FYI, there will be a special opening of a show of Jimmie's Mexico paintings, Sept. 11. Hope you can make it. Many family members and friends will attend.

Regards,

Jim Aton

Dear Karl and Kathy:

Enclosed is the last chapter of my book on Jimmie. I would really appreciate it if you would read it for factual errors. Also if there is anything that I have talked about vis-à-vis Jimmie's medical problems, that you do not think belongs, please let me know. Finally, if I have overstated or understated something, let me know that as well.

Since this book is still a work in progress, I would appreciate it if you would not share this with anyone, nor talk about it with anyone. I would hate for people to start gossiping about something that might be in the book when it is entirely possible I might decide to delete that item. Thanks.

I am not sure how you like to respond to me. Perhaps we could do it over the phone, or, if you prefer, I could come down there. Or you could just mark up the manuscript and mail it back to me. Let me know what is most comfortable for you. I would like to have it by September 1. If I don't hear from you by then, I will assume everything is OK. Thanks.

Regards,

Jim Aton.

Dear Gary and Utahna:

I hope the summer has been enjoyable for you and that this letter finds you both in good health. I am writing because I forgot to get your signature on the release forms that will allow me to use the images Steve shot for my book.

I have enclosed a form for you to sign and one for Pam as well. On yours please sign and date at the red Xs. I put "Private Collection" for the attribution because I recall your telling me that is what you wanted. If you have changed your mind, cross it out and write what you want as an alternative.

On Pam's form I left the attribution blank, so she can fill it in as she would like. Also I don't know her address so if she will fill that in as well as signing and dating it, I would appreciate it. I have also enclosed two SASE for you and Pam to return the forms to me.

You may notice that I have not listed the portraits of Pam and David because I decided in the interests of saving my photo money to use only one portrait of a niece/nephew as an example of some of the portrait work Jimmie did for hire. I had to make some hard choices because there were far more paintings out there than I had money to shoot.

We are looking forward to the Mexico show, opening Sept. 11. As we discussed, Reece and I would like to borrow the painting of Roberta (I was finally able to identify the Mexican woman you have in Gary's office by looking at some lists of paintings Jimmie left) and the self-portrait of Jimmie (also in Gary's office). I think that Cameron or Donna will be traveling north in the next month to collect the various paintings up in SLC that we are borrowing for the show. One of them will contact you and arrange a pickup day. Of course, all paintings are fully insured in transit and at the gallery.

It is going to be a great show and also a beautiful catalog, which you will receive for free. I look forward to seeing you both at the special opening September 11.

All the best,

Jim Aton

Dear Ken and Lorna:

Enclosed is a release form that allows me to use an image of your beautiful immie Jones painting for my book. Please sign at the red Xs, date it, and let me know how you want the painting attributed: Kenneth and Lorna Jones? Private Collection? Something else?

I have enclosed a SASE for easy return. Thanks.

Regards,

Jim Aton

Dear Richard:

Enclosed are chapters 5-8, which cover the period you knew Jimmie best, from house building on. While these chapters are more or less structured the way I want them, I will still be editing further for language, style, and wordiness.

Please read them with an eye toward the following:

1. Out right errors
2. Over- or understatements
3. Weak analysis of the paintings (you'll see from the notes I have mostly relied on a few informants. I hope I have not distorted their words).
4. Subjects I should not mention; subjects I should add.

I am going on the river July 13 and will return to the office July 23. I hope to call you some time after that and get your feedback.

I should add that I will be including more paintings in these chapters. I just haven't gotten them from Steve Yates yet.

Finally, I would ask you please not to show these chapters to anyone but Lila. Also, I would ask you both to please not start talking with others about the content. Things may change in each chapter, and I do not want people gossiping about something that may or may not be an issue—until the book is published. After that, all is fair game. Thanks for keeping these chapters confidential, for offering your insights, and for helping me all along with this project. I could not have done it without you.

Regards,

Dave and Earline Weir
1210 Second St.
Manhattan Beach, CA 90266

Dear Dave and Earline:

Enclosed is the recent issue of the Braithwaite Gallery's *Gallery Insider* which talks about the major show of Jimmie's Mexico and Ecuador work we are having this fall. It is called, "Jim Jones: the San Blas Years," but it will include work from Mexico, Ecuador and even some early landscapes that show his transition.

Gallery director Reece Summers has asked me to help curate the show as well as write the catalog for it. As such I am responsible for locating and arranging to borrow as many paintings as possible that fit the above description. And that is why I am writing you to ask permission to borrow for the show your stunning painting of Rosita and the old man. It will feature prominently in my catalog narrative (along with Dorothy's portrait of Rosita) and of course would be an extraordinary addition to the show.

As an incentive for painting owners to allow us to use their paintings, the gallery will make a giclee print of your painting that you may have to put on your wall to replace your painting during the time it is in southern Utah (the show starts September 11 and ends November 9.) You may keep the giclee as a gift when the show is over. You would also get a free catalog. Of course we would love for you both to attend the opening. I believe the Jones siblings and spouses will be here for it.

Naturally your painting will be fully insured during the time it is in transit and in our custody. And the Braithwaite has an impeccable record. If you agree to loan it to us for the show, the easiest way for us to get it might be when Cameron Brooks of our Advancement Office makes his annual summer trip to southern California. But if that is not convenient for you, we could instruct you on how to ship it and of course cover all such costs.

Please consider this request and get back to me with your decision. It would mean so much to us to include your great painting in what promises to be an extraordinary show of a little-known period of Jimmie's life and work.

62. 12

Lecture given to the Uintah County Historical Society

Date: 10 February 1990

The principal speaker is Arden Stewart. Other speakers are unidentified.

Arden Stewart (Arden): I wouldn't lie to you too bad. I think in order to get everything in its proper context and to familiarize everyone here with what I'm going to be talking about and how I'm connected with it, I think I need to start out with my father. Nine Mile, Green River, Jensen, Myton area nearly all his life and so he knew all of these people I'm going to talk about. He was very familiar with them and very good friends with all of them. You may remember him and may know him. His name was Hank Stewart, John Henry Stewart, but everyone called him Hank. Eva Ashton was his oldest daughter from his first marriage and I was from the second marriage. Eva actually was older than my mother and we're not going to get into my genealogy because it's very complicated, but nevertheless, this will give you a little idea.

He ran a ferry boat at one time down at the Tijuana. Does anyone know where Tijuana is, Tijuana Bend, down river from Ouray? He ran the ferry boat for a while and then he went down to Sand Wash. You know where Sand Wash is? Some of you know where Sand Wash is, on down, quite a ways down. He ran the ferry boat there, then sold it, and when I was about three years old, we moved up to a ranch, south of Ouray, and that's where we were living when my father was drowned in the Green River, at the time I was twelve.

While we were living on this ranch, it was the stopping place for people who came and went back and forth to Ouray or to Vernal or to Myton and wherever. They always stopped and stayed overnight with us and I can remember these guys. I'm going to tell some stories about some of them and you'll probably remember some of them. I've entitled this "Men Along the Green."

Man: Now in understanding all of this, what relationship are you to Eva and to John and George Stewart?

Arden: George Stewart is a full cousin and Eva Ashton was my half-sister.

Lady: What about Donna, was she your half-sister?

Arden: No, this is where it really gets complicated. Donna and I claim each other as half-brother and sister, but we were no relation whatsoever. Donna's mother and my father were married and they had three children, Eva, Van, and Rex. They divorced and Donna's mother married Neil Hanks and my father married my mother and we were both born [afterwards]. We were no relation, but we claim each other. She was Donna Hanks. John Henry Stewart was known as Hank. All right.

Now some of you may remember a man by the name of Ray Thompson. Ray Thompson lived in a cabin. The cabin is still standing on this side of the river, partway down Sand Wash, and he was a great guy. I liked Ray, he was real long-legged, short body and long-legged. Tall guy when he stood up, and when he sat down, he was just ordinary. But Ray lived down there in

this cabin for years, by himself, and maybe I'll set this thing in context. Each one of these guys I want to talk about had a river bottom that they lived in. They didn't own it, they just lived in it, they squatted in it, and some of them came in by some questionable circumstances. One in particular, we don't where he came from or what he was before he got here, but he went down there and holed up for a number of years and we'll talk about him.

Anyway, Ray Thompson lived in this cabin and when I was a young kid, Dad and I went down to what they call King Bottom. It's a long ways from our ranch by horseback and we hadn't had anything to eat and so we went down to the river bank and we could see smoke coming from Ray's cabin. So Dad said, "Let's just swim the river and go over and see how Ray's doing." So we jumped our horses off in the river and swam across and went over there and Ray was there and he had a big pot of stew going and so he invited us in to eat and boy that was delicious. I mean, I'd liked to floundered, you know how it is with kids anyway. So we completed the meal and we were sitting around talking and Ray said, "You guys know what kind of meat you ate?" And Dad said, "Well, no, not for sure." He said, "Well, it's horsemeat." So, that was my first introduction to horsemeat, but it was delicious, I really enjoyed it. Later on, Ray left. Well, he always kept his ground down there and his cabin, but he went up to Myton and married a lady by the name of Bessie and they ran a hotel, the Fisher Hotel, in Myton for years and years and years. He was quite a guy.

Then the one that I want to talk about in particular was a man by the name of Frank Hyde, any of you remember Frank Hyde? Frank Hyde came into the country from we don't know where and he went down into the river bottom and set him up a little cabin down there and he stayed there for years and years. I remember Frank used to come by. I was a little bit afraid of him. He was kind of a heavy-set guy and a little bit of a rough talker and he always carried a .44 on his hip and he was a crack shot. I can remember he used to stop there at the ranch and occasionally they'd hang up Prince Albert cans on the clothes line and Frank would stand there and draw and pick those Prince Albert cans off with his pistol. He was pretty good.

He had him a still on an island down there in the river. He made corn whiskey, and Willis Stevens said, one time he was talking to me about Frank, and he said, "We used to go down there and he always insisted you have a drink and then he'd get all corned up and then you'd have to fight him." So, there would always be a fight with him. But anyway, he had this still going. This is quite a ways down there, this is below King Bottom, in what they called Long Bottom, and he'd crack the corn, the mash, and whatever he needed with a pack horse and then he'd take it around different places and he got two or three people in real trouble.

There was also a man down there by the name of John Dowling, remember John Dowling any of you? John Dowling was a good jockey. He did time in a Nevada State Penitentiary for killing a guy once. He didn't stay down there a lot, but did come and go and he had a wife up in Myton, I think. He spent time between the river bottom and Myton quite regularly. But anyway, he [Frank] lived in the next river bottom below John and one time they apparently they got all corned up on Frank's whiskey and they decided they didn't like each other and they got to quarreling over who was the best shot. So each one of them went out and got behind a log and they started taking pot shots at each other. It was about two or three days later John came down to the ferry boat, that's when Dad was living down to the ferry boat where we were, and he had a stripe through the top of his hair and a hole in his hat and this is how we found out about what had happened. He said they had got in this gunfight and Frank had shot him, just grazed him,

knocked him colder than a wedge, went over and gave him first aid and got him revived again. They made friends and everything was okay. Anyway, they did some crazy things. Frank later moved up to Myton, met a lady and married her and started a blacksmith's shop.

Now you remember where the old bridge was on the old highway? I used to live with Jack Gingell, Jack and Sis, she was my aunt, and they lived right under the bridge. Frank Hyde's blacksmith shop was across the road and just right there right by the American Legion Club where they used to have the dances all the time. We used to have the Myton Stomp, we used to call it. Any of you ever go to the Myton Stomp over there? Anyway, he had his blacksmith shop right there and I can remember he used to give I and my buddy a nickel to carry him a bucket of water from the river up to his shop whenever I came after school because he had to have water to temper his metal work and so on.

Fantastic blacksmith, did a real good job. had a good business going. [He] married this lady and had a couple of kids and died with a herniated rupture before they could get him to the hospital in Roosevelt. Apparently he had suffered with it quite a while and gangrene had set in before it hurt him bad enough to have anybody do anything about it. So anyway, he died and they said when they were preparing him for burial, they found a knife scar down across his back that was probably about that long and nobody knows how he got it. Anyway, he was quite a guy, didn't have a tooth in his head and yet he could eat the toughest beef steak in the country. I remember him real well.

Talk about John Dowling, Ben Morris, you know Ben most of you, Ben had one blue and one brown eye. I remember Ben when I was a kid. He was a great guy, talked with a real squeaky voice. Do you remember him, A. DeMar?

A. DeMar Dudley: Yes

Arden: He was Josie's last husband, last of the five, I think. Anyway, I remember him telling Dad that Josie had given him, she got the old .32-20 out, cranked one in, and she said, "I'll just give you three minutes to get off this place, Ben." He said, "I gave her two minutes back before she shot at me." Anyway, he lived quite a life and he raised horses down there and chased wild horses and he had a river bottom of his own and this always amazed me, this blue eye and brown eye. But what had happened, he roped a horse and the rope had broke and come back and hit him in the eye and it had kind of gone blue. Anyway, he raised horses down there and chased wild horses and made a scanty living, but I really liked Ben because he was a nice guy and treated me good.

I remember he had a finger like that, he couldn't straighten it, and he told about that. One time he was going to his camp and there was some rocks in the trail so he decided to do a little trail work, make it a little easier for his horses. [He] reached down there under one of those rocks and there was a rattlesnake there and he bit him on the finger. So he was a long, long ways from anywhere, even to his camp. He didn't know what to do. Anyway, he cut that finger with his knife and sucked the poison out. Then he shot his pack horse and made a little incision in his pack horse's guts, intestine, and run his arm up in there and laid there all night with his hand up inside the horse and the heat and the drawing action from those entrails pulled that poison out, but he did have a deformed finger. He said, "I didn't even get sick over that deal, except losing my horse." Anyway, I can remember that finger.

There was a place that they called the rock house on Hill Creek, and you remember the rock house? Okay. The rock house was kind of a no-man's land. Nobody really, well it was owned, but nobody lived there. It was kind of a place where they congregated and everybody would meet there once in a while. We got up there one time and Ben was there and I think Frank was there. I think it was Frank's whiskey that did it this time, I'm not sure, but anyway Frank was there and he got to boozing it and about that time is when the sheep men and the cattle men were having a lot of problems.

The sheep men were coming in and the cattle men didn't want them to come in and so they were having all kinds of problems. There was a herd of sheep there over in the badlands and the sheep herders were camped across the road. We got to primin' old Ben and finally he got enough of that corn whiskey in him that he got pretty brave and they got him to go over there and run those sheep herders off. So he strapped on his old gun and went over there across the road, confronted them. At that time there were a lot of those herders were French, they were French Basque, and this one happened to be one and they got into a little bit of an argument and the sheep herder wouldn't run and they wound up drawing on each other and having a shootout and Ben got shot through the chest. I can remember he showed me that hole in his chest after he was an older man, this happened quite a few years before. You could put your hand right down in that hole where he got shot. He got shot in the chest and the sheep herder got shot in the leg.

They were both laying alongside of the road moaning and bleeding and Veone Taylor came by. Veone Taylor, anybody know Veone? Jick and Veone lived up the creek above there a ways. She came by and they were both laying there trying to die, so she gave them first aid, loaded them in their car, and brought them to town, got them patched up.

They, of course, brought charges against Ben, 'cause he was the instigator and they convicted him and I think he did five years in the state penitentiary for assault with a deadly weapon or something like this, but anyway, I can remember that hole in his chest. Boy, that was something for a kid to see that. He really had a hole.

He had a habit of chasing wild horses out there and in those days there were lots of horses out in that country. They weren't worth much, but they were worth as much as a cow in those days. We're talking about the late twenties or early thirties, yes, pretty good Depression times. But what he'd do, usually those wild horses would have an old mare, or one of the mares would take the lead, she was kind of the ringleader. Ben would get up there alongside and see if he couldn't shoot her in the front foot and get her slowed down, and then he could handle the herd pretty well.

He had a pinto stallion, really proud of that horse, and he used him to breed all his mares with. He was riding him that day, about ten miles from camp, and he got there in good shape, got right alongside that mare, well, he was running kind of behind her, pulled out the old .44. When he pulled it down like this, the horse saw his shadow and threw his head up and he shot his horse right in the back of the head and it just rolled with him, dang near killed him, and did kill the horse. He had to walk all the way back to camp and then get another horse and go get ?, but I can remember him telling Dad how sad he was over losing the pinto stallion. He thought the world and all of that horse and he was raising pretty good colts.

Then, if you'll remember, Ben met, I think the lady was from over in Maybell or somewhere in there and she was younger, she was quite younger, and Ben though he was real old. Anyway, they got married and I remember they came down to the ranch and they stayed

there while we went and helped him gather all his horses. I went and helped, too, and I was just a kid. But anyway, we went and helped him gather all his horses and he took those horses and moved over to Maybell, or somewhere over in that country, and I guess probably that's where he was when he died.

Once in a while there would be a drifter come through with maybe a pack horse or a saddle horse or something going up and down that river. I remember one time in particular, Mom and I were there alone and I wasn't too old, but this guy came by and he wanted to know if he could sleep in the barn that night. Mother said, "Yes, you bet." And she said, "You come in at suppertime and we'll feed you." So he did. He wasn't too bad a looking guy if I remember, but anyway, she was a little suspicious. He stayed in the barn that night, she fed him breakfast next morning and then he went down to pack up his horse to leave and she said, "Arden, you better go down and watch him that he doesn't take anything."

Dad had a rawhide rope that he was real proud of and she said, "For heaven sakes, don't let him get that rope." Well, I was scared to death and I didn't know what to do and I didn't know what I'd do if he took some of our property. But anyway, I went down. He visited with me while he packed up, he didn't take anything, and he went on his way. Never seen him again.

Occasionally some of those drifters that came through would stop and Dad would give them a job and they'd work there on the ranch for us and they did do that. I remember a young man named Claude Smalley came in there. He had a .22 gun, .22 rifle, and Mother had a pump action .22. They traded guns and she gave me that gun and I still have it. It's really a collector's piece. Claude later was killed somewhere down the river. His pack horse fell over the ledge and jerked he and his horse over and killed both horses and him. But I remember him. He was a small guy.

Any of you ever hear of Red Moon? I'm going to tell you a little bit about it. I have a poem here that I've written about it. Red Moon was a sub-chief or chief of the Utes, but he wasn't the head man, he was just a sub-chief. He lived over in the Nine Mile country and down along the river. Years and years and years earlier, when Dad was a young man, Red Moon was about the same age. He was a little older than Dad. Anyway, he and his warriors lived along there and they did a lot of cattle rustling and things like that. He was a mean old Indian, real tough, and everyone was afraid of him. I have a poem that I wrote about him, a situation that he and Dad got into there when Dad was running the ferry boat at Tijuana Flats and it goes like this. I entitled it "Red Moon" and the story goes along, I imagine, like:

Red Moon

Red Moon was an Indian, a sub-chief of the Utes.
He and a band of warriors, were really in cahoots.
They roamed the Nine Mile canyon and along the River Green,
They were a fearsome-looking bunch, as bad as could be seen.
They lived on ranchers' cattle and stole wherever they went,
They were fierce and they were savage, always seemed to be hell bent.
Like one day on the mesa or looking the Nine Mile rim
Red Moon whipped Nutter with his quirt demanding beef of him.
Well, years went by and the chief got old and he lost his warrior band,
So he moved down on Green River to make his final stand.

He built a one room shanty and he got real big and fat,
He laid around his cabin near the Tijuana Flat.
Now nearby on the river bend lived a riverman named Hank,
Who ran the river ferry boat that crossed from bank to bank.
Every spring and every fall sheep herds across would float
From summer range to winter range on Hank's old ferry boat.
Well, the Tijuana bottom then was claimed as Indian land
And Red Moon didn't cater to the crossing of each band,
So he told them it would cost them to trail across his ground,
And one time Peterson paid him to keep him settled down.
So next spring when the sheepmen came the river for to cross,
Here came that danged old Indian to show them who was boss.
Well, by now they were wise to him, the news had got around,
And they all said, "Peterson will pay, when he comes across your ground."
When Peterson's herd came by, they told him like the rest,
As soon as the sheep were all across, they put him to the test.
Well, Red Moon got to thinking and knew that he'd been had,
And pretty soon that Indian got really fighting mad.
He climbed up on his little pony and with pistol in his hand
Vowed to shoot the white men that trespassed on his land.
The first one that he spotted was river boatman Hank,
And old Red Moon started cussing as they met on the riverbank.
And then he started yelling and in his broken Ute did say:
"Peterson, Peterson, all the time Peterson, damned old Peterson, he no pay!"
And then he started shootin' at the ground around Hank's feet,
And Hank didn't know what else to do so he gave a mighty bound
And he grabbed that old fat Indian and jerked him to the ground.
Red Moon, horse and all, just piled up in a mound.
And Hank, he got the pistol and as he held old Red Moon down
He said, "I just think I'll send you to the happy hunting ground."
Well, Red Moon started beggin' and askin' to be spared,
So Hank he finally turned him loose, that Indian was scared.
He climbed up on his pony and he headed for Ouray
Where the Utes were havin' a bear dance, about six miles away.
Well Hank knew full well the chief's intent, exactly what he'd say,
He saddled up a good fast horse and beat him to Ouray.
Hank could speak their language for he knew their native tongue,
So he called a tribal council and he told what they had done.
About that time old Red Moon, his pony caked with dirt,
Came panting in with staggered step as he whipped him with his quirt.
The council listened to him while he told how Hank was like a bear,
He jerked him down, both horse and all, and gave him a big scare.
He said old Hank had tried to kill him by using his own gun,
And the only way he got away was to fight like heck and run.

The council ruled against him and said he'd have to make amends,
They told him to apologize and treat Hank as a friend.
First he wouldn't do it, but finally when he did,
He turned his back, held out his hand but kept his features hid.
Hank went back to his ferry, but Red Moon wouldn't stay,
He packed his things and headed out and left and went that very day.
Some say he headed northward with Montana as his goal,
But he was never seen again and so the story's told.

Anyway that's the way it happened. I guess just one more story and then I'll be through. How many of you knew a man by the name of Red Ketchum? He worked at the store at Ouray. Charlie Glass? Charlie Glass was a black, he was a colored man, and Red Ketchum and Charlie Glass came into the country together, nobody knows from where or why. They came in and they were traveling real fast when they got here. Red Ketchum went to work for Matt Curry. Remember Matt Curry? He used to own this big brick house down here. Now, he owned the store in Ouray and he hired Red to help him down there. I can remember Red. Anyway Charlie Glass went to work for the Tracey outfit. Now, the Tracey outfit was a big cattle outfit who owned most of Willow Creek, way up in the headwaters of Willow Creek and they hired him as their gun hand, or gunfighter, to keep the sheep men out. So he did this job. Also, they didn't want any of the little squatters coming in, the little homesteaders and like, that so it was Charlie's job to keep these people out if he could.

The thing that happened was one time there was a herd of sheep came in. Charlie went to the sheep camp, and it was a French Basque again, told him to be gone by morning or he'd have to take the consequences. So when he came back the next morning, they were still there and this sheepherder came to the sheep wagon door. Charlie rode up, said, "Why haven't you left?" And they had an argument. The sheepherder reached down for his .30-30 and when he did, Charlie shot him and killed him.

They put him on trial and, of course, at that time the cattlemen had most of the power in the country and they were able to get an all-cattlemen jury and they acquitted him, but this Frenchman's brother vowed he would get Charlie Glass. He knew he couldn't out-shoot him or out-draw him, but he vowed he'd get him. Anyway, one time Charlie came into his camp and he had a quarter of beef hanging on the corner of the cabin and as he came in he cut off a couple of steaks for himself and a few scraps for the dog. In just a few minutes the dog was out there throwing fits and dying, so he realized that this meat had been poisoned and that's all that saved his life that time. Eventually, he went on a cattle drive and we used to take the cattle over the top of the Book Cliffs and off down to Mack, Colorado, put them on the railroad and send them to Denver to someplace back east to sell them. He got on a cattle drive and was having a little bit of a party and he got mixed in with this brother of the Frenchman and some of his friends. The next morning they found Charlie in a deep chasm off the side of the road, in a car, dead. Well, Charlie didn't even know how to drive and so they feel that this Frenchman got his revenge but they never could prove it.

Anyway, this Green River area that covers from Brown's Park to Robbers Roost, Green River, Utah, down through here along in this area, is rich with history, but we don't have any of it now, or very little. Now, I would say, what, maybe three or four of you in this group, and

excuse the expression, but you're an older group, we're an older group. Three or four of you even remember these guys that I've been talking about and yet each one of them have real rich history of his own, but there's nowhere that that's written or contained that I know and it's too bad. I don't even have my Dad's history and it's a real rich history and I think it's up to each one of you. I'm a bad one to be saying this 'cause I haven't done it. You get your own history put together because you can never tell when it might be priceless to someone and we have a way of saying, "Well, nobody cares what I did or what happened to me and I really didn't accomplish much in my life." But that's not true, that's really not true. Every one of us has accomplished a lot and we've done some really interesting things and fifty or sixty years from now they will be a treasure, so we should do that. We should put that in some kind of form so that it can be kept and preserved and I think that's what this organization is all about, isn't it?

Woman: Do you know Frank Hyde's wife?

Arden: I don't know, I knew her, she was quite a bit younger than he was and I knew her a little bit as a kid in the third and fourth grade at Myton. I don't even know where his kids are or anything else. I've lost complete track, but he was quite a colorful character, wasn't he?

I guess I'll just end with one more poem.

Woman: We need people like you to give us this information.

Arden: Well, that's true. One of the tragic things that happened in my life was I spent one entire fall at Josie Morris's ranch and Josie became very friendly with me. Well, at first she didn't know whether she could trust me or not, but when I finally won her trust, then we would sit by the hour at night, by that old fireplace, and she'd tell me stories and I never got one of them down, none! Of course, if she'd seen me writing, or, oh I don't know, they didn't have recorders then, I guess, but anyway, if she'd seen me writing, she wouldn't have told me anything. But I never got anything down. All I can remember is a little bit of it, but she was quite a gal. If she liked you, she liked you, if she didn't like you, you wanted to leave her completely alone, just stay away from her. But I really learned to love her and respected her for what she was and I'll tell you, talking about being an individualist, she was. There will never be another Josie, like her.

Anyway before this happens to all of you, get your history written.

I told my wife I want this read at my funeral but when you read this at my funeral, I won't be here to enjoy it. So I want to share a little bit now. It's called "The Rim Rock and the Pine."

The Rim Rock and the Pine
By Arden Stewart

There's a place a way out yonder,
 'Mid the rim rock and the pine;
A place where burns the sunset,
 A place that knows no time.

A place that Bob found comfort,
When there was trouble on his mind,
As he stood amid the grandeur,
Of the rim rock and the pine.

That old rim rock runs forever,
And the pines are so serene;
You can have your concrete highways,
He loved pastures rich and green.

Where the sagebrush smell is fragrant,
As it blossoms in the spring,
And the cactus and wild flowers,
Add beauty to everything.

Where the mule deer and coyote,
Roam the land still wild and free;
That's the place where Bob's heart was,
That's the place he loved to be.

Now that his life has ended,
And he's laid this mortal by,
He'll be out there in that rough land,
Beneath the azure sky.

He'll roam these hills forever,
He'd want no marble shrine;
He'll be content and happy,
'Mid the rim rock and the pine.

Arden: You want to hear this? This might be a tall tale, I'm not real sure on this, you decide. This happened way back when I was a young feller, I think. I don't have my gun and my beard, I guess I can do it without that.

The Blizzard
By Arden Stewart

I was lost, alone and freezing on that cold December night,
a northern wind was blowing, blotting everything in sight.
My faithful horse had broke his leg five or ten miles back,
and now I'm trying to make it on foot to a cowboy's shack.

But, the wind and the snow keep coming and the drifts are getting high,

yet, I must keep on moving, to stop will mean to die.
As I stumbled through the dark of night and fought that blowing snow,
I ran smack-dab into something big. It was a big, old buffalo.

Quick as a flash I drew my gun and I shot him where he stood,
then I skinned him out and, don't you know, his warmth felt really good.
Then I cut some steaks from off his rump, and I ate them warm and raw,
with my belly full of buffalo meat, I really began to thaw.

Then I got to thinking how that hide could keep me warm,
so I rolled myself up tight inside and was protected from the storm.
And then I dozed right off to sleep and I dreamed of home and all,
of a fireside bright and a bed so warm and my mother's loving call.

Then all at once I came awake, it was morning and getting light,
I tried to move, but couldn't, that hide had frozen tight.
Now, as I lay there thinking just what in the world to do,
I heard a sound just right outside and it scared me through and through.

It was the sound of the wolf pack as they ate on the buffalo meat,
but the problem was that some were chewing on my buffalo hide retreat.
I knew darn well before too long they'd chew right through the hide,
and have me for their breakfast as I lay there trapped inside.

But the night before, as luck would have, I'd needed some fresh air,
so I left a hole in the top of the hide and the next morning it was still there.
It wasn't too big, but it proved to be the thing that got me out,
if you'll listen a little longer, I'll tell how it came about.

One of those big hairy wolves got his tail inside that hole,
and wagged it back and forth before my eyes, it was a sight to behold.
Now as he was wagging it, he got it just about right,
and all at once I saw my chance and bit down with all my might.

Well, that old hairy lobo wolf let out with a howl and a moan,
and took off down that mountain headed for parts unknown.
I was hanging on real tight with my teeth in a death lock, so,
as we picked up speed each leap and bound, faster and faster did go.

As we were skidding down that hill, friction warmed that hide,
and all at once it loosened up and I just popped outside.
And that's the way my life was saved on that cold December morn,
and that's the truth, it really is, just as sure as I was born!!

End

PEACE A PLENTY

Out, where the green cedars flourish,
Out, where the sage brush grows tall,
Out, where there's service and pinion,
Is where this cowboy loves most of all.

Out, passed the old Dragon Canyon,
Out, where the wild coyotes call,
Out, in the rim rock and ledges,
Is where this cowboy lived best of all.

Out, where the mule deer are plenty,
Out, where the mustang runs free,
Out, with the bob cat and lion,
Is where this cowboy likes most to be.

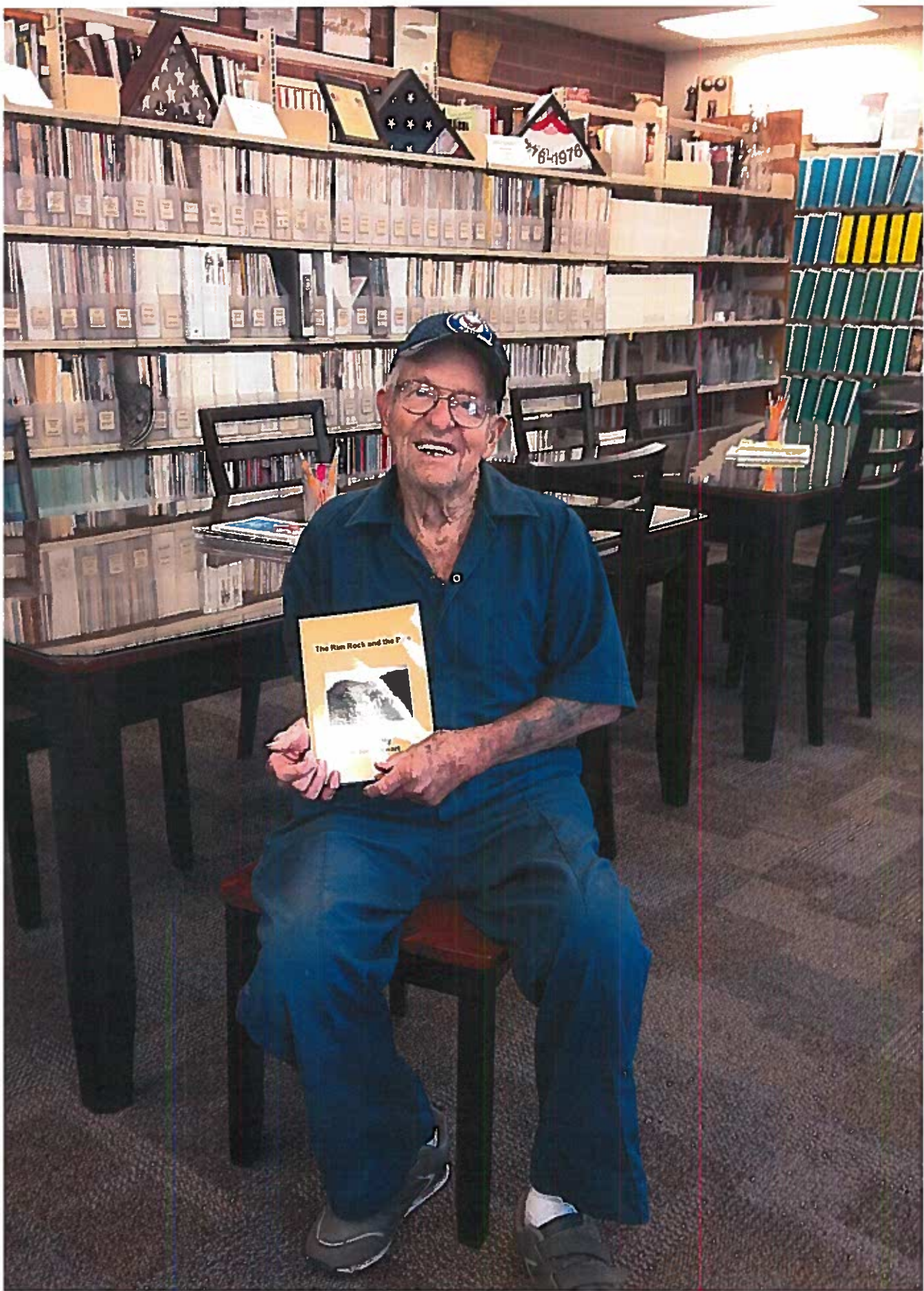
Out, where old Bitter Creek wanders,
Out, where the pastures are green,
Out, where the cattle are grazing,
Is where this cowboy built up a dream.

Out, at the top of the mountain,
Out, at the Park Canyon lease,
Out, at the edge of the desert,
Is where this cowboy finds the most peace.

Author: Arden Stewart









REDMOON

By Arden Stewart

Redmoon was an Indian, A sub-chief of the Utes,
He and a band of warriors were really in cahoots;
They roamed the Nine-Mile canyon and along the river Green,
They were a fearsome looking bunch as bad as could be seen.

They lived on rancher's cattle and stole where ere' they went,
They were fierce and they were savage always seemed to be hell-bent;
Like one day on a mesa or' looking the Nine-Mile rim,
Redmoon whipped Nutter with his quirt demanding beef of him.

The years went by and the Chief grew old and lost his warrior band,
So he moved down on Green River to make his final stand;
He built a one-room shanty and he got real big and fat,
As he laid around his cabin on the Tijuana Flat.

Now, nearby in a river bend lived a riverman named Hank,
Who ran his river ferry boat and crossed from bank to bank;
Every spring and every fall sheep herds across would float,
From summer range to winter range on Hank's old ferry boat.

The Tijuana Bottom then was claimed as Indian land,
And Redmoon didn't cater to the crossing of each band;
He told them it would cost them to trail across his ground,
And one time Peterson payed him to keep him settled down.

So, next spring when the sheepmen came the river for to cross,
Here came that danged old Indian to show them who was boss;
By now they all were wise to him the news had got around,
They all said, "Peterson will pay when comes to cross your ground."

But, when Peterson's herd came by they told him like the rest.
And soon the sheep were all across, they'd put him to the test;
Well, Redmoon got to thinking and knew that he'd been had,
And pretty soon that Indian got really fighting mad.

He got his little pony and with pistol in his hand,
Vowed to shoot the white men who had trespassed on his land;
The first one that he spotted was ferry boat man Hank,
And the old Chief started cursing as they met on the river bank.

Then he started yelling and in broken Ute did say,
Peterson, Peterson all time Peterson damn old Peterson he no pay;
Then he started shooting at the ground by old Hank's feet,
Hank didn't know what else to do so he gave a mighty leap.

He grabbed that old mad Indian and jerked him to the ground,
Redmoon, horse and all just piled up in a mound;
Then hank got the pistol and as he held old Redmoon down,
He said, "I think I'll just send you to the Happy Hunting Ground."

Well, Redmoon started begging and asking to be spared,
So, Hank he finally turned him loose, that Indian was scared.
He climbed upon his pony and headed for Ouray,
Where the Utes were having a Bear Dance about six miles away.

Hank knew full well the chief's intent and exactly what he'd say,
So, he grabbed a good fast horse and beat him to Ouray;
Hank could speak their language for he knew their native tongue,
So, they called a tribal council and he told what they had done.

About that time old Redmoon, his pony caked with dirt,
Came panting in with staggered step whipping with his quirt;
The council listened while he told that Hank was like a bear,
He'd jerked him down both horse and all and give him one big scare.

He said Hank tried to kill him by using his own gun,
And the only way he got away was fight like heck and run;
The council ruled against him, said he had to make amends,
They told him to apologize and treat Hank as a friend.

At first he wouldn't do it, but finally when he did,
He turned his back, held out his hand, but kept his features hid;
Hank went back to his ferry, but Redmoon wouldn't stay,
He packed his things and headed out, he left that very day.

Some say he headed north with Montana as his goal,
But he was never seen again and so the story is told.

REDMOON

REDMOON WAS AN INDIAN, A SUB-CHIEF OF THE UTES,
HE AND A BAND OF WARRIORS WERE REALLY IN CAHOOTS:
THEY ROAMED THE NINE MILE CANYON AND ALONG THE RIVER GREEN,
THEY WERE A FEARSOME LOOKING BUNCH AS BAD AS COULD BE SEEN.

THEY LIVED ON RANCHERS CATTLE AND STOLE WHERE ERE' THEY WENT,
THEY WERE FIERCE AND THEY WERE SAVAGE ALWAYS SEEMED TO BE HELL BENT
LIKE ONE DAY ON A MESA OR' LOOKING THE NINE MILE RIM,
REDMOON WHIPPED NUTTER WITH HIS QUIRT DEMANDING BEEF OF HIM.

THE YEARS WENT BY AND THE CHIEF GREW OLD AND LOST HIS WARRIOR BAND,
SO HE MOVED DOWN ON GREEN RIVER TO MAKE HIS FINAL STAND;
HE BUILT A ONE ROOM SHANTY AND HE GOT REAL BIG AND FAT,
AS HE LAID AROUND HIS CABIN ON THE TIJUANA FLAT.

NOW, NEAR BY IN A RIVER BEND LIVED A RIVERMAN NAMED HANK,
WHO RAN HIS RIVER FERRY BOAT AND CROSSED FROM BANK TO BANK;
EVERY SPRING AND EVERY FALL SHEEP HERDS ACROSS WOULD FLOAT,
FROM SUMMER RANGE TO WINTER RANGE ON HANK'S OLD FERRY BOAT.

THE TIJUANA BOTTOM THEN WAS CLAIMED AS INDIAN LAND,
AND REDMOON DIDN'T CATER TO THE CROSSING OF EACH BAND;
HE TOLD THEM IT WOULD COST THEM TO TRAIL ACROSS HIS GROUND,
AND ONE TIME PETERSON PAYED HIM TO KEEP HIM SETTLED DOWN.

SO, NEXT SPRING WHEN THE SHEEPMEN CAME THE RIVER FOR TO CROSS,
HERE CAME THAT DANGED OLD INDIAN TO SHOW THEM WHO WAS BOSS;
BY NOW THEY ALL WERE WISE TO HIM THE NEWS HAD GOT AROUND,
THEY ALL SAID, "PETERSON WILL PAY WHEN COMES TO CROSS YOUR GROUND".

BUT, WHEN PETERSON'S HERD CAME BY THEY TOLD HIM LIKE THE REST,
AND SOON THE SHEEP WERE ALL ACROSS, THEY'D PUT HIM TO THE TEST;
WELL, REDMOON GOT TO THINKING AND KNEW THAT HE'D BEEN HAD,
AND PRETTY SOON THAT INDIAN GOT REALLY FIGHTING MAD.

HE GOT HIS LITTLE PONY AND WITH PISTOL IN HIS HAND,
VOWED TO SHOOT THE WHITE MEN WHO HAD TRESPASSED ON HIS LAND;
THE FIRST ONE THAT HE SPOTTED WAS FERRYBOAT MAN HANK,
AND THE OLD CHIEF STARTED CURSING AS THEY MET ON THE RIVER BANK.

THEN HE STARTED YELLING AND IN BROKEN UTE DID SAY,
PETERSON, PETERSON ALL THE TIME PETERSON DAMN OLD PERTERSON HE NO PA
THEN HE STARTED SHOOTING AT THE GROUND BY OLD HANK'S FEET,
HANK DIDN'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO SO HE GAVE A MIGHTY LEAP.

HE GRABBED THAT OLD MAD INDIAN AND JERKED HIM TO THE GROUND,
REDMOON, HORSE AND ALL JUST PILED UP IN A MOUND;
THEN HANK GOT THE PISTOL AND AS HE HELD OLD REDMOON DOWN,
HE SAID, "I THINK I'LL JUST SEND YOU TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND".

WELL, REDMOON STARTED BEGGING AND ASKING TO BE SPARED,
SO, HANK HE FINALLY TURNED HIM LOOSE, THAT INDIAN WAS SCARED.
HE CLIMBED UPON HIS PONY AND HEADED FOR OURAY,
WHERE THE UTES WERE HAVING A BEAR DANCE ABOUT SIX MILES AWAY.

HANK KNEW FULL WELL THE CHIEF'S INTENT AND EXACTLY WHAT HE'D SAY,
SO, HE GRABBED A GOOD FAST HORSE AND BEAT HIM TO OURAY;
HANK COULD SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE FOR HE KNEW THEIR NATIVE TONGUE,
SO, THEY CALLED A TRIBAL COUNCIL AND HE TOLD WHAT THEY HAD DONE.

ABOUT THAT TIME OLD REDMOON, HIS PONY CAKED WITH DIRT,
CAME PANTING IN WITH STAGGERED STEP WHIPPING WITH HIS QUIRT;
THE COUNCIL LISTENED WHILE HE TOLD THAT HANK WAS LIKE A BEAR,
HE'D JERKED HIM DOWN BOTH HORSE AND ALL AND GIVE HIM ONE BIG SCARE.

HE SAID HANK TRIED TO KILL HIM BY USING HIS OWN GUN,
AND THE ONLY WAY HE GOT AWAY WAS FIGHT LIKE HECK AND RUN;
THE COUNCIL RULED AGAINST HIM, SAID HE HAD TO MAKE AMENDS,
THEY TOLD HIM TO APOLOGIZE AND TREAT HANK AS A FRIEND.

AT FIRST HE WOULDN'T DO IT, BUT FINALLY WHEN HE DID,
HE TURNED HIS BACK, HELD OUT HIS HAND, BUT KEPT HIS FEATURES HID;
HANK WENT BACK TO HIS FERRY, BUT REDMOON WOULDN'T STAY,
HE PACKED HIS THINGS AND HEADED OUT, HE LEFT THAT VERY DAY.

SOME SAY HE HEADED NORTH WITH MONTANA AS HIS GOAL,
BUT HE WAS NEVER SEEN AGAIN AND SO THE STORY IS TOLD.

AUTHOR: ARDEN STEWART

Resident accepts position as state commander

Vernal resident, Arden Stewart, recently accepted an appointment to serve as the Utah State Commander of the Search and Rescue organization. He was elected to serve during a meeting Aug. 10-12 of State Jeep Search and Rescue convention held in Nephi.

Stewart, who served as a Uintah County Sheriff for 16 years, has been active in the organization since 1971. In the past, he has served as a commander of the local Search and Rescue unit as well as a training coordinator for volunteers. In 1988-89, he served as vice-commander for the state of Utah in the 1500 member strong organization.

Some of his duties will consist of coordination of the board meetings and conventions, promotions within communities served by the Search and Rescue units, service projects to help units become better acquainted within their communities. Stewart pointed out that the prime objective will be actual search and rescue operations and lifesaving.

Others attending the meeting included: Donna Stewart, Gary and Kathy Maxson, Harold Pope, Keith and Adrienna McDonald. While there a number of local participants placed high in the various events. Winners included: Kathy Maxson—first place Ladies Sharpshooter, most improved; Arden Stewart—second place, open class road rally. A local team also garnered first in team shooting.



Arden Stewart
REGIONAL ROOM
FILE FOLDER
NO. 1908

River Victims Located Near Scene of Death

Bodies of Hank Stewart and
Thomas McKenna Found
By Searching Crews a
Short Distance from Place
Of Drowning in River.

Both of the bodies of the Green river victims, who met their death Tuesday, May 18, at the Stewart ferry six miles below Ouray, have been recovered.

The body of Thomas McKenna was located Tuesday evening about 5:30 p. m., as it was floating down the river about two miles below where the tragedy occurred. The body of Hank Stewart was discovered by Matt Curry and companion at 6 a. m. Wednesday morning. The body of Stewart had lodged in a drift of wood several hundred yards above where the body of McKenna was recovered.

Under the direction of Sheriff J. Emery Johnson with Austin W. Wardle, a brother-in-law of Stewart, and Merle McKenna, a brother of McKenna, in charge of operations, a crew of from 40 to 60 searchers were constantly on the job. From the Stewart ferry to the gorge below, a distance of over 15 miles, 5 motor boats and 3 row boats, with crews on horseback and afoot have patroled the distance day and night, all believing there was little chance to ever find the bodies.

The finding of the body of McKenna gave encouragement that his companion would be found in the near vicinity as evidently the bodies were being held by an undertow and only drifted after rising to the surface.

A reward of \$50 was posted Sunday by Vernal City and Uintah county for the recovery of either body and on Monday the relatives of Mr. Stewart posted a \$100 reward for the finding of each body.

The funeral services for Thomas McKenna were held Wednesday at 3 p. m., at Loda under the direction of the Loda ward bishopric.

Funeral services for Mr. Stewart were held today (Thursday), at 12:30 p. m., in the Roosevelt chapel, under the direction of the ward bishopric. Under the auspices of the Vernal Lodge No. 24 IOOF, of which Mr. Stewart was a member, interment will be made in the Roosevelt cemetery. The Swain Funeral Home of Vernal will have charge of funeral arrangements.

The tragic death by drowning of Mr. Stewart on May 18, at his ranch on Green river below Ouray brings to close the life of another one of Utah's colorful pioneer stockmen, associate of Ed Lee and the late Preston O. Nutter of the Nine Mile country, rich in legend and story.

Male and hearty, able to ride and work hard, he did things a far younger man would shirk. His very death in the torrents of the Green river was because he could not contentedly lay down the work he was so accustomed to doing. Hank Stewart fitted into the times, now rapidly passing, respected for his hardihood and straight-forward dealing with his fellow men.

John Henry "Hank" Stewart was born at Mona, Utah, May 1, 1868, on what was known as the Star ranch, the son of Dr. Simeon

(Continued on page four)

1937-05-27

RIVER VICTIMS LOCATED NEAR SCENE OF ACCIDENT

(Continued from page one)

and Mary Ellen Sullivan Stewart.

When a young boy his parents moved to San Bernardino, Calif., during the gold rush days, later returning to Mona where his father, the old time doctor, had a practice covering many miles. With his brother, George, he spent much of his boyhood days in the Puget Sound country, living with an uncle and aunt. The family moved to Tintic and the boys attended school at the All Hallows college in Salt Lake City.

With the true spirit of the pioneer and love for the out-of-doors, he went to Carbon county where in 1897, he married Minerva Van Wagoner. After a visit of some length into the Ashley Valley they settled in the Nine Mile country,

where he became a successful rancher, raising cattle and horses which he ranged in that section.

Mr. Stewart later became interested in placer mining in the Horse Shoe Bend on the Green river and purchased a large holding of land at the mouth of Willow creek where he operated a ferry as he owned land on both sides of the river. The ferry was used principally for crossing bands of sheep.

Again he engaged in the stock business especially the breeding of fine horses and purebred cattle. At nearly every race meet and rodeo held in the Ashley Valley for several years Mr. Stewart was one of the judges and was noted for his fair decisions.

He is survived by his widow Effie Wardle Stewart, their son, Ardon and a daughter and son by a former marriage. Mrs. Eva Ashton, of Vernal, National committeewoman of the American Legion Auxiliary and former president of the Utah Legion Auxiliary, and one son, Van Stewart of Brigham City, district manager for the Salt Lake Tribune in Box Elder county; one brother, George E. Stewart, Fort Duchesne; also two grandsons.

1908

Searchers Fail to Recover Bodies Of River Victims

May 18, 1937

Bodies of Hank Stewart and Thomas McKenna, Who Were Drowned Tuesday Near Ouray, Not Yet Recovered.

Green river took its toll of life Tuesday when Hank Stewart, 70, and Thomas McKenna, 25, were drowned in the raging torrent after the boat in which they were crossing the stream six miles below Ouray capsized.

The wives of both men looked on helplessly from the shore as their loved ones were swept to their doom.

At about 10:30 a. m. the two men had crossed the river from the Stewart ranch to bring back a heavy disk harrow and a tongue of a corn planter. Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. McKenna had accompanied them, but had not entered the boat.

The boat was loaded with the cultivator without the tongue and other parts which they intended to return for, according to Omar Miller, who were helping them and pushed the loaded boat off.

Mr. Stewart was in the rear end and it was noticed he was bailing water as the boat swamped. Mr. McKenna handled the oars. When in midstream the swirling water caught the boat and being heavily loaded and unwieldy, began to sink. The men stood up as the boat went below the surface, then McKenna held his companion up and tried to pull him along, first by his hair and then by his arm. Mr. Stewart could not swim.

Finally McKenna released Mr. Stewart and attempted to make for the shore but disappeared. Miller jumped on a horse and raced almost a quarter of a mile down the river to where the current hit the shore.

A hat was floating on the water which he lassoed and brought to shore. He thought possibly McKenna was underneath. One of the oars was also recovered at this point by Mr. Miller. It was here that the first search was made for the bodies as it was believed the current might hold them at this point for a time.

Neither the boat or either of the bodies re-appeared after they disappeared, said the women who witnessed the tragedy.

Searching parties were quickly formed in Vernal and Roosevelt and have been under the direction of Sheriff J. Emery Johnson. The search on shore and by boats has continued, but without result.

The searching crews are dynamiting the waters in an effort to raise the bodies, if lodged. The river banks are being searched for miles. The extremely high water makes it difficult to do much searching work from boats.

Mr. Stewart, a prominent rancher and stock raiser of the Willow Creek section, was well known here and throughout the Uintah Basin, having lived in the Basin practically all his life. Mr. McKenna was employed by Mr. Stewart.

Surviving Mr. Stewart are his wife, Effie Wardle Stewart, their son Arden, 12, attending school at Myton. Mr. Stewart's daughter, Mrs. Eva Ashton, Vernal, former head Utah State Legion Auxiliary and son Van Stewart of Brigham City. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton were in Los Angeles at the time of the accident and arrived home on Thursday.

Mr. McKenna is survived by his widow, Fannie Allred McKenna, son Don, 4, and daughter Bonnie Jean, 4 months; also four brothers, Gilbert, Lee and Merlyn of Fort Duchesne and Clifford McKenna of Ouray.

1937-05-20

1937
1860
37

Searchers Fail to Cover Bodies River Victims

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Mr. McKenna is survived by his widow, Fannie Alfred McKenna, son Don, 4, and daughter Bonnie Jean, 4 months; also four brothers, Gilbert, Lee and Merlyn of Fort Duchesne and Clifford McKenna of Ouray.



SHERIFF ARDEN STEWART and Detective Lynn Hooper were among others around the state who graduated from a recent "New Era" in law enforcement training.



SHERIFF ARDEN Stewart and his wife, Donna, stand next to a historic collection showing the past Utah County Sheriffs

which is gift to the county from Stewart. He has served 16 years as Utah County Sheriff.



SHERIFF ARDEN Stewart shows off gifts he received at a recognition dinner. Pictured are Ron Gipson, Sheriff's Reserves; Sheriff Stewart,

Bernice Burke, sheriff's secretary; and Sm Howard, Search and Rescue.



SHERIFF AND MRS. Arden Stewart enjoy the banter aimed at the sheriff during a thank-you dinner.

Sheriff given thank-you bash

Arden Stewart, who has served as Uintah County Sheriff for the past 16 years, was honored at a recognition dinner Dec. 18 by his staff, friends and others.

Stewart was presented a number of gifts and was made an honorary lifetime member of the Sheriff's Reserves. He will now be an active member of the Sheriff's Search and Rescue.

The Sheriff was given verbal pats-on-the-back by those at the dinner and received some advice and ribbing about his future from speakers like District Judge Richard C. Davidson.

After serving four terms in office Sheriff Stewart was upset in the primary election.

Among his gifts and awards were plaques from Search and Rescue and the Sheriff's Reserves, a clock from his staff and a black powder rifle from his staff, Search and Rescue, Reserves and other friends.

Stewart is seeking another position in Uintah County and will continue to be actively involved in law enforcement, whether as an employee or volunteer.



COUNTY RAP SHEET

News from the
Uintah County Sheriff's Dept.

Sheriff's farewell

By Sheriff Arden Stewart

This will be my last article in the "County Rap Sheet" before I go out of office. I have labored long to find a way to express my true feelings over what is happening in my life.

I believe I have found the answer. It hangs on my bedroom wall and is often read. This text was given to our family years ago at the passing of one of my wife's brothers. It came from one of the deceased's dear friends; a judge from Arkansas by the name of L. E. Perry.

The piece is titled "Desiderata." It was found in the old Saint Paul's Church in Baltimore, Md. and dated 1693:

"Go placidly amid noise and haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even the dull and ignorant, they too have their story:

Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain and bitter, for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself. Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans.

Keep interested in your own career, however humble, it is a real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals; and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment it is perennial as the grass.

Take kindly the counsel of the

years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness, beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

Therefore, be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace with your soul.

With all its shame, drudgery and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world. Be careful. Strive to be happy." So many of my feelings are brought out in these words I felt compelled to share them with you. The unknown author must have had me in mind when he wrote them. So well expressed, so hard to live, and yet the formula is beautiful.

To all of you let me say thanks for letting me serve you over the past 16 years. Let me also say thanks to my faithful staff and fellow officers who work so hard to keep law and order.

And let my wonderful wife and I wish you all a Merry Christmas and may all your future years be good ones.

Thanks!



SHERIFF ARDEN STEWART displays a plaque he was given for outstanding service and dedication to his work.

Sheriff Stewart gets plaque for service

An award, recognizing dedicated service to the Utah Peace officers Association (UPOA) and law enforcement in general, was recently bestowed on Uintah County Sheriff, Arden Stewart.

UPOA is a 17,000 member organization which is divided into regions. Stewart, who is the director of UPOA's region G, was recently re-elected to their board of directors. He serves as an appointee representing the UPOA on the Utah Council

for Crime Prevention under the direction of the Governor. He has also served on the training council for UPOA and completed legislative work for the council. He has been actively engaged in law enforcement for the past 15 years while serving as Sheriff of Uintah County.

He was presented a plaque as a token commemorating his outstanding and dedicated service at the association's summer convention by Calvin Gillen, chief of police, Murray City and president of UPOA.

Stewart named best marksman in nation

After 26 years of giving it "his best shot," former Uintah County sheriff, Arden Stewart received the Bob Wright Memorial traveling trophy for placing first in the annual National Search and Rescue competition shoot June 10 through 12 in Rock Springs, Wyo.

Stewart placed first in the national shoot in the modified police practice course using a .357 pistol. He said, "I've waited a long time for this and finally got it [referring to the trophy]. It took a lot of practice and work to be successful. It is something I have strived for and up until now, never had." Stewart is only the second Uintah County Search and Rescue member to receive the honor. Chad Crosby won it in 1985.

In addition to the shooting competition, search and rescue members also competed in several other categories. Kathy Maxson placed third in the sharp shooter event and the team she was on placed third in the woman's pistol shoot.

Gary Maxson placed second in the men's team pistol contest and Maxson and Stewart placed second in the road rally event. Stewart also placed third in the men's pistol event.

Arden and his wife, Donna, placed second in the blindfold road rally competition. He said it was one of the most exciting events of the entire weekend. Two people drive through an obstacle course. The driver is blindfolded while the passenger directs him. Half way through, the driver and passenger change places and finish the course. They are judged on how they maneuver their way through the obstacles without knocking over cones or flags. Stewart said, "You have to completely trust your partner and listen to every word they say in order to complete the course."

Last year the National Search and Rescue convention was held in Vernal and next year they will meet in Great Falls, Mont.

This weekend Uintah County is

hosting the Utah Peace Officers Association convention. According to Sheriff Meacham, over 300 officers and their families will be in Vernal. They too will be competing in a state shoot at the Rod and Gun Club. The fun-shoot will be Wednesday afternoon and the actual combat competition will begin at 9 a.m. on Thursday morning.



FORMER UINTAH County Sheriff, Arden Stewart, finally receives the Bob Wright Memorial traveling trophy from the National Search and Rescue shooting competition.

UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY
REGIONAL ROOM
FILE FOLDER

NO. 1908

6/16/93

about Redmoon
THIS STORY WAS TOLD TO ME BY FATHER JOHN HENRY (HANK) STEWART AS IT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM. THE YEAR IT HAPPENED WAS ABOUT 1917 OR 1918. IT WAS IN THE SPRING IN ABOUT THE MONTH OF MAY. ON THE GREEN RIVER SIX MILES OR SO DOWN RIVER FROM OURAY, UTAH. THE FIRST TIME I HEARD IT I WAS ABOUT EIGHT YEARS OF AGE AND IT HAS BEEN TOLD TO ME MANY TIMES SINCE BY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF OUR FAMILY.

ON MAY 23, 1937 MY FATHER DROWN IN THE GREEN RIVER VERY NEAR THE SPOT WHERE HE AND REDMOON HAD IT OUT 20 YEARS EARLIER. I WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD WHEN FATHER DROWN IN 1937 AND WE HAD SOLD THE FERRY SOME YEARS EARLIER AND WERE RANCHING AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH. BEFORE SELLING THE FERRY MY PARENTS HAD MOVED IT DOWN RIVER TO SAND WASH AND HAD RAN IT THERE FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. THEY MOVED TO SAND WASH IN ABOUT 1921 AND WAS LIVING THERE WHEN I WAS BORN IN 1925.

MY FATHER WAS WELL LIKED BY THE UTE INDIANS AND COULD SPEAK THEIR LANGUAGE FLUENTLY. HE WAS GIVEN THE NAME OF MA OOV ERATS WHICH MEANS BUCKSKIN SHIRT IN UTE. THE REASON FOR THE NAME WAS DUE TO THE FACT THAT HE USED TO WARE A BUCKSKIN SHIRT A LOT OF THE TIME.

ARDEN STEWART

UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY
REGIONAL ROOM
FILE FOLDER
NO. 1908

THE BLIZZARD

I was lost, alone and freezing on that cold December night,
a northern wind was blowing, blotting everything in sight.
My faithful horse had broke his leg five or ten miles back,
and now I'm trying to make it on foot to a cowboy's shack.

But, the wind and the snow keep coming and the drifts are getting high,
yet, I must keep on moving; to stop will mean to die.
As I stumbled through the dark of night and fought that blowing snow,
I ran smack-dab into something big, it was a big old buffalo.

Quick as a flash I drew my gun and I shot him where he stood,
then I skinned him out and don't you know his warmth felt really good.
Then I cut some steaks from off his rump, and I ate them warm and raw,
with my belly full of buffalo meat I really began to thaw.

Then I got to thinking how that hide could keep me warm,
So, I rolled myself up tight inside and was protected from the storm.
And then I dosed right off to sleep and I dreamed of home and all,
of a fireside bright and a bed so warm and my mothers loving call.

Then all at once I came awake, it was morning and getting light,
I tried to move, but couldn't, that hide had frozen tight.
Now, as I lay there thinking just what in the world to do,
I heard a sound just right outside and it scared me through and through.

It was the sound of the wolf pack as they ate on the buffalo meat,
but, the problem was that some were chewing on my buffalo hide retreat.
I knew darn well before to long they'd chew right through that hide,
and have me for their breakfast as I lay there trapped inside.

But, the night before as luck would have I'd needed some fresh air,
so I left a hole in the top of the hide and next morning it was still the
It wasn't to big, but it proved to be the thing that got me out,
if you'll listen a little longer I'll tell how it came about.

One of those big hairy wolves got his tail inside that hole,
and wagged it back and forth before my eyes, it was a sight to behold.
Now as he was wagging it he got it just about right,
and all at once I saw my chance and bit down with all my might.

Well, that old hairy lobo wolf let out with a howl and a moan,
and took off down that mountain headed for parts unknown.
I was hanging on real tight with my teeth in a death lock so,
as we picked up speed each leap and bound and faster and faster did go.

As we were skidding down that hill friction warmed that hide,
and all at once it loosened up and I just popped outside.
And that's the way my life was saved on that cold December morn,
And that's the truth it really is just as sure as I was born!!!!

Age category: Adult
Category: Cowboy Life and Adventures

Author: Arden Stewart

UINTAH COUNTY
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NO. _____ 1908

The Confluence

The Journal of Colorado Plateau River Guides

Number 28, Winter 2006

Hank Stewart and Sand Wash

The Boatmen Stories of
Arthur Wheeler

John and Parley
The Galloway's Testify

Glen Canyon Diary: 1955

Otis "Dock" Marston
Moab To Hite: 1964



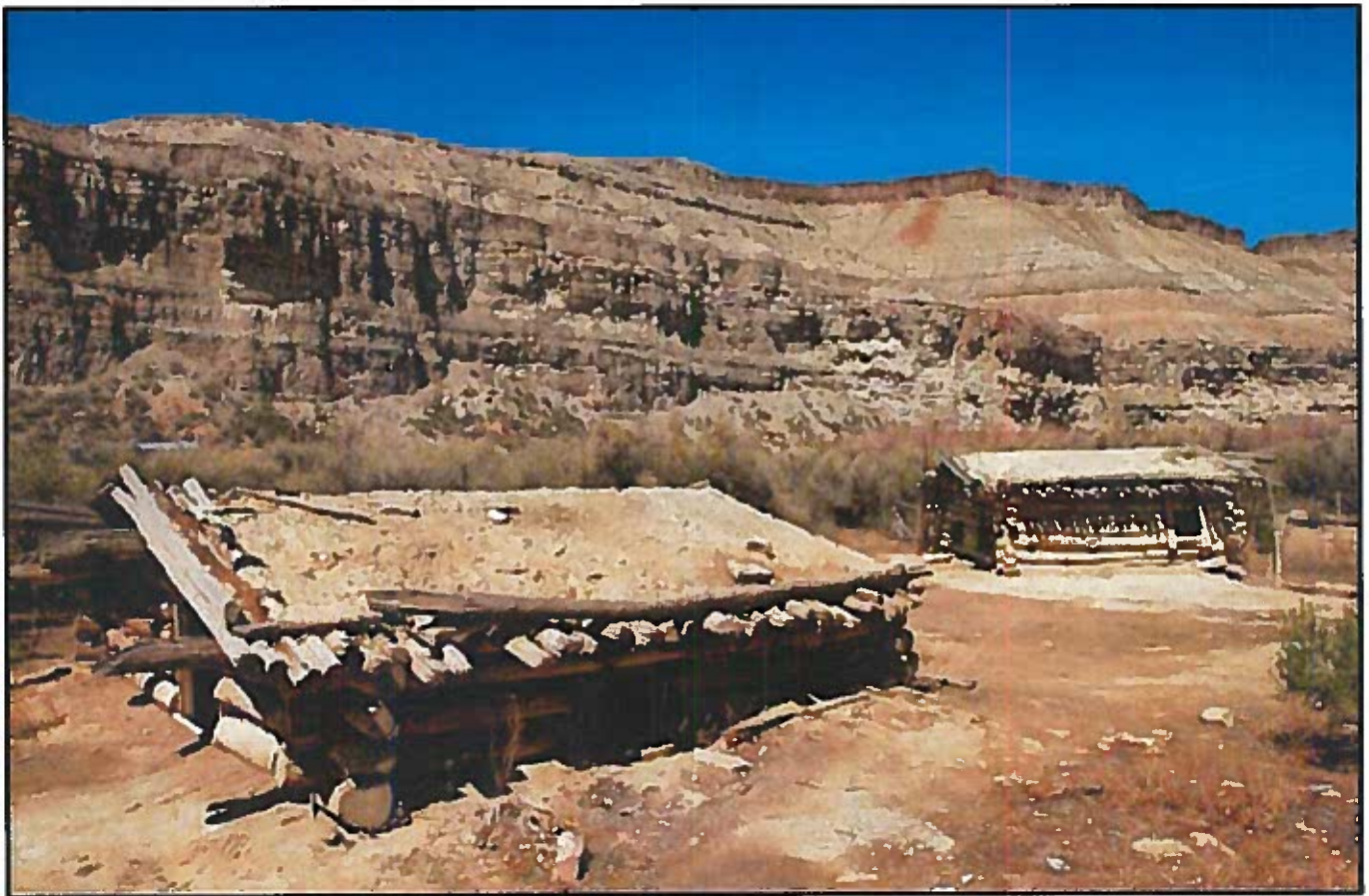
Headwaters Institute

Diamond Down

Hell's Half Mile
A Book Review

Poetry

Dam Solution



Historic cabins near the Sand Wash ferry on the Green River in Desolation Canyon
Photo credit: Dan Miller

Hank Stewart and Sand Wash

by James M. Aton



Hank and Arden Stewart
Arden Stewart Collection

Every river runner who fights his/her way through the mosquitoes at Sand Wash for a run down Desolation Canyon will notice two old cabins there. Many of those boaters know that for years, Sand Wash was a major sheep ferry crossing. Some even know that the man who built one of those cabins and made the ferry a going concern was Hank Stewart. Few, however, know his story. So let me tell it to you—the outlines of it anyway.

But first you should know that Hank Stewart did not pioneer sheep ferrying in the Sand Wash area. Although it is not certain exactly when he started it, around 1912 one Charlie Brown was running a ferry and cable crossing just above Sand Wash at a place called Boat Bottom.¹ Also, a man named Miles (I have not yet found his first name) ran

a ferry, probably at the same place, when the 1917 Utah Power and Light (UP & L) survey came through. The growing sheep industry in the early part of the twentieth century had necessitated ferries in the region. All those ferries are part of a larger story, which I will not recount here, of the various crossings between Split Mountain and Sand Wash. They predated the bridges that now span the river.

Hank Stewart's story is special for river runners partly because he made Sand Wash the most important ferry during that era. But he also spent a good part of his life up and down the river, before and after Sand Wash. Besides running two different ferries, he befriended Butch Cassidy and his gang, he rowed for two river surveys, he spoke Ute fluently and generally got on well with them, he ran a postal route, and he worked some copper claims. Stewart was typical of many men and women between 1880 and 1940 who were trying scratch out a living along the Green River: he did whatever he could to get by.

John Henry "Hank" Stewart was born in Mona, Utah in 1868 where his father, Simeon, worked as a mine company dentist. The peripatetic family moved to San Bernardino for a while, then returned to Mona. For a time, Hank and his brother, George E., lived with an aunt and uncle in Puget Sound, Washington. They both later attended All Hallows College in Salt Lake City. Even though he came from educated parents, all that Hank ever wanted to be, according to his son Arden, was a cowboy. As a youth he had devoured dime-store westerns and apparently yearned to be a part of that legendary life.²



Tia Juana Ferry
c. 1916-1919
Arden Stewart Collection

In 1897 the Stewart brothers came into the Castle Valley country. They first worked for the Joseph B. Meeks and Pete Murning ranches in Castlegate. Hank quickly became friends with Butch Cassidy (aka Tom Gillis) and Elzy Lay (aka Bert Fowler), who were then punching cows on the nearby Jens Nielson ranch. He nearly got mixed up in the infamous Castle Gate Robbery that Cassidy, Lay, and Joe Walker perpetrated in April of that year. Hank had a big grey horse that Cassidy tried to buy from him. Stewart wouldn't sell it, but he agreed to let Butch borrow it for the winter. Cassidy proceeded to use the horse for the robbery, even though it bolted out from under him. Lay had to

retrieve the horse so Butch could escape to Robber's Roost in the San Rafael Swell. Eventually the horse was returned by a young boy who manned the relay station for Cassidy's gang.³

A year after his near run-in with the law, Hank married Minerva Van Wagoner, started a ranch in Argyle in upper Nine Mile Canyon, worked for various cattlemen like Preston Nutter, collected wild mustangs and wild cattle (mavericks), and eventually fathered three children. He also did a little mining on the side. Some time in the first decade of the century Hank divorced Minerva, and she later



Red Moon
University of Utah

m a r r i e d Stewart's good friend, Neal Hanks (of Hanksville). She got the ranch in Nine-Mile and custody of the children; Hank got the freedom to pursue mining and ferry ventures with his b r o t h e r George.⁴

Stewart next appears in the historical

record in 1911 and 1913 when he rowed Desolation Canyon for two improbable surveys. The first, the Carstarphen party, wrecked its boats above Rock Creek and had to abandon the river. Frederick Carstarphen was a Denver engineer who managed a gilsonite mine on Pariette Bench. He was looking to the river for a faster route to haul gilsonite to the railhead at Thompson.⁵ The second party was led by Roosevelt founder and engineer Ed. F. Harmston. He was surveying for a possible railroad line between Roosevelt and Green River, Utah for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. Although he could obviously handle a boat, the 1911 wreck notwithstanding, and knew the river, Stewart could not swim.⁶

The Stewart brothers had some small copper claims on Leland Bench, between Roosevelt and Ouray, around the same time as Hank was rowing for the survey parties. The two brothers also started a ferry at Tia Juana Bottom. The sheep that crossed on it wintered on Wild Horse Bench, east of Upper Desolation Canyon, and summered above Nine Mile Canyon. Eventually Hank sold out his mining interests to George who had become the manager of the Uteland Mining Company,

while George sold his interest in the ferry to Hank.⁷

Hank operated the ferry at Tia Juana Bottom from at least 1913 to 1919. He was involved in a short-lived school for other ranchers' children at the confluence of Willow and Hill creeks to this extent: his oldest daughter, Eva, a recent BYU graduate, was the teacher. In 1919 Stewart met and married Jedediah Wardle's daughter, Elsie. She was fifteen and he was fifty one. Both had been baptized Mormons but neither practiced any religion throughout their lives.

During this time Hank (the Utes called him "Ma Oov Erats," or "Buckskin Shirt," his usual attire) had a run-in with Red Moon, an assertive White River Ute who lived along the east river bottoms. The story comes down to us from Stewart's son, Arden.

When Stewart was operating the ferry at Tia Juana Bottom, he always let Utes cross for free. This included Red Moon. But Red Moon did not like sheepmen and their sheep crossing onto what he considered his land. He tried to extract a fee from them, and eventually a sheepman named Peterson paid the Ute to silence him. After that, when the Ute tried to collect money from other sheepmen, they would lie to him, saying, "Peterson will pay."

Finally Red Moon realized he had been had. He got a pistol, and Hank Stewart happened to be the first white he saw. Red Moon fired at the ground around Stewart's feet. The ferryman then grabbed the Indian, threw him to the ground, held the pistol to his head, and threatened to kill him. Red Moon begged for his life, and Hank let him go.

Red Moon then jumped on his horse and rode for Ouray where a Ute Bear Dance was underway. He hoped to stir up the young braves for a reprisal against Stewart. The ferryman saddled up as well and took a short cut to Ouray, arriving ahead of Red Moon. In fluent Ute, Stewart explained to the tribal council what had happened. After Red Moon arrived and pleaded his case, the council ruled for Stewart. They made the White River Ute apologize to Stewart and promise to treat him as a friend. After that, Red Moon left Tia Juana Bottom and may have moved north, perhaps to Montana. He was dead by 1925 at the age of 61.⁸

Generally, however, Hank got along well with the Utes, partly because of his friendly, accepting nature

and partly because he spoke their language well. But conflicts with Utes like Red Moon eventually prompted the area's sheepmen to encourage Stewart to move the ferry downriver to Sand Wash, a more convenient and less contentious crossing spot for sheep. Thus, in 1919 newlyweds Hank and Elsie floated the ferry down to Sand Wash and lived in a tent. That winter they tore apart their four room cabin, marked the logs, and dragged them down on a



Sheep Crossing ice on Green River
Uintah County Regional History Center

bobsled on the frozen river. It took three or four trips.⁹

The ice they skidded the cabin on that winter was no fluke. Ice is an annual occurrence on the Green. The river usually solidifies in late November or early December and thaws in late February to mid March. The thick ice allows for the easy transportation that Hank and Elsie Stewart experienced. But sometimes during the spring thaw, ice jams pile up and prevent river crossing by any means—ferry, boat, or horse. Yet the ice had its uses in the pre-refrigerator days. Residents would cut ice blocks out of the river, pack them with snow in a shed, and cover them with a layer of gilsonite. The ice would last all summer. But it could be deadly as well. When Vern Muse was working at Sand Wash in 1933, he let his team of horses loose to get a drink in the river. They broke through the ice and disappeared.¹⁰

The ferries themselves worked through the use of a windlass which allowed the ferry to change attitude and let the current push it across. There was an air space between the boat bottom and the floor. The front of the wooden boats had an apron to allow animals easy access on and off. Later a man named Peterson, probably the same man in the Red Moon incident, brought in a metal ferry which is now buried in the sand downstream of the boat launch. The ferry cable wrapped around large cottonwood trees on either side. At various times ferries operated at Swallow Canyon, Jensen, Ouray, Tia Juana Bottom, Boat Bottom, and Sand Wash.¹¹

Sheep made the ferries necessary, and up to 45,000 head passed through Sand Wash a year; 50 head at a time fit onto the boat. Sheep were sheared on the "Wrinkles" side, across from Sand Wash. The wool was sacked and freighted out by wagon. Hank Stewart charged three cents a head, and in his best year made \$2,700. The scariest cargo was Jim McPherson's bulls. Not surprisingly, they were hard to herd onto the boat and rambunctious during the crossing.¹²

At Sand Wash the Stewarts had a large garden, pigs, chickens, and a few work horses. They probably had a milk cow. Elsie canned extensively in the winter. She was known as an excellent and very creative cook, and sometimes their cabin served as a boarding house for stockmen passing through. Visitors remarked on her tasty pastries and "big white gravy." Elsie herself sometimes helped with the ferry. Many men noted that "she worked like a man," lifting the logs that formed the cabins and later herding and branding cattle at the Willow Creek ranch. She also kept a detailed diary of all business transactions at the ferry and at the ranch. Unfortunately that diary burned in a house fire in Vernal many years later.¹³

Hank eventually grew tired of the ferry business. He sold out to Chuck Sands sometime between 1929 and 1930 and moved upriver to Willow Creek. He bought a ranch from his father-in-law, Jedediah Wardle. The 160-acre homestead sat over a mile up creek from the Green. Sands, meanwhile, added a second cabin at the ferry (Sand Wash is named for the sand that comes out of the side canyon, not after Chuck Sands, as some have thought). He and his wife, Lola, had two children. He sold out to Peterson, and Peterson in turn sold to Ray Thompson in the mid-

1930s. Thompson was there in 1937 and 1938 when Haldane "Buzz" Holmstrom stopped by two years in a row, the second time with Amos Burg. He told Holmstrom that a 1935 flood had brought the rock and mud down Sand Wash, burying the lower part of one cabin. It is still visible today. An eater of horse flesh, Thompson in his best year saw twenty thousand sheep pass through at five cents a head (\$1,000). The ferry business declined, though, because bridges were being built upstream. Moreover, the 1934 Taylor Grazing Act, a prolonged drought, overgrazing, and the Depression all worked to reduce the size of sheep and cattle herds on public ranges. When a big spring flood in 1952 ripped out Thompson's ferry boat and cable, he abandoned it because business had narrowed to a trickle.¹⁴

Hank Stewart, meanwhile, hacked out a living at his Willow Creek ranch in the early and mid 1930s, as well as anyone could during the Depression. The family did not really suffer during the world-wide economic downturn because they were largely self-sufficient. But besides ranching, Stewart contracted as a private postal delivery man. He picked up the mail at Ouray and delivered it to ranchers up and down Willow Creek. Although he lived near the river for over two decades, Hank's inability to swim caught up with him in the spring of 1937.¹⁵

On May 18 that year during the spring rise, Stewart and his young ranch hand, Thomas McKenna, were rowing a heavy disk harrow and a corn planter tongue across river in a small boat. The boat filled with water and swamped. Both men's wives watched in horror as the tragedy unfolded. Stewart was knocked unconscious by the machinery, and when he surfaced, McKenna tried to hold on to him and the capsized boat at the same time. Harry Aumiller swam his horse out, threw a rope to McKenna, but the young man missed it. Both men then disappeared under water. Stewart's frantic wife, Elsie, attempted to ride and swim to rescue him but fortunately was restrained by Chuck Sands. For the next week a team of fifty men in eight boats searched for the bodies. They finally discovered them a few miles below the accident. Hank's best friend, Matt Curry, found him.¹⁶

Stewart, age sixty nine, left a twenty-nine-year old wife, a twelve-year old son, and a mountain of debt. Elsie Stewart had to sell two hundred Herefords to pay off ranch debts. She eventually remarried Jack Brewer, which improved the family's finances.¹⁷ McKenna, who was twenty five, widowed a wife and left two small children fatherless.

Stewart was especially mourned. An impulsive, hot-tempered man, he was also known as a friendly, gregarious, can-do cowboy. In large headlines, a front page article in the local paper described him as "one of Utah's colorful pioneer stockman....Hale and hearty, able to ride and work hard, he did things a younger man would shirk....respected for his hardihood and straight-forward dealing with his fellow man."¹⁸

Hank Stewart's legacy includes a reputation for working hard, starting various enterprises, guiding, and making many friends up and down the river. He etched his name and character on Sand Wash. Tip your hat to him next time you push off shore.

¹ George Stewart interview by Bill Belknap and Loie Belknap Evans, 1974, Belknap Collection, Northern Arizona University; Arden Stewart, "Ferries: A Lecture to the Uintah County Historical Society, 10 July 1993," Uintah County Regional History Center (hereafter UCRHC), Vernal, Utah.

² "River Victims Located Near Scene of Death," *Vernal Express*, 27 May 1937, p. 1; Arden Stewart interviews with author, 8 January 2004, 25-26 March 2005.

³ Stella McElprang, comp., *Castle Valley: A History of Emery County* (Emery County Daughters of Utah Pioneers, 1949), 50-51; Arden Stewart, "Dad Nearly Rode With Butch," *Outlaw Journal* 1.1 (Summer 1991): 46-47. Arden Stewart, "Arden Stewart at the Uintah County Historical Society on Outlaws," UCRHC.

⁴ Arden Stewart interviews; Mildred Miles Dillman, comp., *Early History of Duchesne County* (Springville, UT: Art City Publishing, 1948), 256; "River Victims."

⁵ Robert Sorgenfrei to author, 26 July 2004; "Much Interest in Castle Peak," *Eastern Utah Advocate* (29 June 1911), 11; Many articles in the *Eastern Utah Advocate* and *Carbon County News* for the fall of 1911 and winter of 1912 recount Carstarphen's battles with the state road commission and his efforts to purchase trucks to haul gilsonite to the railhead at Price. He failed and ended up back in Denver, where he did some survey work for the city.

⁶ "Diary and Report of Ed. F. Harmston, Engineer, on Feasibility of Line for Railroad from Green River on Denver and Rio Grande R.R. to Roosevelt, in Uintah Basin, State of Utah. September 6th, 1913," Marston Collection, Huntington Library, San Marino, California; Bill and Mrs. Seamount interview by Otis R. "Dock" Marston, Salt Lake City, 1 January 1966, Marston Collection; Ray "Budge" Wilcox interview by Bill Belknap and Loie Belknap Evans, 1974, Belknap Collection.

⁷ George Stewart interview; Arden Stewart, "Ferries;" Kathleen Irving, "Interview with Arden Stewart, 19 April 2002," UCRHC.

⁸ Arden Stewart, "Lecture for Uintah County Historical Society." Stewart composed this story in the form of a poem called "Red Moon" which he has preformed on numerous occasions; Arden Stewart interviews; "Ute Indians Allotment Records, Uintah and White River Utes, circa 1900-1940," MSS B-833, Box 1, Fd 5, # 351, Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City.

⁹ Arden Stewart, "This Story Was Told To Me," UCRHC; Arden Stewart interviews; Kathleen Irving.

¹⁰ Arden Stewart, "Ferries;" "Ouray," *Vernal Express*, 23

March 1933, p. 4; Kathleen Irving; Pearl Baker, *Rim Flying the Canyonlands with Jim Hurst* (Riverside, Ca: A-to-Z Printing, 1973), 43-44; Rex F. Rowley, "Ferry on the Green and other happenings at Sand Wash, "1969, Ms in author's possession; Rex F. Rowley, "Sand Wash Ferry Played Role for Early Sheepmen," *Vernal Express*, 21 August 1969, p. B6.

¹¹ Irving; Stewart, "Ferries;" Arden Stewart interviews.

¹² Stewart, "Ferries."

¹³ Arden Stewart interviews.

¹⁴ Chuck Sands was a hot-tempered man who once slapped young Arden Stewart in the face. Stewart never liked him after that. Thompson was known to eat horse meat from the wild horses he rounded up when he lived at Ray's Bottom. Arden Stewart interviews; Brad Dimock, ed., *Every Rapid Speaks Plainly: The Salmon, Green & Colorado River Journals of Buzz Holmstrom* (Flagstaff: Fretwater Press, 2003), 50, 168; Stewart, "Ferries."

¹⁵ Doris Karren Burton, *Settlement of Uintah County: Digging Deeper* (Vernal, UT: Uintah County Library, 1998), 502, 508.

¹⁶ "Searches Fail to Recover Bodies," *Vernal Express*, 20 May 1939, p. 2; "River Victims;" Arden Stewart interviews. Curry owned the Ouray store and later Curry's Manor in Vernal. He was well-liked by both Anglos and Utes.

¹⁷ Irving.

¹⁸ "River Victims."

James M. Aton is Professor of English at Southern Utah University. He is the author with Robert S. McPherson of *River Flowing from the Sunrise: An Environmental History of the Lower San Juan* (Logan 2000). He is currently writing a history of Desolation Canyon.



English Department
Southern Utah University
351 W. University Blvd.
Cedar City, UT 84720

Doris Burton
Uintah County Regional History Center
155 E. Main St.
Vernal, UT 84078

Dear Doris:

Enclosed is an article I published on "Hank Stewart and Sand Wash" that I thought you might want for the library files. You can access the Colorado Plateau River Guides website and print out more copies if you want. The journal, *The Confluence*, is in the public domain.

<http://www.riverguides.org/pdfs/cprg/Confluence28.pdf>

Hope you are well. Give my best to Kathleen Irving.

Best, _

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Jim Aton", is written over the printed name. The signature is stylized with a large, looping initial "J".

Jim Aton

THE LEGEND OF QUEEN ANN

(Outlaw Queen of Brown's Hole)

Written by Arden Stewart, Cowboy Poet
for the 1991 Outlaw Trail Festival

Queen Ann was born in old Brown's Hole,
one of the Bassett clan.
She grew up wild and free and strong.
She could out ride any man.

When she was a baby
she was nursed by an Indian squaw.
That's how she got her wild streak,
when the West was young and raw.

The Indians really loved her
and claimed her as their own.
She in turn respected them,
even after she was grown.

She rustled her first maverick
before she was thirteen.
She built a reputation
as the Brown's Hole Bandit Queen.

She knew each and every outlaw
that came to old Brown's Park.
She knew every trail and hideout,
and could find them in the dark.

She'd go to all the dances
that were held at old Lodore.
The cowboys all would dance with her
on the sawdust covered floor.

She didn't like Matt Warner;
said he drank and swore too much.
But fell in love with Elza Lay,
one of the Wild Bunch.

Matt Rqsh and Ann were real good friends.
He owned a cattle spread.
She swore out her revenge because
Tom Horn shot him dead.

She always helped the underdog,
no matter what the cost,
And one time because of this,
her life she nearly lost.

A bullet through the window,
that missed her by a hair,
Tom Horn had pulled the trigger,
but Ann he couldn't scare.

She set the sheriff on him.
Told the governor as well.
He left those parts "muy pronto."
Said he'd rather live in hell.

She was tough as leather,
yet refined as one could be.
She was a rustler and a lady
all rolled in one, you see.

She lived a life both full and rich,
a life yet wild and free.
A life that touched us everyone,
yes, even you and me.

Queen Ann, we dearly love you
and the legend that you left.
May you ride the range up yonder,
and may your pony's feet be swift.

The 1991 Outlaw Trail Festival production will be called "Riders of the Wind." It is based on an incident from the life of Queen Ann and will open July 4 in the new amphitheater in the Western Park in Vernal, Utah.

Dates are July 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 15, 18, 19, 20, 22, 25, 26, 27.

**OUTLAW
TRAIL**



Produced by the Uintah Arts Council
P. O. Box 1417 Vernal, Utah 84078

**OUTLAW
TRAIL**



For reservations call toll free 1-800-477-5558

[REDACTED]

BY ARDEN STEWART

THE RIM ROCK AND THE PINE

THERE'S A PLACE A WAY OUT YONDER,
MID' THE RIM ROCK AND THE PINE;
A PLACE WHERE BURNS THE SUNSET,
A PLACE THAT KNOWS NO TIME.

A PLACE THAT BOB FOUND COMFORT,
WHEN THERE WAS TROUBLE ON HIS MIND;
AS HE STOOD AMID THE GRANDEUR,
OF THE RIM ROCK AND THE PINE.

THAT OLD RIM ROCK RUNS FOREVER,
AND THE PINES ARE SO SERENE;
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR CONCRETE HIGHWAYS,
HE LOVED PASTURES RICH AND GREEN.

WHERE THE SAGE BRUSH SMELL IS FRAGRANT,
AS IT BLOSSOMS IN THE SPRING;
AND THE CACTUS AND WILD FLOWERS,
ADD BEAUTY TO EVERYTHING.

WHERE THE MULE DEER AND THE COYOTE,
ROAM THE LAND STILL WILD AND FREE;
THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE BOB'S HEART WAS,
THAT'S THE PLACE HE LOVED TO BE.

NOW THAT HIS LIFE HAS ENDED,
AND HE'S LAID THIS MORTAL BY;
HE'LL BE OUT THERE IN THAT ROUGH LAND,
BENEATH THE AZURE SKY.

HE'LL ROAM THOSE HILLS FOREVER,
HE'D WANT NO MARBLE SHRINE;
HE'LL BE CONTENT AND HAPPY,
MID' THE RIM ROCK AND THE PINE.

Arden Stewart

UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY
REGIONAL ROOM
FILE FOLDER
NO. 1908

Wednesday, Janu

You're a friend

Sheriff, to me you're not a Boss, but a friend. A Boss you work for, a friend you work with. You have truly been a friend to the end.

You have never told me to lype a letter, but asked and then thanked me for doing it.

Sixteen years we have worked together, never once have I been disciplined. When errors were made or something neglected you seemed to know it was punishment enough for the regret I had withn myself so never a cross word or reprimand was given.

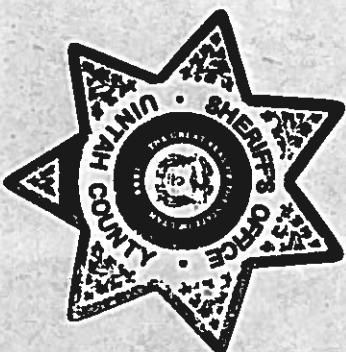
Your job was never too large or too small, they all got the same treatment whether it be a vin number inspection on a vehicle, a group of scouts to pass off merit badge assignments, a family quarrel who needed a listening ear, a lost hunter to be found, or a hardened criminal to be captured, you never shirked your duty, but did it willingly making each one feel his need was important.

You have so much compassion for others. Many a down trodden has needed a helping hand or a listening ear which you gave freely putting no limits on your time.

So, Arden, I think you are a "Great Guy". You have taught me many things through the examples you have set. Thanks for letting me share this past sixteen years with you, they have indeed been a pleasure.

May your future endeavors all be pleasant and rewarding experiences.

By Uintah County Sheriff's secretary,
Bernice Burke



EOUNTY RAP SHEET

News from the
Uintah County Sheriff's Dept.

Tribute to sheriff

We have all enjoyed Sheriff Arden Stewart's past messages in the Rap Sheet. I am using this opportunity give a tribute to Sheriff Stewart in a article of my own before the new sheriff and the rest of the staff take their turn to contribute to the column.

Since 1890, this county has had 14 sheriffs. Arden Stewart served the next to the longest term with 16 years. Only Herb Snyder served longer with a 20 year tenure in office.

Sheriff Stewart was on hand for the big oil-boom years and during his time in office a new jail was built, a central dispatch was put in place and many other accomplishments were overseen by him.

When the Sheriff was first elected there were seven people on the staff including himself. There is now a

staff of 32 who enforce the law in the county and take care of the functions at the jail. Animal control for the county is also under the sheriff's jurisdiction.

The Sheriff gave many hours of public service including speaking at schools, clubs and community groups on drugs, safety, teen parenting and others. He is a keen shot and not only won many trophies, metals and awards for himself, but helped others achieve as shooters. He was always available to help with training classes and kept up his personal training by attending schools, seminars and conferences.

A list of all his accomplishments would take pages and pages but I submit the following in appreciation of the way he treated me.

Clubs

Express 4/17/91



Arden Stewart

Uintah Historical Society discusses outlaws, lawmen

Arden Stewart, dressed in authentically reproduced 1880 style cowboy clothes, fascinated an audience of over 40 members and guests at the historical meeting on Saturday, April 13.

He displayed antique gear and guns used in those years. He told the group that curiosity in the old west is coming back. The public has become interested in the outlaws and lawmen who traveled the outlaw trail from Montana to New Mexico. He used an overhead projector to show maps of the trail that crossed through Utah by way of Brown's Park, Vernal, Wellington, Price, Green River, Hanksville (Robber's Roost), Lee's Ferry and on into New Mexico. He related stories of famous outlaw gangs and the lawmen who successfully captured or killed them. The audience participated in the discussion by relating their stories of the trail.

The next meeting for the Uintah Historical Society will be on Saturday, May 11 at 2 p.m. in the Golden Age Center. Dr. Tyrrell Seager and Tom Freestone of the local archeological society will give a lecture on the Carter Military Road.

July 21, 2010

Vernal man honored at Odgen American Cowboy

By Mary Brennan
Vernal Express

Arden W. Stewart, a lifelong Uintah Basin resident, will be honored as a National Day of the American Cowboy at the Odgen Pioneer Days Rodeo on July 24.

"I don't really know who ever it was that nominated me, but I thank them from the bottom of my heart," said Stewart. "I'll do my best to represent Uintah County."

The days of the American cowboy are passing away quickly, said Stewart, who grew up on ranches near the Green River and the Book Cliffs.

"I was born in 1925 in Roosevelt, but we lived at Sandwash Ferry down at the head of Desolation Canyon at the time. Not long after, my parent sold the ferry and bought a ranch near Ouray," Stewart said. "Then, in 1937, my father and a hired hand drowned in the Green River."

A year and half later, Stewart's mother married a young cowboy by the name of Jack Brewer. "He's the one that raised

me, and taught me everything I know about livestock, horses and rodeo-ing. We had a good relationship."

Stewart lived in town while he went to school because the home ranch was so remote.

"We moved to three separate ranches in the Book Cliffs and finally, moved into the Vernal area," said Stewart. "In 1943, I went into the Navy Seabees and served in the South Pacific during World War II for three years."

Upon returning, Stewart went into rodeo until he broke his leg, which laid him up for a time.

"I lived for a time for almost a year up at Josie's breaking broncs, 'cause I couldn't rodeo," the cowboy continued. "Me and a buddy who was also a crippled cowboy were up in Josie Bassett Morris ranch area from June to December in 1947 breaking horses."

Then, in 1949, he met his sweetheart, Donna Rae Chivers Stewart, and after a whirlwind romance they were married in 30 days. He raised her two boys and they had one son of their own.

Stewart said his wife's boys have passed on but their son Rex

Stewart still "I lost my years ago after marriage, worked for rodeoed ...] terms as the total of 16 years. He spoke of as a cowboy but his voice) to tell the story Wildfire."

Stewart is 12 years old, tragically, and memory is vivid. Looking at romantic of thing that he's in prose and

"I'm also a historian at history," he you know, the history."

Stewart was 28 other cowboy Day of the Ar July 24, each county in Utah —Mberna



Arden Stewart stands near the Josie Bassett Morris cabin at Dinosaur National Monument. (Submitted Photo)

man honored at Odgen American Cowboy Days



By Mary Brewer
Vernal Express

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Stewart said his wife's boys have passed on but their son Rex

Stewart still lives in the area. "I lost my wife two and half years ago after 58 beautiful years of marriage," Stewart said. "I worked for different ranches, rodeoed ... I also served four terms as the county sheriff for total of 16 years."

He spoke fondly of growing up as a cowboy riding and rodeo-ing, but his voice breaks as he pauses to tell the story of his first horse, Wildfire.

Stewart said he was about 12 years old when the pony died tragically, and to this day, the memory is vivid.

Looking back, Stewart is a romantic of the cowboy era, adding that he's a Cowboy Poet both in prose and recitation.

"I'm also a self-taught cowboy historian about local outlaw history," he said, "because, as you know, this area is rich in history."

Stewart will be honored with 28 other cowboys at the National Day of the American Cowboy on July 24, each one representing a county in Utah.

—mbernard@vernal.com

ear the Josie Bassett Morris cabin at Dinosaur National Monument.

Veteran serves nation at home and abroad

By Benjamin Tracy
Vernal Express

A Vernal man was recently honored for more than 60 years of service to an organization that he believes at its core stands for "Americanism, patriotism, and benefit of veterans."

Arden Stewart received a plaque commemorating his long-time membership in the Witbeck Post 11 of the American Legion in Vernal.

Stewart joined the Legion in 1953, several years after returning home to Vernal after his service in World War II. Stewart said he served 19 months in the South Pacific with the 1035th Naval Construction Battalion, with stops in the Mariana Islands and Tinian. His battalion assisted in the construction of the air strip in Okinawa used for landing by the bomber that dropped one of the atomic bombs on Japan. "It was the longest air strip in the world at the time, it had to be long for the B29s to land," Stewart explained.

Upon his return to Vernal, Stewart then pursued a number of fields: ranching, oil field, retail. He then was elected four times as Uintah County Sheriff and served for 16 years before retiring.

Through it all and to today, Stewart has been



SUBMITTED PHOTO
Commander of Witbeck Post 11 of Vernal, Reed Rasmussen, left, presents Arden Stewart of Vernal with a plaque commemorating 60 years of service with the American Legion.

active in the legion. "The American Legion has been a vital player in veterans' benefits over the years," Stewart said. "We try to institute and put together bills that are beneficial to veterans," he said.

He has held numerous leadership posts, including district commander, state

vice commander, and Utah American Legion. Asked why he serves, he answers, "Because of the benefits for veterans; somebody has got to carry the ball."

Local Commander Reed Rasmussen said Stewart's long-time service deserved recognition.

The legion is active throughout the community, participating in parades and the rodeo and presenting the flag at many activities. One of their current activities is presenting military honors at funerals of veterans. "We always present a flag to net of kin when a veteran dies or is

buried," Stewart explained. Long-time veterans such as Stewart have carried the legion for years, Rasmussen said. "But they are starting to dwindle. We have lost many World War II veterans, and now we are losing the Vietnam vets," he said. But, not many of the veterans who have returned from the wars in Iraq, Iran, and Afghanistan are not joining the legion, he noted.

The local post is current-

Wall of Honor seeks photos of honorees

The Vernal Area Chamber of Commerce is seeking photographs of veterans to hang in their new planned display, "Wall of Honor."

The photographs will be matted, framed and hung on the wall, a place where those stopping into the chamber for visitor or other information will be able to see the display.

"This is our way of honoring them: I started this in honor of my husband," said Corena Smith, who is coordinating the project. Basin residents who served in the military are

eligible to participate. Smith requested that photographs, along with name, rank, branch of service and years of service be dropped off at the chamber office, located at 134 W. Main St., Vernal. Smith believes the wall should be able to accommodate between 200 and 300 photographs.

"First come, first served," she said, adding that she hopes to receive photographs soon. A future unveiling will be planned.

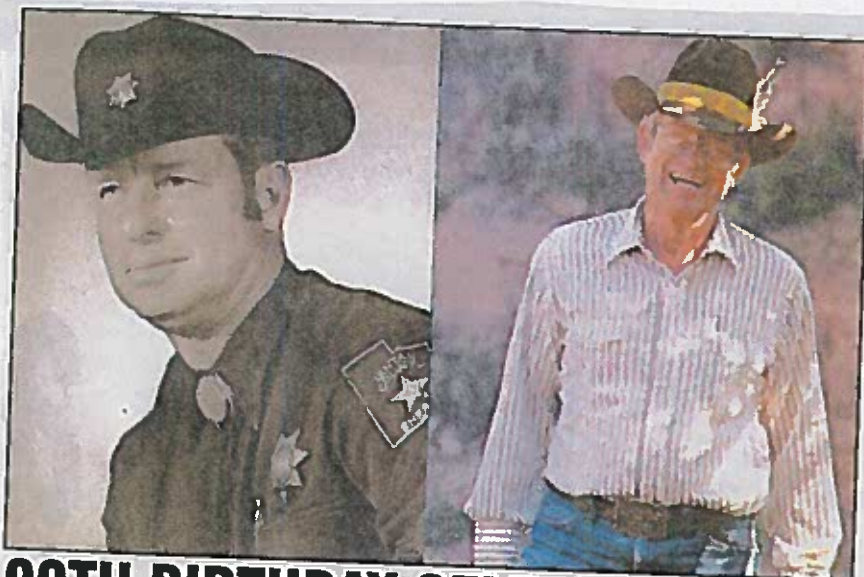
For more information, contact Smith at 435-790-3377.

ly in the process of merging with the Jensen post. Meetings will continue to be held in Vernal the first Thursday of each month at the Legion Hall on North Vernal Avenue.

Memorial Day is an active one for the Legion, when they decorate veterans' graves at the local cemeteries.

All around, Rasmussen said, Stewart has been an active good member, an invaluable asset.

UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY
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NO. 1908



90TH BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Arden Wardle Stewart of Vernal will celebrate his 90th birthday. Arden was born on May 10, 1925. Join us by celebrating Arden's life and times on May 9, 2015. The celebration will be held from 1 to 3:30 p.m. at the Davis Ward Chapel, 3990 S. 1500 E., Vernal.

UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY
REGIONAL ROOM
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NO. 1908

Vernal Express
May 5, 2015

2015 OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT AND CONTRIBUTION AWARDS

Utah State History's annual awards recognize individuals and groups who have made a significant contribution to history, prehistory or historic preservation in the state of Utah. Whether these efforts on behalf of the past are quiet or prominent, they benefit the state's citizens in tangible and intangible ways. Utah State History therefore invites nominations of persons or organizations who have given extraordinary service or completed outstanding projects.

All projects must be completed within the past two years prior to nomination. Organizational nominations should include description of organization, mission, and programs. Documentation should accompany the form and should include a minimum of two letters of support, photos of project, exhibits, or visual arts, or copies of articles, books, videos, or scripts.

Nominations are due by June 22, 2015. All award applications and documentation will be reviewed by State History staff. Management team will send summary and recommendations to the Board of State History for final selection of award winners. Awards will be presented at the 63rd Annual Utah State History Conference, "Deep Roots, Many Voices: Exploring Utah's Multicultural Past" to be held October 2, 2015.

You may make nominations in these categories:

Outstanding Contribution Award: For outstanding, long-term contribution to archaeology, preservation or history in Utah. The award may be given to groups or individuals.

Outstanding Achievement Award: For outstanding project or activity in the field of Utah archaeology, preservation or history, or in support of one of Utah's heritage organizations. May include research, preservation, education, fundraising, community programs, volunteerism, journalism or other activities.

**UTAH STATE HISTORY
2015 AWARDS NOMINATION FORM**

Nominee: Arden W. Stewart (deceased)

Mailing Address: 152 East 100 North Vernal, Utah 84078

Telephone number: 435-789-6277

Email: ekiever@uintah.utah.gov

Suggested Award Category: Outstanding Achievement Award

Please explain why an award should be given to the nominee.
Attach additional sheets and documentation materials if needed

Arden W. Stewart was born 10 May 1925. He grew up at Sand Wash on the Green River. He attended school in Uintah and Duchesne Counties until his mother sent him to the Wasatch Academy. When Arden was twelve years old his father drowned in the Green river. This tragic event led to a lifelong interest in river history and in preserving the memories of settlers in the Uintah County. Arden served three years as a Navy Seabee stationed in the Asian Pacific Theatre until his honorable discharge from service.

He married Donna Rae Chivers and raised three boys. He worked as a cowboy and ranch hand in the rugged Book Cliffs of Utah. Later in 1972 he was elected Sheriff and remained in office until 1988. He was active in the Vernal community, he chaired the County's Utah State Centennial History Program and did an exceptional job.

His final project was to replace the headstone of William Redman at Deadman Bench in Uintah County. He purchased the new headstone and worked with community members to replace a fence surrounding the grave. The project was completed 7 April 2015. Arden took great care to honor the memory of Deputy Bill Redman, who didn't have a proper headstone at his burial spot. Arden passed away 12 May 2015.

Photos of the project will be emailed to A. Aldrich

Nomination submitted by: Uintah County Regional History Center Staff

Mailing address: 152 East 100 North Vernal, Utah 84078

Telephone number: 435-789-6277

Email: ekiever@uintah.utah.gov

☐ Documentation materials attached

☐ Photos of project emailed to aaldrich@utah.gov

Return form by June 22, 2015 to:

Utah State History

Awards Nominations

Attn: Lisa Buckmiller

300 S. Rio Grande Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84101

For additional information, please email lbuckmiller@utah.gov or call (801) 245-7231

Addition to personal history.

Some interesting things -

I had the good fortune of being sheriff at the time Robert Redford was making the film (Jeremiah Johnson) in our area. We had a situation where some of our local "tough guys" broke into a motel room where some of the ~~many~~ movie people were staying and roughed them up a little. I was ~~of~~ able to put the case together and make some arrests and that took care of it. To make amends we, my wife & I and some of the Search & Rescue people, took Robert Redford wife and children ^{and kids} out on an Easter outing & picnic. They were very appreciative.

While in as sheriff we had a boom-bust situation in our area. The boom was of such an extent that we had ~~too~~ not enough housing to handle all the people that came in. Crime was on the rise, but we were able to hold a lid on things and stay ahead of the criminal and bad guys. The Bust came a few years later and caused ~~a~~ lot of discontent and problem in our area, and was still going on when I went out of office -

Some of the cases I remember well are as follows -

The Nichols murder - rape case (still unsolved) where the Nichols boy was shot and later

One of the best searches we ever had was at Stinson Park Res. where a 3 year old got lost. We searched all night and by the next day I had a helicopter, search dogs, divers, people on horse back, searchers on 2 + 4 vehicles, and people on foot. Due to the good tracking ability of one of the guys on horse back the boy was found. At the time he was found he was out in the lake being held up by moss in water close to his ears - The rescuer roped him and pulled him out. I figure we had about 150 persons on the search - After being out all night and then in the lake the boy was ~~rescued~~ -

While I was in office we built the dept. from 5 up to 30 members. Helped build a new County state building in which our offices ~~was~~ are housed. Built a new jail - Helped form the Consolidated Dispatch Center, and many more progressive things.

I was appointed to 2 different ~~States~~ Governors Committees, was a charter member of the Uintah Basin Law Enforcement Administrator Assn. and Region 8 representative for the Utah Peace officers Assn.

I set up a historical museum to all the old Sheriff of our County and worked on other historical ~~projects~~ projects and with other groups -

I loved the job of Sheriff and do not regret one thing I did while being Sheriff. I made alot of friends and few enemies.

was a college student out of Salt Lake who's daddy was an attorney -

One night we had a shoot out at the Gateway Cafe between Harold Mt. Lion and Mel Steward. Mel was running the place and Mt. Lion (and widow's boy) came in raising heck. Mel ~~threw~~^{threw} him out and Mt. Lion came back with a gun - it was a .22 pistol. He Mt. Lion shot Mel through the shirt and Mel grabbed a .44 mag from behind the bar and shot Mt. Lion in the shoulder. Mt. Lion ran and Harold Cook, who was my deputy and I trailed him down by following the blood. We found him in a vacant lot about 7 blocks away. He still had one bullet left and tried to shoot Harold, but was too weak to pull the trigger - we took him to the hospital and Dr. Paul Strickland patched him up ~~and~~ ^{and} we held him down. They are took him to jail. We sent Mel to Salt Lake and ~~the~~ they both recovered completely -

One real sad case was when one of our Search & Rescue pilots crashed his plane and killed himself, another man & his son. we search for about 3 days from the air and finally the wreckage was spotted by another of our S&R pilots and then we went in by foot for the rescue - we climbed the Mt at Eagle Creek nearly to the top and I was the first one to find the plane. I shot 3 times in the air and soon everyone was there. Needless to say they had died instantly. We carried them out on stretchers.

burned in his car and his girl friend
was raped twice and then talked her
way out of being killed and was released,
after about 6 hours, over by Duchesne -
This case is still unsolved -

In my 16 years as sheriff I saw
 alot of deaths, either by accidents, or
murder, or suicide. None of them were
very pretty, but one stands out in my
mind. An old rancher, cattlemen, - shepherd
became very ill and the night before he
was to go out and be operated on for
the second time he shot himself. That
in itself was not unusual, but what
he did was - He was being in a small
trailer house and he took his old
convict wrapped bed roll that he had
used for years and in the morning, rolled
it out on the floor then took his old
20-30 rifle that he had carried for years.
Kneelt down on the bed roll, put the gun
to his heart and pulled the trigger. When
we found him he was face down on the bed roll
and all we had to do was pick the bed roll
up and carry him out. No mess or fuss.

I worked the first drug case in our
county when I first came into office -
It was a mean possession case, but
it was a big deal at that time. Now
we don't even mess possession cases -
Another case in drug was a garden of
Morgans we found being cultivated
off in Island Park. It had about 150
plants and was in the shape of the
state of Utah. The person raising it

Vernal Express
Aug 29, 1974



CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION is admired by Sheriff Arden W. Stewart, recipient of the award at Park City Friday.

Sheriff receives appreciation award certificate

A certificate of appreciation was awarded to Sheriff Arden W. Stewart by the Utah Law Enforcement Planning Council at a Utah State criminal justice workshop on standards and goals held in Park City Friday.

THE FRAMED certificate, signed by Governor Calvin L. Rampton and Raymond Jackson, was presented to Sheriff Stewart in "recognition of many hours of dedicated service to the improvement of the criminal justice system as a member of the District 6 Law Enforcement Planning Council, October 1971-August 1974.

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Arden Stewart chosen as Grand Marshall of Pioneer Day parade

Arden Stewart, poet, orator, active community member and civic citizen has been selected as this year's Pioneer Day Parade Grand Marshall.

Stewart was born in Roosevelt and raised on a ranch in the Book Cliffs. He has lived in the Uintah Basin all of his life, other than the time spent in Nevada and attending school in Oregon. He spent three years in the United States Navy with the Seabees in the South Pacific during World War II.

Stewart has been a member of the American Legion for several years and has held the position of Utah State Commander. He has coached Little League, served as a bishop in his church, and has been a member of the Uintah County Search and Rescue. He was elected Uintah County Sheriff in 1971 and served the county

for 16 years. During his tenure as sheriff he served on many state and national committees, including the Governor's committee for drug prevention and child abuse.

Stewart became interested in outlaw history while he was sheriff. His father worked on a ranch at one time with Butch Cassidy. While he was growing up he had the opportunity to know many of the outlaws that settled on the river in the Book Cliffs.

"We appreciate all that Mr. Stewart has done for our community," commented Ralph Dart, parade chairman. "We encourage everyone to come to all of the festivities on the 24th, including the scout breakfast and parade. Be sure to wave at Arden as he leads the parade down Main Street."



Arden Stewart: Former Uintah County Sheriff Arden Stewart has been chosen as Grand Marshall of the Pioneer Day Parade to be held on July 24 in Vernal. (Submitted Photo)

UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY
REGIONAL ROOM
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NO. 1908

Vernal Express
July 22, 2009



Arden Stewart chosen to be Grand Marshal

Stewart was born and raised on a cattle ranch in the Book Cliffs area south of Vernal. He has lived in the Uintah County all his life except for attending high school in Oregon, three years in the Navy in WWII, and three years of ranching in Nevada.

Stewart has been married to his wife Donna Rae for 47 years and they have three sons, 10 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

He has always been active in civic and community affairs, including being an active member of the American Legion for 43 years. During this time, he has held all local offices as well as Utah State commander. He is a member of the Uintah County search and rescue, and has served in all offices in this organization including Utah State commander.

Stewart has coached little league for eight years, was in scouting for 25 years and was bishop of his church for over five years. He has served as Uintah County sheriff for 16 years, and while there, served on many local, state and national committees.

Stewart promotes the Vernal area every chance he gets. He is considered to be an authority on local history and he conducts many tours and seminars of the area. He helps with local activities such as the Outlaw Trail Festival and trail ride. He shares his talents in cowboy poetry and story telling, and has been invited to Salt Lake City, Durango, Colo., and Elko, Nev., as a featured performer representing our area. He belongs to many civic clubs, and is presently serving as chairman of the Uintah County Statehood Centennial Celebration.

Interviewed by Kathleen Irving, 19 April 2002
Transcribed by Marilyn Hunting, 29 April 2002

Kathleen Irving (KI): I am with Arden Stewart today, 19 April 2002. He is going to tell us stories about ferries and other river-related things.

Arden Stewart (Arden): The story begins back about 1916-18, I'm not sure of the date. My father, Hank Stewart, and his brother, George, and another man were working a copper mine on the end of Leland Bench, which is down river from the little Indian trading post of Ouray about four or five miles. He and the other man were also in partners on a ferry boat that was located at Tijuana Bottoms at Tijuana Crossing, which is down river from Ouray about five miles on the Green River, down below where White River, Green River and the Duchesne River all come together. They were working a copper mine and eventually Dad bought this partner out and he took the boat over himself. The mine didn't amount to too much, so they gave that up and he run the ferry boat there for a number of years. There were quite a few incidents that happened.

His prime business was the crossing of sheep in the fall and in the spring. A lot of the people that went to the summer and winter ranges went across through there on the ferry boat. That was the only way to get their sheep across the river. That was his main business, so he would cross those people on horseback or if someone came with a wagon, or even a car, he could take them across. He charged one cent a head for sheep. I believe it was fifty cents for a man on his horse, one dollar for a wagon to cross the river.

The way the ferry boat was set up, it was a double-bottomed boat, flat-bottomed boat, wide enough that you could put a team and wagon on with no problem and long enough. It had a four-foot railing around it with walkways on the outside of the railing. It had a flooring and underneath there was a space, then the bottom of the boat. The boat was built just exactly the same on the front and back. It came along flat, then turned up. He had his main cable running all the way across the river. It was one-and-a-half-inch cable. It was anchored to a deadman on each side of the river. They had a large pulley on that and in this pulley was a smaller cable that came down to the boat. On one end of the boat it was secured solid and on the other end was on a windlass or a winch, hand winch.

This is the way they would cross the river. They would turn the boat. Whichever way they wanted to go, that end of the boat would be upstream. The current of the river would push that boat across. 'Course they used poles to prod it along, too. Anyway, they also had aprons on the front of each end of the boat so when they got to the embankment they would anchor the boat, tie it down to the anchors, then drop these aprons and go on and off the boat without any problems.

He ran the boat there for a number of years and then business kind of changed and the people wanted him to move down to an area that is known as Sand Wash. This was about thirty-five miles down river from Tijuana and it was down in Hill Creek, down in Nine Mile area. A lot of sheepmen, cattlemen, and ranchers down there wanted to use that crossing so they could go either to Price or over to Myton to do their business. Also, the sheepmen wanted to cross down

there, rather than at Tijuana. There was a little bit of trouble with the Ute Tribe over the Tijuana Bottom because of an Indian allotment in there. There was some bad feelings over that; about them crossing in that area that belonged to the Indians.

He gathered up his boat and got everything ready and floated that boat down the river by himself, he and mother. He had married Mother by then. They floated the boat down the river and got to Sand Wash, got it secured, put in the abutment, put in the deadman, put in everything, and got the boat running and lived in a tent. This was in about 1922 or '23. That winter when everything froze up they didn't need to use the boat anymore, they could cross on ice.

He took a bobsled and a team and went back up the river to the old cabin. They had a three- or four-room cabin at Tijuana; he marked the logs, tore the cabin down, put it on the bobsled. He had to make three or four trips and hauled it down to Sand Wash and rebuilt it. The old cabin is still standing there to day. It is partially filled up with silt and sand and stuff because of the flooding that comes down Sand Wash. Sand Wash floods real bad if there's a thunderstorm across that country. They lived in that cabin and in 1925 I was born.

We lived there till I was about four or five and he sold the ferry boat to a guy by the name of Chuck Sam. We moved back to the old ranch, the old homestead, that my grandfather, my mother's dad, owned, south of Ouray; where Willow Creek intersects with Green River. We bought the old ranch from him and moved there.

We ranched there and in the spring of 1937, May 23, Dad and one of the hired hands, a guy by the name of Tom McKenna, from over at Myton, went across the river. It was high water time; that was before we had dams like Flaming Gorge. The water would get real high; and it was very high and swift. They went across in a rowboat and got a corn planter. He was going to put in a big field of corn.

KI: Where did they row across?

Arden: Right at Tijuana. Right where the old ferry boat used to be. Tom was a big stout guy and he was rowing the boat because he was stronger than Dad. Dad was getting old, he was in his sixties.

KI: What was on the other side?

Arden: Harry Aumiller had a corn planter and they were going to buy it or borrow it from him. So they rowed across the river, loaded the corn planter in the boat and it put down in the water pretty good, and then on their way back a whirlpool hit them and sucked the boat down and Dad was standing in the middle of the machinery and when they came up, Dad was unconscious. Tom, came up and grabbed hold of the boat. It had turned over, but the bow was filled with air and was floating; he grabbed it and when Dad came up, he grabbed him. Mother jumped on her horse and was going to go out and try and help them. Chuck Sand grabbed the horse's bridle and wouldn't let it go or she would probably have drowned with them. Then the boat sank, it was kind of a leaky, old boat. Tom tried to swim out with Dad; he probably could have swam out by himself, but he tried to get Dad out and they went both went under and we never saw them for another seven days. They both drowned. Tom left his wife and a year old and little six-month old

baby.

Ironically, where Dad owned his first ferry boat, years later, he came back and that is where he was drowned.

KI: What other children did he have?

Arden: I'm an only child. He had three older children by another marriage. My mother didn't have any because she was really young when they were married.

That's the story of the Hank Stewart ferry and some of the things that happened on the river. Or the Tijuana Ferry or the Sand Wash Ferry. Dad lived along the river nearly all his life and couldn't swim a lick. It wouldn't mattered, he was knocked out anyway.

Ironically also, his best friend, Matt Curry, who used to own the old "Curry Manor", he built that house. He owned the trading post in Ouray. Dad and he were *very* good friends, best friends. He was down there on the search. There were a lot of people searching for the bodies, and it was Matt Curry that found Dad. He wasn't down stream less than a quarter of a mile, Tom McKenna less than that. He was found the same day in a pile of driftwood. They had both floated. They wrapped him in a tarp and Matt said, "Put him in the back of my car." He wouldn't let anyone come with him and he brought him to Vernal.

As a twelve-year-old boy, it was tragic in my life. It was really tragic for Ma, I remember what she went through. But for a twelve-year-old boy it wasn't really dramatic. I lost my father, yeah, but you know. We were able to save the ranch. We had to sell all the cattle and everything to pay the ranch off, but we did that. Mother remarried, and we made it and did quite well. The memories now, as I get older, I get kind of soft. Memories mean an awfully lot and I get a little sentimental.

KI: Did you have any experiences that you remember when you were a little boy playing by the river?

Arden: Yes, I nearly drowned three times. Green River is a treacherous river, a lot of people don't know that. Green River has a very strong undercurrent. An undercurrent is, the river looks calm on top, but underneath it is really a turmoil. It's notorious for that. It has drowned people here ever since we've lived on it. I got into one of those one day and dang near didn't get out.

Another time, we used to swim the river wherever we came to it with our horses, because our horses were river horses and they knew how to swim and they weren't afraid of water. I got out in the middle and my horse got in trouble and got to floundering and so I jumped off and grabbed my lariat, it was tied to my saddle horn. I went out to the end of my lariat and gave him a better chance to get out. He made it on out to the bank and stopped. So, I'm out on the end of this forty-foot lariat, still in the river. It was too deep to touch bottom. Finally, I was able to swim around and get on the bank and get out.

Another time, I and my cousin, I know darn well the Good Lord had his arm around us that day, we were swimming. We swam every day when we were down there. There was this big cottonwood tree that had tipped over and the river was going around it on both sides. There was a sandbar here and out there was a tree and the river was going around it. As kids would do, we

wanted to get out on that tree. We looked it over and we debated and finally he saw a root sticking up off that tree. He said, "Oh, there's a root. I can jump and grab that." So he jumped and grabbed it and it was a piece of driftwood and he went under. So instinctively, I just jumped in and grabbed him and the current was sucking us down under that tree, because it was pulling real hard. He was fighting, terrible. He was completely out of it. I finally got him off from me and got back out and got my breathe. He was floundering some more and I went back in the second time and he did the same thing, he got right on top of me. That time something says, "Go to the bottom." So, I went clear down to the bottom and got my feet into the sand and then I struggled and walked up out of the water and brought him with me. He coughed up river water for an hour. It scared both of us to death. I was probably about thirteen and he was about ten or eleven.

KI: Can you think of any really good times you had on the river?

Arden: We had all kind of good times. We used to go to the Bear Dance every spring at Ouray. Everybody from out on the Creek, that's Willow Creek and Hill Creek, would come in and we would all camp down there and have a good time. We did a lot of fishing. We would catch catfish. We used to catch those big ole squaw fish, those big ol' white fish. They're pretty well extinct now, but we used to catch those quite often, mostly catfish. In fact, that was part of our diet. We subsisted on catfish a lot of the time. They're real good eating.

Oh, there is just something about the old river and the river bottom that is intriguing. I love it down there; still go back every chance I get.

They used to put up ice in the wintertime. They'd go down to the river and when the ice would get real thick they would cut it with the ice saw. Put it on a bobsled and haul it up and put it in the icehouse. We used Gilsonite as an insulator. We had a log house, it was full of Gilsonite. There was a small Gilsonite vein not far from our ranch house. It was in the mouth of Willow Creek, about a mile and a quarter up from the river. They just put that ice in there and packed it with snow in between the blocks, then cover it with a layer of Gilsonite and add another layer of ice. It would last all summer. We used it to make ice cream, in our drinking water. We even had an ice box. We could keep our milk and cream and butter in the ice box. We'd put a piece of ice in there.

KI: How long did you live on Willow Creek?

Arden: We owned three different ranches. After Mother and Jack Brewer were married, we lived there until the early '40s. Then we sold that place and they bought another place up farther up Willow Creek. They bought the old Harry Brown place, up above Hatches'. We lived there for ten to fifteen years. Then they sold that and bought another place over on Bitter Creek, which is over in the Book Cliffs and up higher.

KI: How does Allen Brewer fit in there?

Arden: Allen is a full brother to my step-dad, Jack. He was the second oldest one in the Frank

Brewer family and Jack was the second to the youngest. There was five kids. That's how we ended up over there; he bought that place from his dad, Frank. We were there for a number of years, probably fifteen or so, then they sold that and moved into town to send the kids to school. Then he just went to work as a cowboy around for different ones. He bought a forty- acre farm out south of here.

KJ: Where did you go to school?

Arden: Well, I always had to board out to go to school. We didn't have any school. Eva taught out there, Eva Ashton [Eva Stewart Ashton, his half-sister] taught out there for a while. There were two different schools out there; one was on Hill Creek and on Willow Creek, and then when they quit, they had to send us somewhere. The first year my cousin and I stayed at the ranch, there by Ouray and had a tutor and she taught us all. That was my first love. I just fell in love with her. She was a red-headed gal, just out of college. I really fell in love with her. That was my first year. The second year I moved into Vernal and stayed with Sadie Blank. That was a rancher from out there. That was Willis Stevens' mother. He was an old-timer from out there. I stayed with her and went to school in Vernal. Then the next three years I stayed with an aunt and went to school in Myton. That is where I was going to school when Dad was drowned. I was just getting ready to leave school. When the word came, I was in Myton.

The next three years I went to Wasatch Academy at Mt. Pleasant, which is a Presbyterian boarding school. Then I went to Oregon, but then my high school was interrupted with the war, so then I joined the Navy and spent three years there. I didn't graduate. I went just after I was eighteen and had another year to go. I didn't spend much time at home when I was in school.

Oh, I missed the sixth grade. Sixth grade I went to Leota. I was in the fifth grade in Myton when Dad was drowned. In the sixth grade, we were still on the ranch, Mom and I. We had one hired hand. Like I said, we had to sell all our cows to pay off the debt. When Dad was drowned, everybody wanted their money immediately. So we sold every cow we had. We had probably two hundred head of really good Hereford cows. We sold all and paid off the ranch and then we had a ranch with nothing.

So, a good part of the winter I rode my horse from the ranch to Ouray six miles, put the horse in the barn and fed him, and got on a bus and went another eight miles up to Leota to school. We had two teachers for eight grades. We had the first, second, third, and fourth on this side of the building and had the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth over on this side of the building. We sat in rows, by grades. We had two teachers. After school I would get on the bus, go back to Ouray, get on my horse and go home, help do chores. I can remember leaving in the dead of night, dark, on my horse and getting home in the dark. Later on, before the winter was over, Mother got a job in Ouray. They had an old boarding house down there at that time. They had cabins that you could rent. Some of the ranchers or stockman, people going through there, would stay overnight. They had a boarding house that would serve meals. She was hired as the cook; so we moved from the ranch to there. We kept the ranch. Then after she and Jack were married in December of 1938, they started building the ranch back up.

We lived off the land. They [government officials] paid bounty on bobcats, coyotes and things. We would get those, sell the fur, chase wild horses. If it was a good horse we'd break him

out and sell him, if he wasn't a good horse we would sell it Milas Colton for his mink farm for fox feed. Raise everything in our own garden. We had chickens and pigs and things like that. We were pretty self-sufficient. This was just right, as the Depression was starting the end. It was in '37, '38, '39, on in there. The times were hard.

KI: Do you remember the drought that happened during that time?

Arden: Thirty-seven. Yeah, a little bit, not much.

KI: It must not have affected you too much, then.

Arden: Naw, it wasn't bad. We had a really terrible bad, cold winter one time. We lost a lot of our cows. We had a whole bunch of dogie calves that we raised. I remember I used to have to milk, then feed the milk to the calves. It would drive me to no end! Sit there for hours milking those old cows, then give it to the calves. But we saved the calves and sold them that fall.

KI: Is it because the mothers wouldn't take them?

Arden: The mothers died. A cow won't take a strange calf, very seldom will it, if that calf doesn't have the right smell. That's the way they tell, they smell the calf. If it has her smell, she'll take it, if not, she won't. Once in a while we could fool them by skinning out the dead calf and putting the dead calf's skin on the live calf, the dogie calf and giving it to the mother. If she smelled it and accepted that hide, then after two or three times we'd take the hide off and it would be okay. But that's about the only way you could do it. But it worked. Sometimes it worked, sometimes it didn't.

KI: Do you ever remember taking dates down by the river?

Arden: No. I never did.

KI: It was a guy thing, huh?

Arden: Yeah, it was a guy thing mostly. Well, there were some gals out there on the creek that I kind of liked, but I didn't do too much with any of them.

KI: You didn't all just go down as a group?

Arden: Once in a while some of them would come down and we'd all go to the river and go on a swimming party or something. I've got a real good picture of a swimming party in here somewhere. There's Dad and ?, my uncle. But anyway, if they came down and wanted to go to the river and swim, cool off, why, we'd do that.

Another time, Reed Birchell, do you know Reed Birchell? You know Representative Dan Price's wife, her dad and mom, they lived the next ranch above us, ten miles up. One year they

bought a bunch of turkeys, he raised a bunch of turkeys. The creek went dry and they had no water, so he came down and made a deal with Dad for us to take care of the turkeys. Then we could sell them in the fall and split money, or whatever. I don't know what kind of a deal he made, but it fell to me to be the turkey herder and I was a cowboy. I thought I was really a good cowboy. I had a horse and dog and a gun. And Dad said, "You're going to herd those turkeys!" I said, "You've gotta be kiddin' me." And those crazy things, they are the craziest birds in the world. They're nuts. They'd get to chasin' grasshoppers and things and go down through that brush. I had to stay with them because there were a lot of coyotes around and the dang coyotes would get them if you wasn't right there with them. Then every night I'd have to herd them up, gather them all up, bring them in, make sure they got on the top pole of the corral, so the coyotes couldn't get them at night, and that was my summer's job. And I hated it. I don't like turkeys today! But things like that happened and everyone was neighborly, good friends, good neighbors.

At the old schoolhouse, up by Hatches, they'd have a dance every once in a while. Everybody'd go. They'd dance all night long. Put the kids to bed on benches and everybody would bring cake and sandwiches and stuff and when it come daylight, why, it was time to go home then. They would all go back and start putting up hay or whatever they were doing. It was a different life. A whole different life.

KI: Thanks so much for talking with me today.

End

Arden Stewart is turning 90!



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ARDEN STEWART

March 20, 2012

Today I am happy to be with Arden Stewart at his home. It is March 20, 2012. We are going to visit about some of his history. We will be talking about his family starting with the history of his father in the Sand Wash area of the county.

Ellen: So, Arden tell me about your father.

Arden: Okay, my father was born one year before Butch Cassidy in 1868, in Mona, Utah. His family were hard rock miners. His father, Simeon, was a dentist at the old Eureka mine there at Eureka, Utah. He always had the wonder lust of he was going to make it big in the mining somewhere. He wanted, he chased gold every once in a while. Anyway, he was born in Mona and they had a fairly large family. He married Minerva Van Waggoner in Price, Utah. I think it was 1898 and they had three children. They had Eva Stewart Ashton, Van Stewart and Rex Stewart. Eva died several years ago with cancer. They were a prominent family here in Vernal. Rex accidentally shot himself when he was twenty-one in Nine Mile while hunting deer and passed away before they could get him to a doctor in Price, Utah, in a buckboard and Van lived into his sixties, probably seventies, and died in Pocatello, Idaho, as the area distributor for the Tribune paper. I don't know a whole lot about dad between then and when he married my mom, or when he showed up down by Ouray. I do know that at one time he ran a mail route for Ouray to Webster City, which was up at the head of Hill Creek, for all those people that lived out there at Hill Creek and Willow Creek in that area, with a buggy.

Ellen: The DeLamberts have that [property] today.

Arden: DeLambert has part of that property. The Indian Department has Webster City location. Some of it is still standing. I saw it in 1946, I went by there [on] horseback and looked it over. It was a nice little settlement. They had a post office, a boarding house, a chow hall, and some extra cabins.

Ellen: What was the industry that kept people there?

Arden: The Webster Cattle Company, they ran about 15,000 head of cattle down in Thompson Canyon and up on Hill Creek and out on the desert. They had a big operation.

Ellen: Do you think Webster was the name of the man who settled Webster City.

Arden: I think so, Mr. Webster. I'm not sure but I think so. But anyway, it was known as the Webster Cattle Company. This was Webster City then in between that area there, I don't know

much about Dad except he was delving in mining and stuff. He crops up in my memory and my knowledge about the time that he and his brother has the ol' copper mine out on Leland Bench. What was the name of that? They closed it in so that nobody would get hurt in it. The ol' copper something mine, anyway he and his brother were co-owners of that with another guy or two. He was a half owner on the ferry boat at Tijuana Flat or Tijuana Bottoms on the Green River which is just down below the end of Leland Bench. As time went by he eventually traded his holdings in the copper mines to this man, I don't know who the guy was, but anyway, for his half of the ferry boat. Then Dad owned the whole thing. He lived in a cabin in Tijuana and that is where he and Red Moon got in a big hassle. I wrote a poem about that. Red Moon come down there a shootin' at him and Dad jerked him over, horse and all, got on top of him. You know who Red Moon was?

Ellen: I know who Red Moon was.

Arden: He was a sub-chief of the Utes and a he was wanting to access the sheep men as they crossed Tijuana because it was Indian ground. But Dad had it leased. He [Red Moon] wanted to charge a cent a head, the same as Hank Stewart was chargin' on his ferry boad, a cent a head, and Peterson paid one time. But then the next year, they all got wise to it and they told him Peterson will pay when he comes and when Peterson went across there, he told him the same thing and pretty soon they were all across the river and he didn't have any revenue. He got mad and he got on his little pony and he come down there and he said, "Hank Stewart, I'm one mad son of a whatever. Peterson, Peterson, all the time Peterson, damned ol' Peterson, he no pay." He pulled out this 32 pistol and started shootin' at Dad. Well Dad ran and grabbed him, jerks him and his horse and everything down. Then he got on top of him. He said, "I think I'll just send you to the Happy Hunting Ground". It scared him to death. But they were havin' the Bear Dances at Ouray, so he got on his horse and took off. So Dad knew where he was goin', so Dad went up the other side of the river and got there first. He called an Indian Tribal Council and told em' what had happened. Pretty quick, Red Moon showed up and he stated his case. Well, they ruled against him. They said, "You're wrong, you have no right to charge anything, that's not your property, that's Indian property, Agency property. If we want to charge for it, we will, but you can't. You have to apologize to this man and shake his hand. Oh no, he wouldn't do it. Well you either do it or you suffer the consequences cause this is the ruling body of the Utes. So he turned his back and backed up and shook his hand but wouldn't look at him(Hank). He was living in a little cabin there on the point. I've seen that cabin, it's gone now but he went back and backed everything he had and left.

Ellen: Red Moon did?

Arden: Yeh! He took off. I think he went to Montana, but nobody knows and he died somewhere up there. But anyway that was one of his experiences. Then mother was a young lady living on the family ranch there at the mouth of Willow Creek.

Ellen: What ranch?

Arden: Okay, Jedediah Wardel and Elizabeth Wardel's ranch. She was her youngest daughter of ten kids. She got acquainted with Dad and they fell in love and they went to Heber [City, Utah] and got married, came back and during the course of the time the sheep men and the ranchers in Hill Creek and Willow Creek decided that it would be better to go across at Sand Wash which is down at the head of Desolation and it was closer to Myton that was and it was fairly close to Wellington than it was where he was at. So they talked him into moving his ferry down the river, which he did. I don't know how he ever done it cause that ferry was twelve feet wide and twenty-four feet long, flat bed boat, heavy. But he floated it down there and restrung the cable and everything, set it up and went into business there.

Ellen: Was that Indian ground?

Arden: Oh no, no. It was public domain. They lived in a tent till that winter and when the river froze up that winter why he took a bob-sleigh and went back up to the cabin at Tijuana and numbered the logs and tore it down and put it on the bob-sleigh. He had to make three or four trips, I'm sure. Hauled it back down to Sand Wash and the cabin is still standing there today. It is in pretty good shape. It has been silted up because of the floods down at Sand Wash right up to the windows. And now that's where they were living when I was born.

Ellen: I understand that there was an age difference between your parents?

Arden: Yeah, when I was born Dad was fifty-eight and Mom was twenty-one so I am glad they got together. Anyhow, they were living there and mother became pregnant and so she, her due date, time came Dad took her up to Roosevelt to her sister's place, Margaret Fenn. Her husband's name was Ren Fenn. They had an old country doctor and he took care of everybody in that whole country around there. This is in 1925. She was in hard labor for twelve hours. We nearly died, both of us. He had a terrible time bringing me into the world. He dislocated both of her hip joints pushing on her legs so hard to try to get the pelvis to come open. But she was a cowgirl, and I don't know whether that has anything to do with it or not but they seemed to [think so.] That's why Queen Anne says she could never have children.

Ellen: Oh really!

Arden: Yes, because she had rode so much that she [Arden is now shaking like he was riding a horse to demonstrate how it might shake your body]

Ellen: It just messed her whole insides up.

Arden: Yea and she never had any kids. But anyway, Mother's bones was pretty set because she had rode a lot. I come into the world May the 10th, 1925. A few days later they took me back down to Sand Wash, the old ferry. And that's where I grew up. I have pictures of that. If you want any of them, that would be fine. My first recollection of life, I think I must have been about two years-old or maybe a little older, but they bought me a little red wagon. Mother but some fruit jars, Mason jars, in that little red wagon and told me to take it up to the potato pit. Now for those people who don't know what a potato pit is it was a pit that they dug down into the ground and then they covered the top with branches and then limbs on top of that and then they covered it over with dirt. They left an air hole so that it would let the moisture out and then there was another hole over here that you went in and went down a ladder to get into it. That is where they kept all their storage. We had no refrigeration.

Ellen: How deep was this pit?


Arden: It was probably about seven feet or eight feet deep. I know it was above a person's head in there. I couldn't pull the wagon forward with me goin' forward so I had to backup and I was pullin' that wagon backin' up and stepped off in that hole and fell down into the bottom of the potato pit. I hit my mouth on the bottom rung of the ladder they think. It knocked these two front teeth back out of sight. Well, mother panicked and ran over and instead of comin' down the ladder she jumped. And she lit on my thumb and peeled my thumbnail off. Well that hurt way worse than my mouth. Well I can't remember fallin'. I can remember pullin' that wagon. I can't remember falling but I remember the bloody water when she got me out and back over to the house and we had the old wash pan there and she was washin' my face. I remember that bloody water just scared me to death. I thought I was bleedin' to death. But I came out of that pretty good. She reached back in there and found my teeth and pushed em' back up in and they stayed. They came out and I got my permanent teeth and used them for a whole long time. That is the first thing I remember about life.

The next thing was well, I don't remember this, but we need to talk about it. Dad was a type of person that, he was a doer. He would get er' done, no matter what. He had to. I don't know how he ever done quite at it alone on that ferry boat. Anyway, He and Mom was there and they had to do something in the row boat. They had an old rowboat made out of 1 X 12's, it was, that's all we had down there then. They had to do something in the rowboat and they couldn't take me in the rowboat and they couldn't leave me in the house so Dad had to hogtie me. Hogtied me and tied me down on that ferry boat. Mother told me about this, she said, "You were screaming at the top of your voice, just screaming. I knew if you ever got lose you would run right off the end of that ferryboat and drown in that river. I was so scared." Anyway the knots held, I was okay, they came back and got me.

Ellen: So they left and went and did something.

Arden: Yea, they went out in the row boat to do something with the cable, I don't know what it was. The ferry was anchored but the back end of it was out in the river and he tied me down on that ferryboat.

Ellen: Instead of you just sticking your feet over the side and wading them, you was screaming and hollering.



Arden: Oh man! I was, I was screaming and hollering and tryin' to get loose. The next thing I remember that was quite prominent down there was, back then they had the old range bulls, the old Herford range bulls, high horns they didn't droop their horns, and those old bulls were wild suckers. They were dangerous. In fact, McPherson raised a lot of em'. McPherson bulls were famous and anybody that had enough money would always buy the McPherson bulls because they had good blood. I think it was Jic Taylor that was movin' the bulls and he may have got em' from McPherson, I just don't know. But I do know that they had several bulls and those bulls would not go on this ferryboat. There is no way, they couldn't get em' on there. So well, they got a few on there but anyway for the most part they had to rope em' and hog tie em' and drag em' on to the boat tied down. Well two of em' broke down the railing on the boat and jumped into the river. One of em' swam out and the other one went on down Desolation, probably drowned I imagine. Mother and I was out in the big cottonwood tree and she had her old camera, an old box camera, takin' pictures and we got some of those pictures of those bulls on that ferry.

Ellen: I bet their eyes were wild.

Arden: Oh Yea! Yea! When those old bulls, I was scared of em'. They kind of bothered me that day but mom and I were up in that tree. We couldn't get hurt. And then the only other thing I remember about Nine Mile was Vern Muse was a self-appointed barber. He cut everybody's hair in the country. He come by there one day and mom always wore her hair quite short and so he was cuttin' her hair and he clipped her ear, nipped her ear, and it was bleedin' and I just lost it. I mean I took to that guy. I grabbed him by the leg, I was kickin' him on the leg and I was tryin' to bite him and everything else. Mother finally pulled me off. Well, he was hurtin' my mom. But anyway, I don't remember this but this is interesting that the Crazy Indian, he would show up once and a while down in there, Mother has told me about this, I don't ever remember seein' him. His name was Nip-e-gut, which means crazy in Ute.

Ellen: Did the feed him?

Arden: Well okay, Mother was tellin' me about this. She said that he would just walk out to the edge of the brush and stand there. If you opened the door he would go. But she said whenever

he showed up I would take a loaf of bread or some meat or whatever I had and put it out there, just lay it out there on the stone. She'd go back in the house and he would come out and grab it and go. My Uncle Aus found him one spring under a ledge, somewhere down in there, I don't know just where froze to death. He had eaten part of his fingers off because he was starvin'. But he was under there frozen.

Ellen: Your Uncle who?

Arden: Uncle Austin Wardle. When they sold out at Hill Creek, he bought the Ouray store. When he lived on the old family ranch where Mom was, he was just two years older than mother, so he was on the old homestead there too. But he got a job at the store and he learned the Ute language, spoke it very well and was very well liked by the Indian. My Dad spoke it also, real fluently. In fact, Aus and Hazel, well Aus started it and he got cancer and died, Hazel finished it, a dictionary of the Ute language. It is the only written one I know of in existence. They did a good job on it. But anyway, Aus liked to hunt arrowheads and stuff around all over through that country. He found Inepegut anyway he was the Crazy Indian and he died. Oh, I want to say one other thing. Minerva Van Waggoner, Dad's first wife lived in Nine Mile. She had a nice home there and that is where she was living when Rex accidentally shot himself. She used to try to get me to sit on her lap when I was a kid and I was scared to death of her.

Ellen: So your Dad and her divorced?

Arden: They divorced, she got the ranch, she got the kids, she got everything, everything there in Nine Mile. She married Neil Hanks from Hanksville, those Hanks up there and they had one child, Donna Hanks. But anyway, she lived on the ranch and they'd be goin' by, we would always stop because she and dad were still good friends, she would try to entice me with candy and everything else and I would never ever, I was scared to death of her, I don't know why, it was just something. So anyway I remember her. Anyway about 1930, Dad sold the ferryboat to Chuck Sands, Chuck and Lola Sands, and we bought the old family ranch from Grandpa Wardle. Grandma Elizabeth died the year I was born in 1925 so I never did know her. But Grandpa Jed was living there and he was gettin' old and he didn't want to take care of it, so Dad and Mom bought him out. That is where we moved. I remember we moved up there, I don't know what trip it was or what, but anyway I can remember pullin' into the yard and the ol' team and wagon and I started bawlin' my head off. I remember that. And they said, "What's the matter?" and I said, "I don't like this place, I want to go home." Well, you know, I was probably five, but anyway I can remember that but that's all I can remember until I got a little bit older and we were living there on the ranch.

Ellen: Tell me about your schooling.

Arden: Okay, I was about five when we moved to the ranch and about the next thing I remember is I was ready for school when I was six but they couldn't get it put together so I didn't start school until I was seven. Dad bought me and my cousin, Betty Wardle, who lived on up Hill Creek, a little desk. I still got part of it out here. And he hired a tutor, Miss Ellis, she was a tall skinny red-headed gal, I just fell in love with her. That was my first love. She was ultimate and I just had a really good feeling about her and it was a good year. We had our two little desks and we studied every day. That is the way I went through the first grade.

Ellen: So he (Your Dad) paid her.

Arden: Oh yeah, they hired her, him and Aus. They paid her so much, board and room. She lived right there with us on the ranch.

Ellen: So how far is ranch away from a public school?


Arden: Well, the old Leota School was about fifteen miles, and I went to school there one year, in the sixth grade. See I always had to board out to school because of our ranch. In the second grade I stayed with Sadie Blank, who was Willis Stevens's mother, a lot of people will know Willis. Albert and Sadie had a ranch up at Hill Creek. Then Sadie would bring her two daughters, who were spoiled girls, oh, my goodness, to Vernal and rent a house. So in the second grade I stayed with them and went to the second grade in Vernal. The third, fourth and fifth grades I stayed with my Aunt Sis in Myton and went to elementary school in Myton. And that's where I was on May the 23rd when I was walkin' home from school, when my cousin, Lois and I were really close, she was a little older, but she was Sis's daughter. She come runnin' up the road and told me that Dad had drowned. I didn't let anybody see me cry but I did. Frank Hyde who used to live in the River Bottom, he came in here goin' really fast, I mean he was gettin' away from something. Jim Aton traced him back on that book he wrote, this last one, found that he come out of Missouri. Nobody knew where he come from. Anyway he lived down there, he made moonshine whiskey and that's about all for quite a few years. Then he came out and married a gal in Myton and started him a blacksmith shop, course, knowing him on the river and at the ranch why he and I were good friends. So he would pay me a nickel a bucket for water. He had to have water for his blacksmithing. For me to pack it about a hundred yards from the Duchesne River up to his shop and he give me a nickel a bucket for that water. Anyway, he died with a herniated rupture some years later. Frank was living down there, there was quite a few people living down on those river bottoms. All on em' had kind of shady characters about em'. We were living there on the ranch, when Dad drowned in 1937. I had just got out of the fifth grade and so then that winter I rode my horse from the ranch to Ouray, six miles, put him in the barn and fed him and got on the school bus and rode another eight miles to the old Leota schoolhouse. They taught eight grades in that school house with two teachers. The first, second, third and fourth was over here in this side and the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth was

over here and I was in the sixth grade. We sat in rows and those two teaches taught us that winter. I can remember how cold I would get ridin' that six miles. I had a good horse and I would ride him pretty fast, but the faster I rode the colder it would get. It was a really, really, really cold winter that winter. It got fifty below that winter there at Ouray a couple of times that winter on the old store. Then on the seventh and eighth grade I went to Wasatch Academy at Mt. Pleasant.

Ellen: Oh really, How did you get all the way down there?

Arden: Eva sent Stewart and Ralph (Ashton) down there and they really liked it and she recommended it to Mother and so mother said okay. So she sent me down and Aus sent Betty down.

Ellen: So your mother was able to afford to send you down there then.



Arden: Okay, when Dad drowned, everybody, and we still owed some money on the ranch so everybody wanted their money. They had to have it because she was a widow and on and on. We had a really good herd of Herford cows, good cows, big ol' river cows. She sold those to Clive Sprouse for fifty dollars a head that fall, cow and calf, and paid off the ranch. We had a little money left and we had a ranch and no cows. She hired a guy by the name of Elmer Wilson and I don't know where Elmer come from or where she found him or what, but she hired him to run the ranch and she hired out to Aus Wardle to run a boarding house at Ouray. Now in those days there was a boarding house there and cabins, and a lot of traffic through that country. You could go in and get a family type meal. You go in to big long table and set down and get your meal and stay night in the cabins if you wanted. So she did that until in December of 1938, she got acquainted with Jack Brewer, a wild cowboy from the Bookcliff area up at Bitter Creek came down through there, he and his Dad had some problems, he came down there with all his horses and everything he had and wound up at Ouray. Well they fell in love and December of 1938 they were married. We moved back to the ranch but I'm still goin' to school out at Wasatch Academy. Then they started their little family and she had three boys with Jack; Phil, Jay and Gale. He built the ranch back up or they did by every kind of a means they could think of. He would trap coyotes, bobcats, and everything else. In those days there was a bounty on em'. So we could make maybe fifteen dollars off a good coyote hide and get a head for seven dollars bounty and then sell it to Russ Montgomery for another five to seven dollars. They made money that way. He mustanged and chased wild horses. He could make money where somebody else would starve to death. To show you how enterprising he was, he entered into a deal with the agency to by a cow every so often from some Indian that wanted to sell it. The Indians had all been given, well this was after the Indian Department bought Hill Creek, bought all the ranches, so there was always an Indian that had a cow for sale. Jack would by the cow, butcher it out, take the meat over to Ouray and sell it to Aus, and Aus would sell it back to the

Indians. Everybody was making money. So he did that for quite a while, even so much so that he built him a big thing where he could hoist a beef up, I don't know what they call it but it had big poles on it and you could turn those poles around and hoist those beef right up and then gut it out. For high school I moved Oregon with my other aunt, Aunt Flo and Uncle Jep Elliott, who had one daughter and she was spoiled. I had problems with girls I think. He giggles. They were all rotten, He giggles. But they were all my relation. I went to school in Madras, Oregon and did well in school and did well in athletics in the school. When I was, well I would have been eighteen in May, I went to work in the ship yards in Portland, Oregon. I went to what they call a NYA school. I learned a machinist trade and I went into the ship yards and built those subchasers at Willamette Bridge in Portland. I worked there until that fall and then my number was up and I was old enough to go into the service, so I came home for just a little while and then I went into the Seebies the fifteenth of September 1943. I got to go back to the ranch and tell you how lucky a kid I was though. I was the luckiest kid in the world because when I was eight, well when I was seven my Dad gave me my first cow. He said, "Well, if you got a cow, you got to have a brand." So that is when he gave me my brand. I was seven years old and my first name started with "A" so he made a "seven A" out it combined. I have used that ever since. I use it as a trademark on my leather and stuff. But anyway, they brought home one day, well back of house, our house was on the old homestead was built back into a hill, then the hill went up and there was some rocks right on top, well that was my look out. I would go up there with my old Spotty dog and we could see all over the country from up there. I even had that dog, I could talk to him. He could dang near talk. I would play hide-and-seek with that son-of-a-gun. I would tell him, "Now you stay here till I holler." And he would stay there and I would go hide and then I'd holler and he would come and find me. I didn't have anybody else to play with. So he was really good. I could show him the milk cows out in the pasture and say go get em' Spotty and he would go out in the pasture and bring those cows in for milkin'. Anyway, one day I was on top of this lookout, Mom and Dad had gone down the river lookin' at cows or something' and when they come back there was a little muddled, whitish, grayish, colored something following em'. I couldn't figure out what it was. When they got there, it was a little wild horse colt that they had found in Wild Horse Basin. His mother had been killed or he was dogged and he followed them home. So we raised him on a bottle and mother said, "What are you goin' name him?" I said, "Oh, I don't know." She said, "Well the Indians used to have a fancy stallion and they named him Wildfire. Why don't you name him Wildfire?" So I named him Wildfire. So I had my horse and my dog. I broke him myself. I could catch him anywhere, anywhere. He only bucked me off one time, that's when Harry Aumiller put a rope under his tail and I was on him with a main holt. I took about three circles in the air and come down and still had some of that mane in my hand, I had ripped out of his neck. Old Harry never would admit it but I know he did. That was the only time he ever bucked. But I could catch him anywhere. I could ride him without a saddle or bridle either one, just tap him on the neck and turn em'. He was good. He

finally tried to jump out of the corral because of an old gray horse that was proud cut, it was a fighter' old sucker and it took to him and he tried to jump the fence and hooked his groin area and come down and broke his neck. And the cowboy didn't see me cry that time either. I had my horse, my dog, and my dad gave me a little 22 rifle (about three feet long) single shot, shot short 22 bullets. It was deadly though. It has killed more rabbits that anybody had ever seen probably. What more could a kid need. And the closest neighbor was a mile and a half away and they had two kids. That was Chuck Sands. He sold the ferry and moved up to another ranch above us. His daughter, Alice, was two years younger than I was but she was a girl.


Ellen: And she was spoiled too.

Arden: She was spoiled. Her little brother was worse. I didn't play with her much. She was a girl. I would rather be with my horse and dog. Finally, my dog, I think he got fish bones in his throat or something, and choked to death. I wasn't there. I was away to school when it happened. But he died too. I still got the gun.

Ellen: But you have nice memories.

Arden: I got pictures. I've got a picture of me on Wildfire with the gun, shootin' it, well I wasn't shootin' it but I'm pullin' with it. I was about probably thirteen or somethin' like that maybe twelve. Anyway I had a pretty good little bunch of cows goin' by the time Dad drowned. And Mother sold the cows.

Ellen: What happened that your Dad drowned?



Arden: He wasn't afraid of that river. He lived on it all his life and never could swim. That wouldn't have mattered anyway. He bought a big old one lunger John Deere Pump. It pumped about a six inch line of water. We raised a great big garden. He always leased the Tijauna Flats from the Indian Department. So it was basically ours, it's a big area and we run a lot of cattle in there. Well one year we raised this garden with this ol' pump. Boy, it worked so good. So he decided next year he was goin' to raise corn, a big field of corn. So Harry Aumiller, who lived across the river, Oh, I've got to tell you about the time that Mom got Tularemia too. Harry lived across the river over by the Duchesne and he had a four-horse corn planter. That is a pretty good sized piece of machinery. So Tom McKenna and Fanny, his wife, were workin' for Dad. Tom was from up at Myton. So this day everybody goes down there and they get in the rowboat, this ol' board rowboat, and it is high water time. This was before we had the Dam (Flaming Gorge Dam) and it was in May and it was high water time. They rowed across, Tom was a big stout guy, a good swimmer, anyway they rowed across and put all that machinery on there and it was too much. It was really down.

Ellen: The should have took the ferry.

Arden: The ferry wasn't even there, it was down at Sandwash. This was up to Tijauna, up by Ouray. Anyway, they got the machinery on there and Dad was standin' up in the back tryin' to hold it and balance it. Tom was rowin' and they got out in the middle of the river and hit a whirlpool and it whirled that boat around and sucked her down. Dad fell, apparently bumped his head because when he come up he was unconscious. The boat tipped over and trapped air in the bow. It was floatin' down the river with still a part of it up. The machinery was holdin' it down. Tom came up and grabbed the boat. Then Dad came by and he grabbed him. Well, that sunk the boat. Tom was really a good swimmer, really a strong swimmer, but he tried to swim out with Dad and he didn't make it. Harry Aumiller rode out as far as he could with his horse and threw his lariat and Tom grabbed for it and he missed it and went down. When they say you go down three times you don't. They went down one time and never did come back up. The both went down, he wouldn't turn loose of Dad. So Mother jumped on her horse and she was going to go out there and Chuck Sands grabbed her and grabbed the horse and wouldn't let her go, or I'd have probably lost both parents. But they hunted for a week before they found em'. Matt Curry, who was Dad's very very good friend, Matt Curry is the one who had the Ouray store. You know the old Curry Manor?

Ellen: Okay, was he a white man?

Arden: Orin Curry was an Indian. Matt and Dad were really good friends and Matt was the one that found him. He wasn't a quarter of a mile down the river from where they went down, he was on his back floatin' down the river. He was bloated enough to come up and the next day they found Tom in a drift on the other side. So Matt wouldn't let anybody come with him. He said that he would take him to the funeral home. So they wrapped him in blankets and put him in the back of his car and took him to Vernal to Mrs. Swain. He was in such a bloated condition that they couldn't even get him in a casket. They had to put him in a wooden box. They made a box for him. He is buried over in the cemetery at Roosevelt by his brother and then his two sons, Van and Rex, are buried down just a little ways from him. And so it was pretty tough on Mom, being twelve years old it wasn't as hard on me because kids don't feel this that much. I felt the loss and everything but it was tough for Mom. Tom left Fanny with a brand new baby and a two-year-old boy and no insurance. We had, Dad had insurance but the insurance company said they didn't pay for drowning. It is not in our policy for drowning. Mother never got a thing out of it.

Ellen: Who was Fanny?

Arden: Fanny was Tom's wife. She married one of the Felter boys from Myton later on. They had a little family and lived there. Let me go back to the ranch again. Mother, I can just barley remember this and I can't for sure don't know who the Indian was, anyway Mother got real sick, she was out of it, she was just delirious, and it was high water time. The White River Flat

was flooded, that's two miles across there, was flooded with river water from both rivers. It was in the spring again and no way for us to get out. So Dad went down and got across from where Harry lived and fired his rifle and kept hollering and finally Harry answered him. Dad said to send a boat. Elsie is dying. So Harry Aumiller went up the river and floated the Duchesne River to Ouray and got this big Indian. I can remember he was a big stout bugger, I think he was a Tabbee, but I'm not sure. We went on down there to the edge of the water by the White River and waited and pretty quick here he came in this old rowboat, another one of them old slab rowboat, and I can remember this much of it, this is all I can remember, I can remember Dad laying Mom in the boat and tellin' me, "Arden you get down there and stay right by your Mama." Dad got in the back and the Indian was in the front and I can remember boy he would raise that boat right out of the water. He had to go up to hit the current and come across White River. Then he had to go back up to hit the current and come across Green River. They had to hit that landing just right or if he didn't he'd go on down the river to the Duchesne River. They all come together right there. But we made it.

Ellen: He knew what he was doing.

Arden: Oh yeah! He knew how to handle that boat. Anyhow, they took mother to Roosevelt and she laid there for four days and they couldn't figure out what was wrong with her. All at once there was a puss pocket come right here [Arden points to the left side of his neck]. They analyzed that and it was Tularemia. Later on she said that she remembered a horsefly biting her right there.

Ellen: So tell me about Tularemia.

Arden: Tularemia is Rabbit Fever. Cottontail Rabbits and Jack Rabbits carry it. There's two different kind of fevers. What did Brigham Young have when they hit the valley. I don't know whether it was Tularemia or not. Anyway, it will kill you. But as soon as that showed up they analyzed it and found out what it was. She recovered. She always had a scar right there on her neck for the rest of her life.

Ellen: Lets talk about going on with your Mom's life.

Arden: She married Jack Brewer in December of 1938. I lived there on the ranch with them except when I boarded out to go to school. Then when I went into the service I still lived with them off and on. Then I was branchin' out and I was cowboyin' for different outfits. I was rodeoin' in the summertime. I didn't spend a lot of time with them but I spent quite a little bit. And then after Donna and I married we lived here in Vernal, sending her two boys to school. Mom moved here with her three boys so all five of those kids went to school together.

Ellen: Had Jack died by this time?

Arden: On no! Jack lived into his seventies.

Ellen: So where was Jack while she was living here with the three boys?

Arden: Out on the ranch, he had to take care of the ranch. They rented a place here so she could send the kids to school. The first place they rented, well they didn't even rent it, they just used it was a log cabin in Ouray. She sent the kids up to school at Avalon. They had a school there then. The kids went by bus which was about ten or eleven miles from Ouray every day up to school at Avalon. Then later on they moved to Vernal.

Ellen: So how much older are you than Phil, Jay, and Gale?

Arden: Well, I was born in 1925 and Phil was born in 1939, I think. [February 15, 1940]

Ellen: So that's kind of the way that your Dad's first family and you—all have some real distance between you.

Arden: We all mixed up. Yes we do. So anyway that's the way we did it. Later on, I didn't get my certificate, or I didn't graduate from high school because I went into the service. I was in the service in the Seabees for a little over three years in the South Pacific in two different campaigns for nineteen months.

Ellen: So which campaigns were you in?

Arden: The Marianna's and the Saipan and Tinian and Okinawa. And we were getting' ready to go into the mainland at Japan when they dropped the bomb and stopped it all. It saved a lot of our lives. They told us in my outfit, well for the Marines and the Army and some of the Seabees, it was mandatory. You're going to go, were going to go take that country. But for my outfit it was voluntary. They said you can volunteer to go on that invasion but you do it with the knowledge that in all probability you won't come back. But if you feel that strongly about your county, volunteer. So me and my buddy did, but it ended before we went, before they invaded they dropped the bomb. Then the fifteenth of September we left Okinawa and came back to the United States. We got a thirty day leave then they reassigned me to the moth ball fleet. Do you know what that is? That is where they take the old battleships and the mothballed em'. They decommissioned them and put everything with lots of oil and grease and stuff so they wouldn't deteriorate. So that is what I was doin' when I got enough, I didn't have quite enough time, enough numbers, to muster out. So I had to wait till March, so March 2nd I mustered out of the Navy at Bremerton, Washington. I came home and helped run the ranch and like I say I did my thing.

Ellen: So you talked about you cowboying around and that kind of stuff, was that before you were married, after you were married?

Arden: Both, but I didn't do much rodeoing after I was married because I didn't want to get hurt and leave her. I worked for the Hill outfit, for the Brewer outfit over in the Bookcliffs quite a little bit in the wintertime. In the summer time I rodeoed quite a little bit. The year, the fall of 1948, that spring, well it happened here in Vernal and we were rodeoing me and my buddy and I had a saddle bronc fall on me and fracture this outside bone in my leg. I didn't even go to a doctor. I just wrapped it up and went on. He got his finger partly tore off by the bull, so we couldn't rodeo anymore. Well, during the process of ukering out of her [Josie B. Morris 1874-1964] property, you probably, know that story. Well it was the bank that did it. They loaned her some money and she defaulted and they foreclosed. Josie, bless her heart, guess what she did. She loaded that ol' 32 special and headed for Vernal. She was goin' to gut shot that guy that did that to her. They got her stopped in Jensen. Crawf [Crawford] MacKnight [1893-1980] was her son and he was a really nice guy. Well they got her stopped and talked her out of it. During the process of this they left five acres for her and that's where the cabin sits now on that five acres down at the mouth of that box canyon.

Ellen: So in all, those five acres didn't belong to her?

Arden: No, they just kind of let her stay there. The Park has got it now. But anyway, Harry Aumiller bought the other from....

Ellen: Oh, I remember this story and she hated Harry Aumiller.

Arden: Oh, she hated him with a passion and Lawrence Aumiller was my rodeoin' buddy who was his son. He was my buddy down at Ouray when we were kids, we were the only two white kids down there. He was two years younger than I was. Anyway, we moved up there with a bunch of broncs, colts, to break em' out on Harry's property. Well, she was pretty suspicious and she did not trust me for quite a while until I proved myself. I proved myself, it took a while quite a while, well not a long time. I think when I proved myself was when we went to get some camp meat over in the Black Hills. I have told you that story but we better get it here. She always called me Stewart. She said, "Stewart, we need some camp meat, let's go huntin'." I said, "Okay." So she saddled up old Helen, her old horse, and I got on one of mine, I don't know which one I rode and we went over into the Black Hills.

Ellen: Explain where the Black Hills are.

Arden: That is that big dark cedar pinion ridge that runs along up toward the South Fork of Cub Creek. Cub Creek comes in, South Fork comes in here, and it is that big ridge right over there, a big rugged ridge. So, that is what she called it. I don't know what anybody else calls it. She called it the Black Hills. So we went over there and we jumped about four head of buck, she's seventy-five years old okay, I'm twenty-four, twenty-three or twenty-four, I said, "Okay, Josie, you get the first shot. If you get him, if you knock him down, I'll gut him out. I'll put him on my

horse. I'll haul him to camp. I'll skin him out. I'll cut him up and put him in the cool house." "You got a deal" [she said.] Off hand about a hundred yards she knocked that sucker down just slicker than a button. She shot him a little bit too far back and broke his pelvis and went through his reproductive organs and when we got down there. She saw where she hit him and she said, "I bet I gave him a hell of a belly ache." Anyway, I kept my word and then we were friends from then on. I was in, that done it. And she would tell me stories by the old fireplace, that old petrified wood in her home. She sat there in the evening when everybody was kind of gone and she'd tell me stories. She never did mention her husbands. You didn't ask her questions but if you brought up a subject and she wanted to talk about it, then she would. But you didn't ask her questions. I was there later on that fall when Queen Ann and her husband, Frank Willis, came to visit. I got to meet them, he was very stand offish and laid back. I don't think he said a half a dozen words. Queen Ann and Josie, they had a heck of a good get together and gab session and they gabbed with me.

Ellen: They probably gabbed about a lot of things between just themselves.

Arden: Oh, I'm sure they did. I have often wondered if I would have asked her, but I didn't even know anything about it then, nobody did, if she could've been Etta Place. What would have happened if I'd have asked her if she was Etta Place. I wouldn't have done cause she'd have probably shot me. I could have brought that subject up. In reading this transcription that Semotan [Evelyn Peavy Semotan Folder 0384 Uintah County Regional History Center] I'm trying to find any kind of a hint in there at all that she might mention about being down there. Only thing she says so far is supposedly Butch was killed in South America. That's all she says so far. I am only half through it though. I met her and she was very pleasant, course you know they had split personalities. Oh they would fly off the handle just like that, just go nuts and in five minutes they would just be over it. The boys were just the opposite. They got that from their mother, Elizabeth.

Ellen: The more you read about them, the more that You would know that.

Arden: Yeah, oh yeah! They were firecrackers! But it didn't last, it was over in no time. So they were just the same. They were both the same. They took after their mom and the boys took after the old man. They were very docile. Chick [MacKnight] took after his mother and they didn't get along and Crawford took after his Grandpa. Did you ever know him? He was really a nice, the nicest guy in the world, just really just down to earth and just really a good guy. They had a nice little family, a good ranch down there. That was my association with Josie. I left up there the fifteenth of December and it was cold. We were living in a boxed up tent down below, not on the property, down below on Harry's property we had two boxed up tents. It was cold in there. We had to keep a fire all night or we would freeze to death. She [Josie] was still sleeping out under the ol' lean-to outside the house under a lean-to, that's the fifteenth of December. I

said, "Josie, you're going to freeze to death." She said, "No, No, No, it's good for ya. I just but another quilt on the top and then somewhere along the line we need to tell about, I have trouble telling this but about how she did finally pass away. Anyway I left there and I never saw her after that and that was in 1948. In 1989 or in the 90's [1964]. She was in her 90's, and she still had ol' Helen. Helen must have been old.

Ellen: She still had Helen her horse?

Arden: That's what they said. Helen had knocked her down. Anyway, I got to tell this story first. She said, "Stewart, let's go fishin'." I said, "Okay." So we went down by what is called Split Mountain but we were over here on her side. We went down to the river and we fished. We caught a few fish. At that time my step dad had a German Luger [an automatic gun]. He thought that was the only thing in the world. So I traded my .38 for a German Luger. I was carrying that. And I was ridin' this big old slap sided pinto horse. he was crazy. He wouldn't buck but every once-in-a-while he would just throw a fit and start pawin' his head and start runnin' and run over anything. He was a dangerous son-of-a-gun, a big old horse. And I was ridin' him that day and we were comin' up out of there after we caught some fish and spent some time on the river, two head of four-point bucks went up the side hill. I said, "Josie, do we need some camp meat." She said, "Well, heck yeah!" So I got off and squatted down in front of that horse and I had the lead rope in my hand. Put that ol' Luger over my knee and touched it off and that sucker went straight over backwards. He was snortin' and buckin' and bawlin' and jerked me down and I come upside down and hit on that gun and it went off again.

Ellen: Did it shoot you?

Arden: Underneath me, It was automatic. I didn't know whether I got shot or not. I was hangin' on to him and Josie was hollering "Stay with him, Stewart! Stay with him, Stewart!" We tore up sagebrush and everything else. I finally got him stopped and then I looked down to see whether I was bleeding or not. And I wasn't. So I went and got my gun, put it in the holster and got back on. She was laughin'. She said, "Well Stewart, you dang near had to walk, didn't ya?" I said, "Well, no Josie, you'd have give me a ride on the back of ol' Helen, wouldn't you? She said, "No way, a cowboy loses his horse in my camp, why he walks." I don't know whether she was serious or not. I think she was. I just loved her. She was quite a gal I'll tell ya for sure. She told me about the time she killed that big 1200 pound steer. It kept trespassing on her property. They come looking but they didn't find nothin' because she shot that sucker and skinned him out and cut him up, carried him up to camp, buried the entrails and the head, and she said, "Stewart, I sat up all night right there at this stool, right there, and cut that hide up and burned it." She burned up the evidence. It belonged to Joe Haslem. It was Joe Haslem's cow and he never would believe that Josie had done that. But she told me she did. She said that one time she was comin' up the road real close to a bank and a rattlesnake bit me. She had her boots on

he got his fangs tangled up in the fray on her overalls and couldn't get loose. I said, "What?" She said, "Yeah!" I said, "Well, Josie why didn't you stop and get him off, take your overalls off or something?" She said, "Oh no, that wouldn't have been lady like and somebody might have come by and seen me." So she said, "I waited till I got to the house and then I took em' off and then I killed him." She was quite a gal. We can tell stories about her for a long time. Maybe we better get back to the ranch.

Ellen: At what period of time did you get married?

Arden: I got married November the 22nd in 1949.

Ellen: So you had all this experience with Josie before..

Arden: Yeah, that was in 1948. This was late fall of 1949. Oh, and by the way, I could have bought that place for twenty thousand dollars.

Ellen: Why didn't you?

Arden: I had nothing. All I had was a horse and a saddle and a Winchester and a old sweaty hat and a few wages.

Ellen: And twenty thousand dollars back then was a whole lot of money.

Arden: O yeah... But Harry Aumiller begged me to buy it. He said, "I don't dare go up there. That old bitty will shoot me." But he says, "You and her are getting' along good. You'll be okay. I'll just sell that to you for twenty thousand."

Ellen: So how did the Park end up with it?

Arden: They wanted it for a show and tell, historic. So they had a school section somewhere or they bought one or they owned one or they had one, and they traded that school section for that ranch. That is the story that I heard, but I don't know how they got it for sure. But that was a pretty good sized ranch. I think it was, she homesteaded it in 1915. And I can't remember exactly how big it was. I don't know whether it was 160 acres or 320.

Ellen: That is what the homesteads were 160 acres.

Arden: I think it was because that lower fence is way down there, Probably what it was , I'm sure. But anyway, it's worth a million dollars now, probably. The Park service has got it, it would be worth more. Back to the ranch, Mom married Jack in 1938 and they had the three boys.

Ellen: Now wait, the doctor told you mom that she wasn't to have any more children.

Arden: They told her to never ever try to have another child. I don't even know where I heard that but she may have told me. But after she and Jack married, I'm sure she never told him that. He wanted children so she went ahead and got pregnant, knowing that it might not work. But she had natural births after that, no problem with all three of those boys. So apparently her body had simulated to it some way or another. I don't know how you women work. But anyway, she had the three boys with no trouble at all. That was fine, they're great guys. My half-brothers and I, I love all of em'. Phil was a great guy. He had a problem that finally got the best of him. He committed suicide. He went through a terrible divorce. He was a Highway Patrolman. It was a tragedy in our family and Jack, I think when he was seventy-five, okay, Mother married Jack and he was ten years her junior. And I was ten years his junior. Talk about a mixed up family, after mom died I used to go over there and help him feed every day and everything. This was at the ranch [just east] right here. Then he married a, Nora Rasmussen, she lost her husband and she and Jack got married. She moved out to his house, Nora did. They were living there and he got prostate cancer and so we took him out to Salt Lake and had him examined and he had had some problems earlier on and they thought they had taken care of it. But anyway we took him out there and the doctor said it was very severe. It is going to be a major operation. We are going to have to remove all of your sex organs and everything and he would be on a bag for the rest of his life. He come home and he couldn't take it. He just couldn't do it, bein' 'cowboy and an outdoorsman and everything. He went, Nora went to town for some reason and we were here, he went out on the back lawn and shot himself. I think he was seventy-five when he passed away. But he killed himself. So Nora moved back out to Ashley Ward in her little old house and Jay eventually got the place. When they split up the estate he wanted the forty acres so he got that. We were living here at the time. We had just bought this little corner from Jack and Mom. So anyway, Mother was the sweetest person in the world. She never said anything bad about anybody at anytime that I can ever remember. She was just a darlin', everything was fine with her and she got aldtimers [alzheimer's] and it got real dangerous. Jack couldn't take care of her. He had the cows and the different stuff and he deal with here twenty-four hours a day. She turned the stove on and forget it. Then it would be heatin' up and she would pour water on it to try to put it out. It was an electric stove. It was just real dangerous. After a lot of soul searching and prayer and everything else, we decided to put her in the care center. So we did. She completely, her personality completely reversed. She became aggressive, agitated, she even beat the heck out of one of her room mates, one day. Mother never did, she never ever, as much trouble as I ever got in, Mom never touched me. She never spanked me, never ever spanked me. Dad did a couple of times. I deserved it because I sassed Mom. But anyway he was Irish and Scotch and he didn't get mad very often but when he did you wanted to get the heck out of there cause if he'd lose it boy. That Irish temper was bad. Mother was just the opposite. She was just never... but up there she was just [changed]. Up there she was herding cows all the time she was up there. We would go to see her quite

often. "Oh, aren't those cows beautiful out there. Look how fat they are." And there wouldn't be nothing out there. She would go into the chow, where they served the meals one day and just went to sleep.

Ellen: That was nice.

Arden: It was. She was eighty-two years old. So it was a blessing really. Grandpa Wardle lived to be eighty-eight. He went the same way. I wonder about me. I'm eighty-six and I'm still makin' it.

Ellen: At least you know that that is a possibility for you.

Arden: They had to put him in a rest home out in Salt Lake. They didn't have anything here then. He was always trying to escape. He always had some kind of and escape plan if anybody would see him. "You do this or you do that, we'll get out of here." Arden giggles. I'm sure that he has old-timers. I'm not sure they ever ruled it as such. But I'm sure he did.

Ellen: So Jay is here and Gale is in Grand Junction, Colorado. You have a good relationship with these brothers? Oh yeah, its fine, we get along. Was you mother a religious person?

Arden: No, because there was nowhere to go to church out there. She was religious. She kept the Word of Wisdom. I never seen her take a drink of alcohol or smoke a cigarette or anything. The only thing she liked, she kind of liked her green tea and toast. But nothing else, well I heard her say "damn" once in a while, but that's the worst swear word I ever heard. But Dad could cuss up a storm.

Ellen: Did they believe in Jesus?

Arden: Oh yeah, yeah! They were both raised in the church. My father's granddad Riley was in Missouri. He got stabbed there at a voting place one time. His shoulder blade turned the blade of the knife so it didn't kill him. That was his grandfather Riley. They came with the Saints to the Salt Lake Valley and Riley settled at Eureka and Levi, his brother, settled down at Kanab. He was a bishop down there. He has got a posterity out of this world. There's a big monument of his in the middle of town in Kanab, Utah, with a whole bunch of Stewart names on it. His genealogy and some writing about what he did when he was bishop and stuff. That would be.

They both knew but being out there, there was no chance to go to church. Aus livin' in Ouray after he bought the store. He bought the store at Ouray after he sold the ranch on Hill Creek to the Indian Department. He became bishop of Leota. So he was pretty religious. Mother would have been if she had had any place to go but we were always out on the ranch, till they moved here and then she just didn't. Dad was raised in the church. I run the Stewart genealogy all the way back, clear back to Adam and Eve. I've done it through that new Family Search.org. That is a fantastic program.

Back to my schooling; I went to Wasatch Academy and that's where I first started getting into athletics was at Wasatch. That was a rival type thing because it was in Mount Pleasant. Mount Pleasant had a junior high and a high school. We were right in the middle of it. This was a boarding school, it was a church school, Presbyterian, Wasatch Academy. That was, well you think Roosevelt and Vernal were bad, that was bad news. So it was gung ho!! Every time we played Mount Pleasant.

Ellen: So what kind of sports were you in?

Arden: I was in football, basketball there cause we didn't have a baseball program. Then when I got in high school up in Madrus, Oregon, Madrus was a small town, in fact I lived on the Warm Springs Indian Reservation because my uncle was superintendent. This was fifteen miles from Madrus. So we had to ride the bus every day to school. But I would stay over with friends and practice basketball or whatever. I lettered in basketball, baseball and football for the three years I was there. Then the last year I was in the service. So I didn't graduate but I got my GED later. Anyway, our competition was some of the bigger schools and a lot of those schools back in there like Moppin and some of those places were like miners and timberman. Those guys were tough. They were big ol' tough guys. So we'd get the heck knocked out of us every once in a while. We would win our share because Madrus was partly a timber place and partly a miner place. The only problem with that was when the miners and the timbermen got together the same night in Madrus, why you wanted to look out because boy they went to it. They were bitter enemies. I didn't get in on any of that because that was the older guys. I was a member of the Letterman's Club. I won the school, our school's tennis championship when I was a sophomore. So I really liked tennis. It was a good game. I didn't follow through with it at all after I got through with high school. So I did some good experiences that way.

Ellen: Were you involved in any school plays or drama?

Arden: English was a terrible subject for me, but I loved literature. That's how I got to writin' poetry and stuff. I was in the school play and we had a mock radio deal that we would take turns announcing to the school the events of the day on a loud speaker. I had some experiences that way, but I did love literature. And I never was very good at English, like I said.

Ellen: What about math?

Arden: Math was okay, I didn't have any problem with it. My English teacher, or at least my part time English teacher was my coach so that helped. We had to have a "C" average to stay on the team. So he helped me out that way. Sometimes he would have me come down at night and work on it for some extra stuff. Those were good experiences. Then some of our classmates, some of the older boys started goin' into the service, and I remember our "Ace" center, a guy by the name of Rodman, Rodney Rodman, he was the tallest kid in school. He was 6'2". He was

the tallest one into the league. He went into the Navy and he came back on leave and he told us all about it. That kind of give me the idea that I wanted to go into the Navy. He was stationed at Pearl Harbor, submarine base at Pearl Harbor and went out on patrol and never came back. I'm not sure even today they know where that sub went down. We lost him. We lost quite a few of em' really actually.

Ellen: Do you go to reunions at all up there?

Arden: They had some. They didn't have any early on but here, oh ten years ago or so, they kind of started some of em'. But I never did go to em'. They did have some reunions but nearly all of us have passed away now. This cousin that I lived with, a spoiled girl, is in a assisted living in Portland now and she is still doing pretty good.

Ellen: Well if they're in assisted living they are doing pretty good.

Arden: I talk to her every so often and she seems to be gettin' along okay. That was a good experience. But I went to six different schools to get my education.

Ellen: Was that hard for you?

Arden: Yes, the reason was mostly because I was always the outside. I had to make my friends in each school and I had to fight my way up. You know how kids do to the new kid that comes to school. Well, I was always the new kid. Well, not always but six times I was. But you know, that wasn't all bad either because I learned a lot about how to take care of myself. I didn't always come out on top.

Ellen: You didn't always to it especially when it came to your rodeo times. So tell me about some of your rodeo times.

Arden: Okay, you know they tell me, I got to tell you this story. You know and I know that animals are smart. They are a lot smarter than we give em' credit for. And the Gentry Bucking out of Craig, Colorado, put on a lot of the Colorado rodeos. I rode in Colorado a lot because they paid better money. I did some in Utah, Springville and places like that, but mostly Colorado. Well when I was first startin' out I was at Rangley, Colorado. They had Rangley Days. I drew this horse by the name of Napoleon and when I looked in the shoot here was this great big fifteen hundred pound horse but he was a Thoroughbred. He was an ugly Thoroughbred. Do you know what I mean? He had a long nose, he didn't look like a Thoroughbred. Later on I found that he was a registered Thoroughbred. Anyway as I was saddlein' him the owner Gentry came by said, "Now be good to him. He's a good ol' horse and he'll give you a good ride. Be nice to him." I said, "Okay, I will." Well, man I got on that sucker saddle bronc, they let him out. I don't know how many jumps I lasted, but not to many. I went...he was ohhhh! man, he was tearin' me up. I went about forty feet in the air and turned over twice and came down. He was still buckin' and he kicked me on the leg and swung me around the other way and I landed in the dirt. He really bucked me off hard, I mean I bucked off hard. Well I rode a bareback that day and then it was gettin' toward the

end of the rodeo and I walked out behind the shoots and here is this ten year old girl in a saddle sittin' on this horse that looked exactly like the one that bucked me off. I said, "Now wait a minute, this can not be. This can't be." So I went and found the owner, this Gentry". I said, "Is that the same horse?," He said, "Yeah, that's ol' Napoleon." "You're kidding." He said, "Yah, he's a trained buckner and he's a good saddle horse and he's a good cow horse. But you put him in a shoot and put a flank cinch on him and he's goin a buck." He bucked off nearly all the good cowboys. Anyway I drew him again in Meeker a couple years later or maybe the next year in the bareback. I was a better bareback rider than I was a saddle bronc rider. I rode him that day and I took first money on him. He jarred me up pretty good but I made it to the whistle. I took first money on old Napoleon. He and I were buddies after that. Then after, the year after, we got married her kids were over to Colburn, [Colorado,] with her first husband, Bud. So we went up to see the kids and when we got there, they were havin' a rodeo at Colburn, Colorado. So I signed up for the saddle bronc and bareback ridin'. The first day I drew this horse, and that horse, and did okay. The second day I drew Napoleon in the saddle bronc ridin. He's still buckin'. So and this is where this really gets good, I saddled him up and got on him and I rode him. I rode him good. I rode him good that time. And he was buckin' hard, oh he hit so danged hard, it would just jar your eye teeth. But anyway, the pick-up man had come by and grabbed me and jerked me off. My left foot hung up. I looked down and he was buckin so hard, I had had some half soles put on my boots, he had been buckin' so hard that he ripped that half-sole lose and it was hooked in the stirrup. I knew if the gut dropped me I would go right underneath him. So I said, "Put me back on! Put me back on!" So he rode over there and give me a throw and I grabbed the saddle horn and for some reason I said, "Whoa!" and stopped just like that. He stopped and threw his head up.

Ellen: That saved your life.

Arden: He saved my life. [He] stopped, threw his head up and just stood there. I reached down and got that foot loose, got off, and undone the flank cinch, slapped him on the neck and said "Thanks." That's the last time I saw him. You think animals are not smart. He was a treasure, that old horse. Anyway..

Ellen: You were friends by then.

Arden: I guess we were, that was the third time I rode him. I rode him to second money that day in the saddle bronc riding in Colburn. So like I say I went to Springville and different places like that in Utah. I always rode Vernal and had really good luck here. Now your Uncle Woodey was the announcer a lot of the time. Who was the announcer after your dad [Milt Searle].

Ellen: Dad never announced, he was in charge...

Arden: I mean after Uncle Wood.

Ellen: I don't know!

Arden: I wouldn't have been Jay. We were over to Roosevelt one time, Jay had signed up in team ropin'. He said, "I need a partner." I said, "Okay, I'll....try." We went out and he roped him and I hind legged, hind footed that sucker and backed up and we got second money. Then your Uncle Wood, he signed up

for the Wild Cow Milkin' Contest and he wanted a partner to mug his cow and so I said, "Okay, I'll try." So he roped that son-of-a-gun and jerked her around and I got a hold of her. I said, "Milk her out Woodey." There was nothin' in there, just a little bit of old blue stuff. He got about two squirts and took off. If you ever seen a little duck-legged guy run now, he run. We won first money on that. I have had a lot of association with your family. It was Jay that used to announce! Which one rode in the parade a lot and everything? Your uncle, how many uncles did you have?

Ellen: I had, there was Uncle Ray, and he wouldn't have ever... Carl, and he wouldn't have done that...and Woodey and Jay and my Dad. That's all there was.

Arden: Which one was it. Did your ever announce?

Ellen: On not much. He was always in charge of the concessions.

Arden: Didn't he ride in the parades and stuff.

Ellen: No I don't think so. He was always doing the concessions.

Arden: Okay, then I'm thinking of a different family.

Ellen: There used to be a, Has the PRCA rodeo always been the Dinosaur Round-up Rodeo?

Arden: No.

Ellen: I didn't think so. There used to be a rodeo that my Dad was always in charge of the concessions. The Wards always got to be in charge of [for a money making event for the budget].

Arden: That was probably before the PRCA.

Ellen: It was like the Amateur Rodeo or the....

Arden: But they had some of those too. The Fourth of July Rodeo.

Ellen: It would last two or three nights.

Arden: They always had the Amateur Rodeo here and they had the Professional Rodeo here.

Ellen: Dad was always in charge of the concessions because they gave the wards the concessions. Dad always made the best money.

Arden: A way back along time ago when my Daddy, when I was just a kid, they had the fair, the carnival and the rodeo and the race meet all at the same time in September. We would save our money all summer long. If we had five bucks boy you could take everything in. Dad was always the one that started the races. The race track was in here and the buckin' chutes was right here. There was no fences or nothin'. That's where they killed those two horses that one time. I think, it seems to me like there's a picture of that but I'm not sure, I remember it as a kid. I seen it happen. What happened is that they started the race. The race went around the race track. They turned a saddle bronc out and he bucked

right across, right in front of the Grandstand, there was a little brown mare leadin' that whole bunch and he bucked right in front of her and she hit him right in the shoulder. That bronc rider when that way and the jockey went that way and it killed both horses. It broke her neck and broke his shoulder so they had to kill him.

Ellen: That was here in Vernal.

Arden: That was right down here in the Vernal fairgrounds, right where it is now. It was right in front of the bleachers. I can remember that when I was a kid. Now that had to be way back like it was before Dad died so it was in the early 1930's. Seems to me like, it just seems like there is a picture of that. Thorne probably took it if there is.

Ellen: Other rodeo experiences for you were what?

Arden: The only rodeo experience I've had that amounted to anything was when I was in high school in Madrus, they always had a rodeo and I tried ridin' a cow up there and got bucked off real hard. And that's when, I'll never forget his name, Sam Howe and the saddle bronc was Howe Horible and he killed Sam. That was the day that I tried to ride the cow and got bucked off, but any way, Sam bucked off and his stirrup and his spur caught on the back of his saddle. He went down under that horse and the horse kicked him to death. It happened right there in front of everybody. I'll never forget that. But that was up to Madrus, Oregon, when I was in high school. So that's when I was just kind of tinkering around with tryin' to get into rodeoin' a little bit.

Ellen: But you had had cowboy experience.

Arden: Well yeah, I was born and raised on a horse. I used to a practice on the milk penners. That is a calf that has been dogged and you feed em' on a bottle. We usually wound up with several milk penners. It always griped me to have milk and then feed the milk back to those calves. Why didn't they suck it themselves? That was back when Joe Lewis was world champion and we had an old "C" battery radio. The ol' battery was bigger than the radio and we only listened to it once in a while because that C battery would run down. They were expensive. They probably cost a dollar and a half or so.

Ellen: So you didn't recharge it?

Arden: You couldn't. No. Our antenna was a big tall pole out by the corral it went up at the corner of the house and then bailin' wire from that pole to this pole and then bailin' wire in the middle and it came down to the radio. That was our antenna. There was a few stations that we could get, one was Dell Rio, Texas. We could get Del Rio, Texas. There was a real strong station right then. Once in a while we would listen to Stewart Hamblen, Stewart Hamlin was a western singer entertainer. He died here several years ago, quite a few years ago. Whenever Joe Lewis was goin' to fight we would save that battery boy, and everybody would collect and we'd get around that radio and listen to that fight. He was our hero. The night that he whipped [Max] Schmeling [The vs. Max Schmeling refer to two separate fights which are among's most talked about fights.

Schmeling won the first match by a knockout in round twelve, but in the second match, Louis won through a knockout in the first round. Although the two champions met to create a pugilistic spectacle remarkable on its own terms, the two fights came to embody the broader political and social conflict of the times.

As the first significant athlete since , Louis was among the few focal points for African American pride in the 1930s. Moreover, as a contest between representatives of the and during the 1930s, the fights came to symbolize the struggle between democracy and fascism. Louis' performance in the bouts therefore elevated him to the status of the first true African American national hero in the United States.]

Louis vs Schmeling
Yankee Stadium, Bronx, NY, USA

Date June 19, 1936 and June 22, 1938
Title(s) on the line World Heavyweight Championship (2nd fight)

Joe Louis	vs.	Max Schmeling
The Brown Bomber		Black Uhlan of the Rhine
Tale of the tape		
Detroit, Michigan	From	Brandenburg, Germany
27-0 (23 KOs)	Pre-fight record	48-7-4 (34 KOs)
World Heavyweight Champion (prior to 2nd fight)	Recognition	Former (1930-32) World Heavyweight Champion

When Germany was comin' on and Hitler was big. They sent Schmeling over her to take the world championship. Joe Lewis hit him, I think it was thirty-three times with his left hand and crossed him with a right and knocked him out, colder than a wedge in the first round. But anyway, we had a big black calf. He was bigger that the others. We named him Joe Louis. He was my practice calf. Now what I would do, I would get him over in the corner after we got through milkin', get him up in this corner by the gat and it had a homemade slide bar on it. I would get my cirsingle on him, just a piece of rope, and get on there and open that slide bar and jump on him and he would buck out across there. He would buck me off every dang time just about. But the funny part of this, and this is animals again, after a while when I come into the corral after milkin', ol' Joe Louis would run over there and get in the corner by that gate. He would wait for me. You think they're not smart. I rode him a few times but most of the time he would buck me off. He was a big ol' bugger. But I'll never forget Joe Louis, that's where I started my rodeoin', was right there. I think a lot of your rodeo hands have got the same stories. We got a little red-headed kid in our ward. Do you know Lucky Wall? Anyway, he's red-headed, firey-red-headed little bugger. She's got three boys and they're all three red-headed, good kids. Christy Hill Wall is Lucky's mother, but they live in our ward. Anyway, when this last bull ridin' came into town, they were lookin' for volunteers. So Lucky signed up in the Bull Fightin' Contest and he signed up Chasen, the little guy, in the mutton bustin'. So the other day in church why

Well I knew what had happened and everything, they made a circle and there was four of em' and they all put \$25 in the pot. There might have been five. Then the last one out of his circle when they turned the bull out. Well, ol' Lucky he got hooked in the leg and got throwed in the

air pretty high but anyway he was the last one out and he won the pot. I was askin' Chasen the other day, I said, "Where you the one that was mutton bustin'?" He said, "I done pretty good, but I lost my helmet. But my dad won \$150." Arden giggles. So anyway that is where he is startin' on mutton bustin. He might be a rodeo cowboy. Rodeo is a good sport in our, for us Americans. I don't know what they do overseas.

Ellen: The let the bulls chase em'.

Arden: Boy, do they ever. I wouldn't do that in the world. You got to be crazy. You got to be on Vino or something.

Ellen: Let's stop for today.

April 10, 2012

Arden: We need to go back for more where we had gotten to the other day to my childhood. Some of the things that I remember happen early on after we got the ranch down by the mouth of Willow Creek. We also we ran cattle on Hill Creek Mountain some.

Ellen: Did you have a lot of cattle.

Arden: We had probably 150 to 200 head of mother cows. We had a pretty good ranch. We had grazing rights all along the river, clear down to Boat Bottom which is nearly to Sand Wash. In the summer we'd move the cows from one bottom to another as they kind of grazed it out. In the winter we'd bring em' back to the ranch and feed em'. And a... in those days the ranchers didn't have registered bulls, the old range hereford bulls and they were big and pretty wild, a lot of em. And they didn't droup their horns like they do now. They just let them grow and they grew up. My mother told me, well there was a bull fight goin on, she said, "Don't get close to it because when one gets whipped, he is goin to run and he'll run over anything in his way to get away from that other bull. If you're in his way, he'll take you and your horse and everyting else." So we stayed away from em' pretty much. Anyway, the ranchers would trade bulls ever two years or so that there wouldn't be inbreeding. Then occassionally they would buy new bulls and McPherson raised really good bulls down to Florence Creek. If you could afford it, you could buy one of McPherson's bulls and they were really good bulls.

Ellen: Then did you use that bull all of the time?

Arden: Well, we would just turn the bulls loose with our cows and we traded to somebody else, like my Uncle Aus or Jik Taylor or somebody up there, our bulls. That is what we were doin on this one particular trip. I had some real experiences at King Bottom, I don't know why but it seems like I always had something happen at King Bottom that was out of the ordinary. Mother

and Dad and I and they had to take me along cause I was just a little kid and there was nobody at the ranch to take care of me. So I was ridin my pony, which was a little black horse I called Button. Mother was riding her Palamino horse called Pal and Dad was riding his blood red bay horse, I can't think of his horse now. But he was a beautiful horse, had a curly mane and tail. Badger, Badger was his name. We were takin six head of bulls to Hill Creek Mountain to trade for some more so we could put with our cows. Well everything went well, oh, and we were packing a little filly that dad was just breakin and she was our pack horse. We had our bedroll and everything on her. So we got to King Bottom and the trail down there is really, really steep and the river is right there about 100 feet down and the canyon is right here. Just a little narrow trail. We got to that and all the bulls went down except this one and he wouldn't go down. You talk about bein bull headed now, that is where that word comes from. But anyway, he wouldn't go, no way. Dad took a double hard twist to him and that still didn't do it. He was goin to go back. Finally he got all bowed up and got to sulken and he just stood there and wouldn't go. Mother, bless her heart, got off her horse and was tryin to shoo him. He wouldn't move so she kicked dirt in his face and he come out of there like you can't believe, right after her and she ran as hard as she could and he was just dang near to get her, runnin her horses neck and around behind and the bull went on by. Dad was half Irish and half Scotch. He didn't get mad very often but when he did, you wanted to get completely out of the way. Well he lost it that day. I'll kill that *%#\$%** and he had a little 32 revolver, a -----busted pistol, and the shells in was so danged old, they were green. He would shoot that old bull right between the eyes, that ol bull would just shake his head and blow snot and blood and come at him and he would come at him [Dad] again. He shot him till his gun went empty and the last shot turned him and the old bull went on down across and we took him clear across Kings Bottom, over the top.

Ellen: I didn't kill him?

Arden: It give him a good nose bleed but it didn't kill him. Over the top and into the next bottom where the old bulls were. Then there was an old fence there and Dad put up the gate. We camped right in the middle of the trail, that's where we rolled out our bedroll. The next morning when we got up that bull had knocked the fence down and went right back up. Dad said, "To heck with that, I hope he dies." As we were rollin up our bedrolls, Dad found a scorpion under his pillow. He said, "I could hear somethin in the night, but I didn't know what it was." Then, you know what panyards are?

Ellen: Yes

Arden: We had all our grub in there. Mother had the eggs sittin in sawdust fixed all up and our bacon and everything. So dad got the panyards loaded and started to put em on. He put one on one side and as he put the other one on the other side that little mare decided she didn't like

that and she started buckin. Bucked all over the flat and there was eggs and stuff flyin in every direction, scattered our camp all over the dogon country. Finally got her gathered up and salvaged what we could and we went on the rest of the way over into Hill Creek. We got over at Hill Creek in time to have a little bit of lunch, it was in the afternoon, and have you ever heard herfords or animals mourn over a dead animal, have you ever heard that?

Ellen: No!

Arden: Well that's weird, there was a dead cow there and we were by this fence. These bulls found that cow and they, it's hard to explain, they go up and they'll smell it and they'll beller real high, eeeeeeh, like that. They go around in circles. They have a regular wake for that dead cow. I never seen it to often but I've seen it several time where they do that. It is really a weird sound. Well, I'm scared to death, what if those things, I mean they're makin a real bad noise and I'm about half scared anyway and so I 'm sittin there lookin and I see this gate post with a big ol' wood gate on it. I can get up that sucker if they come this way and dad saw what I was lookin' at. He said, "What are you lookin at son?" I said, "Ooooooh, ooooooh, I was just lookin," you know. He said, "Ya, I think you're lookin for a place to go in case those bulls come here." I said "Ya I did, I am." But anyway we got em' delivered and taken care of.

Another time Ben Morris and you're familiar with Ben Morris, after Josie run him off between that time and when he married Maud he lived down there in Kings Bottom in a tent. Dad would never any food with us when we went riding. He never would take anything. Once in a while he would take a water sack with water in it, one of those old canvas water sacks, but he would never take any food. So we headed to Kings Bottom and I'm hungry, starvin to death, and only seven or eight years old, and we go to Ben's camp. And ol' Ben's there. We talked for a little while and finally he says, "Are you fellows hungry?" Dad says, "Well, ya we are." So he got out this old salt side, a slab of salt side, it had green on it. He cut off three slices and put it in the skillet on the campfire. He had a sack of flour there, he rolled down the top of the sack and he made a little reservoir in there and took some river water and put in there, put a little salt and stirred it up and made three scones. Well, we called em' grease cakes then. Made three scones and he cooked up those in that bacon grease and that's what we had, a piece of bacon, them grease cakes and river water. So when we got home, mom said, "Did you get somethin' to eat and we said yah." Well what did you have? I said, " We had bacon and grease cakes without any grease." And the next time we was down there, another trip, Ben was gone or somethin', we went down and Ray Thompson was living across the river in his cabin over there, in what they call Ray's Bottom down there. Dad hollered and he answered and he said, "You fellers hungry?" Dad says, "Well ya," [Ray said], "Come on over, I got a big old stew." So we swam our horses across the river and boy he had a Mulligan Stew that was really good, big old chunks of meat, taters and stuff in it. I ate and ate and when we got through he said, "You fellers know what

kind of meat your ate?" I said, "I don't know." Dad said, "Ya, I do." It was horse meat. Old Ray would live on horse meat. He would kill a colt or yearlin', it was tender and that was his bill of fair when he lived down there. So that was the first time I ate horse meat and nearly the last time. Anyway, that was down at King Bottom again.

Frank Hyde lived in the next bottom down, Hyde Bottom. Then John Dowling would come and go. He was kind of a vagabond. Frank had a still. And Jim Aton, found out, I said "I don't know when he come from but when he got here he was traveling fast." He researched it and found that he come from Missouri. So he [Frank] would raise his corn and he would make his corn whiskey. When anybody come by they would have to have a few drinks and then after they got a little bit high then they would have to fight. Anyway, John, he was a mean old bugger. He would go along mumbling to himself about killin' somebody or diggin' their eyes out with a stick, just mumblin' along. I never did like him. I liked Frank. Anyway one day here come John and his hair was burnt off right throught the top of his head. "What happened to you? He said, "Frank Hyde and I got to drinking on some of that homemade brew that he made and we got in a argument and so we decided to shoot it out." So each one of em' got behind a log and started shootin' at each other and old John stuck his head up just in time to take a bullet right through there.

Ellen: Just gave him a permanent little part right there.

Arden: Boy, did it ever. It give him a heck of a headache too. But it didn't kill him. Anyway, ol' Frank was really a good shot. He come to our place and hangout some tobacco cans on the clothes line. He would go out there and draw his gun and shoot [those cans]. He was a good shot. After so many years went by, he came out and started a blacksmith shop in Myton. He married a lady, they had some kids and he had to have water for his blacksmithing. He would give me a nickle a bucket up from the river. That would give me some candy money and give him some water. Then he had a hernia that ruptured, he being a tough ol' bugger, wouldn't do anything about it. He finally got so sick he couldn't hardly move. Before they could get him to Roosevelt he died from that rupture. When they prepared him, I was told this, when they prepared him for burial they found a knife scar or some kind of a cut from the point of his shoulder clear down to the point of his hip, across his back where somebody had cut him with a knike. It was a big ol' knife scar. So he would have quite a history if we had it. But anyway that is some of the experiences that we had down at King Bottom. But there was one more. King Bottom is quite a ways from our ranch. You go through a desert area, it is the easiest way down there, me and this neighbor kid, Bill Nielson, we decided we had to go down and check the cows. So I asked him to go with me and I was ridin' ol Whitefoot who was a throughbred mare that we had. She had a colt and we couldn't take the colt along so we left him home. We got down there and checked everything out and got a big drink of river water. We come back

and on our way back and on our way back we got really, really, dry, that ol' hot desert. So I said "I know where a water rock is." Do you know what a water rock is?

Ellen: No, I don't.

Arden: That is one of these flat rock the has pot holes in the top of it and when it rains they fill full of water and you can get you a drink. So I said, "I know where this water rock is." We got there and it was dry, no water. Well, by this time, ol' Whitefoot's bag is really full cause she hasn't been nursed for a while. So I said to Bill, "Well, I've drank cows milk and it's pretty good so let's try this horse milk and maybe that will moisten us up a little.

Ellen: You milked a horse!

Arden: We milked a horse into our mouth and it, a horses milk is really sweet. It's sticky, it's so sweet and ooooooooooh! it didn't help at all. So we took of and we finally made it to Willow Creek and tanked up on Alkali water and got the diarrhea out of that. But anyway we got home. That was the last time I ever tried horses milk.

When we first moved to Willow Creek on the Ranch there was an Indian family that lived on the next ranch above us, which was about a mile and a half or so. It was eventually bought by Chuck Sands but at this time Buckskin Bill and his Indian ladies and their kids, there was quite a village of em'.

Ellen: Was Buckskin Billy an Indian man?

Arden: Ya, he was Indian, Ute Indian. And a they had a pretty good little commune there really. Anyway, they kinda lived off the land and--- Do you want me to tell about the tanning?

Ellen: Yea!

Arden: The first time I saw Indians tanning was there. There was a big cottonwood log and they had the hide on this log, fastened. Then they had their fleshing stones, they were scraping the meat off the hide. I remember I was watchin them do that and then the way they got the hair off was they put it in wood ash and let it soak, and that would slip the hair. Then they would scrape all that hair off. Then they would start working the hide and they'd work it quite a bit to soften it up on the log or whatever they had to put it over. Then when they got ready to soften it, then they just had to break the hide down. So they would use brains and bone marrow because both of those are kind of oily and they would work that into the hide as well as they could to start to soften. They would scrap it with the rock and then to really get it soft and make it white, like buckskin is, then they would chew it. They would chew it, chew it, chew it, and it would break down the pigments in that hide till it was just soft and and silky like. I was amazed at the way they did that. Dad had the diarrhea one time and the doctors couldn't help

him or didn't help him and so he was tellin' Buckskin Billy about it. Buckskin Billy says, "Me fix em', me fix em'. You go get this stuff on rocks. Grows on rocks. Scrap it off, 1 teaspoon and 1 cup of water make tea. You drink it and it will take care of it." Dad did and it worked.

Ellen: Did you ever try anything like that?

Arden: I haven't but I'm goin to the next time I get diarrhea. But anyway, I don't even know where they went but several years after that Chuck Sands bought that place. They lived there and then Otto Nielson bought it from Chuck. They were living there until the time when Dad was drowned. After that even, they were living there when Jack and Mother got married and were runnin' the ranch again. The Indians had methods of taking care of this kind of stuff from experience and from nature, doin' it natures way. I've got a vest in there, _____ Tabee made it for me. It is just as soft as soft can be. It's a beautiful thing. She made it for me. She lived down at Randlett and her daughter, Angie, was our foster child for a while. Angie got in trouble, instead of sending her out to girls ranch or wherever we took her and she did pretty well. She married a Huber from Lapoint. She had two or three kids and then she got to drinkin'. It killed her. That is what happens all the time with the Indians. But anyway, [tanning] is a lost art. They just don't do it anymore. And the bead work is getting pretty well to be a lost are also. The Ute tribe was very, very good with the beading.

I'll tell you another little story about, this is in the history of the Bassett women I think. Elizabeth, the mother, they had an eight room, I think they said it was an eight room, log cabin house at the Bassett homestead. It was a big house. She wanted, she needed something for curtains and so she traded, this Indian tribe, the Piute Tribe, lived over there right by em', in fact this Piute lady is the one that nursed Anne. They were very good friends. So she bought a bunch of Indian tanned hides, these white Indian tanned hides, from the tribe and then she had some of the guys take a thigh bone of an animal and cut it off in rings, sewed those rings in to the top of that hide and took a stick across the windows. Then she could pull those curtains closed or open. There was a lot of use for that buckskin. Dad used to by it from ol' lagus It's spelled I-A-G-U-S but we pronounce it as Ya-gus. He was an old, old, old Indian and lived down there by Ouray in a cabin. Dad would buy those Indian tanned hides from lagus for fifty cents a hide. We used them on the ranch for everything like shoelaces, repair harnaces, and everything.

In May of every year they always had and still do have their Bear Dance. They make the corrals out of willows. When the leaves come out of willows. When the leaves come out and they'll take cottonwood bows or willow bows and make a big corral.

Ellen: Do they still do this in Ft. Duchesne?

Arden: Yes, they make the big corral, in fact theres several places. I don't think they have it down to Ouray anymore but there used to be a lot of people down there. There was a lot of people in Ouray.

Ellen: Oh, there was more than one Bear Dance?

Arden: Oh, yes, yes, I think there is still two or three that goes on at same time [in] different places. But anyway, this is celebrating the Bear coming our of hibernation or spring. It is a four day dance, really a celebration and everybody collects and stays there and camps. We used to, it was only six miles from our ranch but we used to go over there and camp anyway and spend time. The corral is in a circle and then the guys that did the music, the musicians, the players would have a knotted stick, a heavy stick that was knotted and then the thigh bone of an animal. They would run that thigh bone up and down on the knotted stick and they would chant to that. They would put it on a drum or on a, I've seen em put it on an old wash tub. It make quite a racket.

Ellen: It amplifies it.

Arden: It amplifies it. So what they do, the way they dance it is the ladies are on this side and the men are on this side and they're facing each other. They take two steps this way and two steps that way. Two steps this way and two steps that way forward and back, forward and back and you have a ring master, I don't think that's what they called him, but anyway he had a big long willow and if you didn't keep those lines straight he's pop you on the hindend with that willow and make you dance right. If an Indian lady wanted to dance with a man, they always made the choice, they wore those shawls and she would come up and flip her shawl at somebody like that, [Arden gives a little flip of the hand] at a man and then he would have to dance with her. They used to like to get as many white guys in there as they could because if they chose white man to dance with then he would have to pay them money when he got through with the dance.

Ellen: The Indian men didn't have to pay?

Arden: No, no. If he didn't get up to dance then the ring master with his willow and he got him up and made him dance. Us kids used to dance just a little bit just for the heck of it. It was just a really celebration. Matt Curry owned the store down there and he would always give em' cookies and all kinds of goodies. The tribe would kill two or three beef and give em' the beef and they would have a big cauldron, great big iron pots, and they would put everything in there and have a great big feast the last day. They cooked it in river water in these big pots. They used a lot of native vegetables, wild garlic is one. Have you ever eaten wild garlic?

Ellen; No, I haven't.

Arden: It's strong, I mean it's way strong. It grows right out here, you can find it. And Indian potatoes.

Ellen: I haven't had those either and they grow out here?

Arden: Yep! They grow on a little kind of a purplish bluish leaf but its real close to the ground. You dig down in there and there is a tuber down in there.

Ellen: Just one?

Arden: No it's got several tubers just like a potato and you did that up and peel the bark off from it, get down to the meat and it's good eating. Dona and I have eaten it. We've eaten wild garlic too, but its.... I don't know what else they use but they had several vegetables and things that they would put in there. Then they would have a big feast the last day. The morning of the last day the bear come out. Iugas was traditionally the bear because apparently at one time or another he had got in a fight with a bear and got chewed up pretty good. But he finally killed the bear so he was honored as the man and he would come out with the bear robe over his head and he would dance around to celebrate the bear coming out of hibernation. I don't ever remember him dancing anything else. But anyway, then they would have their big feast, their big celebration that day and then everybody would go home. They still do that. It's not universal with a lot of the tribes like the sundance is. The Sun Dance is a religious ritual. Lots of tribes use the Sun Dance. It's a purification religious dance. It's the dance of endurance. Iugas danced that when he was 65 year-old and pretty well out danced most of those young dancers, really. His old cabin, part of it is still standing down there by Ouray. Just as you go across the bridge, right on the right, there is a little cabin right there in the trees.

Ellen: Okay, so we have kind of covered the Indian part of this.

Arden: Except down there where our ranch was there are numerous petroglyphs. But they're not the old type, there are warriors on horses and there is one that there is a train down there that they have chiseled down there into the rock. And aaaaah.

Ellen: So would that be like from the Uintah Railway era?

Arden: It must have been. They got the idea from somewhere. Coarse some of em' lived over by Denver in that country over in there a lot, some of the tribes did. Iugas told my dad, he says, "Long time ago when I little boy, sit on my pony and looked and tents and cabins was all there was where Denver is." He lived to be a hundred and nine years old or so, I can't remember. But anyway, they did have noise of the iron horse and an interesting thing happened. I took my Navajo neice down there, she is adopted by Clela, she wanted to go see the old ranch so we went down there. I said there is a lot of old petroglyphs here. And there was one, it was really a

good one and I took her over to it and I said, "Now there, that's a family. There was a man and his wife and a child or two." And she said, "Look, look." And I said "What?" She said, "She's pregnant." I said, "What?" There was a baby right in her stomach.

Ellen: Really!!!

Arden: Yes! I never had my camera. I've got to go back and get that picture. I was pretty well in with the Indians. I mean I was "Toy-e-ock, Tic-a-boo" Toy-e-ock means good and Tic-a-boo means friend. So I was a good friend. But I could never, I asked several of them, when was this done?, how was this done?, who did it?, and they never would tell men.

Ellen: You told me that the Freemont's painted their [writings] on. Am I remembering right, there was some that was painted on and some that were chiseled in.

Arden: Ya, that's petroglyphs or pictographs, there is no painting down there that I know of around our old ranch. There is a lot of pictures of horses and warriors on horses with big headdresses and somebody in there, they lived in there a lot I'm sure, really did a lot of that before we came along. Anyway there's all kinds of stories about the petroglyphs that everyone that researches it has a different analysis of it. I've got my own and I know mine got to be true cause I have to be right. (Giggles) Anyhow, oh wait I got tell you my Indian name. When I lived at down there I, there was one other kid and he was two years younger, have I told you this before?

Ellen: You touched you forehead.

Arden: Touched my hair not my forehead. Mo-wat-tave-apets. Mowat tav e is the White River Indian Tribe. The White Rivers, they talk with their hands, so if I'm saying Mo'wat tav e, I'm saying White River. If I'm saying Mo'wat tav e, I'm saying white hair. [Different hand movements].

Ellen: Because you touched you hair.

Arden: Ya,

Ellen: I remember something about a boy.

Arden: apets! is boy. Well I was twelve when Dad was drowned so it would be before this. I was probably five or six when we moved there and the only ones I had to play with was the Indian kids except for this one buddy. So the Indians named me Mo-wa-tav-e-apets, White River Indian Boy because we lived just the other side of White River.

As we were sitting there Arden asked if I saw his bird through the window on the southeast of his home.

While I was in Oregon living with my Aunt and Uncle, the Eliotts, she was a sister of mom's. I went to High School, Freshman, Sophomore and in my Junior year the war [World War II] was going really big time then and so they put out this request that any of the youth, male youth who would like to could go into intensive training in building weapons and war machinery. They would guarantee us a job. My buddy and I decided to to that. We dropped out of High School and went to Eugene, Oregon, where the university is and we went to this mechanics training. They trained me as a machinist. After we got our training, we went to Portland, Oregon, and went to work building sub-chasers, PC [T] Boats. That is the same kind of a boat the President Kennedy got blowed out from under him in the Pacific that time. We built those boats there at the Willamette on the Willamette River right under the Ross Island Bridge in Portland, Oregon. Then it was very apparent that it was not going to be to long before I went into the military. I quit and came home for a little while and spent some time with mother and Jack and the kids. On September the fifteenth of 1943, was inducted into the Navy Seabees. The reason, well I went in with a rank actually, I went in with Machinist Mate Third Class because I had this experience. The Seabees were a construction battalion. I went in with a rank and after intensive training boot camp in Camp Perry, Virginia, and then some more training in Mississippi we went to Port Wynnemee, California, and put our unit together. We went to Hawaii and then _____ in Hawaii and we were there probably five or six months and then one night, in the middle of the night at midnight, they said, "Pack everything ya got, we're shippin' out." All we could do is just throw our stuff together and go. We got on a troop carrier, on an APA, 1500 of us and shipped out in the middle of the night out of Pearl Harbor. We headed for the Mariannas, for that invasion. A scary thing really happened, course we had, we were in the middle but we had destroyers and battleships and cruisers all the way around us and sub chasers. You remember Toyoko Rose?

Ellen: I don't know much about it. I just remember the name.

Arden: Well we were in, I'll never forget this. We were in the chow hall havin' supper. We always listened to Toyoko Rose on the radio. She came on, she said, "Oh, I feel so bad for you guys that are in the 135th Seabee Battalion cause you're never goin' to see your home again. We are going to torpedo you before you make it to your destination." We didn't even know where going. We were sailing under sealed orders. She said, "You'll never make it to the Mariannas." We didn't know we were going there. I'll tell you what now, the hair stood up on the back my neck and I wore that inflatable [life vest]. I wore it all the time after that for dang sure. We were, there was times when things were goin' on around there. You could see those depth charges goin' off and everything else. They never did get to us. We made the invasion at the Mariannas and built that big airstrip there that the "A" Bomb took off from, those B-29's. Then we shipped out of there and went to Okinawa, Japan, for that invasion. That is where we

were when they dropped the big bomb. We were getting' ready to go in the main land to invade Japan on the main land at that time. They dropped the bomb and that ended it all.

Ellen: So when you were overseas did you see people that you knew?

Arden: Well when I went in there was two or three guys from here that went in together but then we were split up. Verl Watkins was one of em'. I can't think of the other one but we were together for a while and then they were sent somewhere else. I didn't have any close people that I knew before I went in. I had my good buddies, of course. Anyway, we didn't go to Japan. They dropped the bomb and that took care of things and then the forces, they surrendered and occupation forces went in. We shipped back home. We came back to Portland, Oregon. We docked at Portland, and then went on a thirty day leave home. Then I didn't quite have enough time, there was a time schedule that you had to fulfill, I had to wait about two or three months to muster out. So I helped decommission the fleet. They call it the "Moth Ball Fleet". That is when we're takin' the battleships and all those and decommissioning em'.

Ellen: So they didn't ever use them again?

Arden: Well they did some of em', especially the aircraft carriers. They got into Korea and that stuff. They would decommission and then recommission and get em' goin' again. It wouldn't take to long to get em' ready to go. We were just putting preservative and grease stuff on everything so it wouldn't rust. Then I mustered out and came home. I went back to the ranch.

I went back to the ranch for a while and worked different jobs at different places. I need to go back just a little way. When I was fifteen, the summer I was fifteen, I hired out on a hay crew for Willis Stevens and Vern Muse. Vern was married to one of my cousins. They had ranches up Willow Creek. I hired out to help put the hay for a dollar a day.

Ellen: Did they provide your board and room?

Arden: Ya, and all I could eat. We got up in the morning before daylight and milked 4 or 5 cows. Then we would have breakfast. We would hitch up our teams and go into the hayfield, hay all day long. We would stop for lunch. Then we milk those cows that night, about dark. We did that all summer. There was a guy there, I don't know where to find him or even how he spelled his last name, His name was Orsen Hungerage [Ungerage] and he was from Altamont. He and I worked together all summer long. We came to town one time all summer. That was the 24th of July. Vern had an old car there that had kind of got into a flood and it wasn't runnin so Orsen and I we were tinkering with it in our spare time. We asked Vern if we could get that thing runnin', can we take it to town for the 24th. Well we got that thing runnin'. It was a jewel. I don't know what kind of a car it was. We got it runnin' and we came to town to Ouray for the celebration. They had a big race track down there in the river bottom, bucking shoots, that's

where I got that wrist broke, was right there. They had a big old rhone cow that they didn't figure anybody could ride, so I said I'll try her. She bucked me off and stomped on the top of me and broke my wrist, blowed snot in you ear and left me laying in the dust. Then we went to the dance that night and danced till nearly daylight. Got in the old car and went back and got up there just in time to start milkin and hit the hayfield the next day. Talk about a couple of give-out guys. That was my first job, a dollar a day. But you know what? I was able to buy all my books, pay my tuition in school, and buy my school clothes and had a little bit of money left over. That was my first job.

When I came back out of the service, I spent some time at home and then I worked for differnet outfits. I worked for the Hill Outfit a lot.

Ellen: Did you always do cowboy work?

Arden: Ya, Ya I was cowboyin' for em' and then I would rodeo in the summer time and work in the winter time. I worked for Brewers and I worked for Hills and several others until I fell in love with my bride

Ellen: That is Miss Dona. Tell us how you, If you didn't go to school here did you know her prior?

Arden: Never, never seen her before. Anyway, I came, we always came to town every so often to buy new levis and celebrate a little bit. Maybe go to a dance or two, from the ranches. So we came in that one time, I think I was workin for the Broome Outfit that time, up at the Bull Canyon Place [Southern Uintah County on Willow Creek Road] and we came to town. You know where Brownie's Cabins where?

Ellen: [Brownie Hatch Cabins 42 East 200 South Vernal, Utah] The old Hatch cabins.

Arden: Well, I went down there lookin' for a date. We always wanted to have a date, you know. I had this one girl in mind, I knew that she was living there. I knocked on the wrong door and Nelda Cook came to the door. Her and Harold were livin' there in those cabins, so I got the wrong door. She said, "Are you lookin' for a date?" I said, "Ya." I told her who I wanted to get and she said, "Well, she's not here, she went on another date but I know another good lookin' little gal if your interested." I says, "Sure am." I had Marv Broome with me. He was the older Broome boy. We were together. Anyway, she said, "Just a minute." So she went over to this other cabin and pretty quick her and Donna come back. She introduced us. I said, "Well, do you want to go dancin?" She said, "Well, ya." So she got Nelda to tend the kids. She had two boys then and we went dancin'. We were goin' to take the cattle over to Mack. Trail them over and down Hay Canyon to Mack, [Colorado] that next week. So anyway, she and I got it on pretty good and she was pretty neat. (Giggles) So anyway, I told her that were going to go trail the cattle. Their going to come in the automobiles and if she's like to why you could come over

there and meet us. [She said], "I'll think about it." Those days we didn't truck em' out, we trailed em' out clear to Mack to the stockyards. When you got on the desert, you grazed across slow so they didn't loose a lot of weight. So that's what we were doin and they met us with the cars at the nearest road. And low and behold, Donna was there with em' and that was neat.

Ellen: Did she have her children with her?

Arden: No, she had taken them to their grandmothers, [Mildred and Angus Slaugh]. She was married to Bud Slaugh and they had the two boys. Anyway, she left em' there with them and then...sure enough there she was. We got together and we had some good times. We were dancing and I think it was the second night that we were in Mack, she and I were out in the pickup, sittin' there talkin' and I asked her to marry me. We hadn't know each other for thirty days.

Ellen: Well, but it worked out!!!

Arden: It sure did!! She said, "Well, do dance?" I said,"Oh yeah! I love to dance." She said, "Okay, if you're a good dancer, I'll marry ya." We have danced 9000 billion miles. But anyway, I lasted for fifty-eight years.

Ellen: So her children were...

Arden: Chris and Bob, Bob is the oldest and Chris was younger. Chris died of a heart attack. [1944-1983] Bob died of a bad heart too. [1943-1998] They had that Atwood heart and well they got it from both sides of the families. I raised those kids. Bud didn't have anything to do with em'.

Ellen: So when you and Donna got together did you just have Rex?

Arden: Then we had Rex, yeah.

Ellen: And Rex was named after you mybrother, my half-brother from Dad's first marriage. He was killed. He actually shot himself in Nine Mile. He was a full brother to Eva Ashton. Dad's first marriage Eva, Rex and Van.

Ellen: Have you always lived in this part of the country. Tell me about where you lived.

Arden: After we got married we moved to Salt Lake [City, Utah]. Well, okay, we had our honeymoon in Colorado at the ranch, Harry and Don Hill, out of Rangley, [Colorado]. We worked there that winter, see we were married the 22nd of November of 1949. We worked there that winter and then the next summer for the Hills. They paid us \$150 a month, board and room, which was not to bad in those days.

Ellen: Did Donna work for the Hills also?

Arden: She helped Julia. She helped with the cooking and the laundry and all that. I was workin' for a \$100 a month before that. Then when we moved over there they said that she could help Julia and we will give you another \$50. So that worked out pretty good for us.

Ellen: So they only thought of her as half-price and she probably worked really hard.

Arden: She probably worked harder than I did. Anyway we came to town, had a little extra money and got the boys gathered up. The boys were living up at Colburn with their Dad at that time. Then we got the boys and that is the last time he had anything to do with them. We came to town and bought a older model Ford car from Don Showalter. We paid him cash for it. We went to Salt Lake and went to work for Kelly Western Feed and Seed in Salt Lake.

Ellen: Is that kind of like the IFA Store?

Arden: Yeah! You mixed the different seed for different things, yeah. We put the boys in school. Then her brother, Glen was a driller for Pioneer Drilling. They were opening up the Blanding, [Utah], area. He told me I got a job for you if you want to come down. They paid a lot more, oh, I went to work for Kennecott for a while too. That's where I was working when he called and said to come on down. The pay was real good. So we moved down there and worked on the first discovery well in the Blanding area for Pioneer Drilling. Then we moved back here and worked in the oil field for probably about a year or so. I liked the pay in the oil field but I didn't like the work that good. It did pay good. So then we rented a house here in Vernal, well we left down there and moved back up here and rough-necked. I worked on the first discovery well out there in Red Wash for Chevron. Then Chevron was drillin' one over by Lapoint and I went to work over there as a derrick hand. I always worked derricks. We had a rental house there in Ashley. We had the kids in school and was working there _____ who was an insurance man, had bought a cow outfit in Lee, Nevada, south of Elko. He wanted me to go over and run it for him. So we hired on and moved over there, that was in 1952. Rex was ten days old when we went over there. We were there for three years and things weren't working out very good so we moved back. The boys worked on the ranch [in Nevada] and he paid them a little for their work. We moved back here and I went to work for Ashton's for about fifteen years. I worked in the lumber yard. I worked up to be assistant manager under Dan Oaks in the lumber yard and the mud business and the oil well, we were in the oil well service stuff quite a little bit at that time. Then Acel Manwaring's brother, what was his name, they were mason's, did brick work and stuff, anyway one of em' came to me and said and at that time we had got active in the church and everything, I had done a lot of work with the scouts and youth things, American Legion, a lot of community stuff and he came to me one day and said to me, "We would like you to run for sheriff." I said, "Well, I'm a Republican." I knew he was a democate

someway of another. He said, "I don't care what you are. It looks like the writing on the wall that our present sheriff is not goin' to make it and we need a good man in there. We feel like through your community service and everything that you have proven yourself and would really like you to do this." So we thought about it, had family council, and prayed about it. I decided to give it a try. Well there was seven of us signed up for sheriff that year. We went through the campaign and I was elected. That was in 1972. I took over in 1972 and then I was sheriff until 1988.

Ellen: Do you have a case that was trying or maybe a favorite?

Arden: In 1972, I was sworn into sheriff. Prior to that I took a leave of absence from Ashton's and went to Salt Lake. I hadn't had very much law enforcement [training]. I had a little bit in the service but not a lot. I went to Salt Lake and the sheriff in there, bless his heart, assigned me to one of his leutinents to ride with him. This guy told me a lot of stuff. He showed me a lot of stuff. We did a lot of things for about four of five months there off and on, I would go in. That helped me a lot. Of course, at that time, it was not mandatory for the sheriff to take Peace Officers Training, but I did take it that winter. I graduated second in my class. At that time, we were housed at, well we received our training at University of Utah and the hippies were running wild at that time. Boy did we ever get the looks and things when we were there. But anyway, Westminster [College] is where we stayed. We were housed there and then we had our training at University of Utah. That was an extensive training and it was real tough, good hard training by experts.

Ellen: Did you do body conditioning and everything like that?

Arden: Oh, yeah! You bet everyday. We were in the gym every day. They were amazed because I was forty-three years old and I was out runnin' a lot of those young guys, that were in their twenties. Anyway I did finish second in my class which was pretty good, I thought. Anyhow, I made a lot of friend there and a lot of acquaintances. I got to know a lot of people in the upper offices of the state and in different departments, so that helped me a lot and because I could call on those people and they could call on me. It worked out real well that way. Then we had our search and rescue here which, Norm [Fletcher] started that. It is a good organization. They did an awful lot of good and it was all by donation. We saved a lot of people who were lost or having problems or difficulties. The even helped me out on a few investigations on homosides or suicides and things. They were great, really good people. It was good training and we had intensive training there, life saving mostly, and searches and use of different type of equipment. So that worked out real well for the sheriff's office.

Ellen: How was Donna an asset to you in this position?

Arden: She was, oh I got to tell ya, I scares me now to think about the positions that I got her in a few times. We had one case where we, the deputy sheriff from Rio Blanco County, Colorado, called and said "We had a bike [motorcycle] show over here and two of our bikes have been stolen and we think we know where they went but were not sure. Would you check it out and investigate it for us?" I said, "Well sure." He said, "We think that they're camped down on the White River by the crossing." And at that time we were in the first big boom, everybody camped anywhere they could. So I told Dona I says well it was bow season so I'll pose as a bow hunter and we'll take our old 4X4, old jimmie, kind of like this one only it wasn't quite as good and we'll go down there and check it out and see what we can see as we drive through. Then if it looks like there's something there, we find either of bikes, we can take those guys into custody. We drove in there and sure enough right there was one of those bikes, a big yellow bike, right by this guys camper. There was lots of people living in there. They had one toilet community. And they'd run up a flag, who was ever in there. If the flag was up, you didn't go in. It was just some tarps put up around a place. If the flag was down, you could go in. Anyway, we just went right on through with no problem, turned around and come back out and went up about half way up Wagonhound, toward Bonanza, and pulled off on a side road and spent the night, slept in the back of our outfit and had a little picnic lunch. At six o'clock the next morning and this is what you want to do, you want to get em' early, this is just good training, get em' early when they're asleep. We showed up back down there,

Ellen: You and Donna together?

Arden: Me and Donna together, I figured maybe there was two guys in there and I kind of knew a little bit about this one guy. He was a little bit dangerous. But anyway, I knocked on the door and finally it opened and I says, "Okay, Sheriff Stewart", and I wasn't in my uniform, I didn't show em' my badge. "Sheriff Stewart, I need to talk to you guys." "What do you want, sheriff? What do you want?" I said, "Com'on out, I want to talk to you." He came out and then another one came out and then another one came out and then another one came out. There were four of em' in there. They just surrounded me. I said, "Okay, your guys, you got stolen property here, that bike over there is red hot, and we need to get to the bottom of it. Don't do anything foolish, because you see that little gal over there in that car, she's got a snubnose .38 and she's a dead shot. I told her that if I get in trouble to blow you away." " Oh, no problem, no problem, sheriff, no problem." I said, "Okay, I want your weapons." They brought three or four rifles out of there and this one pistol. It was a .36 caliber black powder pistol. He killed a guy with it later on. Not this time but a year or so afterward. This same guy killed a guy with it. Anyway, they emptied all the weapons out and I got them and I placed em' under arrest. I had two sets of handcuffs and four guys. I picked the most innocent looking one and I said, "Okay, you just cool yourself. I handcuffed the other guys to this big guy, the leader of the gang, and put them all in the backseat. I got out where I could get radio range and called Rangle and said, "I got your

guys here. You better come and get em' if your want em'." They got there in a little while and put em' under arrest, confiscated the bike, and took em' back into Rio Blanco County to be tried. But the other bike was missing. For some reason or another, I just thought they've his that somewhere. So we got to looking around and there was this old tin grainery back on a hill, back out on top. I told Donna, "Let's go take a look in that. They might've stashed it in there." Sure enough, that other bike was in there. They got both bikes back and put em' under arrest. Afterward, I got to thinkin' about it, I could've ended both of us right there, good heavens! But anyway, we got her done.

Ellen: Did Donna know you were saying this about her and the gun?

Arden: Oh yeah! She was right there. She could hear me. She was right there. She did have a snubnose .38 in the glove compartment but she never did get it out. Anyway, we got out of that one. The name of that crossing is Ignatio. Did you know that?

Ellen: Yes, I did.

Arden: Do you know where that name come from? Indian family name. They call it Rio Blanco [White River].

Ellen: Was there a Chief Ignatio?

Arden: Yes, he was a Chief. Your pretty sharp on these Native Americans. But anyway, we had a lot of experiences like that. She helped me out a lot. We had a guy who stole a car in Duchesne and this was Christmas Eve. The call came out, we set up road blocks, we didn't get him. So we spent all day Christmas Day huntin' for that car. We found it on a back road out of Bonanza that goes down toward Rangley, a gravel road, burnt up. We found it that morning, it was burnt up. So I put out a call to Sheriff L_____ in Craig, [Colorado]. I says, "We've got a guy that stole a car, he burnt it up and I think he's comin' your way." Sure enough, they got him. They put him under arrest. We went over there, I got a full confession out of him. And handcuffed him and put him front of the car, not in the back. I told him, "Now don't do anything foolish." I'm takin' you back, you going to have to face trial for this car theft in Duchesne County, [Utah]. I'm takin' you to Vernal and they will pick you up there. Don't do anything foolish because that little gal right there in the back has got a snubnose .38 and if you try to harm me. She's going to blow you away. "Oh no, no, no, no, everythings cool." He rurned around and said, "You wouldn't really shoot me, mame?" She lost it. [The air went out of her and she looked at him so befuddled] That's the way we spent Christmas that year. But anyway we had a lot of these sitiations that went on. I got to tell you about the Rattlesnake Capar. That's when the Round-up Bar was rockin and rollin'. I mean to tell ya. We we down there every night, every night we were down there with something going on. It was a rough place, I mean it was way rough. Anyway, old Dallas [Rowley] and Garry Serrano, and Dallas know the country.

He was a kid with his dad, his dad was a game warden [government trapper]. The only game warden [government trapper] we had in this whole country. Acel Rowley, the greatest guy, I just loved him when I was a kid. He would come and stay at our ranch for a week or two at a time and trap and take care of the coyotes and stuff. Anyway, Dallas knew the ins and outs of everywhere around here. So him and old Garry head over to Craig, [Colorado]. They got to tippin it a little bit. It was in the spring and the Rattlesnakes are comin out of their dens. Well, they know where this big den of Rattlesnakes are. They decide to go down there. They decide they'll get a couple of Rattlesnakes. So they went down there and got two of the biggest ones they could find. Then they sewed their mouths shut with fishing line. But nobody knew that. Then they come to Vernal and go to the Round-up Bar with these Rattlesnakes under their coats. They walk up to the pool table and throw em' out on the pool table and say, "Rattlesnakes, Rattlesnakes." They emptied the place. I mean they emptied the place. (Giggles) Anyway, I'm here at home and this is along in the evening, phones falling off the hook, "Come down here, we got a couple of idoits down here with Rattlesnakes. They're tryin' to kill everybody. So I go down there. I couldn't find em'. I couldn't find em, they had taken off.

Ellen: Did they take the snakes with them?

Arden: Oh yes!! And a finally I got em' located. I got em' pulled over. We had a discription of the car and everything. "Okay, guys I got to see those snakes." "What snakes sheriff?" "You know what I'm talking about!" Anyway they played the game there for a while. Finally they said, "Okay, alright we'll show em' to you." So they got in the trunk of the car. In a big ol' Coleman cooler and here is two of the biggest Rattlesnakes I ever saw in my life, just about. Well I'm no lover of Rattlesnakes cause I've seen animals hurt and I've nearly got struck three or four times myself. I said, "Okay guys, everything is cool. You just get rid of those snakes. I'm not going to put you under arrest or nothin'. You just get rid of those snakes. Next day, phones started ringing off the hook at the office. "We got a couple of guys out here running up and down the street scarin' people with Rattlesnakes." They were meetin' people on the street sayin, "Look what I got, Look what I got." So I run em' down again. Now, Tom Little, he was the head of the Humane Society. He was kind of a gung-ho guy. He was as typical Humane Society. He got in on the action and so this time. This time, I said, "Okay guys, you know we got to put you under arrest." "Well, what for?" "Well, for cruelty to dumb animals or somethin'." "These ain't animals, these are snakes!" Anyway, I put em' under arrest, took em' to jail and old Tom got in on the action. He confiscated the snakes. He said they are ruined for life. They will never eat again even if we turn them loose and took the sewing out of their mouths. Their make up is that they won't do it. [I asked,] "Well what are you going to do with them?" He said, "Well, we'll just quick freeze em' and use em' for display." He was the one that charged the guys through the Humane Society and he charged them with cruelty to dumb animals. They were processed through court procecedure and I don't think it amounted to much. Anyway, that hit United Press

International and Paul Harvey heard about it. It got on Paul Harvey news. We got a lot of mileage out of that one, I'll tell you for sure, Vernal, Utah, Rattlesnakes. We had a lot of instances like that that were real funny and a lot that weren't. We had people that hurt each other. They hurt themselves and did crazy things.

Ellen: I think that's just life.

Arden: I think it is. You know you wonder why they do this and most of the time anybody doesn't know. They just do it. So I could go into a whole lot more histories if we want to. Do you want to come back again.

Ellen: May I come back again?

Arden: Yes, you may.

Vernal Express Wednesday, July 17, 1996



Arden Stewart stamps Governor Leavitt's passport.

UINTAH COUNTY LIBRARY
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NO. 1908

Arden Stewart, a man of many talents

The Cold Morning
The cold wind blew
and the snow was deep;
And old Stew and his wife,
were fast asleep.

When the old alarm clock,
beside the bed;
Let out a ring,
that would wake the dead.

This poem was written by a man who is talented not only in poetry but many other areas. Arden Stewart, former Uintah County Sheriff (1971 through 1986), is a certified gun smith through Smith and Wesson, a pro-rodeo rider, an artist and a saddle maker. Of late, Stewart has gained much notoriety in poetry.

Stewart writes of the wide variety of experiences he has had in his lifetime. His first poem, "The Cold Morning" was written in 1953. He and his wife Donna were living on a cattle ranch in Lee, Nev. The ranch was nestled at the foot of the Ruby mountains 30 miles south of Elko. The ranch house was very cold and the only source of heat was an old wood stove.

But, old Stew just groaned,
and continued to snore;
While his dear little wife,
began to get sore.

She begged and she pleaded,
"Please build up a fire;"
But, his snoring increased,
and grew louder and higher.

Then she, with an oath,
that would wake up the dead;
Gave him a shove,
right out of the bed.

Stewart is an orator. He recites his poetry with drama and the emphasis of an actor and keeps his audience listening. The contents of many of the poems are humorous and light although he also writes folklore. His proposal to Donna was done in rhyme.

Then with a yell,
as his feet hit the floor;
Made a grab for his pants,
and ran into the door.



ARDEN STEWART holds a rifle presented to him after he retired as Uintah County Sheriff. He has won several trophies in shooting competitions.

A shiverin' and shakin',
with teeth chattering so;
It felt to him,
like it was 50 below.

He finally got dressed,
with shivers galore;
He went through the kitchen,
and on out the door.

Stewart was born in Roosevelt and raised on a ranch in the Book Cliffs. He has lived in the Uintah Basin all of his life other than the time spent in Nevada and attending school in Oregon. He spent three years in the United States Navy with the Seabees in the South Pacific during World War II.

Stewart has always been active in

community and civic affairs. He has been a member of the American Legion for 37 years and has held the position of 1st Utah State Commander. He has coached Little League, served as Bishop of his church, and is a member of the Uintah County Search and Rescue. He was elected Uintah County Sheriff in 1971 and served the county for 16 years. During his tenure as sheriff, he served on many state and national committees including the Governor's committee for drug prevention and child abuse.

To get some kindling,
to build up a smudge;
But, his legs froze so stiff,
that he couldn't budge.



NTV LIBRARY
1 ROOM
1908

DONNA AND Arden Stewart relax in his den where poetry is born. He writes of experiences throughout his life time. He composes rhymes, poetry, and folklore. His latest piece of folklore is about Ann Bassett, titled "The Legend of Queen Ann."

And this way he stood,
With the family arose,
And found him a slender,
All icy and froze.
So they dragged him in,
By the fireplace so bright,
And they thawed and they thawed,
With all of their might.

Stewart is an expert shooter and is considered one of the top in the state of Utah. He is a certified firearms instructor and displays a room full of trophies and medals that he has won.

Presently he is a member of the

Outlaw Trail History Association. The Utah Arts Council honored Stewart, Doris Burton, and Eleanor Marshall on Saturday, Jan. 19 at a banquet for their contribution to the Outlaw Trail Festival.

Stewart became interested in the outlaw history while he was sheriff. His father worked on a ranch at one time with Butch Cassidy. While he was growing up, he had the opportunity to know many of the outlaws that settled on the river in the Book of the Legend of Queen Ann."

Donna and Arden have been married for 41 years and have been blessed with three children, 11 grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Donna is real instrumental in the completion of many of his poems. She stands by him, says sometimes that she has to prod him, and enjoys in his fame and is his partner.



AS A young boy, Arden Stewart longed to be a rider in a rodeo. He wrote a poem called "A Boys Dream" about being a rodeo cowboy.



Arden Stewart

October

All of this, and law enforcement too! Yes, Sheriff Arden Stewart of Uintah County says he knows exactly what October will bring to the Basin. Where he got his information, or is that "inspiration", is anybody's guess, but he knows his troops are good at what they do.

Uintah County Sheriff's office predicts the following for the month of October 1985 based on experiences and activities over the past year:

We predict that October will be the most active month in the fall as far as law enforcement and search and rescue activities are concerned. This is based on the fact that many of our state residence and non-residence will be in the field hunting, camping and fishing.

When we have an influx of individuals in outlying areas, we have an increase in the number lost, in stranded vehicles and in accidents.

We are prepared to meet any type of emergencies by having a very active Search and Rescue squad consisting of 35 members who are equipped with four wheel drive vehicles that are a real asset to patrolling the county. These vehicles work well in back roads as well as on the highway enabling us to reach places inaccessible by conventional vehicles. Our officers are well-trained not only in law enforcement, but in first aid and emergency situations as well.

We appreciate the area in which we live and the opportunity we have of being in the mountains just a few short minutes from town. We would encourage everyone to take advantage of our great outdoors, but while doing so, we ask that they let someone know the area they plan to be in, and take adequate food clothing in case of emergency. The county also has an excellent ambulance service dispatched through the Sheriff's office with rapid response time.

We, the Uintah County Sheriff's Office and Uintah County Search and Rescue stand ready to serve the public at all times, under all circumstances when called upon. We wish everyone a very happy and prosperous new year and a great October, 1985!

Tape 281

ARDEN STEWART ---- FERRIES

Historical Society July 10, 1993

Transcribed by Marilyn Hunting August 2001

Arden: The description of a ferry is "a conveyance to transport people, goods, materials and etc. from one place to another by water."

Last crossing of the Platte River where Brigham Young and his contingent made a ferry. What they did when they came to the crossing of the Platte—it was real high in June, Brigham Young and 144 men, three women and two children and all their wagons and livestock and everything else, in order to get across the river without waiting for the water to go down, they constructed a ferry.

What they did was to hollow it out of logs and they went into the mountains and cut some hardwood cross pieces, probably mahogany for the cross pieces. Then they whipped-sawed cottonwood logs into planks for the planking on the deck. Now, they put an empty wagon on this and they had two oars and a rudder. They put the empty wagon on this and bring it across; the animals would have to swim. They had what they called a "revenue cutter." This was a boat they made out of frame work and they stretched hides over it, similar to a bull boat, and Brigham Young and his bunch had one of those. They took it with them all the way. They crossed some of the smaller streams with it also, with their commodities.

They would unload the wagons and put everything in this bull boat, then pull it across the river, then load it back on the wagons. They also used it for a butcher wagon and used it for a pulpit for their Sunday services. It was carried on a wagon box, it was quite a thing.

That was the first ferry and it was started, of course, in 1847. That was the first ferry in the Rocky Mountain area, anyway. It was a forerunner to all these others. They ran from 1847 to 1852 when the bulk of the migration of the Mormons ended, but they also hired it out to the Missourians that were going to Oregon and to people going to the gold rush in California. They charged \$1.50 a wagon; to bring a team and wagon across.

The original was too small. They were only able to cross twenty-three wagons in a full day's work. So Brigham Young sent some guys down the river to get bigger logs. They went down and got some twenty-three-foot logs and made a bigger ferry boat and started it; and it could take a team and wagon and the whole works right across.

They also, later on, in about '49 or '50, some of the other people, not Mormons, but some of the other people, constructed, I think, four more ferries. But still there were so many wagons and people coming west that they would have to wait, at least a week sometimes, to get across the river with all five ferries running. So you can imagine the multitude of people that came.

Brigham Young's group devised an idea on how to bring this boat across a little safer and a little better without the oars. What they did, they put a pulley on a tree on the bank and ran a rope through the pulley and out to the ferry. They would pull the ferry across the river by the saddle horn on a horse or by a work horse. They had a rope on the other end and took it back the other way. It was a little different around here. That was the forerunner of the ferries we had in this area.

Over in Brown's Park, Jarvie started a ferry in 1880. He ran it for a while, then at Bridgeport they built a bridge across the river and that put him out of business. Then pretty quick the river came up and washed out the bridge and that put him back in the business. He was killed in 1909, when he was robbed. In 1910, Taylor built a ferry down below, farther down the river, and ran it for several years. He ran it think until 1912 or 1913.

The thing that happened there was, Dick's [DeJournette] dad, his brother-in-law and Bill Davis came by and there was no one at the ferry and they decided to go across themselves. They got out in the middle of the river on the ferry; they really didn't know how to handle it too well. They got to buckin' and dipping water and the brother-in-law got scared and dove off and dang near drowned. He was a good swimmer, but he started for one bank and then changed his mind and went toward the other bank and changed his mind and started back toward the other bank. Finally he got into shallow enough water that he could wade out. Ford [DeJournette] and the other guys stayed with it until they got within about twenty feet of the bank and then sank. They sank the ferry.

They felt so bad that they went to Taylor and bought the ferry from him and got it floating again and floated it down the river to about where the Utah - Colorado line cross the Green River in Brown's Park and started up the ferry there, themselves. He ran it for quite a few years.

They crossed lots and lots of livestock, sheep, cattle and people and everything else on those ferries in Brown's Park before they got the swinging bridge. 'Course as soon as they got that old swinging bridge, the ferry went out of business and Ford didn't like it along the river because he was losing sheep and everything to quicksand. So he moved on up higher on the mountain.

Jensen had quite a few ferries because people were congregated in this area, quite a little bit. This was a main thoroughfare, through here, from the east to the west, and when they got to Green River, they had to get across some way.

The old Burton Ferry. It was started by the Burton family (who were the predecessors to Troy), up by the Escalante Crossing or up by the Joe Haslem ranch. Now that crossing was an old Indian crossing before Escalante came in, and he went across there. I've crossed there by horseback. It really isn't that bad. The river is very wide and pretty stable. I've forded the river there on horseback without having to swim my horse.

Now these ferries, Brown's Park, Jensen, Ouray and Sand Wash, were taken across by cable. There was a pulley and cable that goes across the river and over. They would construct something out of cement or rock and then bury the cable with a "deadman." The cable wasn't too high off the water, high enough so the flood water wouldn't get it. Then they would have cables coming down to the front and to the back of the ferry. They would use windlasses to change the attitude of the ferry on the river. Now the ferry would convey itself across by itself.

What they would do, from the upstream side, they would tighten that cable from the main pulley, and turn the valve so the front would go upstream a little bit and the current would push that boat across the river. Don't ask me why, but it worked.

(Arden is demonstrating with pictures and things that he is describing)

Maube Ferry in Jensen was owned by Lars and Jens Jensen, who Jensen is named after. This one was a little more complex. It wasn't V-shaped like the other one. The principle was the

same.

Lars Jensen didn't talk too good and they would holler across the river: "Come over and get us, can you come and get us and take us across?" And he'd say, "Well, maube we can and maube we can't." So they named it the Maube Ferry. This was down below Jensen, just where Ashley Creek comes in. When the water was high they used the ferry; when the water was low they would ford the river. During the winter they would cross on the ice.

The Burton Family sold their ferry to a guy by the name of Skipsy Johnson. His name was George, they called him Skipsy. He only ran it two or three years, then he sold it to the Snow brothers and the Snow brothers owned the ferry for quite a while. Their brother-in-law was William Stewart, who was a relation of mine. William ran it for quite a few years, till his wife died; he and his son ran it. They moved it down where the bridge is now in Jensen. The Snow Brothers ran their ferry successfully until the ice took it over. We'll talk about that in a minute. Their ferry is a bigger ferry.

Now this part of the ferry is what they called an apron. When they would come onto the bank, they would have to have the bank about the right height and the water kept going up and down. Green River then isn't like it is now. We didn't have Flaming Gorge. That water would rise and fall maybe five or six feet in the night, so they would have to have different landings. But in order to take a conveyance, like a wagon or a team or anything, they had to have an apron. They would bring the boat onto the bank and snub it up real tight and then lay that apron out. Some of the aprons were hinged, some were just laying on the bank and they would throw them out on the ferry when they got there. They also used poles to push on the bottom of the river to help the ferry get around where it should go.

As the ferries got more modern, they got better sides on them and they were crossing livestock. They had to have pretty good sides. There were bigger boats now, a lot more modern, has real high rails on it, on the apron. See, they controlled the apron with cables, lift it up or let it down.

Newell Snow told these stories. He said there were always two rowboats on the ferry, if someone had to go across or if they got in trouble and had to get away. Too much ice, they didn't run a rowboat.

I don't know when it was, it had to be somewhere around 1903 or somewhere in there, anyway Dr. Fowlers was called to an oil rig on Powder Ridge—I don't know where Powder Ridge is; I know where Powder Wash is, but not Powder Ridge—to take care of Tom Taylor, who had several broken bones while shoeing his horse. When Dr. Fowlers returned to Vernal at the Bull crossing, one of the horses slipped and fell on the apron as he was loading him. The horses started to take off. Snow ran and grabbed the reins and stopped the horses, got them settled down. In the meantime, Dr. Fowlers was jumping down and taking his coat off. He was in his buggy. He says, "What'll I do? What'll I do? I can't swim!" Well, they had to settle him down.

One day he talked about was in 1908, when they went and gathered up all the Indians, rounded them up to bring them back to the reservation. There were soldiers and Indians and they used the Maube Ferry and they used the Jensen Ferry and I guess they used the Alhandra Ferry. I think the Alhandra was in by then. It was, because they started in 1905. They had a lot of Indians, a lot of soldiers, a lot people cross. They all camped on the other bank of the river and they

would take them across. They had to keep the Indians under control, with the soldiers to get them back to Fort Duchesne. They were about a week crossing that, the Indians and soldiers.

1909, do any of you remember that winter? I don't. It was a very severe winter. In March we got our January thaw. The ice melted around the river and ran free. Have any of you seen an ice jam on the Green River? Boy, it can be something else. Big chunks of ice began coming down and it took out the ferry, took out the Alhandra Ferry and took out the Maube Ferry. It took the Snow Ferry down the river but they were able to pull it up into the mouth of Ashley Creek and save it, but the rest of them went down with ice. That pretty well ended the ferry story in the Jensen area. In 1911, they built the bridge and ferry boats were not needed any longer.

That's an ice jam. Of course, you can see there is water out in the river, how are you going to get across? You can't ride your horse across there, you can't take a wagon across there. If you needed to get across and went out and got in a rowboat and rode across and did whatever you needed to do, you hoped that the river would freeze over or else you could come back and maybe [it would] be thawed out.

Do you all know where Alhandra is? Okay, do you know where Walker Hollow is, coming down from Red Wash, do you know where it hits Green River? That's Alhandra. They had quite a settlement there. They had a boarding house, a place to sleep and eat and a whole bunch of stuff, a weigh station there.

Alhandra would be down the river from Jensen about eight miles. The Haslem brothers would winter right there. As you are going on the new Bonanza road instead of turning down and going to Green River, right out here in Davis Ward, take a dirt road to the left, it will take you down and around and when you get down in there were the fences are, Alhandra was right up river from there. It's just above the Slaugh Ranch.

Low water time and low water usually hits somewhere the better part of July or August through September and October in there. They would ford the river and as you can see these are freight wagons that came across the river here at Alhandra, but you can see that river is fairly deep. They had to build there because the quicksand and also the river bottom of the Green River has the tendency to change. Sometimes it will be only to your horses' belly and the next day you go in there and you'll drop off in a hole and have to swim. I've had to swim several times. Anyway that's fording the river with the old freight wagons at Alhandra.

The reason the ferry was put in at Alhandra was, it was put in there by the Uintah Rail Company. What they did, it was a toll ferry. They had toll stations an Kennedy Flat and a toll station in some other place, I can't think of the name of it.

This was a big one, they've got two, a double team of horses and a stagecoach on there and tied on both ends and it had some super structure on it. It was a pretty fancy outfit. The reason it was is because the railroad company built it and they had lots of money. This freight road and stagecoach road and the mail went to Watson, Utah. (Donna's [his wife] sister worked out in the hotel there, her Dad freighted on this road for many years.)

The freight come out of Salt Lake and Denver over to Mack, Colorado, to be put on the Uintah Railroad and come over the top of the Book Cliffs on the Uintah Railroad to Watson, Utah. The freight lines would pick it up there and they would bring it in here, to Vernal, by freight wagons, and stage also ran the same way. If you wanted to go to Salt Lake, the fastest way

to get there was to catch the stage out of here and go to Watson, go over the top of the mountain to Baxter Pass to Mack, get on the D&RG [Denver and Rio Grande] and go to Salt Lake. That's the way the bricks came in for the Bank of Vernal, on the U.S. mail. They came through Watson. It has a real rich history. Thousands of sheep and lambs were shipped that way for years and years.

The Alhandra Ferry ran for many years. Eventually it was washed out with the ice jam. It went down the river and they were never able to recover it. Where did the name of Alhandra come from? No one knows, it doesn't seem to be Indian. The Alhandra crossing is where, I hesitate to tell this story but I want to believe it's true. Dick will verify it's true. These outlaws had three mules and they were loaded with gold they got in a robbery and the posse was right on their tails. As they hit the river at Alhandra, they didn't have time to take the ferry so they just hit the water, went out in the river and those mules loaded down with gold drowned, they couldn't make it. The guys went on, but the mules went down in the river and that gold is somewhere in the river on those mules yet. They never did find them.

The Ouray Ferry. Leo Thorne is in the picture on the ferry. That was not a real good ferry at Ouray, but it got them by. The story Dick is referring to is: Hen Lee went down to the Ouray Ferry with a load of bucks when the ice was thin. Before the river froze up real hard, they had a channel for the ferry to go back and forth through and that's what they had at this time. When old Hen pulled on there, of course, the boat would tip, you know and the old truck rolled on there pretty hard and he stepped on the brakes and no brakes! He went right on off at the end of that ferry boat right into the water and when he come up, after he got out of the cab, he come up under the ice. He fought and fought and he said he could get a little bit of air between the water and the ice once in a while and finally he was able to work his way out, back upstream, and get into this channel and come up. His life was saved, but he lost most of the bucks. Had a heck of a time getting that truck out of there.

I remember that ferry. I rode on that ferry when I was a kid, after dad sold out down in Sand Wash, before they put the bridge in at Ouray. They ran that ferry until 1930. I was born in 1925, so I was about five years old, right after we moved up to Sand Wash. It was all wood. They didn't use a hollow log like Brigham Young.

This is taken at Tijuana. I couldn't get much information on the Tijuana ferry. It started in 1870 or somewhere in there. You can see the hinges on this paper here. [He is referring to the photo.] Do you know where Tijuana Flat is? This is about six miles down from Ouray; big river bottom in there, and it's called Tijuana Flat or Tijuana Bottoms. It's an Indian allotment. This is across the river, looking into the big bluff on the other side. It's just above where Willow Creek comes in, the next farm up. They used to have Fourth of July celebrations down there or they would have horse races and rodeos, concession stands and a real good time on the Fourth of July every year.

But Dad started the ferry there because of the close proximity to Ouray. It didn't really pan out that well, so they decided to move down to Sand Wash ferry. There was an interesting thing that happened to Dad while he was there. (Shows photo) This is the ferry coming acrossthe cliffs now, looking into the Tijuana Bottoms. I've heard Dad and Mother tell about it. Words of Sheriff Pope; it happened between him and Redman. I don't know if any of you know who Redman was or seen pictures of Redman. He was the last war chief of the White River Utes

and he was a tough, mean, old son of a gun. When he was a young man, he run over in Nine Mile Country with his band of warriors. He used to steal Mother's beef and everything else, and Dad knew him when he was a young cowboy over there.

Well, he got older and he moved down here to Tijuana because Tijuana was an Indian allotment and he had him a little cabin there. He lived in this one room cabin. That cabin was still standing when I was a kid. There's a little bit of it left, but not much.

They used to cross lots of sheep there, lots of sheep every spring and every fall. He got the idea that those sheep coming across that Indian ground; they should pay him. So it was going to cost a cent a head to come across his ground. Peterson—Peterson Sheep Outfit—met him one time. That was a mistake. That led to this confrontation. I'll tell it to you in verse:

Now Redman was an Indian, a war chief of the Utes.
He and a band of warriors were really in cahoots;
They were over in Nine Mile Canyon and along the River Creek;
They were a fearsome looking bunch, bad as could be seen.

They lived on a ranchers' cattle and stole wherever they went.
They were fierce and they were savage and all seemed to be hell-bent.
Like one day on the mesa we're looking Nine Mile Rim
Redman ??? demanding beef of him.

Well, the years went by and the chief grew old and he lost his warrior band.
So he moved down on Green River to make his final stand.
He built a one-room shanty and he got real big and fat,
As he laid around his cabin on the Tijuana Flat.

Now nearby on the river bend was a river man named Hank,
Who ran his river ferryboat across from bank to bank,
Every spring and every fall, sheep herds crossed the float,
From summer range to winter range on Hank's old ferry boat.

Well Tijuana harbor was claimed as Indian land,
And Redman didn't cater to the crossings of these bands.
He told them it would cost them to trail across his ground,
One time Peterson paid to keep him settled down.

So the next spring when the sheepmen came,
To the river boat to cross; here came that danged ole Indian,
to show them who's the boss.
He rode a rank old pony that was just a little thing,
Now they were all wise to him and the news got a round,
And they all told him, Peterson will pay when he comes to cross your ground.

Well when Peterson's herd come by,
They told him like the rest and soon the sheep was all across.
They played the test.
Well, Redman got to thinking and knew that he'd been had.
And pretty soon that Indian got really fightin' mad.

He climbed upon his little pony and with a pistol in his hand,
Vowed to shoot the white man that trespasses on his land.
Well, the first one that he spotted was river boatman Hank,
And old Redman started cussin' the men on the river bank.

Then he started yellin' and in the broken Ute did say,
Peterson, Peterson, all the time Peterson, damned old Peterson, he no pay.
Then he started shootin' at the ground, all round Hank's feet,
Hank didn't know what else to do, so he gave a mighty leap,

And grabbed that old Indian and jerked him to the ground,
Redman, horse and all piled up in a mound.
Then Hank got the pistol, as he hit old Redman down,
And said, I think I'll just send you to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Well, Redman started beggin' and asked to be spared,
So Hank finally turned him lose, that Indian was scared
And he climbed upon his pony and headed for Ouray,
For the Utes was having a Bear Dance just six miles away.

Well Hank knew full well Chief's intent, exactly what he said,
So he saddled up a good fast horse and outran him to Ouray.
Hank could speak their language, he knew their native tongue,
So he called a tribal council and told what they'd done.

About that time Old Redman, his pony caked with dirt,
Came panting in with staggered step and whipped him with his quirt.
The council listened to him while he told how Hank was like a bear.
He took him down, both horse and all and gave him one big scare.

He said Hank had tried to kill him by using his own gun,
The only way he got away was to fight like heck and run.
Well, down to the rule of ? said he had to make amends,
Oh, he had to apologize, treat Hank as a friend.

At first he wouldn't do it, but finally when he did ,
He turned his back and held out his hand.

[The tape ends here without the final lines.]

Arden: Okay, so much for Tijuana. Okay, that's my dad, Hank, and that's down at Sand Wash. This is somewhere about 1920 or '21. He was putting a ferry boat in down there. [Referring to photo.] You can see those old rowboats they used, made out of planks. That's part of the deadman to guide the boat across the river.

Now let's talk about the construction of the boats. The old boats in Tijuana was not in too good of shape so they decided to build a new one. I don't know if you remember these guys or not, but I'll tell you who they are. That's Walt Sands, right there. Walt had a cancer on his lip and they cut part of his lip away, you can see that right there. That's from smoking Bull Durham cigarettes too short. This is Lola Sands, that Chuck's, wife, that's Alice, their daughter. Alice and Bob; Bobby wasn't born yet, I don't think. That's Dad. My wife said, "What's he doing with a fishing pole?" I said, "That's a brace and bit." Look at the length of that bit he was using. He did that by hand. He didn't have to put that boat together. This is Chuck Sands, right here and that's Pearly Cooper, any of you remember, Pearly Cooper? There is a river bottom named after him just down below the ferry there, Cooper Bottoms.

Look what Pearly's got on his legs. See those? They are leather leggings. They used to wear them a lot. They would wear shoes and leather leggings to ride in. Keep the brush and limbs away. I can remember we had a couple of them in the hole down at the ranch and I used to put them on and play cowboy. I wish I had them now, they'd be priceless.

What they did, they built a bottom down here to float on, then there was a dead-air space between there. Then they'd built the deck. See the deck hasn't been put on yet. See the boards that run here, on that bottom? Now they'll nail a deck right on top of that, so there was an air space right in there. This curved up this way, in front of the boat, and this is where they fastened the apron on the front of the boat. Then, of course, they built it, they put in side rails so they could put boards on there and keep the livestock on. There is a picture of the boat after it's finished. See, those boat boards were pretty high, they were very buoyant.

These are the sheep coming down from the east side of the "Wrinkles" and are being brought in there in the spring to be crossed. They oft times sheared right there at Sand Wash. They sheared the sheep, sacked the wool and freighted it out on the freight wagons. They crossed the sheep and Dad charged three cents a head for sheep to go across, and they crossed them twice a year. When he started the ferry boat down there, he was crossing 45,000 head of sheep twice a year. They run lots of sheep in those days down there.

A lot of them wintered in the Wild Horse Basin country, out by Hill Creek, only down lower, down in that low country. They still run sheep in there now. But a lot of them wintered in there, then they would go across and go out into the mountain country, around Nine Mile, in there, the higher ranges. They would go south of Myton and cut down to the river.

I talked to Willis Stevens yesterday and he said before this ferry came, before Dad brought his ferry down, there was another ferry there, he was pretty sure. It was run by Charlie Brown. He was the one that Willis Stevens got his place from. Myron had a place there, too. Myron and Charlie came out of Nine Mile and ran that ferry in Sand Wash. Part of the old deadman and cable are still there. We're going to go down and look for it one of these days.

Anyway they would bring these sheep down and shear them—they had shearing corrals

right there—then they would put them right on the ferry and take them across. They had a corral that would go right down to the ferry and take them across that way.

Here they are crossing bulls there. They didn't limit it to just sheep. They crossed bulls, they crossed vehicles. Dad charged \$1 for a wagon, \$1.50 for a car. Brigham Young charged them \$1.50 for a wagon back in 1847 and Dad was charging a \$1 for wagon in 1927. I don't know what happened to inflation.

I remember bringing those bulls. I believe they belonged to old Dick Taylor and his outfit. Those things were what we called range bulls. They weren't these docile Herefords. A lot of those bulls were raised by McPherson down in Farm Creek. He sold them to a lot of the ranchers. Most of those bulls had these high horns. They were mean old bulls, I'll tell you, you stayed right away from them. They had a heck of a time getting them on the boat.

I remember mother and I climbing up in a tree. I was young, but I was scared to death. I climbed up in the tree with her and she had her camera and she took pictures while they were trying to load bulls on the boats. They finally wound up roping three or four of them and tying them down and dragging them on there. One time going across, one bull jumped over the rail and went into the river and went down the river and they never did see him again. I guess he drowned. They were Herefords, called a range bulls. Boy, they were mean bulls if you got them excited.

I know, or at least I'm sure, that time when we had all the trouble, it was Dick's bulls that we were crossing. I don't if he was sending them to market or trading them with someone.

Unidentified woman: I'll have to tell you a story about when they were shipping their cattle one time. One of the old sheepherders asked if he could go back to Omaha, they said sure. So when they got to Omaha, 'course all the cattlemen went and bought them new Stetsons and new Levis and put them on. The sheepherder bought a new suit to put and when they got to the stock yards, here come all the dealers over to the sheepherder and wanted to know what he wanted done.

Arden: Dad sold the ferry at Sand Wash about 1930. Sold it to Paul or Chuck Sand and he sold it to a sheep outfit, it may have been the Peterson's, I'm not sure. Then they sold it to Ray Thompson. Ray Thompson used to live over at Myton. He had a cabin on the other side of the river, down right across from Kane Bottom. That was the first place I ever ate horse meat.

Dad and I ran cattle after we sold the ferry. Then we bought the ranch south of Ouray there. We ran cattle all up and down the river, nearly to Sand Wash. We took one, Dad and I. I was just a kid; seven or eight years old. We got down to Kane Bottom and Ray was over at his cabin and so he hollered, "Come on over and have something to eat." So we swam our horses across the river and went in there and he a big old mulligan stew made, big chunk of meat, boy, was it ever good. I ate that till I thought I'd bust. Then when we got through eating, he said, "Boy, you know what that meat was you was eatin'?" Dad said, "Yeah, I think I do." I said, "I don't know." He said, "Well, that was horse meat!" Ray, if he got hungry, he'd kill a wild horse and eat him up. He said horse meat was as good as anything else.

Ray ran the ferry until 1952. At the time he was running the ferry, the sheep had been reduced to about 25,000 head. I don't know what they run down there nowadays. Anyway, the Taylor Grazing Act had come in and cut them way back.

He got rid of this boat because it was getting wore out and he bought a metal boat. He was running this metal boat there and in the spring, high water came. No one was there when it happened, but apparently a tree hit a cable or something and broke the cable. The boat went down the river and lodged in a sandbar. We found it one day, pretty well covered with willows and stuff, but it is in that sandbar. They never did start it up again; they just quit using it.

So we graduated from the ferry boat, which was really something we had to have to get back and forth to travel in this western land, to the bridge.

Now, what kind of bridge is that? They are just building it. I remember when they built this. That's the bridge over White River. That's what they called the Swinging Bridge. There is one very similar to it at Brown's Park. The one at Brown's Park is pretty substantial. This thing here was made with cables, as you can see, and they went on here with a decking, tied the decking down with a cable. That decking would break or come lose and there would be holes in the bridge. But the biggest problem on this swinging bridge here was as you went across, it rolled ahead of you. If you notice, that one in Brown's Park will do it a little but not much. They've really got those cables really cinched down. This one would roll ahead of you and when you get over here, ready to go off, you'd be going up about like that. You had to have a pretty good outfit to get across there. If the boards got slick or if you put a bunch of cows across there and they did their thing on it, it got slick and you wanted to stay completely off from it with your horse because he'd usually fall down.

I can remember one day, I don't even remember anything other than I was scared to death. Mother went out there to get some cows across and it got slick and her horse fell down on top of her and floundered around there and they had a heck of a time.

This rail here, this cable up here was the side rail and they ran netting, fish netting, down to the bottom of the bridge. That's all there was to keep you on the bridge. One day some guys come by and one of the old Indians from Ouray had started across there with his wagon and he cut clear over before he got started going steep, and his horses got in trouble, one of them fell down or something, and they got to floundering around and fell off the bridge and the wagon hooked on the railing and there his horses were, upside down, hanging off the bridge and he didn't know what to do.

Some guys come along and took an ax and chopped the double tree and let the horses on down into the river but they were still tied together with their harness and they were able to go down there and get them lose and finally get them out.

(Speaking about a photo.) This is where the White River goes into Green River, this flat right out in there is what we call White River Flat, which ,if you go straight on over there, Ouray is right up there, on the Green River. There's that big old flat out in there between the two rivers, well, this bridge is about where we are located now.

End

HISTORY

Arden W. Stewart

Uintah County Sheriff 1971 - present

May 20, 1985

I was born on May 10, 1925 in Roosevelt, Utah, and my mother nearly died giving birth to me. It was a very traumatic experience and we nearly lost her. The first two years of my life I spent down at the Sandwash Ferrie, which is about 45 miles down river from Ouray, Utah. It was a ferrie boat crossing that my father started somewhere about 1922, as I remember, and he ran it for a number of years before selling it and moving up somewhere six miles south of Ouray and bought a cattle ranch.

My earliest recollection is of the old Sandwash Ferrie and an incident that happened to me there, one day. I vividly remember it. I had a little red wagon and we had what we called a potato pit, which is a hole that is dug straight down into the ground. There is an opening at the top that's framed in with rough planking, and a ladder that goes straight down into the potato pit. Potato pits are usually about six to eight feet deep. I was taking some bottles out for my mother in my little red wagon and I was backing up because the wagon was a little hard for me to pull. I fell over backwards into the potato pit, hit my mouth on the bottom rung of the ladder and caved both front teeth back into the roof of my mouth. Mother heard me scream and saw me fall. She came running over and didn't use the ladder, she just jumped down in and when she did she stepped on my thumb and slid the thumb nail off from my right thumb. I can remember her getting me out and taking me to the house and washing out my mouth, I could see the bloody water and everything. It was a little traumatic for me, but my teeth didn't hurt near as bad as my thumb did.

We moved from there, as I said, to the ranch south of Ouray and I boarded out to school all through school because we did live on a ranch and had no way of getting me to school except for two years I stayed at home. The first year when I was in first grade I and my cousin Betty Rae Wardle Jensen, who lives over in Roosevelt now, came and lived with us and we had tutoring by her for the first year of school. The second year I went to Vernal. The third, fourth and fifth grades I went to Myton and lived with my aunt. The sixth year was the year that my father was drowned. Well, he was drowned the spring that I was in the fifth grade, 1937, in Green River. He and Tom McKennan were drowned in high water while crossing the river in a row boat. This was another traumatic situation for mom and I. So that year we lived on the ranch which was six miles south of Ouray. Every morning I would get up before daylight, saddle my horse, ride the six mile, put him in a barn there at Ouray, get on a bus and ride another eight miles to Leota to go to school, come back on the bus that evening, saddle my horse and ride home after dark. I did that for the biggest share of the winter until finally mother moved to Ouray and took over cooking at the old boarding house there. I finished out my school year at Leota that year, the sixth grade. Then in the seventh and eighth grades I went to Wasatch Academy at Mount Pleasant and then in my high school years I lived with my aunt and uncle, Jap and Flo Elliot in Warm Springs, Oregon and went High School in Madris, Oregon.

I went into the armed service during World War II at the age of eighteen, and was in the Naval Sea Bees. Took my basic training in Camp Perry, Virginia. I was shipped overseas and spent about six months in Honolulu and then went on over into the South Pacific campaign and was in on the invasion of the Marianna Islands and later in on the invasion of Okinawa and was in the process of signing up for the invasion forces for the mainland of Japan when the atomic bombs were dropped and the war ended. I came back and was mustered out to Bremerton, Washington March 29, 1946. Came home, spent some time on the ranch. I road the rodeo circuit for

about four years, having turned professional and did fairly well in that field working alot of the time in the winter time on ranches working for Don and Harry Hill in Colorado, and then rodeoing during the summer.

I met my present wife Donna Rae Chivers in the fall of 1949 and we had a whirl wind courtship of about thirty days, were married by Judge Henry Millecam. The ceremony was performed without any pomp or ceremony at the old Utah Motel which is out on about 800 West Main street in Vernal, Utah. She had already been married and had two sons Bob Slaugh and Chris Slaugh and they were little fellows at that time.

I went into the oil field working as a roughneck for a while and then we had an opportunity to move to Lee, Nevada and run two big cattle ranches over there for an insurance man.

My son, Rex was born in Vernal, Utah June 2, 1952. When Rex was 10 days old we moved he and Donna over to Nevada. We spent three years there and then moved back here to Vernal and have been here ever since.

I worked for fifteen years for Ashton's Brother's Company. Started out as a yard hand in the lumber yard and worked up to assistant manager. The opportunity came to run for Sheriff, and I did that and was successful and took office in 1971 ~~and~~ ^{and} have been in office ever since.

I have enjoyed the work as Sheriff. I feel like we have made accomplishments and great strides in our department and have been able to keep up with the growth of the county. We moved into the new Utah State/Uintah County Building in January, 1985 and are currently in the process of building a new 60 bed jail due for completion in 1985. We have increased our Sheriff's Department to a point where we have a substantial staff and are able to keep up with our tremendous workload that we do have.

Some of the interesting things that I recall happening was I have never been put in the situation where I would have to shoot anyone I have had some altercations where it ~~has~~ ^{has} become physically violent but I have never had to use my weapon. I have had to draw it from the holster on occasion but I have never had to fire it, and I am thankful for that. One of the incidents taht stand out in my mind was the time that Dallas Rowley and Garry Serrano were over in Colorado and they were able to capture two big rattle snakes over at craig. They sewed their mouths shut with fishing line and they brought them back to Vernal in a cooler box. The first thing they did was go down to one of the local bars and walk in with the rattlesnake under their coat and while everybody was around the pool table they put them out on the pool table. They nearly caused one lady to wet her pants and have a heart attack. It was reported to me and I finally ran them down and was able to accertain that they did in fact have the rattlesnakes. They were arrested for cruelty to dumb animals and the rattlers were destroyed and this did hit the national head lines. It was quite an interesting case, however, there was no serious damage done, but it did get alot of publicity. There have been many things in working as Sheriff that I feel like I have accomplished. It seems like a person goes along and things pile up and pile up and you really wonder whether or not it is worth it, then all at once someone will come in and say "Hey Sheriff, I really appreciated what you did for me when I was a young person" or "I really appreciated what you have done for my child, or husband or loved one," and of course that makes it all worth while.

I have tried to be honest in my dealings in the office of Sheriff. I have never taken any gratuities nor have I taken any bribes. I have never fixed any tickets

and don't intend to. I back my department and my deputies 100% and will continue to do this. I do love the area in which we live and the community and I think we've got the best community in the whole nation and the best people. It's a good place in which to live. I am looking forward to about another six years in office after this year, that is if I am lucky enough to be re-elected in two more years for another four year term and then I am going to retire. I feel that I will have done my communtiy service to this area.

I do appreciate the opportunity of having this short narration typed up and would like to thank ~~the Long's~~ ^{Denver and Mildred Long} as well as my office staff for deligent work and patience that they have had in working with me in filing this.

#14908

Peace-A-Plenty

Out, where the green cedars flourish,
Out, where the sage bush grows tall,
Put where there's service and pinion,
Is where this cowboy loves most of all.

Out, past the old Dragon Canyon,
Out, where the wild coyote call,

Out, in the rim rock and ledges,
Is where this cowboy lived best of all.
Out, where the mule deer are plenty,

Out, where the mustang runs free,
Out, with the bobcat and lion,

Is where this cowboy wants to be.
Out, where Old Biter Creek wanders.

Out where pastures are green,
Out where the cattle are grazing,
Is where this cowboy built up his dream.

Out, at the top of the mountain,
Out, at the Park Canyon lease,
Out, at the edge of the desert,

Is where this cowboy finds the most peace.

*On behalf of the family, we wish to express their
gratitude for your many kindnesses evidenced in
thought and deed and for
your attendance at this service for Arden.*

Blackburn Vernal Mortuary

15 East 100 North, Vernal, Utah 84078

(435) 789-2611

www.blackburnvernalmortuary.com

In Loving Memory...



ARDEN WARDLE STEWART

May 10, 1925 ~ May 12, 2015

Funeral Service

for

Arden Wardle Stewart

Ashley Creek Ward Chapel

(4080 South 2500 East.)

Monday, May 18, 2015 @ 11:00 A.M.

Conducting ~ Bishop Terry Harvey

Organist ~ Ruth Stephens

Chorister ~ TBA

Pallbearers

Chad Stewart

Barry Nofsinger

Drue White

Tyler Stewart

Trent Slaugh

Sam Jackson

Honorary Pallbearers

Uintah County Sheriff Department

Uintah County Search & Rescue

Compassionate Service

Ashley Creek Ward Relief Society

Service

Family Prayer.....Chad Stewart (grandson)

Opening Musical“How Great Thou Art”
Bree-Anna Stewart, Alexis Stewart, Alyssa Germosen
(great-granddaughter)

Accompanied By: Ruth Stephens

Invocation.....Tobin Roberts (friend of family)

Life Sketch.....Barry Nofsinger (grandson-in-law)

Musical.....“These Hands”

By: Ron Walker

Tribute to Dad.....Rex Stewart (son)

Speaker.....Bonnie Duncan (sister-in-law)

Closing Remarks.....Bishop Harvey

Closing Hymn # 86.....Congregation

“God Be with You Till We Meet Again”

Accompanied By: Ruth Stephens

Benediction.....Denise Stewart (granddaughter)

Dedication of the Grave.....Craig Hutchings

Interment.....Dryfork Cemetery

Military Honors Provided by the American Legion

and Utah Army National Guard