

# Alan d. “Tug” Wilson

(This interview was made about 10 years after the death of Bates E. Wilson. The update/editing of the transcribed tape was made Spring of 2003, again about 10 years after the tape was made.)

**Interview with Alan D. “Tug” Wilson of Moab, Utah on 30 August 1993.**

**Interviewer is Lloyd Pierson (Questions)**

**Q: We’re sitting here in beautiful downtown Spanish Valley with Alan D. Wilson. This is Lloyd Pierson speaking on 30<sup>th</sup> of August 1993 at 7:45 in the evening. We’re going to talk about the good old days. Last night I was very intrigued when you told me about the Tug Wilson Escort Service.**

AW (Alan Wilson): Tours. Guide service.

**Q: Yeah. You got here in 1949, you said?**

AW: April, 1949.

**Q: With dear old dad.**

AW: With dear old dad. We came here, so I understood, to mitigate some of the problems with the Westwoods that were running cattle in Salt Valley [Arches National Monument] near Delicate. One of the reasons we came was he [Bates] was very good working with people... having been on a cattle ranch, to sort of ease them off the park in time. The other concerns my mother [Edie] was fed up with living at El Morro which

she went to town at best four times a year, normally on the freeze.

**Q: Yeah.**

AW: As you know at Chaco. With a new daughter [age1] and an older daughter [~age5] and a son [13] she thought it was a good idea if we went to school. Not all of us agreed with that, though.

**Q: You said you didn't go to school when you got here, though. You went around with your dad.**

AW: Well, there was a good thing about having not had much school at El Morro... when we came here, there wasn't much sense going into the sixth grade near the end of the year with little prior 6<sup>th</sup> grade experience. So I spent the whole summer and spring with Father learning the area, along with him doing likewise. Moab area was much different than the other places Dad had worked...much more color, exposed rocks, canyons, a river, etc. Overall, my grammar school education was very spotty to say the least.

**Q: What did the explorations consist of?**

AW: We went everywhere you could go. Just to see what it was. It was all new and very curious. So anytime someone said there's something to go see, we would get in the pickup and go see it.

**Q: In the pickup? You didn't have a Jeep?**

AW: No. There were no or very few Jeeps then. I guess Merle Winbourn, the Arches maintenance man, had a Jeep. A little green Jeep but that was a very private vehicle. He

came to work at 7:30 A.M. and left at 4:00 P.M.. As I recall the Jeep was parked in the shed and no one goes near it during the day. As far as I recall that was the only Jeep in Moab in the summer of 1949.

**Q: There was no lingering. There was no obvious maintenance man.**

AW: The staff consisted of Earl Worthington, and Merle. That was the whole full time staff. There may have been one seasonal ranger the first summer but I cannot recall the name. Dad (Bates) spent the whole spring and summer learning the area and I had the good fortune of following him around. Then my mother got the bright idea why don't we put little 5 x 7 cards (which I think probably Bish Taylor printed) which said Tug Wilson Guide Service, 50 cents an hour. We probably did this around July of 1949.

**Q: 50 cents an hour?**

AW: 50 cents an hour.

**Q: Did you make much money then?**

AW: Yeah, I made money. Sure, there were a lot of people who wanted someone to guide them to things like the Mastodon, to guide them to Park Avenue. The entrance road did not switchback up behind the rock house in those days and it was quite a hike to Park Avenue. So I was often hired to carry their water, or their cameras to Double O or to Delicate or elsewhere as well as guide the clients. In those days it was quite primitive and the Moab area was very different compared to what visitors had experienced elsewhere. Also the visitors were probably 50+ . During these outings I perfected the ability to walk backwards on the trails and talk to the visitors I was guiding. .

**Q: You were 13 or 14 years old, you say?**

AW: 13 and maybe into 14 the next summer. Couldn't drive. You got a special license of some sort when you were 14 if, I think, you needed to drive to do your work. But that was the beginning of my keen interest in getting to know the area.

**Q: Your dad took you down to the bottom of Natural Bridges.**

AW: We went to Bridges.

**Q: What was the road to Bridges? When I got here in '56 they'd already built the dugway down off Comb Ridge.**

AW: The road to Bridges, as I recall, went up over, and I think they're called the Blue Mountains, and I remember going near the Bears Ears. We often camped at a stream or spring just off of the pass and got water there because there was no water at Bridges, so there's a stream or spring off of that hill, someplace near the pass. It was cool and we would camp there. By the way, one thing that I need to mention to the Park Service people, was that I can recall seeing from Bears Ears on many occasions, Shiprock bright and clear. Today (at least when I have been back) you can't even begin to see it because of the air pollution. We would go down to Bridges and I think the ranger seasonal was John Wiley Redd.

**Q: J. Riley?**

AW: J. Wiley Redd. I recall his name as Wiley Redd.

**Q: And his wife?**

AW: And his wife. Fairly large wife.

**Q: She was the one that kept telling your dad she'd sealed herself to him for in the hereafter.**

AW: Celestial Kingdom.

**Q: She was a good Mormon gal.**

AW: Mormon then and in the hereafter.

**Q: Your dad was worried about that, too. Nobody and everybody's quite sure about that.**

AW: Mrs. Redd was very tactical. She pointed out that at Arches there were the three permanent people, Merle, Earl, and dad and that if they took a quarter each of their salary and put it away then John Riley could have a salary during the winter months. She thought that was how it should be. Not sure the others thought that would be a good idea.

**Q: He was just the local rancher, wasn't he, local cowboy type?**

AW: He had been a miner, too. A miner, jack of all, like most of them. He lived in this half wood, half tent house during the summer. The road, by the way, was really terrible coming off of the Bears Ears. I think we headed out of Monticello into the Blue Mountains where the mountain road wandered around a lot as it headed many rough canyons like Arch Canyon. If it was raining a day in the mountains we were stuck.

**Q: I remember coming through there. I only took that road once and you go out west out of Blanding, almost due west and climb up on top. I know where that was just before you got to the Bears Ears and went down off into the White Canyon area. The ruts were about 2 \_ feet deep in the road. Somebody'd been through there. I was happy that we didn't have to go that way. In the wintertime there was snow up there. Right?**

AW: Oh yeah.

**Q: Was Bridges open in the winter?**

AW: No. Bridges was not open except a limited time in the summer. We hauled water but I don't remember where we hauled it from. It may have come from Fry canyon, a bit more west on Highway 95.

**Q: Maybe from later on we got it in Fry Canyon.**

AW: I don't remember. I remember having to slide a big 500 or so gallon tank into the back of the pickup. It was sitting on a pinyon sort of stand and juggled this thing into the back of the truck and the spigot was on the wrong end so we had to reverse the tank. When we took it out we had to rotate the tank. Not sure why but maybe the spigot went below the bed of the truck so you could not slide it in without a rotation.. This was kind of rough to do and then we'd drive someplace, I don't know where exactly it was, we'd fill it up and Father would put clorox in it and said "Well, that'll keep em for the summer." We'd never come back to refill the tank...presume one 500 gallon load was sufficient for the ranger and the few visitors that happened by.

**Q: With no trailer?**

AW: No trailer. The ranger juggled this 500 gallon tank, loaded, out of the pickup. Remember, the park service in the days after the war in very poor shape money, equipment-wise, etc.

**Q: And you had an outhouse?**

AW: Sort of an outhouse but it was all rock, you know. The ranger had it built.

**Q: It was down there facing Owachomo.**

AW: Yeah, it had a nice view.

**Q: It was also on BLM land.**

AW: Yeah. It wasn't Park Service land.

**Q: You told me last night that you put up the radio. I'd forgotten that they had a radio down there.**

AW: Well, I think at the end of the war they (Arches) got a lot of surplus equipment, some Koller generators and some Collins Navy radios. The radios were shiny black. They had dynamometers with them, Dyna motors to generate the high voltages and operated off 12 or 24 volt battery. The radios and power supplies were beautiful units. I was sort of a ham radio operator. The Park Service guy who came to back me up had a little antenna that stood straight up. It did not work very well.

So I got my radio amateur's handbook and designed a quarter wavelength dipole antenna and strung it on two very tall poles at Arches and at Natural Bridges. They

worked fantastic. However, to make radios work well, you need a good earth ground connection. One of the key things I thought I wanted was a solid ground. You need the ground to transmit efficiently. The biggest best ground I've ever found was the roots of the pinyon tree right next to the ranger cabin. In the past they had not grounded the radio because the cabin sat on slick rock so it didn't have a good earth ground. My tree ground at Bridges must have hit water via the tree roots. I drove a large spike into the tree and connected the radio ground to the spike.

**Q: No moisture?**

AW: No moisture. The roots of the pinyon was a good ground.

**Q: I'll be darned. That was the radio system for the intercommunication between Arches and Natural Bridges when the ranger was down there?**

AW: The frequency was 5150 kilohertz if I recall correctly. It's very hard to get out of the valley there at Arches Headquarters with a radio signal. If we could have put it (the antenna) up on the rim we could have broadcast to the whole Southwest region. Because the location of the cabin at Bridges was on a high plateau, the radio at Bridges could communicate anywhere because it was relatively high and with a good antenna and ground.

**Q: I know that the whole system had problems. We had radio at Tonto and, I think, I don't remember if we had one at the Castle (Montezuma's Castle) but we had one at Chaco and some places, like Saguaro, they couldn't get to Santa Fe.**

**When the headquarters was in Santa Fe they couldn't get to Santa Fe and there was always a relay. I felt like I knew some of these guys, like the guy down at Saguaro. I used to relay quite a bit for him and then Ida Boatright, who was the secretary in Santa Fe to the General Superintendent. Although I never met these people, I felt like they were my buddies, you know, because they were helping me and helping one another on the radio. Sam King was the guy down at Saguaro. That was a great, great setup with a little radio.**

AW: Yeah, it was. Going back to the tours and of the guides, I think in some ways my father had a strange sense of humor. Some older gentleman came and wanted a guide to Natural Bridges. I remember he had a big beautiful shiny car so Father said, well, his son does trip guides. So we drove to Blanding and he put me up in a motel room and this guy had a room next door. Today you wouldn't, of course, do this with children. Then I guided him and afterwards we came back. That was 50 cents an hour during all of the time I was guiding. I know you asked me if I made money. That was probably one of the best trips for making money. We hiked to all the bridges and, in 1949-50, the trails were not so hot.

**Q: Is this how you saved all your money so you could either go to college or buy a Jeep? Which?**

AW: Well, as you well know being in the Park Service, and Marian knows, you are forever poor and one of the things that I found in our family was there was never any money. My mother was a very good manager of money but there was basically no money. So I became independent very early. The first thing I bought after the second

summer here was a car. I bought a car from Sam Taylor, a '38 Plymouth with a '46 engine in it. That was my original vehicle for the electrical work. After doing the guide work for a summer and on and off after that, then I learned the electrical business to become really independent. I think it was fall of '52 that I bought my first Jeep.

**Q: Yeah, you were a rich kid.**

AW: But I worked for free for one summer for Mr. Foote as a true apprentice He lived upstairs in the building which is now the Poplar Place. I wired that building and I've often wondered if it was my wiring that caused it to burn down!

The first summer, 1949, besides doing guiding and learning more and more about the Moab area I went to Mr. Foote and asked him if I could learn electrical wiring, radio repair, etc. Sort of an apprentice. I had made radios and other electrical things when we lived at El Morro but wanted to learn more.

**Q: No, no I found out it was a stove. They had a wood stove that was too close to the wall and they didn't have it insulated.**

AW: Well, then it wasn't my wiring.

**Q: No, it wasn't your wiring. Thank goodness.**

AW: Actually I've wondered if any of the things that I wired burned down but so far I don't think so. I wired what was Riley's Drug. I wired apartments over Butch Christensen's Ford which is now a bunch of little shops. I did all of the wiring at the

Apache Motel for Winford Bunce. I wired the bishop's house and I don't know how many others, tons of the little houses out here. I worked every day after school and weekends.

**Q: You were working for A&E when they had the first building boom up here in the early '50s, that uranium boom, weren't you?**

AW: Well, first I worked for Mr. Foote.

**Q: Was this Adrien's father?**

AW: No. Adrien's father was Ellis Foote. This was Janet's father, Uzel. He was the city manager for awhile. He came here, must have come here in '49 or '50, maybe '49. He taught me the electrical business. I worked for him first for free and then 50 cents an hour. We were doing appliance work, radio repair and house wiring. Eventually he got copper poisoning when I was a sophomore in high school, so I formed my own company, first one to last one week with Max Irish and he had a different view of working. I like to get up early in the morning and work all day and Max liked to get up late, work part of the day and drink beer and we separated after the first week. On my forms it was called Wilson Electric.. The phone number on the work sheet (tally's of materials and labor) is in fact the phone number at Arches HQ!. If someone need to contact me for work they called Arches!

Mr Foote and his wife Nora were very kind to me. They let me use the garage in the back of their store which was the old bank building as a work shop. Moab folks would bring

in electrical appliances for repair and I would fix them in the shop in back. Nora would collect payment.

**Q: I didn't know you had a company.**

AW: Yeah, I still have the books actually. It was called Wilson Electric. I was in business from spring or summer of 1952 to fall of 1954. I had a city electrician's license. When I was getting ready to go off to college, University of Utah, at the end of the summer in 1954, Ray Alger and his partner came to Moab and took over my business. The deal was to buy my inventory of supplies, take over my jobs and that I would work for them as a journeyman electrician at college breaks and summers if they had work. Moab was booming with the U days so there was lots of work.

**Q: What about your trips down into the Needles area. I know that was one of your favorite areas.**

AW: Well, that starts with the Boy Scout Troop, I think, #317. Bill Hines was the scoutmaster of it. We met in a little house near Star Hall, a little church or something. We met in the basement. We were a very unconventional troop. Moab at that time had about 1200 people. It was half real Mormon and the other half were what were called Jack Mormon and a few non-Mormons such as us, the Taylors, etc. Our troop was the non-Mormon troop. so we were the collection of renegades. There were a few Mormon boys in it who just didn't fit in with the church way of doing things and we always liked to go backpacking, as we called it originally. Some of these boys liked a beer or water bag lemonade and fit into our group. In 1949, in that spring, some people named Ray and

Virginia Garner arrived at our house at Arches with a letter from the director. There's nothing that upsets the superintendent more than a tourist or visitor coming with a letter from the director. The letter from the director said "Please take care of this important person." So Ray and Virginia Garner were set up approximately where the visitor center parking lot is at headquarters at Arches today. Actually, back in the rocks a little bit there where the dugway started to go up. We made them a great big tent and they spent a good part of the summer with us. They used our bathroom for showers, etc. They made a lot of films around Arches and what happened was Virginia would be photographed carrying everything and her husband, Ray, would have the camera. She always had the pack and something. In fact, I remember one day Ray really went farther than most folks would go. Merle, Earl, and dad had to push his station wagon along what is now the paved road heading north up Moab Canyon so Ray could photograph his wife walking through the wash near the new visitor center in full pack. It's like today you have professionals cruise through that. You hear of the park people doing it. Anyway, Ray Garner essentially got Merle Windbourn, which is very unusual, to agree to take him into the Needles. They went down to Dugout and Merle knew someone, I think his name was Thorndike or something like that.

Sam Taylor, Jimmy Walker were senior members of our scout troop. We all owe a lot of credit to Bill Hines for taking so much interest in working with Moab kids.

**Q: He knew that country down there?**

AW: Yeah, he knew that country but he also knew someone at the Dugout Ranch. I recall his name was something like Thorndike. The name is probably in the articles Ray and Virginia wrote about their trip.

**Q: One of the cowboys?**

AW: One of the cowboys, but the head cowboy for Scorup-Sommerville. He had a Jeep himself of some sort. Anyway, Merle took Garner into, as we now know, Horse Canyon and Keyhole Ruin where a bunch of the cowboys had been. But Garner had ropes. Garner was an experienced climber of great skill. He had just climbed I think El Capitan in Yosemite or something more difficult, I believe, before he arrived at Arches. He was a good climber and his wife was a good climber so they were able to get into things like Keyhole Ruin and they found a cradleboard. They climbed out of Chesler over into Virginia Park but they did not realize that if you went up Chesler Canyon (hope that is the name..on the West side near the Joint trail parking lot) you can walk into Virginia Park but they didn't claim that they didn't understand that at the time. But the funny story was Merle and Ray, in that Ray Garner was not the person who liked to get up early and Merle was always at work by at least 7:30, maybe even earlier than 7:00. It gets hot in the desert and Merle liked to cook, get camp over with, Jeep packed, etc. and get going. Ray just wouldn't get out of his tent. So one day near the end of the trip, so Merle tells it, being a man of very few words, in Devil's Lane he was really getting annoyed with Garner. I think being cramped in a little CJ Jeep you would get a little testy after a few weeks in the Needles. He carried somewhere between half and a case of dynamite on this trip to make road if he needed to. He never went anywhere without dynamite. He was a guy who could build anything with a few sticks of dynamite. Since he was on his way out he decided to give Ray Garner a very good welcome wake up call in the morning on the last day. He blew up the dynamite. Ray came bolting out of the tent wondering what in the hell had happened. I am sure Merle had a grin cheek to cheek. But that was a very important trip. Then in March of 1950...

**Q: What happened to the cradleboard?**

AW: I don't where the cradleboard is today.

**Q: Where were the Garners from? Were they Californian?**

AW: They were from California. In fact, Dick Negri was asking me a lot of questions about the early days and I had a rough idea where Virginia Garner's last address was. He contacted her and has had an ongoing dialogue. She's willing to give a number of the photos and films, she's actually sent a number of photos to Dick recently. He was able to track her down and had a good discussion with her.

**Q: Yeah, he's got a good (?)**

AW: He's working with her. But anyway, that trip got my father much more interested and the whole reason he got interested in Canyonlands really was because it was the land between Arches and Natural Bridges were about 120 miles apart. He just couldn't bear having 120 miles of beautiful land in between and not going into it.

**Q: Was he aware at that time of that Escalante National Monument proposal?**

AW: I don't know. I kind of doubt it.

**Q: That's the gut feeling I got because (?) I didn't know about it at the time. I don't think we even had (?)**

AW: That was by Fredrick Olmsted who made that proposal. Olmsted, the great Park designer/landscape architect. He designed Central Park and many other city parks all over the country.

**Q: Yeah, but it was one of our Park Service people in the regional office that had been involved in that.**

AW: But I think Olmsted proposed it as a grand plan of parks. .

**Q: Could be.**

AW: But anyway, what happened then in March of 1950, father's cousin named Robert Deckert, who was a world-traveled famous lawyer in maritime law, he wrote the law for the maritime industry, ship industry. He has a very large firm in Philadelphia. It still exists, Deckert, Rhoads and something else. He always liked to go to new places. By the time he came to someplace new, he knew more about it than anyone who lived there. I'll give you a short excerpt of how knowledgeable he was. When we were at El Morro, he was very fascinated by the Spanish inscriptions. He came very frequently (once a year) to El Morro but we were only there 3 years, 3 \_ years. One of his trips he brought a book by Simpson and Kern who were two explorers of the Louis and Clark General Expedition series. This was a book which was done in 1849 or thereabouts in which there was no photography. They didn't use photos, they made sketches of the inscriptions at El Morro, so you saw them before graffiti and before most other people. There was one inscription which is kind of interesting. This inscription had lines drawn through it. It's on the north face and it had a number of lines drawn through at certain

passages in the Spanish inscription. My father was given this book by Robert Deckert, who had found it in a used book shop because he knew of the western explorations done under the name of Lewis and Clark and he also knew each trip was written up. . We didn't, the Park Service, as far as I know, didn't know anything about it. Deckert found it in some rare bookstore and knew it was unique and here was this inscription with lines drawn through it in 1849. That's before the main graffiti started with the gold rush. So, a Spanish professor from Spain came sometime after that and my father always guided everybody around El Morro and they got to this one inscription. My father asked him something about "Well someone has defaced this". He said "Oh no. You see this inscription over here. This guy was a contemporary of this one and they had a feud. So this man is editing, he did not do what he said he did." That was recorded in the Simpson and Kern book. So Deckert was a person of great depth of knowledge, not superficial. Back to the exploration of the Needles. Dad told Robert about the Needles and the trip the Garners had made. Bob, as we called him, want to go and explore the area but mostly he wanted to help Bates do that. Financial help. The Park Service was not about to fund a trip. So, he paid Ross Musselman for myself and my father and a couple of cowpunchers to go into the Needles. We went on a two week horseback trip in March and I know it was March which I'll tell you at the end of this. Anyway, the first day we left Dugout Ranch.

**Q: Where you started?**

AW: We started at Dugout Ranch. At the first crossing of Indian Creek, basically the horses gave out. My father was extremely upset with Ross Musselman. He had not grained them, just brought them off the winter range. The horses were in poor shape for the long Needles trip.

**Q: Oh, these were Ross's horses?**

AW: These were Ross's horses. Ross was doing the complete outfitting. That's the last time anyone ever did the outfitting for us. There was Deckert who loved his great big lawyer meals and this food was absolutely non-existent and atrocious. To make a long story short, we eventually got up to Squaw a day late. We had a great trip although the horses were poor, the horses broke out of their hobbles, the horse wranglers had to track them back to the drift fence near Dugout Ranch....a long walk back. . Everything got messed up, the beans got covered with sand because Musselman didn't put the lid on the Dutch oven tight the day we rode to the Confluence. We began the ride out going up Salt Creek. What we didn't know at the time of this trip was that the cowpuncher and Ross himself did not know where the trail led out of upper Salt. Also, I was always puzzled by the fact Ross did not show us Angel Arch. Perhaps he did not know of it. We just passed it by late one afternoon. We did not know of it either.

**Q: To get up on.....?**

AW: To get up on the Cathedral Butte plateau. On my birthday, March 31<sup>st</sup>, whatever year it was, 1950, we were camped in the meadows, I was 14. Apparently my father wakes up about midnight and there's three or four inches of snow and there's snow coming. He looks over at my bed and there are my boots standing straight up. His comments quietly was "That damn fool doesn't know what to do with his boots, I'm not getting up". So, in the morning we woke up it to about nine inches of snow, the boots full, the saddles wet, and no food. We had no food. Totally run out of food. Then we couldn't find the trail out. First, it was covered with snow and as slick as hell. Dad found

the trail out. We got up on the plateau eventually, and the truck was supposed to be there. But guess what?

**Q: No truck.**

AW: Because Cathedral Butte was in maybe a foot or eighteen inches of snow. And deer everywhere. The deer must have started to migrate up and got caught in the late spring storm. Musselman was going to shoot them so we could eat, but someone pointed out you have to wait a day for the meat to cool off.. So we had to ride that whole distance back to Dugout Ranch having not eaten for probably 30+ hours

**Q: You went up on top and then went down Cottonwood?**

AW: Down Cottonwood, a long road back to Dugout Ranch

**Q: There were roads in the Needles at that time?**

AW: No roads except, the only thing is, the key of this is that when we got to Cave Spring we really came across the Jeep road that Merle had used, probably that the Scrup-Somerville people had built first a wagon road that became later a Jeep road.. This Thorndike, or Thorn something or other, whatever that guy's name was had made this little Jeep road. So that gave us the interest, gave me the interest really, with the scouts to make an annual trek, roughly every May 15<sup>th</sup> when high school let out. Being largely the non-Mormon troop, we didn't have to work the fields with all the other kids. In the old days here, high school let out on May 15<sup>th</sup> because the kids had to work the peach orchards and the melon fields, etc. School started September 15<sup>th</sup> because they had to harvest the peaches and the melons. So anyway, I got the idea why don't we go into

the Needles as our annual trip.

**Q: What was the road like past the Home of Truth down in the Dugout at that time? Was it...**

AW: It was nothing but a wagon road. In fact, it used to take us a full day the first time we went (in Jeeps), which would be May 15, 1951. The uranium boom was just starting. It took a full day from Moab to Cave Spring or Squaw Flats which is where we camped on the slick rock. A full day. We were grinding those Jeeps which, by the way, were lent to us by Jimmy Walker and/or others. We had a couple of gray pickups and Howard Lance had a little red Jeep at that time. He was actually the Bishop of the Mormon Church but he lent it to us anyway. We had three vehicles the first time - two Jeep pickups and Lance's red CJ.

**Q: You actually took pickups down there?**

AW: We took pickups. That's what you had. There weren't little Jeeps to speak of. Lance had a little red Jeep and we had two gray Jeep pickups.

**Q: Beyond Elephant Hill, was that passable at that time?**

AW: We did not go over Elephant Hill that year. We went into Horse Canyon in '51, and just the early parts of Horse Canyon. We found all kinds of artifacts. We found pots. We found many things and, of course, the scouts were very good climbers. Everything we found was new. There were no Jeep tracks in Horse Canyon, except for Merle. One track, that was it. That was the first time and we just touched the surface but we had to build road everywhere we went. After that, we started the next, that

summer of '51 and through the whole fall, we began to seriously start mapping because we were interested in Indian ruins. That was what we were interested in and arches. We began to map those. In the scout troop was Bob Robertson, his cousin Curt Robertson, Jim Morgan, and Johnny Mack, Monk Bailey, a bunch of really aggressive, nice young guys. Jim Morgan's father was the (?) Soil Conservation Service manager and he got us some not very good quality but aerial photos that had been taken at some point. There were no maps.

**Q: No. No maps.**

AW: We began to mark (them with notes) and then we realized that these are not good enough. Somehow either Jim Morgan's father or my father got a set of stereogrammic, photogrammic aerial photos done by the Army. There were two sets. I still have one. I don't know where the other set is.

**Q: Stereograms?**

AW: Stereograms, right. We spent hours studying the two sets of photos, we didn't have a stereo viewer, you realize that. We compared the two corresponding photos looking for say a cave or an arch. But it was not a stereo or 3D view.

**Q: I'm not so far into the future you can stare straight ahead and still see.**

AW: We spent our scout meetings ( we were a very unorthodox troop) largely planning the next year's trip and figuring out what might be an arch and what might not be an arch. That's how we found Angel Arch.

**Q: On the aerial photos?**

AW: On the aerial photos. When I was a sophomore, 1952, we were going to find Angel Arch and the first night out, Doc Allen by the way was a pillar in Moab, came with us that day and I got extremely sick. It turns out that I ended up having the mumps or the measles. I think it was the measles.

**Q: Is that when you ended up at the Dugout?**

AW: That's when my dad drove me back to Dugout and Jimmy Walker drove from Moab to the Dugout and picked me up to return to Moab. Before Jimmy arrived I was put in Freddy's bed. (END OF SIDE 1, TAPE A) He might have been a Basque. He was crippled and he spoke with a speech impediment, but he had a heart of gold.

**Q: Freddy with a heart of gold.**

AW: Freddy with a heart of gold. He was crippled, maybe with a speech impediment and a hunchback type of shoulder, but he had a heart of gold. He would do anything for you and he became our contact at Dugout. He was about the only person who was always there.

**Q: What did he do?**

AW: I suspect he was a handyman of everything. At some point, and I don't know what year it was, but it was probably summer '52 or '53, I had to drive down and put a generator and a pump in for them when I worked for Mr. Foote. I took a van down that road. Freddy was the guy that I worked with there. He would also (help?) on our trips if we ran low on gas, although they didn't like it I'm sure, he would give us, sell us for

a good price five gallons worth of gasoline for the Jeeps.

**Q: Good Joe?**

AW: To get us out of there, right. I don't remember many of the other cowboys. They were always around but they were always coming and going. They were tough guys. I'll tell you about one cowboy experience we had with the scouts. In '53 we had gone over Elephant Hill. I had my Jeep, my first Jeep (photo included). Monk Bailey had a little yellow Jeep and I think Bob Robertson had a Jeep of his uncle or his father, a brand new one. Anyway, we spent two weeks in the Needles. Father came for one week and Bill Hines came. We wrapped a deer in a bedroll in a tarp, Monk Bailey's tarp. We would unroll one layer a day to have our meat. It had been frozen. Near the end of the trip we're camped at Angel Arch, the mouth of Angel Arch. We camped right at the mouth of Angel Arch canyon and Salt Creek. We drank coffee which, while the non-Mormon kids drank coffee, the Mormon kids usually did not, but somebody had miscalculated how much coffee we needed for the trip, which was not uncommon. Anyway, they never dumped the grounds out, so every morning they would just boil this pot up again. The water at Salt Creek was not very good right at the mouth of Angel Arch canyon. Anyway, we're eating breakfast and a cowboy comes riding down from upper Salt Creek on a beautiful horse and he sees this motley crew. We asked him "Like to have a cup of coffee" and he says "I'd never turn a cup of coffee down". So he gets off his horse, dropped the rein, sits down on his haunches and Monk Bailey pours him a cup of coffee. He took about four sips of that, said not another word, got back on his horse and rode off. It must have been terrible (coffee!). We didn't know any better. We drove our Jeeps that year to the Jump and that year there was nothing at the Jump but the jump. (photo of boys on slick rock sunning themselves). A couple years later there was a green trailer of some sort that the miners were keeping their dynamite in. (photo included)

**Q: You're talking about the Jump up on Salt Creek?**

AW: Upper Jump on the east fork of Salt Creek. We explored all the way up to the meadows on that trip, from the Jump. All of it. We hiked up. We didn't camp up there. We did long day trips. We went to all of the ruins. There's a whole series of ruins and things on I guess it's got to be the south facing cliffs, where the All American Man is. We climbed all of that stuff.

**Q: There's one (?) that they refer to as Saw House, clear back in the '20s Saw House sat up there. I was amazed. Everything else is kiva dwellings and here's this one little village right out in middle of the kiva, southeast corner (?). Were they building roads at the same time while you guys were down in there?**

AW: Not in '52, no. That area was not, as far as I know, had very much uranium exploration at all. The road over Elephant Hill and those things were really just for the Scorup-Sommerville who had a couple of stock tanks and or pens they may have built the rough road over Elephant Hill just to doze a stock tank or two in and around Chesler Park. Any evidence of a road up Salt Creek is easily removed by the large flash floods. But I suspect a wagon and maybe a Jeep or two had gone to the Jump in the early 50's or before.

**Q: Yeah, they did.**

AW: They did that work. I don't believe the miners. The miners did a little, one little mine sometime after '52 in Salt Creek. One little tunnel below the branch or east and west Salt Creek. Miners started to work Salt Creek probably in 1954-56.

**Q: What about that road up into Chesler Park? That was obviously bulldozed.**

AW: That was done by (cattle interests), they tried to make a stock tank (I think.)

**Q: Up in Chesler?**

AW: In Chesler, right. I believe that was Scorup-Sommerville. I don't think it was uranium. We went on that road as well. It was a hairy road. I took you on that road in '59?. One really bad shelf on that road or dugway.

**Q: It wasn't a very steep slope but I couldn't make it up when (?) on the new Park stays it(?). I went in a Jeep that they borrowed from Santa Fe, our GSA picked it up somewhere and you don't have guts to make it up that pitch.**

AW: But I could gear up.

**Q: Yeah, that's pushing it I'm sure. I'm sure I was pushing. I had pictures of it. I was pushing, Marian was screaming and you were getting a piece.**

AW: But anyway, that's what we did every year and our intent was to locate and identify as many features as we could and to climb to as many arches as we could get into. We climbed to Castle Arch. We climbed everything we could find.

**Q: Did you measure them?**

AW: Yes. We measured them the best way we could do with triangulation and rope. We wrote all that stuff. Bob Robertson was a very good artist and we made for a Moab

scout fair or something like that, a beautiful diorama of Tower Ruin. We made a thing with about four feet in size, the Tower Ruin, which was really nice.

**Q: Who kept those?**

AW: Who knows. I have no idea what happened to it.

**Q: No idea what happened to it. It's probably down the basement of somebody's house.**

AW: Probably the biggest thrill was when Jennings hired us to do the digs in Beef Basin.

**Q: Where you worked on....?**

AW: I didn't work on it. I had my electrical business but there were other scouts who worked in Beef Basin with Beef Basin time.

**Q: That's Jack Rudy's.**

AW: Jack Rudy, right. Beef Basin time was essentially something like 16 hour days and I don't know how it came about. Anyway, they gained a couple of extra days by working around the clock...so they could spend a long weekend in Moab each 2 weeks or so. The scouts did those digs for the University of Utah.

**Q: I recognize some of the names but I didn't realize it came about because of the scouts. I knew you were involved. You had gotten you and your dad in scouts and your dad had gotten the University of Utah interested and you also got Alice Hunt.**

AW: That's right. It was our mapping of the stuff that convinced Jennings, with my father talking to him many times. He had been to our house often but didn't think any of it was worthwhile before. With that information we had plus the fact I took pictures. Bob Robertson and I were interested in photography and we both had cameras. We began taking pictures as early as we went in. Not the trip in '50 on horseback but every trip after that. I still have those slides. In fact, they were the slides, the base of the slides used for the hearing when it went before Congress.

**Q: You were here when I was down by the time they started talking about Canyonlands in the congressional mode. What was your feeling about how things were going. My own personal feelings were that the cowboys never really screamed too loud. They screamed a little bit when Canyonlands was being taken away from them.**

AW: You have to realize I left Moab in '54 for college and then I came back in the summers where I sold my business to A&E Electric.

**Q: You did?**

AW: Right. Art Elger and Ray Alger had been on the Dew Line in Canada. To tell you how Moab has changed, when they came through, it must have been 1954, they saw what a boom town this was with beautiful Mormon girls and lots of work. It was a lot warmer than the Dew Line. So they bought my company but what that meant was they took over the liabilities meaning finishing the wiring jobs and with the proviso that they hire me back at union wages in the summers.

**Q: It was shrewdy.**

AW: So they got instant jobs and they got my stock parts which got them going. Then I had a full time job every summer and every holiday when I came back.

**Q: I knew you were working. You were making more money than anybody in the Park Service including your father.**

AW: Yes. The summer I worked on the uranium mill in Green River I was making the equivalent of annual salary of \$12-13,000.00. Dad was making ~\$5,000.00. I didn't work the full year but I made far more money than the Park Super did.

**Q: I know, I know.**

AW: The Jeep trips continued when we were in college. When we came back from college in the spring we all, the scouts, still got together and went at different times but we would go as two or three vehicles up through the 50s, late 50s.

**Q: You were still in college. I don't know if you were in graduate school when you took us in '56.**

AW: No, I went to graduate school in 1959. I went to Cornell University. I took you and the Swiss couple were about the last trip that I made. I think I took you in '58.

**Q: No, it was '57.**

AW: '57? Then I was still in the University of Utah. Most of my slides from that trip got ruined. I had them processed in Salt Lake and they didn't do it by Kodak and the slides from that trip got ruined...they were too dark, color off, etc. . I have one picture of you where we camped in Chesler Park (included).

**Q: Oh yeah? Marian even took one of me. You saw it. They put in that article didn't they? I'm pushing and you're driving and she's taking pictures.**

AW: That's right. Think the photo is of the Jeep going up Elephant Hill just past Soda Springs. Lots of rock ledges, loose rock, etc.

**Q: You said I didn't do anything.**

AW: Aw, you did the work. I think it was fun.

**Q: All I could do was that and eat. It was fantastic. Then your dad was smart in getting us involved. He knew where he was going, I think, already by then. He didn't know how he was going to do it but he knew where he was going.**

AW: He was very interested in, I would say, the horseback trip in 1950 because he was talking to Bob Deckert at that time "this ought to be a Park". There was a guy named Les Arnberger.

**Q: Yeah, we called him Arnberge'.**

AW: Arnberge'. He was a regional planner. Every time he had a chance he would talk

to him about getting someone in the region seriously interested but nothing happened until maybe it was '58 or so, somewhere around there. Something like that. They made a film with a guy from Poughkeepsie, Elger? Arbor? ( I cannot recall his name but the park folks surely know...they paid for the film. ) He made the Canyonlands film. The commission, the Park Service Commission, I'll remember his name. (You said he went to live in Poughkeepsie NY. ?) The film that was used to promote Canyonlands Park idea.

**Q: This is after my time. It's been '62 or '63.**

AW: Maybe it was '62. I thought maybe it was a little earlier than that.

**Q: No. We left here in the summer of '61.**

AW: That's probably true because I went and visited him from Endicott NY where I worked for IBM in probably '62.

**Q: What was your feeling? You kept coming back. I got the feeling that, even though we were back in Virginia, they were going along pretty rapidly, the Park proposal.**

AW: I think they moved quickly sometime after '58.

**Q: That's when the first study was, '60. Then we got Arnberger and the record from the regional office and that was their job, a new Park Service.**

AW: I believe it was probably the Kennedy Administration and Stew Udall in particular. It certainly got catalyzed when Udall came on the trip in 1962.

**Q: What about the local people? You probably have more feeling for that.**

AW: The fact is, I think it was '57 or '58, we took Robert Moore of the National Geographic Society in and his article wasn't published immediately after that trip. Do not know why. That tells you something about people's interest in this area in the late '50s. Uranium/oil interest and things were dominant and, in fact, Moore's article sat, which was unusual because those things tend to become dated very quickly. Then Udall wanted to go on vacation and was told there was some ranger in Southern Utah who wanted to make the whole State a National Park. He sent an advance team out and Dad showed the advance team the kind of route, the things to see and experience and then he came. Then Moore came on that trip and took a second set of pictures and then combined those two trips into one article.

**Q: So he did get the article?**

AW: He did get the article so with the title "City of Stone" or something like that. It's in the May issue of National Geographic Magazine, 1962. I don't believe I know much about the ranchers. I never heard my father say the ranchers were terribly upset, although I'm sure Scorup-Somerville, were running cattle in what is now Canyonlands, Needles in particular, at that time were not very happy. But there wasn't very much land that was particularly good for grazing that was being included in the park. Yeah, not much grazing and there's no water to speak of. The canyons and the rocks don't really provide much feed. The people who were really upset were the mining interests. The mining/oil interests became very nasty against my father and anyone else who supported

it because they felt that it was their land to do whatever they wanted. During that time the Atomic Energy Commission gave the license to essentially go wherever you wanted with a bulldozer and drill a hole in the ground and if you go out today and look from an airplane you will see thousands of roads that are just crisscrossed. And some guy says “I want a drill hole out there” and they’d just lower the blade on a D8 Caterpillar and plow up whatever was in the way. It was very destructive.

**Q: The good old days.**

AW: The good old days. So the mining people were very upset. Now my father had a good relationship with Charlie. Charlie had visited the office at the Arches HQ as well as used the maps, etc. on deposit there. .

**Q: Charlie Steen?**

AW: Charlie Steen. In fact, he had a little red Jeep and my father was the only one who had a set of geological maps. He poured over those. Dad was well liked by the executives of Atlas and other people. He got along well with all those people.

**Q: He got to go to Charlie Steen’s parties, right?**

AW: That’s right. Go to Charlie’s house. Drink and eat green grasshoppers which got him sicker than a dog. It was probably the tequila. But politically they were different. Dad felt somehow the land should be preserved and the mining interests wanted no rules and regulations whatsoever. So, the local paper was very much against him. Bish and then later his son, Sam. Yet Dad remained good friends with Sam and Adrien.

**Q: Did you get into the Orange Cliffs?**

AW: No.

**Q: That area?**

AW: No.

**Q: But you were out into what they call Island in the Sky now.**

AW: Yes, we called it Grandview point. We use to go there as Scouts and camp out and hike around the rims.

**Q: I bet you took lots of trips out in there.**

AW: Our scouts did that first backpacking trip at Upheaval Dome. Dad dropped us off out of the back of the pickup and he came back four days later and picked us up. Also I used to guide visitors to Grandview. The road was more or less a sand lot and you needed to know how to drive it and not get stuck. I would often drive the visitor's car through the sand.

**Q: Then you went down into it?**

AW: We hiked all around it as best we could.

**Q: How about the White Rim? Did you go out on the White Rim?**

AW: Limited. We did go down off of Shafer Trail before you could even turn on the switchback. We had to back the Jeep down one switchback. I did take one visitor group out to the land between the rivers, down a shelf mine road and we hiked way out between the rivers.

**Q: You had to back up?**

AW: Yeah, we had to back up. There was not enough room to make the turn.

**Q: Yeah, I understand.**

AW: It was very difficult. But I only went. I was the only one who had a Jeep full time.

**Q: Yeah. You were the rich kid.**

AW: I was a rich kid...compared to some others. I used my savings from working to pay for college and later graduate school.

**Q: In three years you had already, from '49 to '52, two vehicles...a car and a used Jeep.**

AW: That was my first Jeep and then I bought my brand new one in '54 when I staked nine uranium claims and sold them for \$200 apiece. There have been questions and or jokes about my Jeeps, the park service, etc. Fact is that my Jeeps, the used '48 and later the new '54 CJ3B, were used by the Arches staff to rescue folks since Arches did not have any 4WD vehicles. I guess I "loaned them" to dad.

**Q: Where'd you stake them, out in the future park?**

AW: I staked them out near Klondike Bluffs, out of the Monument, and there was a very good pocket of ore. The guy did one round and that was it. He got one truckload. But you never know. The Morrison Formation is probably where a whole bunch of dinosaur tracks along with it.

**Q: Yeah, he probably tore that up. God only knows what else out there.**

AW: But the mining interest was always opposed. The oil, too, by then. Not only the mining but oil. The oil was probably more powerful in the very early '50s than mining. There was a well drilled down in the Needles near Squaw Park when I went through there in '56-'58, in October or so. Yeah, they were all over the place like a wet blanket, too.

**Q: Did you do much out in the Arches since you spent all your time down in the Needles?**

AW: We only spent two or three weeks a year in the Needles. We spent a lot of time hiking Arches. I guided a lot of tourists.

**Q: Up into the Arches?**

AW: In the Arches. In fact, I found one. I don't know if you've seen it, in Courthouse Wash. There's in a fin on the southern exposure, (it's the north side of the wash, there's

a fin that runs out and it has, about 75-100 feet up, a tunnel that runs through the fin. A cave. It runs, tunneled all the way through. It must be 150 feet through. Right on a seam line that's about five feet high. I used to go horseback riding in Courthouse.

**Q: Up the Courthouse?**

AW: We had Smoky. Well, actually the name was Ruins. We called the horse "Ruins." You know the story, McKinney's horse.

**Q: Yeah. You had him up here?**

AW: Yeah. He was here. In fact, Dad gave him back to McKinney, I think. .

**Q: When McKinney transferred up here he brought the damn horse?**

AW: Correct.

**Q: I thought the Indians ate him. That's the story I got.**

AW: You know the story of Ruins, how he got the name Ruins?

**Q: Yeah. I know the story of Ruins.**

AW: When McKinney finally, when the horse got a little old, and that horse was a great thing. I could ride in Courthouse and definitely that horse was raised in Chaco because anytime you came to an arroyo he would jump it. He was the most motley looking horse

but he loved to jump arroyos. I remember riding him in Courthouse a lot. I explored Courthouse from one end to the other on horseback.

**Q: Did you go up the side canyons?**

AW: As much as we could, yes. We found a still.

**Q: You did?**

AW: Yeah, an old still. In one of the canyons not too far from Sleepy Hollow. We used to go swimming up there.

**Q: Way up there. That's up beyond the bridge.**

AW: This cave was not very far up from the bridge. I could show you some day. It's a tunnel, rather. We also camped. The scouts, we camped at the Windows section. We scared the holy hell out of a bunch of tourists one night. We used to camp there and we made these great big bear tracks, Bob Robertson and I. We started talking loud about it and these people packed up and left. They got so scared. We camped in Devil's Garden, too.

**Q: Did you hear there's a story about a mummy or mummies or burials coming out of a cave high on the east wall just above the mouth of Courthouse?**

AW: I don't know anything about that, no.

**Q: There's a lot of archaeology. Old Ray Anderson and I worked, we guided up Courthouse and as far up the side canyons as we could. There was stuff in every one of them but not much. I remember the one thing we found was an arrow shaft in the wall of the canyons. Just there.**

AW: Shot into the wall.

**Q: Yeah, for some strange reason. The roads, of course, into Arches in the '50s were terrible.**

AW: Right. Merle would load a dump truck by hand and on the clay he would put a load of gravel or sand, and on the sand he would put a load of clay! It was all done by #2 shovel. It was hard work.

**Q: Yeah.**

AW: It was really criminal.

**Q: It was. I helped him load until we got that front end loader. It was, I don't remember, it was a tractor with a front end loader on it.**

AW: Like a Ford tractor.

**Q: Yeah. When it came, this started about 1958 or 9. When he came in and said we had to get some extra tires to make it wider because it would tip over. I didn't believe him. I went out and I was helping. I was loading. I ran over a rock about**

**the size of a fist and Jesus, I had to bail out. I thought the thing was going to dump over on me. We got him the extra tires. He filled them up with water and antifreeze. That old guy, he was something else.**

AW: Courthouse Wash used to flood a lot and every year in September there would be cars ruined by quicksand. I remember one time two things happened. One was we'd take my Jeep after a rainstorm like occurred in the LaSals today and we knew there would be a tourist in it. So, we drove out. I don't know if you were with us or not this one time. We were coming down near Courthouse and here's a cowboy walking up the road in his boots. My father, who sometimes said the wrong things, said "What'd you do, shoot your horse?" I think he was a Westwood. He said "Yeah" and just kept walking. What had happened was he had gotten his new pickup which was a flatbed with a, I guess you call it a rail fence around it, and the truck went in and got on maybe a 30 or 45 degree angle and the horse drowned in his own fluids. He couldn't stand up because the bed was on the downside.

**Q: He shot the horse in the pickup?**

AW: He shot him. The guy didn't care about the truck, but he'd shot his horse. I have a picture of Merle with the grader. The grader's blade, this is a couple days later, when we got it out, the blade of the grader was buried in two and a half feet of sand. There was a great big wrecker of Moab Transportation. This was a piece of iron and they must have had a cable \_ inch in diameter. The wrecker is tied between the grader and this truck. After the water went out, that truck was held by a vacuum. The whole thing just got bent out of shape playing around with it. Another time there was a guy from New Jersey who had a four wheel drive Studebaker pickup. Studebaker made a four wheel

drive and my father asked him “Why in the hell did you drive that truck into this when it’s in flood?” He looked at my father and he said “Superintendent, I did not know it was in flood.” A guy from New Jersey. For a guy living in the east streams always have water in them! So Dad changed the sign. The sign said “Do not cross when in a flood”. He changed the sign “Do not cross when any water is running” and not another car went in after that. The roads were terrible and they were rough and steep to get to the Windows or Delicate Arch. Delicate Arch was a good long drive.

**Q: Yeah, it’s come a long way, baby, as they say. There’s a little station out at Willow Spring. I’ve been asked about a shack out by Willow Spring. Somewhere I got the impression that Hank Schmidt put it out there as a contact station. Do you know anything about it?**

AW: I remember Willow Spring but I don’t remember a shack.

**Q: You don’t remember a shack?**

AW: There could have been.

**Q: Another place they asked me about was where Ed Abbey’s trailer was.**

AW: I know exactly where his trailer was.

**Q: Yeah, I do too. Within 25 feet I’d tell them. The kids come in, believe it or not, the kids come into the park want to know where Ed Abbey’s trailer was. Where he dreamed up Desert Solitaire. I believe that in the last edition, the 25<sup>th</sup>**

**edition.....**

AW: He put the real names in.

**Q: Yeah. I thought maybe your dad would sue him. Maybe your dad had passed away by then.**

AW: Could have.

**Q: I should have sued him. Naw, that was fantastic. Well, we've covered a lot of ground, a lot of years. It's amazing.**

AW: I wonder if it'd been better if it wasn't made a park.

**Q: Well, give or take, there are still places both with Canyonlands and Arches, but I have my favorite places I go to that I can enjoy just almost as much as going through the Needles or up on the Island in the Sky. You know, you don't have to be awful hard hearted not to (?). Besides, if it hadn't been your dad it'd had been somebody else. God only knows, it might have been somebody more mercenary and wanted to have fancy...**

AW: Hyatt Park

**Q: What?**

AW: Hyatt Park

**Q: Yeah and wanted to have a chalet on the edge of ...**

AW: The Confluence.

**Q: The Confluence, yeah. We talked about stuff like that. But your dad was very practical. He didn't want to have anything to do with concessions. I don't know whether he'd had concessions any place he'd worked previous.**

AW: He headed one.

**Q: He had a pretty good idea and when I got a right to Shenandoah I had one and I realized what you get yourself into. It's a real painful hassle you get yourself.**

AW: I think one of his disappointments, by the way, was, as I recall, the original proposal. I don't know the exact acreage but let's say nominally a million acres of that which included much more of the Lockhart Basin up to Devil's Point area, etc. and in one of the original proposals, I don't know the acreage but I know what his view was just the whole place should be a park. The only thing that I was a little upset was, and we never really got to discuss it in great depth, was to me Dead Horse Point should have been part of it. It should have been the focal point for Island in the Sky and somehow that slipped out of the Park Service hands. Because that is really the key jewel

**Q: Well, you know how that happened.**

AW: I don't know how it happened. I know it happened. It probably was a political

compromise of some sort.

**Q: Yeah, because the Park Service had offered to help add this branch of State Park to the system. Utah had no State Park system. They started the State Park system by looking first at Dead Horse Point and we were stuck. Your dad and I both had to take people out and show them. I took Slim Hansen and an old guy who was on the State Park Board. He'd been instrumental in getting Grand Tetons set aside. He was a lawyer involved with the Rockefellers, Fagin, Harold Fagin. I took them out because your dad wasn't around that day and had something else. Anyway, there was your Jeep and maybe we had a Jeep by that time. I took Harold and he was sitting in the back and Slim Hansen, who had been a Forest Service supervisor, and he was the brand new State Park supervisor with no parks. We went out and we looked at Dead Horse Point, went out that old road and then we went out to the Grand View. On the way out to Grand View we topped over a little rise and here was a drill pad and it was total disaster. It was typical in those days, oil drums, keg roll, wooden stuff, garbage, the whole bit and old Slim Hansen said "What's this?" I said "Well, this is a drill pad. This is multiple use." Of course multiple use was a catch word in the Forest Service. God, he got irritated at me and he said "Well, at least they're using it" and I said "They sure as hell are." I looked back and old Fagin was just enjoying it.**

AW: Well, it would have been nice to have had Dead Horse.

**Q: Yeah. But we were kind of obligated to help the State Park system get the damn thing, which we did, to our chagrin. You know we just really didn't have that much to say about it. This is going to quit here in just a minute. I think**

**that's enough. I want to save some for another time.**

AW: I'm not saying all the first night, otherwise you'd have no excuse to come back.

**That was the story on why they got Dead Horse Point and one of the local guys, old Ed Klaus, they put him on the (END OF TAPE )**

Addendum to interview: While reviewing and making corrections, Lloyd Pierson told the story of the horse called "Ruins" (pg 33) which they had mentioned during the interview. Apparently, the horse was necessary to ride along the boundaries of the area they were in at the time to protect the ruins but there was no money in the official budget for a horse. McKinney bought the horse and named him Ruins and, in the future, submitted expenses for "hay for ruins stabilization" and was always reimbursed!