

## PINE VALLEY DAYS

1940-1946

*Lucile Johnson, Ranger's Wife*

### COOKING

Since there was no electricity in the town of Pine Valley and all cooking had to be done on a wood-burning stove, this was a whole new experience for me. At home in Salt Lake City, I had spent most of my time in school, and attending the U of U, and so had taken very little responsibility in the cooking department, as I was always too busy. So when I found myself living in a situation where one must be very resourceful, I learned fast – of necessity – in order to feed my family. Eventually, I adapted quite well to what I considered to be real pioneer conditions.

It was sort of an unwritten law in those days that the Ranger's wife would cook for the visiting Forest Service officials when they came on inspection or other trips to the Ranger District. The men stayed at night in a back room of the office building at the Pine Valley Station, but the Ranger's wife was responsible for their meals, for which they paid a generous amount, so were entitled to a reasonably good meal.

The first time a group of men came from Regional Headquarters in Ogden, Utah somehow the "wires had been crossed up", and we did not know they were coming. All at once one morning early three or four official-looking men arrived and ready to begin their inspection tour. While the Ranger hurriedly arranged for horses for these men to ride and gathered other necessary equipment and materials together, I put up sack lunches for their noon meal. Since we could keep no fresh foods requiring refrigeration on hand, we used lots of canned meats. This particular day I used Spam to put in the sandwiches, and afterwards was told by the Ranger that just about all Forest Service men hated the very sight of Spam because it had been used so much in meals in CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) camps and by the US Army.

After they had all departed on their horses for the day I began my preparations for the evening meal. I first had to get my weeks supply of food from Cedar City. So I got into our 1939 unreliable Plymouth (a real lemon), took our almost 3-year old son, and drove the 45 miles over mostly unimproved road to Cedar City, mentally making lists of the things I would need. I made it there O.K. and then shopped quickly for the food and other things I needed and then headed back to Pine Valley (via Pinto)

and arrived there \_\_\_ely [barely?] without car problems of any kind. As soon as I got there I put a mighty tired and sleepy Philip to bed. Then I built a fire in the little wood stove – thank goodness the Ranger had left the wood box full. When the oven got up to temperature I put a cake in to bake. I set the table with our best tablecloth – in the front room, then went about preparing the balance of the meal. When the men arrived I was ready.

We bought fresh eggs at 25¢ a dozen, fresh country butter at the same price per pound, and milk at 10 cents a quart from our neighbors in Pine Valley. I didn't know how to make coffee, since we didn't drink it, so the Ranger made it when he came home. One man preferred tea with his meals, but he was nice enough to make his own. They ate heartily and when I saw them contentedly smoking their pipes out on the front porch, I knew the meal had been a success and I had jumped over the first hurdle.

The next problem was breakfast. With this meal the Ranger was my salvation. He helped me prepare it, making delicious buttermilk pancakes, (To this day, no one can make them to equal his) frying bacon, preparing the coffee, and so on, while I again put up sack lunches, avoiding using Spam, however. After they had all gone again for the day I hurried around town and bought some chickens for the evening meal. I had to pluck them and clean them, something I had never done before, but I did what I had to do, and had a nice chicken dinner ready when the men arrived home in the evening. And so I managed to get through the days of my ordeal. After this one experience we made very sure that we were well prepared and ready for similar occasions, and managed to get along very well.

My dear neighbors were so helpful in teaching me how to live and adapt to country ways. Dixie Burgess lived straight across the street from the Pine Valley Ranger Station and from her I learned so many things. She was just a year older than I was. She gave me a start of live yeast, which I kept going with potato water and learned to make very good homemade bread. She taught me how to use a pressure cooker and I canned string beans and corn we had raised in our garden back of the office. I put up lots of fruit, jellies and jams. We had lots of the edible elderberry bushes in the yard as well as a number of red currant bushes and I used them in my canning work. The fruit made delicious jelly. We even bought a pork and I rendered out the lard and then I bottled the meat. I also bottled a deer the Ranger had killed. These bottled meats were mainly used by the Ranger when he went out on his pack trips.

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### COOKING (Con't)

My little wood stove never failed me. At that altitude of 7,000 feet I found that cakes baked higher, lighter and fluffier, and the oven baked everything deliciously. We had some gooseberry bushes in the Ranger Station yard and I learned how to make super gooseberry pies. These berries came on about the same time the string beans were ready, and we remember what a good dinner could be made for company with the beans cooked with bacon on the top of the stove while the pies baked in the oven. We also had both banana and yellow transparent apples in the orchard and both of these made delicious applesauce and pies. When I again began to cook on an electric stove I never ceased to marvel at the convenience of electricity, but somehow we always remember the special flavor of the foods cooked on that little wood stove at Pine Valley.

The Ranger also had his share of cooking. The several days to almost week-long pack trips over the Pine Valley Ranger District gave him considerable experience in this regard. On every pack trip the most important utensil was a small Dutch oven that he could use equally well over a campfire or when he stopped at either one of two guard stations where there was a small stove. In several winters when rather extended deer counts were made over both the Pine Valley and Enterprise Ranger Districts by a number of men, the Ranger was always responsible for purchasing the necessary food supplies. During this period World War II was going on and food was rationed. This meant every family had to have food coupons obtained from the War Board for each county. There were separate coupon books for sugar, for fats (meat and butter, for example), and for canned goods. In preparing to buy food for a group of men the Ranger had to first contact the men and get some food and sugar coupons from them. This usually was quite a hassle for him. In that day margarine was not available and in use as we know it today (1980s). Then, you bought a package of what was known as oleomargarine (uncolored) that had to be colored after purchase with a couple of capsules of coloring. That was a messy job and the end product terrible tasting. The use of butter was the going thing.

The experience the Ranger gained during the Pine Valley years came in handy with cooking for the children during their growing up years at home as well as on camping trips and other vacations.

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### THE LITTLE WHITE CHURCH

As one drove into the valley, the first sight to meet the eye was a little white church nestled among the green hills. It was here that the people of the town held church, school and all social functions since early pioneer times. It was the heart of the town. This little building was built in 1867 and has always been kept in its original state. It was designed by Ebenezer Bryce, a ship builder, who later discovered the fabulous Bryce Canyon and for whom it is named. Bryce did not know much about designing buildings, but he did understand all about ships and so he designed this church to look like an upside down ship. The top deck was the chapel, and the bottom level was the school house and the social hall. We attended here regularly for the seven summers we were in Pine Valley.

The Ranger had only recently joined the Mormon Church and many of the proceedings were still new to him. One Sunday, the second summer we were in the valley, we attended sacrament meeting as usual. Suddenly, and much to our surprise, it was announced from the pulpit that the Ranger had been called to be a member of the new bishopric. He had not been forewarned in any way, but accept the position he did, and held it for as long as we were there. Malin Cox was the bishop and Ralston Barber was the other counselor. This was the beginning of a lasting friendship and we have many memories of our activities as members of the Pine Valley Ward.

Musical talent was quite abundant for such a small group. Stella Bleak and her daughter Thelma Barber were both accomplished pianists. Earl J. Bleak was a music teacher and a band leader at Dixie College in St. George and played his cornet whenever he was asked. I enjoyed singing, and formed a duet team with Ralston Barber. Laverne Cox was also a singer, and furnished music, along with special guests from St. George. My sister Maxine Ryser and I sang duets in church whenever she came from Salt Lake City to visit us.

Church meetings were always well attended during the summer months as there were many visitors and campers from the upper end of the valley who would come down into town for Sunday services. Special programs were held

on holidays such as the Fourth of July. Many times a Sunday evening social was held here, with rich homemade ice cream and soda crackers, or watermelons, for refreshments.

The people in the town are very proud of their little church. They have kept it in very good condition and have never disturbed the original design. Recently, they have started a small museum in the attic, and have preserved some of the town's pioneer relics. Bessie Snow, a descendant of one original family is now the caretaker, and is always glad to show visitors through the church and tell them about its history. Many of our fondest memories of Pine Valley are of the times we had in the little white church.

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### DAN AND ROANIE

One of the first things the Ranger needed as he took over the administration of the Pine Valley Ranger District, Dixie National Forest, was a saddle horse. In later days, Forest Rangers were able to use pickup trucks to cover a lot of their territory. In our day, on the Pine Valley District, so much of the country was inaccessible except by horseback, so a good saddle horse was a necessity. So he began his search for just the right horse. He soon acquired Dan for the price of \$100 from Harvey Savage living over in Leeds. The Ranger had used Dan the previous summer while the Assistant Forest Ranger on the Navajo Lake District of the Dixie Forest and liked the horse very much. He was a beautiful sorrel Arabian, just about 4 years old. He was rather high-strung and excitable, but he was a beauty. At that time, a number of western movies were being made in southern Utah and a man in Cedar City had heard of Dan and what a nice animal he was. This individual was interested in buying horses suitable for use in movie making work – animals that could be leased out to the motion picture producers. Not long after we bought Dan the man in Cedar City came out to Pine Valley and after sizing the animal up offered to buy him. But of course the Ranger would not part with him. Some 6 years later when the Ranger was transferred from the Pine Valley District and the Dixie Forest he contacted the movie agent in Cedar City to see if he might still be interested in purchasing Dan. He came out to inspect him but rejected the horse because after hundreds and hundreds of miles of travel up and down over mostly rough country he was rather “stove up” in the shoulders and his gait had been ruined. Dan was no longer suitable for use in making western movies.

When the Ranger first brought Dan home to the Pine Valley Ranger Station our little son (Philip) fell in love with him, and has been quite the horse lover ever since. We held him up to pet Dan and to rub his soft nose. He would pick a single blade of grass and hold it up to Dan’s mouth, saying, “ere Dan, ere Dan”. Dan was always far too lively for a little boy to ride, and so we had to find a gentler horse for Philip when he began to ride. Dan was skittish about many things. He was especially afraid of rattlesnakes and the sound of one along a trail would almost send him into a frenzy. Sometimes the same thing would happen when cicadas (locusts) would fly up in front of Dan. He was also very afraid of lightning flashes and thunder claps. He would jump high and wide at the sound of a gunshot nearby.

The Ranger learned what to expect from him, how to handle him, and enjoyed this faithful companion for six years. Never once did this horse unseat the Ranger.

On a good many Monday mornings during the summer and fall seasons the Ranger would go to a nearby Forest Service pasture and get Dan and Roanie and bring them back to the barn and small corral area. Then came the task of putting the pack on Roanie and saddling up Dan to prepare to head out for several days or longer on range inspection or other work in the mountains. On those Monday mornings, or whenever, I would stand outside the back door of the Ranger Station dwelling and listen to the sounds that came from within the barn. There was a variety of stamping, crashing, snorting sounds, and a few remarks from the Ranger, and I would always wonder who was winning the battle. After a respectable length of time out would come the Ranger, leading a docile Dan, who was all saddled up and ready to go. At times he was hard to catch out in the pasture after he had been running loose over the 40 acres for several days. He would almost come close enough to touch when offered some oats in a feed bag, then at the last moment he would shy away and be off again across the pasture. Sufficient time always had to be allowed to catch Dan.

Our second horse was Roanie, used just as a pack horse most of the time. He was rough to ride because of his peculiar gait. The Ranger did use him on occasion though for riding. He had been purchased for \$40 from a rancher living down in the little town of Gunlock on the Santa Clara River. He was a nondescript gray, tough of mouth and strong. He was rather even-tempered and of a gentle nature most of the time. He served very well as a pack horse. After the pack saddle had been put on him then a pair of heavy canvas bags were attached to the saddle frame, one on either side. Inside each canvas bag was a wooden box (made of thin plywood) that fit tightly. In the boxes would be placed a small Dutch oven and other utensils for cooking, food for the duration of the trip, horseshoeing tools, grain for the horses and other items needed. On top of the pack would be placed a small 7 x 7 ft. tent, sleeping bag and the fire fighting tools that were always a part of every pack trip – the Pulaski tool (combination of axe and grub hoe) and a so-called “baby shovel” (with a short handle). Over the entire load would be thrown a fairly heavy piece of canvas to protect everything from storm. Then the Ranger had to tie the whole thing down with a special size and type of rope using what he called a “squaw” hitch, or a “diamond” hitch. The latter was much preferred because it always kept the load tight. Dan and Roanie worked well together as a team.

(DAN and ROANIE, con't)

I had never ridden a horse and when we first got Roanie we felt he was sufficiently gentle for me to ride him up and down the lane outside the Ranger Station fence. All went well for a few minutes as I rode him bareback but then about a half-dozen loose horses came galloping down an adjacent lane. Roanie decided to join them and gallop along too. The Ranger yelled to me to hold him in, but his mouth was so tough to respond to my tugging on the reins for all I was worth. Besides, I was having such a hard time trying to stay on his back and could do little else. Roanie decided to join the other horses galloping along in another lane. The Ranger's first thought was that our little boy was going to lose his mother. Then he quickly jumped into the Forest Service pickup truck and dashed around the big block hoping to head the horses off as they came that way. Meantime, I felt myself becoming very faint as it became harder to stay on the horse. I felt that I had to get off before I lost consciousness, or I might be trampled underneath the horses' hooves. So I let myself slip off to the ground. I can still see the many horses' hooves as they flew by me, but not one touched me in any way. The horses ran on down the lane. When the Ranger caught up with me, I was dusting myself off, badly shaken, and oh so scared, but otherwise none the worse for my first and last riding experience. We were both so grateful that Philip still had his Mom. This experience seems very amusing to us as time goes on, but didn't seem one bit funny at the time (1940).

We used to leave the horses in the pasture in Pine Valley for awhile after we had moved down to St. George for the winter months. Then, after the annual deer hunt was over the Ranger would haul them down to St. George where they would be fed and pastured out at a rancher's place by the Virgin River. One year a man from Pine Valley came down and told the Ranger he had noticed the gray horse seemed to be standing in exactly the same place for at least several days and he wondered if anything could be wrong with him. Immediately, the Ranger left for Pine Valley to check on his horse. He was standing in a corner of the pasture and was very gaunt. When he went up to him, he could see where Roanie had been shot in the middle of the neck and about 4 inches below the mane. The rifle bullet had gone completely through the neck and there was quite an area of dried blood down both sides of the neck. Roanie was just so sore and stiff from this wound that he could not walk. With lots of coaxing the Ranger finally got the horse down the 1/4 mile distance to the barn at the ranger Sstation. This took about an hour. Once there, [he] began a

rather intensive care treatment, using warm water, liniment and salve that had been recommended. It took quite awhile but Roanie responded to the treatments. He walked rather stiffly for a long time but finally recovered completely and was as useful as ever. We would never know how he came to be shot but we believe that some California deer hunter just got carried away and wasn't sure at all about what he was aiming at. Just like the year we were at Pine Valley when some hunter out of Pinto (about 15 miles north of Pine Valley) had his Pinto horse shot out from under him.

Upon being transferred from the Pine Valley District in early July of 1946 the Ranger felt badly to have to leave Dan and Roanie behind. They were left in the care of the incoming Ranger. Later that season he sold them to Henry Bowler of Gunlock for the same price the Ranger had paid for them both some 6 years earlier - \$140.

Saddle – Not long after our horses had been purchased in 1940 the Ranger learned the importance of having a good saddle. Along about mid-summer of that year he purchased a custom-made HAMLEY saddle through Lehi Jones of Cedar City, who ran a rancher outfitters store there. It was a top quality saddle with a 3/4-double rigging. It was not a so-called roping saddle but just a wonderful all-around saddle. It cost the Ranger around \$90. HAMLEY saddles are no longer made but if they were a comparable one would cost around \$700.\* The stamping on it was of a prairie rose design. It was the pride and joy of the Ranger. He often has said that it was like riding in a rocking chair even after a long day cradled in it. One of the years while the Pine Valley District Ranger he rode an estimated 1,500 miles in the riding saddle he said had no equal, according to his estimation. Even after his days of riding the range were over the Ranger kept this saddle for a number of years.

\*As of about 1985

During the 6 years at Pine Valley the Ranger took care of the shoeing of Dan and Roanie most of the time. Now and then he would ask Bruce Snow to help out with this hard task. Bruce, of course, would be paid for his services.

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### WASH DAY

Wash day can be a complicated business when there is no electricity in the town. All my life I had been used to the convenience of an electric washing machine. Then all of a sudden I had to keep our clothes clean without benefit of such help. We ordered a washer of sorts from the Montgomery Ward catalogue. It had a handle that when it was pumped back and forth was supposed to clean the clothes. Try as I would, I could not pump that handle hard enough to clean the clothes, and soon we gave up on this method. All the water for wash days I had to heat on the wood-burning kitchen stove.

The Pine Valley folks had a very effective way of cleaning clothes. Each family had a sort of pit in which they built a fire and put a wash tub of water over it to boil. Then they put in the clothes along with plenty of strong homemade soap containing lots of lye. Then the husband (usually) would stand and push the clothes up and down with a plunger until they were sufficiently clean, after which they were rinsed and hung to dry. Such lines of snowy white clothes I very much envied, but we had neither the fire pit nor the time for the Ranger to help with wash day. Therefore, we looked for another solution. We finally located at the Leigh Furniture Company in Cedar City an old wringer-type Maytag washer with a gasoline motor for the sum of \$50. This washer had to be used outdoors, of course, and we kept it close to the back door of the dwelling. We kept it covered from the weather with a piece of canvas. I could not start the engine, so every Monday morning before the Ranger left for the day or a week's pack trip, he would start the engine and together we would carry out the hot water from the kitchen stove and fill the washer and rinse tubs. I could wash only as long as the washer motor did not run out of gas, so I had to time things just about right. I could not wash if it was raining, so I always hoped for good weather on Mondays.

For part of the time we were at Pine Valley we had two babies in diapers. The diapers I scrubbed by hand every day and the back of my fingers were rubbed raw most of the time from this little chore. I needn't say that there were no disposable diapers in those days and automatic washers were not even a dream at this time.

One wash day in particular stands out in my mind on a Monday morning. I was about half-way through the wash and the clothes were on the lines back of the house. The Ranger was all ready to leave on a pack trip with Dan and Roanie having been led out of the barnyard area. The pack on Roanie was loaded with some loose buckets. He moved a little and they started to rattle. That noise made him take off almost bucking. The pack was scattered around the station yard. In addition, Roanie galloped through our nice garden that was just getting a good start. From the garden area he headed straight for the clothes lines. He made a mess out of them and in seconds all the clothes were on the ground, some considerably damaged. I'll never forget that wash day!

Ironing was almost as difficult as getting the washing done. We first used three flat irons (sometimes called sadirons) that were heated on the wood stove. Later, we bought a gasoline iron through the Montgomery Ward catalogue. It was so hard to pump up that the Ranger pumped it up for me before he left for the day and then I ironed until the gasoline in the little tank was gone – then I finished up using the stove irons. I always had a number of the Forest Service green uniform shirts to keep done up, and of course they were not of the wash and wear type of fabric as are so many of today's materials.

### LIGHTS

Lights were another problem. We had a very good gasoline lantern to hang from the ceiling and it made a bright light when fully pumped up. Like the gasoline iron it required more pumping than I could do. So when the Ranger was out of town I used the good old kerosene lamp. Many a bedtime story I read to the children (Philip and Donna Jean) by the light of this lamp.

The people in the town could always tell when the Ranger had arrived home from a pack trip or otherwise. About the first thing he did was to light the gasoline lantern and the sudden brightness in the house told one and all that he was home, and then the phone would start ringing, bringing the problems of the week to the Ranger's attention.

To this day, I cannot get over the miracle of electricity. I appreciate electric stoves, washer, iron, other kitchen appliances and lights far more than I ever would have done if I had not had these experiences at Pine Valley.

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### MOVING DAY

The Ranger Station at Pine Valley was the district ranger's summer headquarters and residence. In the winters, the headquarters were located in the Post Office building in St. George, and home was any house we could find to rent in St. George. Places to rent there were very scarce in those days.

The summer season began in Pine Valley around the first of May and ended about the first of November. Winters there at 7,000 feet elevation were cold and there was no school, so the families with school-age children moved down to St. George in September with the beginning of school. Pine Valley then became a town of bulls and bachelors (as the saying went) during the winter season.

Each time we moved, we took all of our furniture and all of our household belongings, since neither our summer or winter homes were furnished. The local families all owned homes in both St. George and Pine Valley and kept each one furnished, so moving back and forth for them was a relatively simple procedure. However, for us it was a complete and major move every 6 months.

In the 7 years we were on the Pine Valley Ranger District, we made 14 moves. We finally worked these moves down to a system so that things weren't quite so complicated, but it was a traumatic experience for me nonetheless.

For each move came a big truck from the headquarters office of the Dixie National Forest at Cedar City and along with it a couple of men to help move us each time. The road between Pine Valley and St. George all those years was just a dirt road and very rough a lot of the 40 miles distance. It was also a very dusty road except during or after rains. And so, everything had to be packed as carefully as if they were going long distances.

We allowed ourselves just 3 days to get ready for each move. Of course, all the packing was my job because the Ranger had his regular duties and couldn't take the time to help me. The dishes I packed in the regular metal wash tubs of that time. Each piece was wrapped many times in newspaper and placed in the tubs, with padding of paper in the

tubs, so they were held securely in place, and very few dishes were ever broken. We had many fruit bottles and packed them in their own boxes with paper padding. We had boxes of pretty dishes – Fostoria goblets, sherbet dishes (delicate glass), beautiful vases and an assortment of breakable things, all wedding gifts. These had to be given special attention, and once they were packed, we stored many of them and didn't unpack them, but they made every move with us. To this day (1987) we have boxes stored in our basement which have never been unpacked since those Pine Valley days.

When moving day arrived, the truck and helpers were sent from Cedar City. For the first couple of years, it was an old CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) truck with some of those boys to help. All of our heavy pieces of furniture were loaded on the truck and securely tied in place with ropes. Then when everything was on, the truck would take off and lumber along on the rough road to or from Pine Valley and St. George.

With each move, it seemed that some of our furniture was scarred by rope burns, due to the constant jolting of the truck, but these we polished over as best we could. Screws and bolts would also come loose with each move and had to be tightened up again.

We followed the moving truck in our 1939 Plymouth, after first taking time for a last look around and cleanup. When our destination was reached everything was unloaded and left standing in piles. Beds were set up first, and then began many days of unpacking, sorting and arranging. At least, on this end of the move I could take my time without a deadline to meet. At the end of 6 months the process began all over again.

After several more moves we at last were permanently stationed in Ogden, and we purchased our present home in the fall of 1951. I vowed when we moved in that wild horses would never make me move again – and I kept that vow!

Lucky are those who have movers come, pack everything and without damage. But for me, I'll just "stay put" and plant my roots deep.

## PINE VALLEY DAYS

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### FIRE

The little white church in the valley had a bell in its steeple. Whenever there was a town emergency, this bell would be rung, and this was a signal for all the townspeople to gather at the church and join forces to help as best they could. One Monday morning, before the Ranger had departed for the day, and before the other men in the town had gone about their day's work, the church bell began to ring. Everyone answered the call at once and were directed to Levi Snow's place where by this time great billows of smoke as well as flames were coming from his large barn. It was later learned that two small boys (one of them being Levi's) had been playing with matches up in the loft and had set the hay on fire. The boys sensed their danger and jumped to safety but the barn was burning fiercely. Since the nearest water pipeline supply was at the Ranger Station, garden hoses were quickly fastened together and attached to a hydrant connection in the Station yard. The distance to the fire was about 150 to 200 feet. In addition to playing the hose water on the fire, some of the men formed a bucket brigade to carry water from a nearby small irrigation ditch. Everyone did their best to save the barn and contents. Adjacent to the barn was a small granary building where Levi stored grain, saddles, and various items of farming equipment. It was the Ranger's assignment to work in the granary to help remove the considerable amount of grain from a bin while others were trying to keep the shingled roof and outside soaked down so the building would not catch on fire. Nothing could be done to save the barn and its contents. After the fire had been completely put out, the Ranger and men of the town left the place for their regular day of planned work.

Late in the night of the day of the fire, Levi Snow awakened from sleep with a start. He just remembered that there was a considerable amount of blasting powder that had been stored for many years overhead in the granary building. It was left over from work many years previous in blasting a canal around the north side of Pine Valley and into Grass Valley to the north. Levi broke into a cold sweat when he realized there was enough powder in that granary to have killed every man fighting the

fire had it caught on fire and exploded. He decided to move it at once, so in the night he took the cans of blasting powder and went out into one of his fields, dug a fairly deep hole and buried them. A few days later he became worried that someone some day might accidentally plow into this old powder and so he decided to move it again. He couldn't decide on a safe place to keep it and so he brought it back home and again stored it in the top part of his granary. As far as we know, at the time we left Pine Valley several years later, the old black powder cans were still there.

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### Robber in the Hills

One Monday morning, just after the Ranger had packed up his horses and left on horseback for a week in the hills, there was a knock on our front door. Upon opening the door, I was quite surprised to see the Washington County sheriff from St. George standing there. He introduced a man who was with him as an FBI man. I felt an uneasiness, but invited them in. After a few casual remarks, the sheriff came to the point. He said he didn't want to alarm me, but they were looking for a man who was a prison escapee and who was hiding out in the Pine Valley Mountains. They said he was heavily armed but was on foot and had neither food nor water with him. They believed he would make his way down into the town of Pine Valley in search of food and maybe transportation. Instantly I thought of the unsuspecting Ranger in those hills with the horses and plenty of food. The men asked me to alert the people of the town, asking everyone to be on the lookout for a suspicious-looking stranger and to be sure all doors were locked at night.

This I did and began a long week of fear, praying that the Ranger would not meet up with this criminal. There was no way to locate him and warn him of danger. Even though I knew the law enforcement officers were guarding the town and watching for the criminal, I was afraid to go out to the barn because the loft would be such a good hiding place, and afraid to go out to the woodpile, surrounded by a high board fence. All week I filled the wood box early in the day so I wouldn't have to do this as evening came on. At dusk, the children and I remained locked in the house and I hardly dared light the kerosene lamp.

The week passed slowly, but at last it was Friday afternoon – time for the Ranger to come home. I had heard nothing from the law men all week, until Friday evening when they again came to the door. I wondered what news they were bringing. But they soon quieted my fears. They said the robber had indeed made his way down into Pine Valley and the law had discovered him in the foothills just behind our Ranger Station. They surrounded him and ordered him to surrender, but he refused and began shooting at the officers, so they were forced to shoot and kill him. The relief I felt was immense, and soon down the street rode the Ranger

with his two horses, all unaware of the drama that had been taking place all week long. How thankful we were that there had been no encounter with the desperate character.

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### OLD CAD

Cad was an ancient brown horse owned by Levi Snow who lived across the street from the Ranger Station. This horse was very gentle and extremely slow of pace, and the safest horse in town for little children to learn to ride. Levi kept him just for this purpose. All of his own six children had first learned to ride on Old Cad and graduated later to more lively horses. Most of the town children had their first ride on this horse. Philip, at age five, was one of this group. Levi let him borrow Old Cad to ride up and down the streets in Pine Valley and Philip loved it. I can still see a picture of Philip galloping along toward home during a summer shower, trying to beat the rain. He didn't realize this poor old horse moved slowly most of the time.

One summer my youngest sister Ann and her friend, Donna Ryser, came to Pine Valley to spend their vacation with us. These were strictly city girls and had never been on a horse in their lives, but their greatest desire was to ride a horse while they were in Pine Valley. I thought Old Cad would be just the horse for them to try, so safe and gentle, so I borrowed him from Levi and Ann eagerly climbed on his back for her first ride, with me giving instructions on how to handle the reins, etc. Down the street always two or three of the town boys were watching the proceedings. Now these boys were excellent riders and had their own fast ponies. They often loved to tease the new girls in town (and get their attention) by riding past on a dead gallop and trying to scare their horses. One boy in particular had a little red pony and he had red hair and freckles, and most every day we could see the boy's red hair flying as the red pony streaked by. It was quite a sight!

This day as Ann and Donna took turns riding, I knew the boys down the street were planning mischief, so I told Ann to hold tight to the reins so Old Cad wouldn't get away from her. I had previously had an experience where the horse I was on ran away with me and didn't want this to happen to Ann. Sure enough I could see the red headed boy and the red pony start their run down at the end of the street. I told Ann to pull in on the reins to hold the horse in, and Cad tossed his head at the sudden pull on the bit. I thought he was getting

excited as the red pony approached and might bolt and run, so I told Ann to pull back harder, then harder! Poor Old Cad – just as the boy and his pony reached them Cad fell completely backward on his haunches. Ann had pulled him over and he was too feeble to withstand the hard pulling. Luckily, Ann fell free and the horse did not fall on her, so she wasn't hurt, and neither was Old Cad. The boys really had a good laugh about the city girl's ride, and we laughed about this many times afterwards. Old Cad continued to be a children's horse for as long as we were in Pine Valley.

## PINE VALLEY DAYS

1940-1946

### SUMMER STORMS

Because Pine Valley is pretty well surrounded by the quite rugged Pine Valley Mountains (with some peaks to more than 10,000 ft. elevation) we were rather often in the midst of a severe summer storm. Lots of lightning and thunder would accompany these storms. They were frightening in some ways and at the same time rather interesting as the thunder would seem to echo back and forth across the valley between the peaks.

Every now and again the lightning strikes would start a fire in some big snag on the mountains. The Ranger was always concerned about fires started by lightning, or otherwise. The idea was to get to them as quickly as spotted and get them extinguished before they turned into quite a fire destroying timber or other resources. In Pine Valley and other places around the district there were certain individuals who were to watch for any type of fire, notify the Ranger, and then head for the fire themselves (or with others) with whatever tools they thought would be necessary to fight the blaze. The Ranger said they were called “per diem guards”. These fire guards had access to tools, emergency food rations, canvas water bags, etc., that were kept in red painted waterproof boxes at various strategic locations around the Ranger District. The boxes each had a seal on the clasp and so it was unlawful to open them unless in a fire emergency. After the Ranger had received word about a fire then he would take off on horseback or by pickup truck to where the fire location was reported. He would often take some additional tools, etc., with him as well as more manpower, at times.

It happened every now and again in a lightning storm that the strikes would come in the night. I have seen the Ranger get out of bed, go to the barn and saddle up Dan, and with another man or two, ride their horses up the mountain in a heavy rain. Sometimes the rain would put out these fires, but sometimes it would not, and the fire had to be put out with Pulaski tools (a combination axe and grubbing hoe of relatively light weight and with the cutting edges covered\* with a leather and metal shield), so-called “baby” shovels (with short handles), and possibly other suitable tools. There was always an uneasiness on my part until the Ranger returned from one of those fires.

\*For protection during storage and during transport

The summer storms at Pine Valley were always beautiful and exciting to watch. In the daytime I always loved to watch the lightning flashes, sheets of rain hitting the pine trees in the Station yard, and hear the claps of thunder when I was standing in the safety of our covered front porch.

The Ranger always carried a poncho and used chaps as protection against the storms whenever he was riding the range. The summer storms usually did not last too long, and left everything fresh and green, and smelling of sweet grass and new-mown hay.

## PINE VALLEY DAYS

1940-1946

### DEER HUNTING SEASON

By far the most exciting time for Pine Valley was the time of the annual Utah deer hunt during the latter part of October. For 10 days, it seemed that all activities were centered around the hunters. Many of the hunters were from California, some of them returning year after year. While some of them came just the day before the deer season opened, others would come as long as 4 or 5 days ahead, set up camp in the Forest Service Pine Valley campground and just enjoyed the surroundings or relaxed. It was quite the interesting time of bustling activity throughout the valley as well as the general surrounding area on the Pine Valley and Enterprise Ranger Districts. In that day the majority of hunters in their camping out just used tents of varying sizes. It was just a far different way of “roughing it” than in today’s (the 1980s) mobile life style with campers, trailers, motor homes, and so on.

The deer hunters were very colorful in their red caps and jackets, and with the beautiful autumn colors of the foliage in the canyons and on the mountains, the sight was quite spectacular.

Excitement ran high as every one prepared for the big opening day. A number of the local men acted as guides for the hunters and had been busy for days rounding up enough horses and equipment and seeing to it that the horses were properly shod. The women in Pine Valley were equally busy. Many took groups of hunters to room and board for the duration of the hunt, or at least a good part of it, and many had been cooking for days and making other preparations. My good neighbor, Dixie Burgess, had a group of about 30 men, who came every year to stay at her house. Her husband acted as a guide. Dixie hired several women from St. George to come and help her with the cooking. All this effort was a good money making project for Pine Valley folks as many of these men from California were well off and paid very well for services received.

It was exciting to me to see the colorful figures come and go, to feel their excitement and to see their elation as they were successful in the hunt and brought into town a big buck carried on the back of a horse.

The Ranger was out among the hunters for much of the 10 days each deer season. If he saw any particular game violations, he would notify

the Utah State Game Warden at St. George and he would follow up on the matter as thought necessary. There just wasn't much trouble along that line.

During each deer season in going around the Pine Valley District by pickup truck or on horseback the Ranger would try to gather as much statistical information about deer killed that he could conveniently obtain. These records were wanted by the people in the Division of Wildlife Management in the Intermountain Region of the Forest Service, with headquarters in Ogden. Weights were obtained from bucks, does, and fawns killed. For the bucks, in addition to the weight, information was recorded on horn spread and length, and the number of points on each side. To get the weights, the Ranger carried a small block and tackle, a metal tripod about 8 or so feet tall, and a 300-pound capacity spring balance scale. This was when he could visit the deer camps along the roads and using his Forest Service pickup truck (1937 model). When visiting deer camps at the north end of the Pine Valley Mountains by horseback then he carried just the spring balance scale and the block and tackle gear. The hunters there would have their deer kill hanging from a big tree branch so it was quite an easy matter for the Ranger to get the weight. In these two ways, the Ranger was able to submit quite a little statistical information on Mule Deer killed each season during our years at Pine Valley. Most of the hunters contacted by the Ranger were anxious to learn how much their deer kill weighed. Each time before the actual weighing he would ask them for an estimate of the weight. Most of them were way off on this – especially if they had been doing too much imbibing from the bottle. The Ranger said the heaviest buck he ever weighed was 250 pounds. That was a big one! It had a 32-inch horn spread! Each horn was also that long and on the end of each one there was just a little fork about 4 inches long. The Ranger also said he weighed a few bucks that were 235 pounds and quite a few he weighed in at 225 pounds. A good-sized doe would be about 130 pounds, and fawn around 35 pounds, dressed out.

Occasionally a trigger-happy hunter would accidentally shoot a steer or cow in a pasture or on the open range. And once in awhile a hunter would get lost in the mountains in good weather or in a fall snowstorm. Sometimes I could hear shots ring out as they signaled for help. But, hunting accidents were few and I loved to be in colorful Pine Valley during deer season.

## PINE VALLEY DAYS

1940-1946

### FRIENDS IN PINE VALLEY

People who live close together in small towns grow close together and many life-long friendships are formed. I believe this is because these isolated groups must depend on each other and cooperate to create the life of the town – religious, political and social.

Pine Valley was first settled in 1855 by pioneers who came there to set up sawmills and start harvesting the abundance of timber in the valley and many parts of the surrounding Pine Valley Mountains. Since then, many pioneer families have come and gone in the settlement but the names of two prominent families came on down through the years to our time in Pine Valley – the Snows and the Gardners. When we first came to live in the valley in the early summer of 1940 a number of Snow and Gardner families lived there. There were also some descendants from a few of the early settlers to the valley with last names of Calkins, Jacobsons, and Burgess. Some few others had moved up from St. George to plant their roots in Pine Valley. We became friends with all these people and came to appreciate the many things they taught us about rural living. All recreation was created by the people of the town. On the 4th of July a great celebration was held. A patriotic program was held in the forenoon in the church. Then everyone drove up to the nearby Forest Service campground among the Ponderosa pines, where a feast had been prepared. The afternoon was spent in visiting and playing games.

Sunday night parties were held in the church basement, where everyone played Rook and enjoyed homemade ice cream. During our summers in the valley we enjoyed many suppers up in the campground with our friends Thelma and Ralston Barber and Dixie and Clawson Burgess. Dixie and Clawson lived directly across the street from the Station in an old pioneer brick home. What a good neighbor Dixie was to us! She provided us with butter and eggs, taught me so much about cooking and was just a good friend. We still (as of 1987) write to each other at Christmas time. The same with Thelma and Ralston Barber.

About a block east of the Ranger Station lived the Rass Gardner family. He was the bishop of the Pine Valley Ward for many years and was a very influential cattleman and community leader for some years before our coming to the valley, during our time there, and for a number of years after we were transferred away from the Dixie National Forest.

Then there was Laura and Glen Snow. She was Rass Gardner's sister and her husband Glen was a prominent southern Utah educator during our Pine Valley years and for a long time afterward. They just spent parts of their summers in the valley. Effie Gardner Beckstrom and husband Lee lived a little farther east in town in the home of her pioneer father Reuben Gardner. In fact, her father lived until June of 1945 in that house and the Ranger talked to him on a number of occasions. On one visit together they went up into the campground where Reuben showed the Ranger the remains of a large Ponderosa pine tree stump. He said the tree that stood there was cut down and hauled by ox team to Salt Lake City to be used in building the famed Tabernacle organ.

To the west of the Ranger Station lived Bruce and Emma Snow, Rex and Nettie Gardner, Earl and Stella Bleak, Ralston and Thelma Barber, Vere and Elizabeth Snow Beckstrom, Bessie and Linna Snow, Levi Snow and children, the family of Orson and Philene Hall, Malin and Laverne Cox. At the west extremity of town lived Maggie Calkins and the Jacobson family. For most of the time we lived in Pine Valley Vere & Elizabeth Beckstrom operated a little store and the post office. Later, the Halls took care of the post office.

After Rass Gardner was released as bishop, Malin Cox was sustained. As his counselors, he chose the Ranger and Ralston Barber. These three men worked together beginning in the late summer of 1941 and until we left Pine Valley in July of 1946. As a fairly recent convert to the Church this was quite an experience for the Ranger. During this time the Church branch at Central (8 miles west of Pine Valley) was the responsibility of the Pine Valley bishopric. The president of the St. George Stake was Harold S. Snow. During the same period he was the president of the St. George Temple.

The bishop was automatically the town leader so we got in on planning many community activities each summer. When we were transferred away the town gave us a very nice farewell party. We will always remember the friends we had in Pine Valley so many years ago.