They Call It Home

The Southeastern Utah Collection

Photography by Ken Hochfeld

Written by Dr. Gary L. Shumway

"There is a magic in that little world, home; it is a mystic circle that surrounds comforts and virtues never known beyond its hallowed limits."

Robert Southey

Clarence Perkins

Phillip and Mable Hurst

Margaret Black

Lona Hurst

Buck Wilson and Lynn McKenzie

"Home is home be it ever so humble."

Proverb

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The Communities of San Juan County, Utah
1972 - 1973

They Call It Home

Dr. Gary L. Shumway

Few of those who came to settle San Juan County, Utah wished to do so. Responding to a call from their Mormon leaders a group of men and women left their homes, fields and orchards, as well as their hearts, in western Utah, to come to a place reputedly so poor that almost no one else had elected to call it home. Because of the precarious route they selected, passing through a cleft in the rim of the Colorado River Gorge, these settlers and their descendants became known as "Hole-in-the-Rockers." Other Mormons, fleeing the conflagration of the Mexican Revolution, left their homes in the river valleys of Chihuahua and Sonora to go to this seemingly inhospitable portion of a land that had once exiled them. This group came to be known as "Pachecoites," regardless of their place of origin, because some of the first refugees from Mexico came from the small town of Pacheco. Soon, more settlers came, wondering as they arrived at the force that had whispered that this could become a place fit to bequeath to their posterity.

There appeared to be little to justify anyone's faith in this land at the outset. Most of the land was too dry to produce crops without an extensive commitment to irrigation, and markets for the products of the soil were too distant even if the land could be made to produce. The prospects of building roads through a land best known for its many precipitous canyons with no more than Fresno scrapers and work horses seemed foolish to some who understood the demands of road building. The drinking water was often murky or foul smelling, timber for building homes was distant, and the very isolation of this area tended to attract a lawless element that would have to be contended with if this was to become a home for peaceful people. Equally important, those who were born here would need to be infused with a love for this land and a dedication to it that would inspire them to remain and build it up. Everyone would also need to be provided with entertainment and relaxation that would enhance the quality of life.

During the past one hundred years, the people of San Juan County have built a community that reflects much of the best of this nation. While few of the goals were achieved easily, the towns are now surrounded with green fields, the drinking water is sparkling clear and fresh, the highways are serviceable and the people happy. Most important, there is a sense of commitment to their home noticeable to the most casual observer. While clearing the land, building the roads, drilling the water tunnels and devising an economy that will permit them to remain, the people of San Juan County have developed a love for their land, and a pride in their community efforts that makes them want to stay where they did not want to come.

Contemporary Reflections

Ken Hochfeld

The Southeastern Utah Collection is likely of historical importance. Produced in 1972-1973, it is predominately comprised of portraits of common people in San Juan County captured during their daily routines and special community events. By all appearances the people were modest and their lifestyles not extraordinary. With an honest innocence the photographs are truthful, and they celebrate the common character of the subjects with adept subtlety. On the Navajo reservation at that time the people lived in traditional ways with few contemporary amenities and maintained their dignity and pride while attempting to coexist in a contemporary and changing society. In the communities of Bluff, Blanding, and Monticello, homes were generally simple, sometimes made of the stone taken from the nearby landscape, but most were of traditional construction. Their walls were often adorned with treasured personal collectibles and family photographs, rather than high art and expensive frills. Their jobs were those necessary to maintain a small and mostly independent community. By all appearances, the people photographed were gracious and unpretentious. The photos appropriately represent individuals and families, generations of the recent past, present, and the future of this unique corner in our nation.

I first photographed the people of San Juan County, Utah during two weeks in the summer of 1972 as an undergraduate from California State University Fullerton. I was invited to return for much of the following year to complete the work of preserving my impressions of the remote American communities of southeastern Utah. Looking back on these photographs after 40 years, I can remove myself and see them with a matured vision and a genuine notion that they were made by a different person. The reality of it all is perfectly clear to me, however. I recall the experience as a special time and a special place. The images still speak to me to this day, but I maintain an even greater regard for what they are.

Admittedly, this collection is serious work, yet the images are casual and informal, even though the subjects are most always aware of the camera. The photographs are as windows through which encounters between photographer and subjects are revealed as strangers meeting strangers, denizen meeting guest, and strangers briefly becoming friends. The people appear relaxed, and seem to have trust with the photographer and an uncommon ease in front of the camera. As the stranger in town, I believe my creative facility was enhanced by the welcoming and accepting nature of the townspeople. I was ordinarily invited into their homes, places of work, social events, and cheerfully greeted on the street as a friend. What seems to be a common lack of apprehension from the locals, I think freed me to make honest portrayals of my subjects. Doug Harvey, for example, appears casual and as if in conversation with a close friend. Deputy Sheriff Francis Laws takes a moment from his work and is at complete ease and

quite self confident in front of the camera. Phillip and Mable Hurst, as well as several others, are curiously relaxed posing in their bedrooms. Today, I am particularly amused by the facial expressions of DeReese and Helen Nielson compared to those of their daughters, Reesalee and Tara Dawn. Although DeReese and Helen seem to reflect at least a momentary concern, I wonder if the explanation for their look isn't revealed by the attentive and smiling gazes of their daughters.

At the Elk Ridge Café, where I ate many of my meals, it would not be uncommon to meet friends having a Coke, or to see Phil Acton taking a break from his routine chores of baking and running the establishment. Always with camera ready, I attended the high school prom, graduation, local scenic spots visited by tourists, and I also watched as others made photographs for their personal memories. Important annual events in Blanding were the San Juan Rodeo and the Fourth of July celebration and parade. I could see the fun and the pride these people had in their community. On July 4, 1973 many of the people of Blanding came out to the center of town to participate in my long advertised "Picture Day" event.

These photos preserve a particular period in the passage of time of a place likely quite different today. There would be fair questions to ask, 'In what ways are things different?' 'How might the communities be the same?' 'Most of those in these photographs are gone, but what memories remain?' Nonetheless, these images are memorable to those who are there, and valued by those who appreciate a record of the past. For me, this historical collection describes a people and place that I will always enjoy, forever appreciate and fondly remember, because in that moment, these people opened the windows to their lives, shared their hearts and embraced me in the place we called home.

A Personal Treasure

Gary B. Shumway

Many years ago I was looking through one of my father's drawers and came upon a collection of exquisite photographs which I had never before seen. Recognizing that they were portraits of many of the townsfolk of Blanding, Utah, I asked my father about the photographer, and he said they were made by one of his students, Ken Hochfeld, in the early 1970s.

Having already embarked on a career in photography, on that day I easily recognized the collection of photographs as something quite important. While in the grips of discovery, I thought the photographs should be considered a treasure. Apart from the fact that my father held them in high regard because of their connection to his beloved home town, we talked about how special these images were. I believe very strongly my enthusiasm at the time stirred in him an even greater appreciation for the work Ken Hochfeld did in 1972-1973. As a result of our dialogue, he commented, "Wouldn't it be great to someday create a book of these photographs?" I whole heartedly agreed then, and feel even stronger when seeing this work today.

After almost thirty years, as I reflect back, I feel intrigued to understand what touched me in seeing Ken's photographs for the first time. It was due in part to the story of how long after the other students had returned home, Ken felt so moved to return to Southeastern Utah and stay to photograph. It was also in seeing in the photographs the obvious connection between Ken and his subjects, a connection that inevitably must have formed quickly, facilitating the capture of something special in that brief moment when a person drops whatever it is that covers their soul. I further saw great care and craftsmanship in the prints which allowed the light to shine through. All of the qualities of the photographs, which created my affection for them, were not as clear to me then as they are today. I now better understand that what I really saw and felt in those prints was love! It was Ken's love for being in San Juan County and having the chance to listen to his heart in a place where one could do so. It was also his subject's love for one another, and the ties that bind them to this land and to their families. Regarding the love of the creative process and the love of discovery, Marc Chagall wrote "Art must be an expression of love or it is nothing". And so it is!

Blanding has always played an important role in my life, as it is where my father grew up and where he returns for spiritual rejuvenation. As long as I can remember, I tagged along with him on frequent visits. I too, now call Blanding home, living in the same house where my father was born and raised. I am confident that when you hold this book in your hands, you too will feel the spirit of those who have gone before us in San Juan County. I feel grateful that I can look into the eyes of Charlie Sipe and envision him taking those tongs and placing that glowing piece of metal in the water to watch it hiss and boil, as he actually did for me and for my father before me many times. I imagine Harvey John Kartchner waiting to give someone their first haircut, as he gave me mine when I was only six weeks old. I remember once again the excitement of Doug Galbraith to see me, and perhaps even more excited to learn I actually had enough money to buy Reese's Peanut Butter Cups.

On a grander scale, I think, within the pages of this book each reader may find someone or something to connect with in one's life experience, and with that I suggest we can find inspiration and joy. I am most appreciative of this depiction of a humble, rural America, as well as the book's particular expression of belonging and its honest sense of home. I am thankful to Ken for all of the reasons about which I have spoken, but I am particularly grateful for his work being one of the many lights that have brightened my path.

Olin

Although most often seen by passersby on his front porch bench, Olin Oliver is pictured here with his wife Hazel, sitting comfortably in their modest home in Bluff. Olin has a remarkable history that few people would have known without the story being passed on.

Olin Oliver once had been a bright, venturesome boy, running along the sand banks of the San Juan River and climbing for cliff flowers in the rims surrounding Bluff. The whispering murmur of the river at night, the snuggling protectiveness of the sandstone cliffs, the bright patch of blue sky overhead by day and the blanket of almost reachable stars at night lent security to a young life that had known its share of adversity before the family settled in Bluff. Olin became one of the most ebullient, exuberant partakers of nature's beast. Then one evening, tragedy stuck. Riding home quickly, after having been engrossed too long in some childish delight, Olin attempted to turn his horse too sharply out of the lane in front of his house, and the horse slipped and fell on the ice of a late fall storm. Olin's head struck the protruding root of a locust tree, and he fell into a deep coma.

When he finally came out of the coma twenty one days later, he was paralyzed on one half of his body for an additional six weeks, and for the rest of his life, was deaf in one ear, blind in one eye, and lame in one leg. Olin did not die, thanks to the great effort of a country doctor, a village midwife, a loving family and an entire, concerned town, but his brain did suffer extensive damage, and this once bright boy was transformed into a person for whom every act of coordinating muscles and nerves and mind was an effort.

For Olin himself, life eventually provided a measure of compensation. As he lived his simple uncomplicated existence, fighting his major battles with the fog that shrouded his brain and bound his muscles, he was kept from the weightier problems that pressed ever heavier on the shoulders of his peers. In an old age, when most people's minds become soft and fog shrouded, Olin's mind gained no more cobwebs than it had before. There finally came a day when his simple dignity would give him a bearing that would stop the cars of passing tourists, and his thick humor, incongruous when he was 35, was now accepted gleefully.

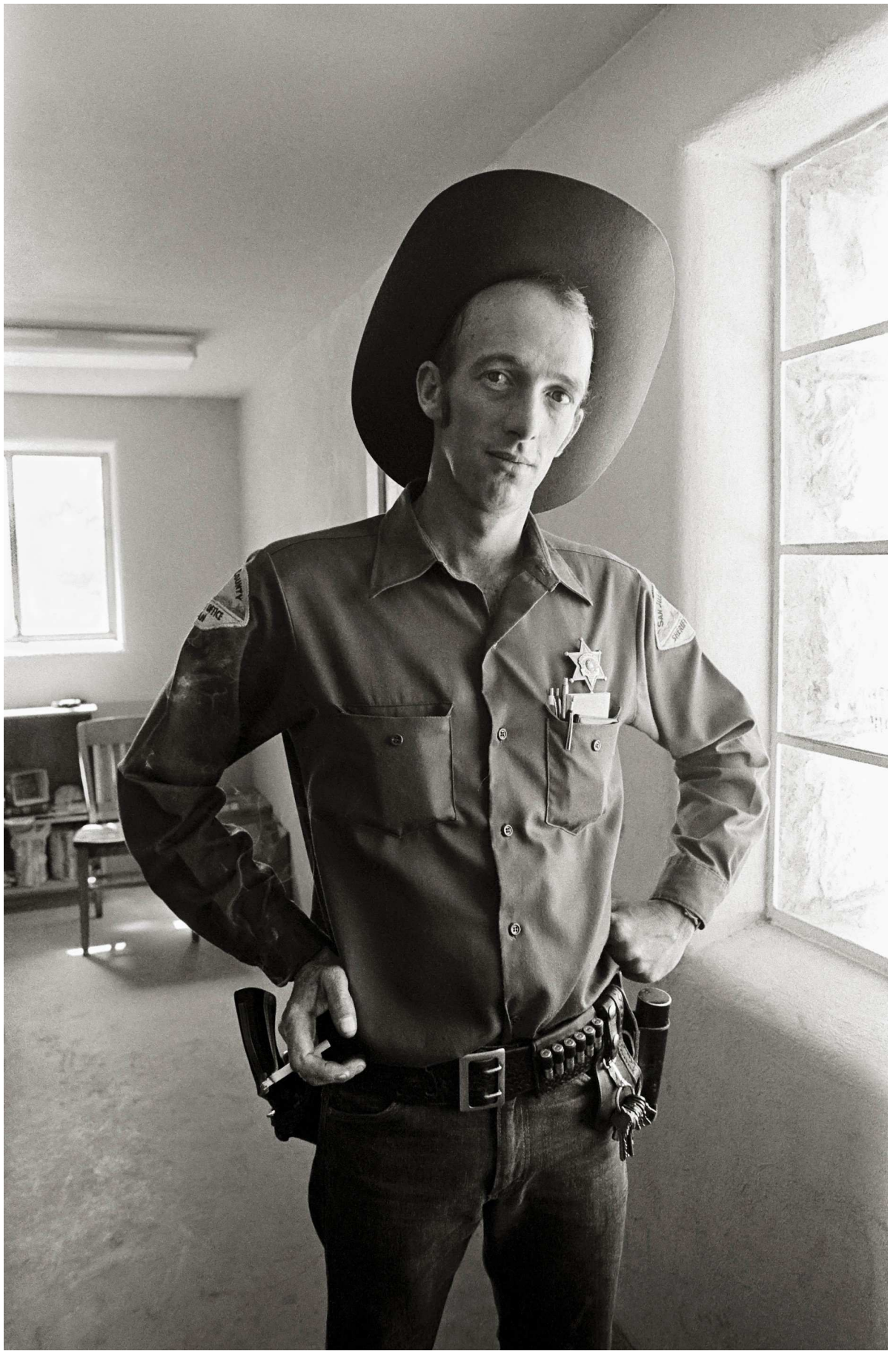
As an old man sitting on his bench, Olin brightened the day for hundreds, both acquaintances and casual passersby, compelled to stop by the magnetic attraction of a little boy who got to be an old man thanks to the second mile effort of a concerned community.

Olin Oliver no longer sits on the bench in front of his rock home in Bluff. He died February 20, 1981. Upon reflecting on the meaning of Olin's simple life, it has occurred to me that his own experience symbolizes the experience of Bluff itself. Just as Olin was stricken in the midst of a promising youth, the town of Bluff suffered a similar fate. The proud, prosperous young town found itself suddenly stunted when the people who had given it promise decided rather precipitately to leave for Blanding or Monticello where they would be much nearer their herds or other means of livelihood. Other good people have come over the years, and there have remained some vestiges of an earlier promise, but the community has never realized its full potential. Still, grown old with the years, there is a certain simple charm to this village with its embodiment of stately beginnings, and travelers who know nothing of its history stop to look at its Victorian houses and its awe-striking setting. Like Olin, through stolid perseverance Bluff has achieved a certain level of impressiveness.

One day soon, all of that generation who knew and loved the Bluff of another day will be gone and with their passing will go an important part of the history of San Juan. But the river is still there, and the moon and the cliffs, and one day there may be another generation that will hear and understand the song that the evening breeze whispers to the cliffs at the place called Bluff. *1*

Olin and Hazel Oliver

Dorothy Nielson



Francis G. Laws Deputy Sheriff

Riley Hurst

Riley Hurst achieved a great deal in life, and made a major contribution to making Blanding a better place. He was industrious, intelligent, motivated, visionary, committed and tenacious. He served as mayor of the town for two terms, and also as one of the three-member county commission. In this service, he won the great respect of those who served with him and of his constituents. As mayor of the town, he introduced trained Police personnel and procedures, obtained adequate firefighting equipment, found financing for the purchase of the land for the Walter C. Lyman Park, pushed efforts to provide more and better water for the town and, as one of his proudest achievements, developed the needed support for the lagoon system for treatment of town sewage. While a county commissioner, one of his greatest efforts was to create a County Water Conservancy District. Though this entailed a considerable commitment on the part of major landowners in the county, he ultimately was able to obtain the support necessary, and some of the legacies of this effort have been the creation of Recapture and Foy reservoirs and extensive irrigation projects on White Mesa.

In 1951, Riley and his wife, Carol Bayles Hurst bought the Westside Market (shown here) and through hard work, attention to detail and the blessing of location built this into a thriving commercial establishment. [2]


OPEN BOTH ENDS
GOLD
STAMPS
BIG HUNK
BIG HUNK
RED HOTS
RED HOTS
PEANUTS
Coconut
Whopper-Twins
PLAY BALL
BALL FIRE
SNICKERS
Butterfinger
AMERICAN SLICING MACHINE

Harvey John Kartchner

From his "Bully Pulpit" in the town's sole barber shop, Harvey John Kartchner exercised his power to serve the town he loved in good ways. When there was not a customer to whom he could provide a very good hair cut, he could dedicate himself to the varied responsibilities of town clerk which were so demanding that when he finally retired, the town had to hire three full-time workers to take his place. Or, he could devote time to his church calling, for many years, as ward clerk. Sometimes, to reward himself for being caught up on other responsibilities, and to prepare some piece his dance band would be playing that weekend, he would fit a reed to his alto saxophone or a mouthpiece to his trombone and belt out some dance music with such talent that he had been invited to play with some of the best known big bands of his day. On occasion, he would even take time to tend his finely tuned garden, his raspberry patch or his grape vines which still evoke memories of quality in the minds of many who partook of them. Most of all, however, he molded people. Some of these were his own children, in whom he instilled integrity, character, an ability to use their fine minds and a willingness to work hard in everything they elected to do. Others were large numbers of young townspeople who he valued as those who would one day take his place and that of the others of his generation. As he met with each of the young men of the town about once a month, beginning when they were so small that they had to sit on a board placed across the two arms of his barber chair, he first got to know their hearts and their concerns, then he endeavored to make each of them into a better person than they might otherwise be. This was no casual effort on his part. Each of us who grew up under his watchful eye can remember instances in which he gave encouragement and well-considered advice. Perhaps because he and my father were such good friends, or because his son, John, was one of my most appreciated and loyal friends but probably also because he genuinely liked me and believed that I would play some small but significant role in the development of the community, he made me feel that I was important. It was no small job to instill self-confidence in someone who was a woefully bad athlete, only a mediocre musician, clueless in math and wore his uncle Paul Sieber's hand me down pants to school, without a belt. And yet, over sixty years later, I can remember well sitting in that barber chair while Harvey John cut my hair, all the time pointing out specific examples of things I had done well. When I was about fourteen and was sure that I had committed social Hari Kari because of crises that I had not handled well, he spent some quality time while I was in the barber chair assuring me that nothing I had done was of any real consequence. He ended up, I recall, by twirling me around in the chair so he could look into my face, then saying, "Gary, my family very much appreciates your friendship, and I want you to know that you will always be welcome in our home." It was not until many years later that I came to realize that most of the young men of the town had benefited similarly from the consideration and encouragement provided by this fine man.

Avaughan Hunt

Tom Jones

Charlie Sipe

When I was a child, we used to sing in school a song called “The Sturdy Blacksmith.”

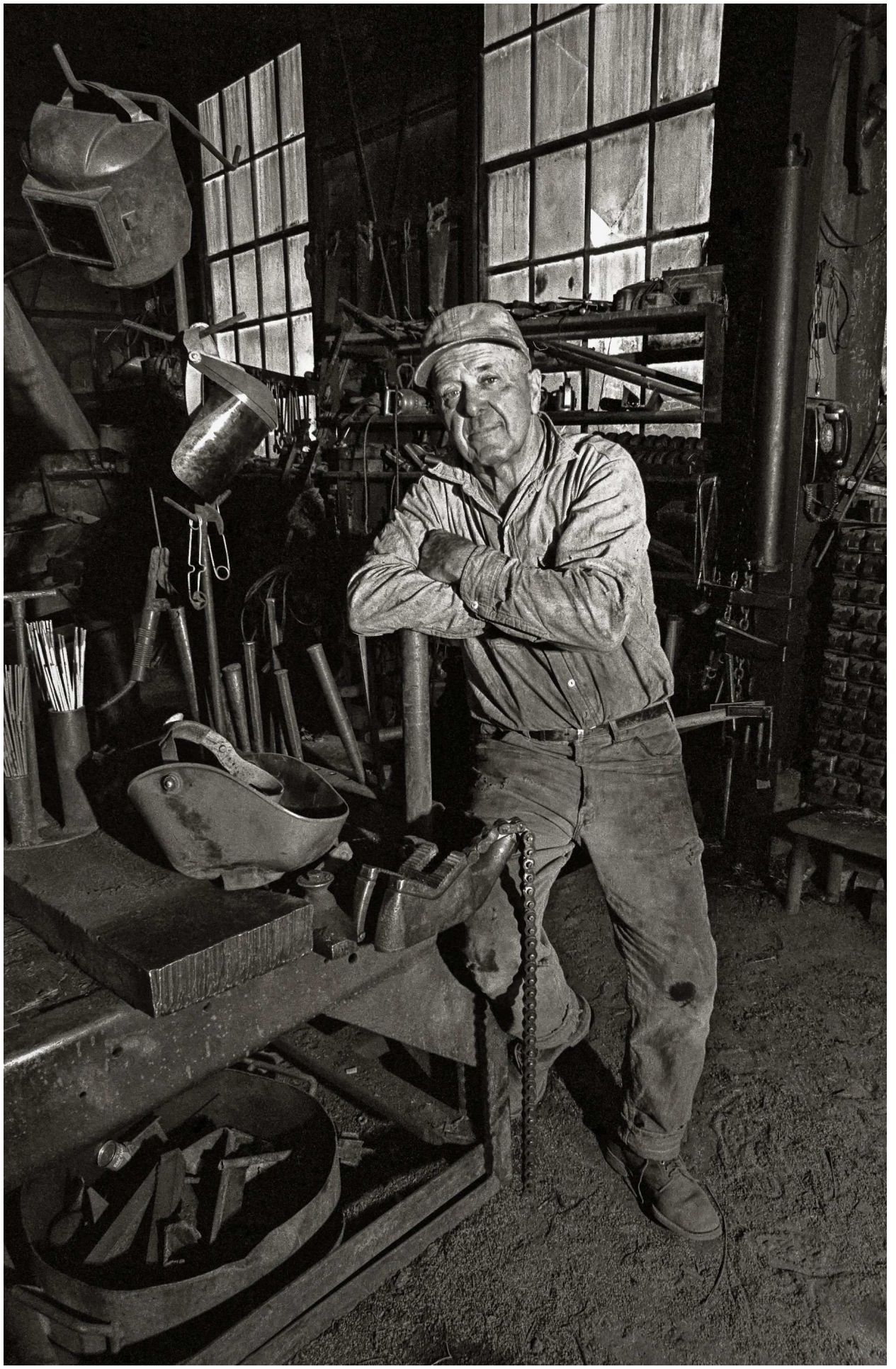
Oh, the blacksmith's a fine sturdy fellow!
Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow.
See him stand there, his huge bellows blowing,
With his strong brawny arms free and bare.
See the fire in the furnace a glowing;
Bright its sparkle and flash, loud its roar.

Blow the fire, stir the coals, heaping more on;
Till the iron's all aglow, let it roar on!
While the smith high his hammer's a-swinging,
Fi'ry sparks fall in show'rs all around.
And the sledge on the anvil is ringing;
Fills the air with its clanging sound.

Let the blows, strong and sure, quickly falling,
Haste the work, for the iron fast is cooling.
Oh, the smith he's a fine sturdy fellow!
Bravely working from morning till night;
Hard his hand, but his heart's true and mellow;
Like his anvil, he stands for the right. 3

To all of us growing up in Blanding, this song seemed to be written about our own blacksmith, Charlie Sipe. He was big and muscular with callused hands, but there could not have been a kinder, more committed, more capable, or congenial blacksmith ever. When he was in his shop, we all knew we were welcome to invite ourselves in, step up to the forge, bury a piece of steel in the coals, operate the bellows until the metal was glowing red, then use tongs to extricate our future knife, hoe or pick, pound it until the glow was almost gone, then dip the metal into the water to hiss and steam while tempering.

Charlie loved movies and he felt that it would be a shame if some kid in town would have to miss a show because he did not have the dime required for admission, and an additional dime for the bag of popcorn sold at the theater and one for the caramels offered. In his loving way, he devised a scheme that would allow any young person to obtain the thirty cents needed for premium movie enjoyment. George Hurst owned a sawmill above town where excess slabs of unusable trimmings could be cut into stove length pieces for burning in townspeople’s wood burning stoves. Charlie fashioned a fearsome saw by mounting a round saw blade approximately three feet in diameter onto the chassis of an old Buick car which would turn with a whining noise that could be heard all over town. The whining of Charlie’s saw was the signal that any kid who wished to attend the movies should drop whatever else he was doing and get to the blacksmith shop. Each of us would go to the pile of slabs which George Hurst had delivered free to the edge of Charlie’s property, and would select a slab that seemed to be especially suitable to be converted into fire wood. We would walk with this the considerable distance to where Charlie would accept these, still far away from the furtively humming saw, then he would walk the remainder of the distance alone. In about half an hour, Charlie would have a chord of wood, which he knew he could sell to waiting townspeople for seven dollars, thus providing enough profit for himself and a bevy of helpers to enjoy the movie, with popcorn and caramels.



Hazel Lyman

Hazel Lyman and her husband Lynn were two of the most respected, beloved people in town. Together, they manned jeeps for often spontaneous trips to the Hole-in-the-Rock. Indeed, if there was anything planned which involved the out of doors, this couple was always ready to participate. As the son of Walter C. Lyman, who had a vision of the existence of the town before it was settled, Lynn played a key role in seeing that the town reached its full potential. Up until electrical power ceased to be the responsibility of the city, Lynn and his assistant, Lyle Johnson, watched over the generation and distribution of electricity, day and night.

Lynn and Hazel also demonstrated a deep interest in the cultural life of the town, supporting community plays and other such activities. When they learned of the effort California State University, Fullerton was making to document the lives of members of the town, they supported this wholeheartedly. They made a great effort to assure the students that they were welcome here, and that their work was appreciated. Many of the students responded to their kindness and regard, and continued to write to them long after their work in the area was complete. The last time I visited with Hazel, she asked me to tell her how a number of my students were doing, remembering clearly how they had touched her life. My students did the same.

Cardon Jones

Cardon Jones was born of impeccable Hole-in-the-Rock ancestry, as a grandson of two pioneers: Kumen Jones and Lydia May Lyman Jones. Nevertheless, he was never one to flaunt or even to take advantage of his well-placed ancestry. He married a "Pachecoite," Hattie Louise Guymon, herself being a granddaughter of the venerable pioneer William Morley Black and together they raised a family of some of the finest, most capable and least pretentious individuals our town has produced. Because the Jones family lived about two hundred feet directly south from our home, I had the opportunity to get to know them well while growing up, and enjoyed this association very much. Through my association with Cardon and his family, I was left with three distinct impressions about Cardon: that he loved his family, the Indian people of the area, and the canyons and hills of his native San Juan.

During the last few years of Cardon's life I spent a fair amount of time in his presence. I was a young historian desiring to learn all I could about the fascinating history of San Juan County, and he was one of those persons who had a great deal of information to share. He mesmerized me with stories of Joe Hill, a dedicated lawman, Butch Cassidy, a talented outlaw and Jacob Adams, an honest and fervent cowboy. He promised to take me to a place where Butch Cassidy and his Hole-in-the-Wall gang piled up flat stones as cribbing, allowing them to lead their horses down a back way when Joe Hill was certain he had them trapped.. He also told me of a cave near the junction of the San Juan and Colorado rivers which contained the unmistakable inscription: "Escalante, 1776." Together, we dreamed of taking a metal detector in search of a cave containing seamless canvas bags marked with The Bank of Telluride and filled with Morgan silver dollars, buried there by Butch Cassidy in the 1890s. None of this was to happen, as he died suddenly on February 27, 1979. But Cardon, in sharing with me what he alone knew of events in the history of the area we both loved, gave me a great gift. Throughout the years since, I have dreamed of inscriptions on cave walls, cribbings on cliffs, and the ping of a metal detector as a layer of dust is scraped off canvas bags in a cave.


28
FORD

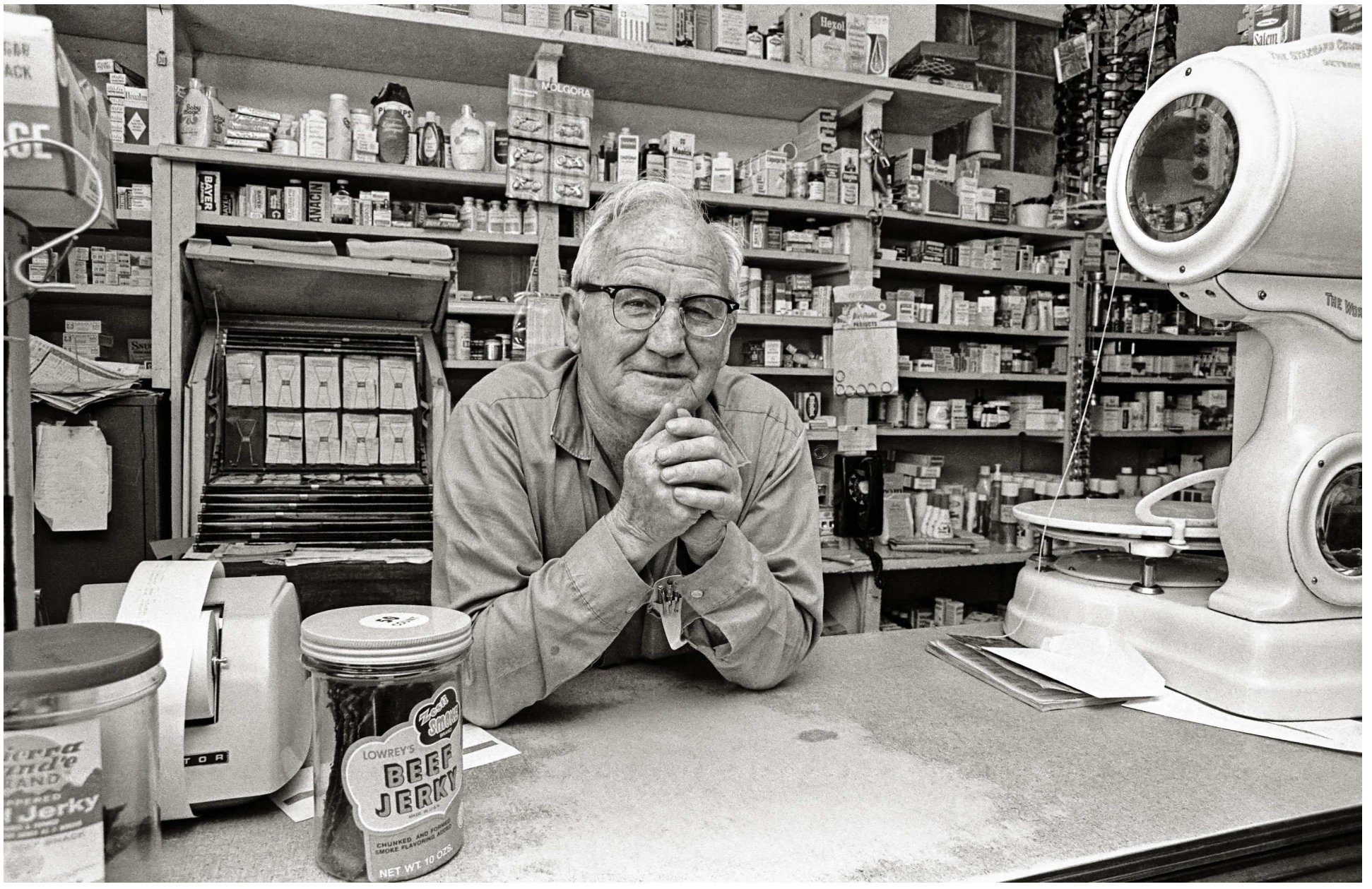
The Galbraiths

Florence and Doug Galbraith were often in our home when I was young. They belonged to the Rook Club, as did my parents. Remembering these times, I have tried to explain to myself what could have been so fetching about an evening spent with our definitely unhip parents playing a funny card game called Rook. Part of this enticement was the food that Florence Galbraith provided dependably: small, cut up sandwiches made of deviled ham, and a drink consisting of pineapple juice frozen in ice cube trays with the cube device removed, then these frozen panels immersed in strawberry Kool-Aid. Another part of the appeal of playing Rook with our parents was the enthusiasm which Doug Galbraith showed for the game. Sometimes this bordered on the unconscionable. I remember one evening when Doug suddenly burst into a rendition of "Black is the color of my true love's hair;" then a little later, he began to trill "Green Grows the Grass in Wyoming." When he began to sing "The Yellow Rose of Texas," after another hand was dealt, we all demanded a re-deal, insisting that he was informing his partner of the suit in which he held the most and best cards.

As the owners of one of the thriving mercantile establishments in our small town, the Galbraiths came to influence my own life in other ways. When I was very young, I discovered that if I had the choice between one of the huge candy bars one could buy at that time for ten cents, or a large banana from Galbraith Merc., I would take the banana. Eventually I learned that bananas were best when they just began to have small brown spots on their peels and I looked forward to their becoming that ripe before I purchased them. One day, when I stopped after lunch to buy one of these bananas, Doug Galbraith said he had a business proposition for me. He then explained that he had noticed that I liked very ripe bananas. He showed me an entire forty pound box of bananas just as I liked them, and said that if I was interested, he would give me the entire box in return for my sweeping the floor of his store. I could hardly wait for school to end that day, so I could sweep the Galbraith Merc. store and earn all of the bananas my friends and I could possibly eat. Several times after that, Doug provided me with this opportunity, eventually explaining that if he left bananas in his store when they became this ripe, he would soon be awash in fruit flies. I was happy to be of help in avoiding this problem.

When I became forty years old, some of my friends gave me an "Over the Hill" party. The center of attention at this party was a poster-sized announcement from the San Juan Record of my birth on January 21, 1938. The author of this announcement was Florence Galbraith. I realized that more than forty years later, Florence was still contributing her "Blanding News" section each week. This fine couple, who worked very hard every day except Sunday in their well-maintained store, played a large role in the lives of virtually every person in Blanding, both young and old. The town was much better for their being there.

Galbraith



Doug Galbraith

Galbraith Merc.

Pearl Butt

Herman Butt

The Harvey Family

I do not have to go beyond my own experience to point out the significant role each member of the Harvey Family that I had the privilege of knowing played in my own life, as well as in the community at large.

I largely remember Britta Harvey Bradford for the enthusiasm with which she greeted my request that she allow my student, John Abraham, to interview her. However, her daughter, Phyllis Bradford Jones, who looks so much like her mother that it has been difficult not to telescope them into one person, has been a person who I have appreciated for many years. Since she and her husband Wendell "Spin" Jones raised their family on the next corner east from my parents' home, my parents had the good fortune of having this quality family as close neighbors. I don't know all they did as good neighbors, but my mother told me many times that not only Phyllis, but her sons, were very attentive to her needs. Now, we have the blessing of having her as a neighbor during those months we spend in Blanding each year.

Charles Harvey and his wife, Nellie, lived on the far other side of town from where I lived, and his children were so much older than me that I never had a school association with them. Still, this couple influenced my life. Nellie was my Primary teacher, then Primary president, and many years later, I had the opportunity to interview the two of them while I was participating in an oral history project being conducted by Brigham Young University.

Aaron Harvey not only kept the schools I attended well-maintained and clean, but I recall as a child being impressed with the way he cared for his family, and for the forgiveness and understanding he expressed for someone who had hurt him deeply. His sons were friends of mine, and one of the great memories of my own childhood was that of being Tom Sawyer while Kenyon Harvey was Huck Finn in the annual high school play, which my freshman year was titled Tom Sawyer.

Although Waldo (not shown) also lived on the far other side of town, and his children were so much older than I that we shared no school association, he nevertheless had a major impact on my life. When I was about five years old, I went with my father to Vernon Rowley's sawmill near the other end of town, where Waldo happened to be working at the time. While my father was taking care of some business, I climbed onto a large pile of massive logs and soon found a way to cause the bottom log on which I was standing to roll away from the pile, leaving the other logs to fall down in its place. I remember standing there, seeing these huge logs above me falling, and thinking that I had better raise my arms to stop them from falling on me. In that part of a second before they crushed me like a toad on the road, Waldo reached in and snatched me from harm's way. More than a decade later, I was the mastermind in a caper that involved selling to a junk dealer a large pile of scrap iron that my cousins and I found hidden in the juniper forest to the east of town. When a local person took great umbrage with the Shumway boys who sold his property that he valued greatly, Waldo, serving as the justice of the peace, worked very hard to defuse this situation. While we were brought to justice, and came to understand the impropriety of selling scrap iron that belonged to someone else, we were kept from the "Reform School" which loomed over us, thanks to the good offices of a thoughtful local authority. Many years later, when I had been asked to assist the LDS Church in establishing an oral history program, Waldo's son, Clyde, allowed my family to stay in the bottom portion of their home in the Avenues of Salt Lake which had once belonged to a distinguished scientist and church leader, John A. Widstoe. At the end of the summer, when I went to pay the rent we had agreed upon, Clyde told me that he and his wife, Marilyn, had talked about this, and felt that we should use this money to do more interviews, like the ones I had already done with his father in southeastern Utah.

Britta Harvey Bradford

Chas and Nellie Harvey

Aaron Harvey

Douglas Harvey

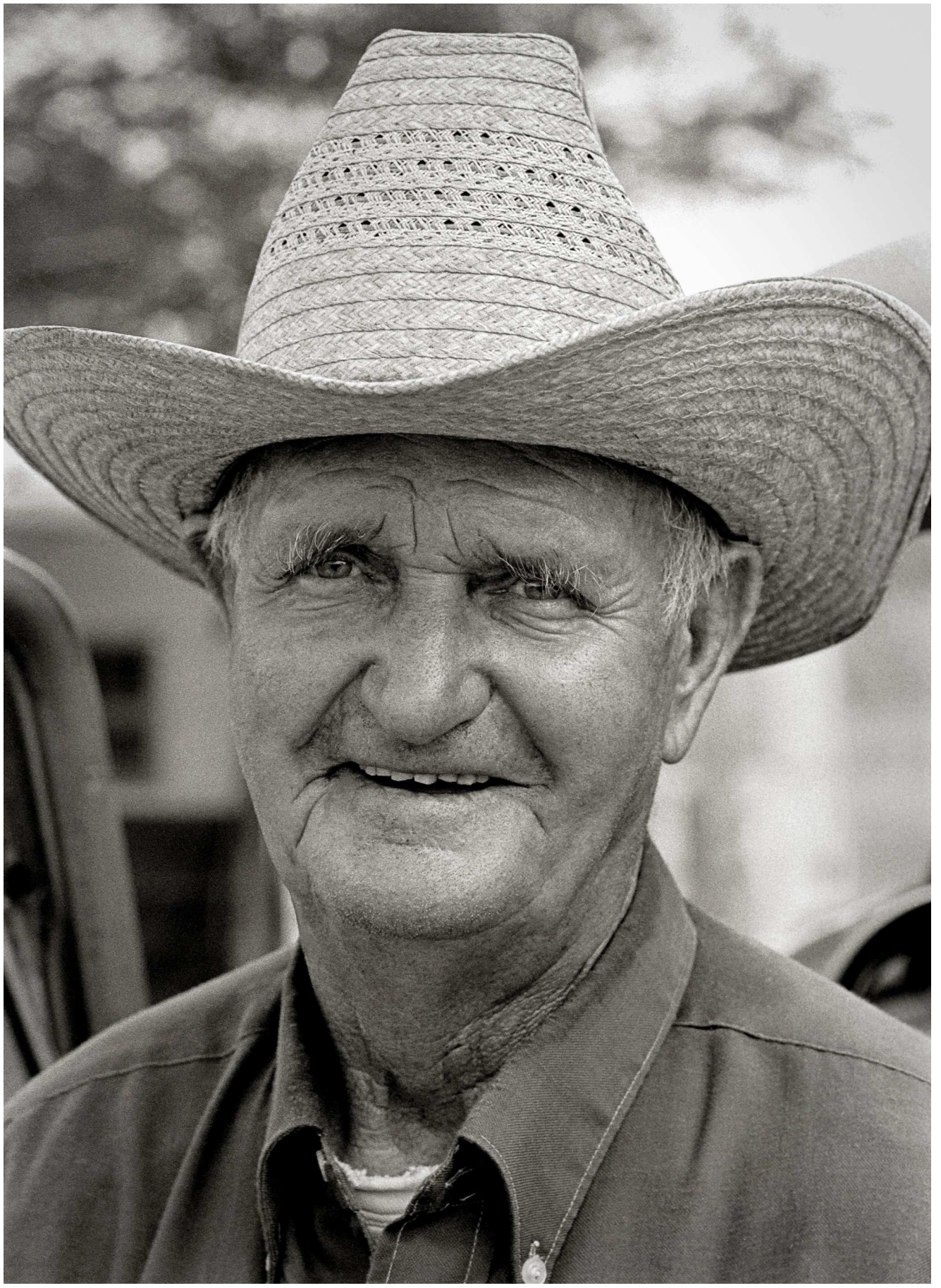
Douglas Harvey built the home that I was born and grew up in, and which my wife and I now own as one of our most prized possessions. As a master carpenter, he built it so well that more than fifty years later, he counseled me to never consider tearing it down. His daughter, Nancy, was in our home a great deal when I was very young as one of the closest friends of my older sister, Dixie. My parents continued to hold Nancy in high regard throughout the many years since my sister died unexpectedly of meningitis when she was in high school, and one of the privileges of spending each summer in Blanding is that of attending church in the Blanding Sixth Ward, which is Nancy's ward also. Douglas' younger daughter, Leslie, was in my school class for all twelve years, and I have since come to recognize that classmates become very much like family. Also, his even younger daughter, Bonnie, was someone I felt attracted to, and enjoyed as a friend as well as a girlfriend. His son, John, was with me when between us we shot our first deer when I was nine years old, and Douglas' wife, Margaret, was my first grade teacher. Douglas and I worked in tandem in the laying of the hardwood floor for the Blanding wards' cultural hall, which proved to be one of the proudest moments of my young life.

Grace Powell Shumway

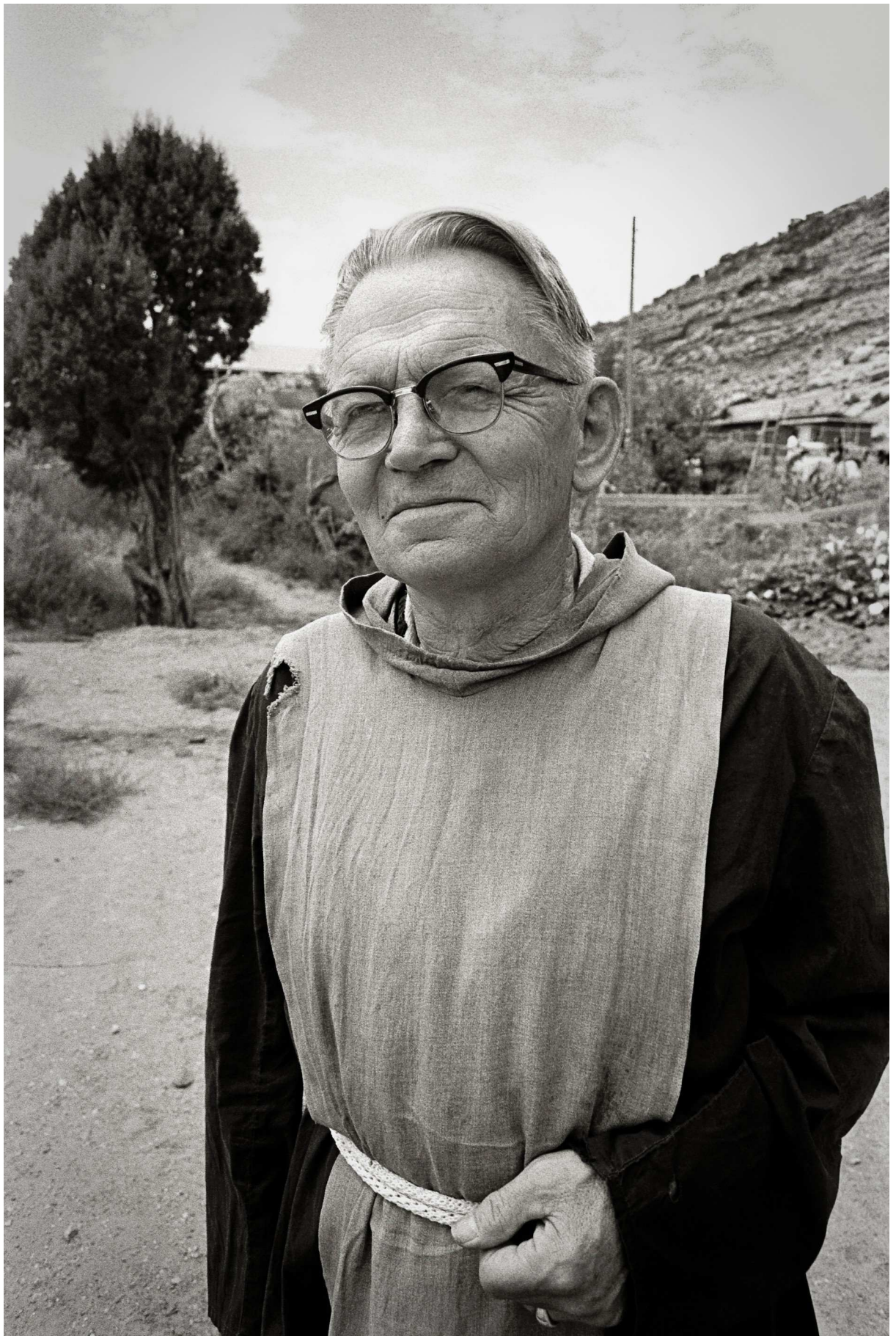
No one had more influence on my life than did my mother, Grace Powell Shumway. When I was very young, she perceived that, unlike all of her other children, I had no talent for, nor interest in athletics. She might have made my life very miserable by reminding me that by definition, Shumways are super-jocks, and that Powells are, too, but she never once in her life made me feel that athletic prowess was even important. Instead, sensing that I had a gift for public speaking and writing, she encouraged me to develop these talents. I still remember the first talk I gave in "Little Church" when I was three years old, including not only the careful coaching Mother gave me in preparation for this, ("Be sure to look at the last person in the last row, and make certain you are talking so loud and clear that they can hear you perfectly; if you find you are getting frightened by the large number of people, tell yourself they are all just heads of cabbage") but also her glowing response to my presentation ("You made everyone feel that they were with your father on his mission in Kentucky, praying for a place to sleep that cold night.") Later, when we found that I could spell almost any word perfectly, that proper grammar came easy to me and that I could tell a story in such a way that drew in my listeners, she encouraged me to believe that I would become a good writer.

For much of my young life, I felt that my mother existed only for me and I basked in the security of knowing that I had a guardian angel who would warn me not to stand too close to the sandy bank of the San Juan River near Bluff or would go to school to remonstrate against a perceived mistreatment by an overworked teacher. In time, however, I learned that Mother loved each of the ten children to whom she had given birth, as well as her husband (who also loved each of his children and his wife very much but often sought peace and tranquility in the awesome canyons and mountains surrounding our home.) I next learned that Mother loved all the children of the town as she served as the president of the Primary, the church organization designed to guide, mold and train the children and as she cooked the school lunches for the elementary school. During World War II, she headed the effort to keep the hearts of servicemen and women, missionaries, wartime workers and others away from home moored to their beginnings as she and her dedicated staff produced and distributed the homey newspaper called the Flash. After the war was over, I discovered that Mother's love included the Ute and Navajo Indians surrounding our town. She worked hard to convince them to accept the newly developed antidote of penicillin against the ravages of tuberculosis and other diseases. She succeeded in convincing loving Indian parents to allow their children to be transported to far away educational facilities until such time as the local school district could find ways to matriculate them. When she learned that Indian mothers-to-be were sometimes left to die because of childbirth complications, she offered to provide her expertise as a midwife without pay and to intercede if necessary in seeing that expectant mothers receive proper medical attention in cases of stressed deliveries. When local church leaders decided that the time had come to extend the blessings of the gospel to the Indian community, she was an early, dedicated and lasting participant in the effort known as the "Indian Church." Throughout this time, she pursued an individual effort to provide training to Indians interested in becoming carpenters and to make housing available and affordable to Indians who wished to live in the community.

After having written the above, I realize that this sounds like I am trying to paint my mother as a southeastern Utah Mother Theresa. I can only respond that not only is it all real, but it is only a small part of what this overworked, underappreciated, lame (due to a childhood basketball accident that broke and detached her right hip socket) precious woman did with her life. It was a privilege to be part of what she did.

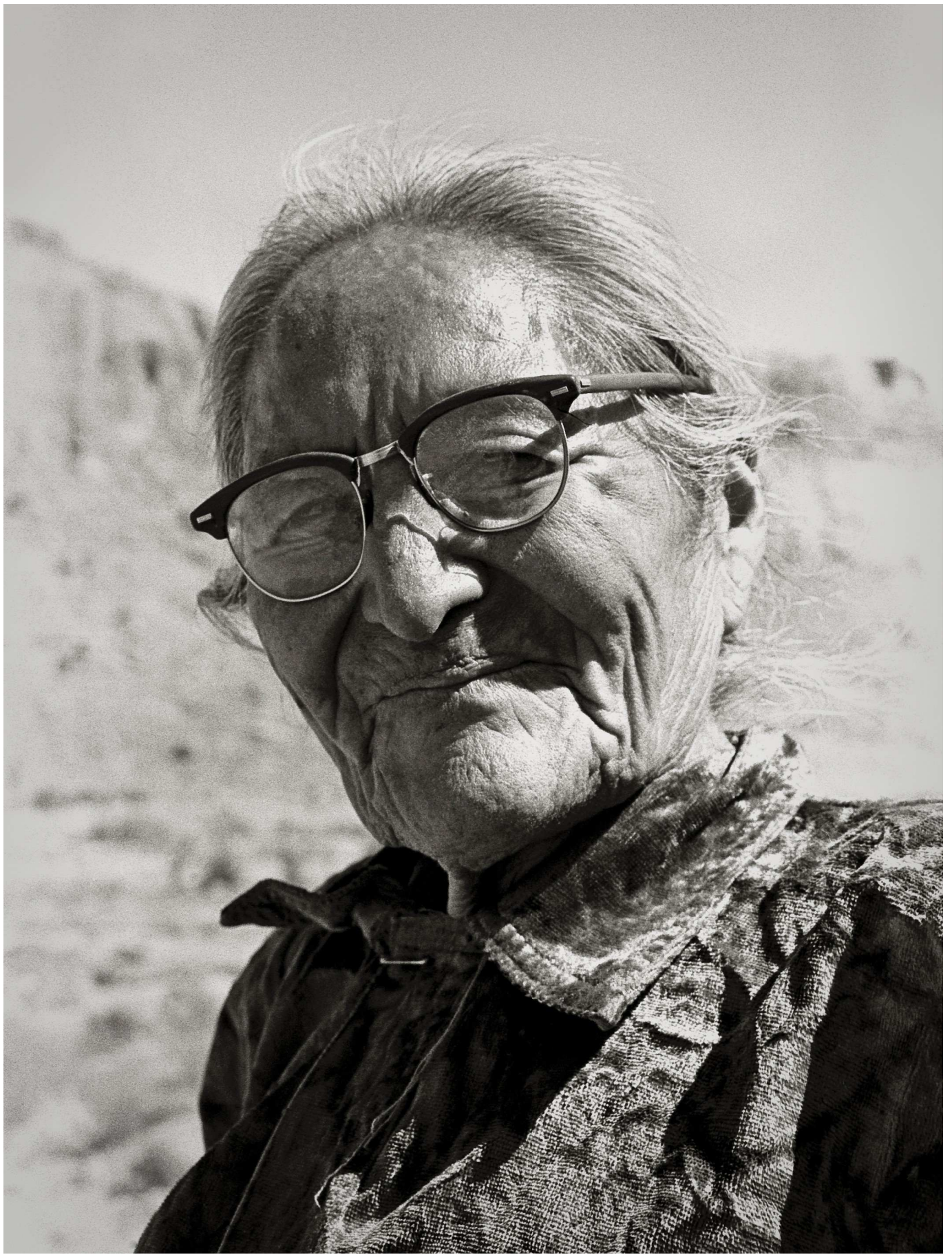


John Johnson



Brother Juniper

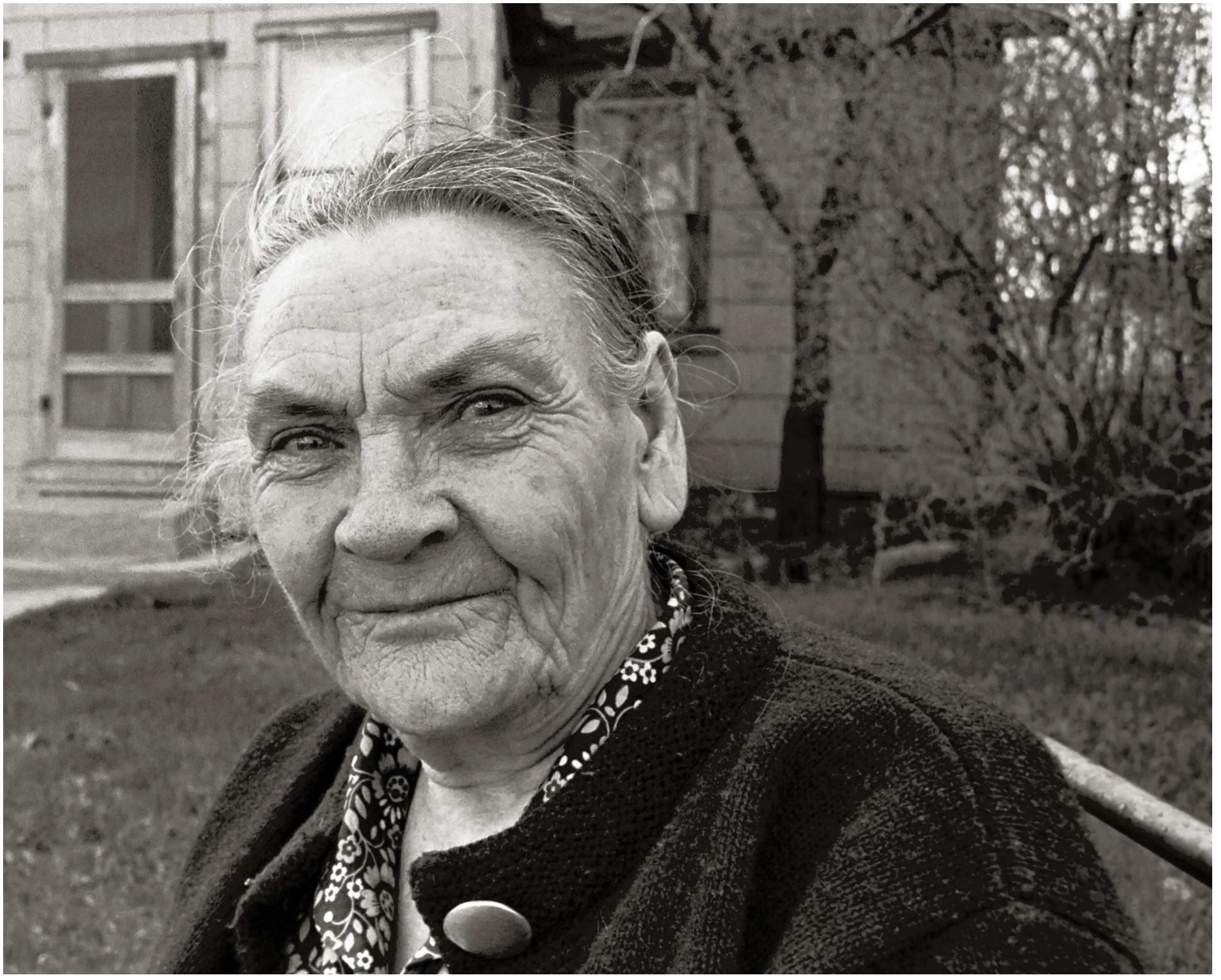
Kitty Atene



Navajo Woman 4

Alice Shumway

Although she was my aunt, married to my father's brother, I never knew Alice well. Not only did she live far on the other side of town, but she never felt close to most members of the extensive Shumway family. That was probably unfortunate for all, because I eventually learned how faithfully and stoically she stood up to much personal sorrow, including the murder of her father and son when they befriended a Texas desperado, and the loss of her husband in a mine cave-in. Later in life, I became very impressed with the beautiful velvet quilts she made and wanted very much to own one.



Lydia Redd

Elnora Nielson

Blanche and Justin Black

Two of the most humble, simple, yet intelligent people I have ever known were Blanche and Justin Black. Justin was the janitor at the old stone and red brick Blanding Elementary School when I went there as a child. He stoked the huge coal furnace, keeping it so warm that I never once remember of being cold in school, even on fearsome winter days when huge icicles hung like stalactites over the windows. He swept every floor, every school night, then oil mopped them so that each morning we would be welcomed with the unmistakable, clean smell of oiled floors, waiting for their daily baptism with pine nut shells and mud from young scholars' shoes. Justin was kind to every student, helpful to teachers with special requests and dependable in performing the low paying, menial work expected of him.

If it weren't for other experiences, I would have assumed that this couple was living at the top of their capability when they swept the floors and stoked the furnace of the school. But in the course of growing up, I learned many other things about this couple that I found impressive, and led me to respect them very much. In addition to working very hard at his janitorial job, Justin found the energy to serve as the town horticulturist. In the depth of winter, he pruned fruit trees for everyone wishing this service, then, very late in the winter before the trees blossomed, and again after the fruit had formed, he sprayed fruit trees to get rid of unwanted insects and plant diseases. Because much of this work was performed outdoors in the coldest part of winter, it must have been uncomfortable, yet Justin was dependable and performed this work cheerfully. I remember that my father appreciated the work Justin performed in our own orchard, and was very glad he was there.

It was missionary work, in fact, that caused me to understand how capable and fine Blanche and Justin Black truly were. About the same time my bishop asked me to serve as a stake missionary, their bishop also called them to serve. Soon, we were working together in the Indian Branch, enjoying one of the most unique experiences missionaries have ever had, as "Anglos," Navajos and Utes learned to tolerate, and ultimately, to love each other. It was the capacity to work hard and love much on the part of Blanche and Justin, as well as others that made this happen. I enjoyed being a part of this group, and came to appreciate working with this fine couple. I have never forgotten my regard for them.

Myrtle Hunt

Iva Hatch

Laundromat

Blue Mountain Road

DeReese Nielson

DeReese liked horses and he liked cattle. He also liked being with them out on Elk Mountain in the summer. As a teen-ager, I remember finding him there on a number of occasions and I have ever since valued my recollections of spending a few minutes visiting with him each time and watching him at work on his cattle ranch. Not only was he an active, successful rancher, but even then, I thought he could be the poster boy for the Cattlemen's Association. Lean, wiry, tough and nimble, he could rope a wild cow or a calf needing a brand and other attention with a smooth rhythm that made it appear that he and his horse were one. He could work with an intensity that made him appear to be all business, but then he could set work aside and visit as if he thought he was on vacation. When you went on your way, you left with the feeling that DeReese liked you very much, and was glad you had stopped to talk. It is possible that he was willing to set time aside to visit with me because my cousin, Merwin Shumway and I were his home teachers, assigned by the Bishop of our church ward to visit him and his wife, Helen, and be certain they were cared for. However, because he continued to make me feel appreciated and respected all of the rest of his life, long after I was no longer his home teacher, I have come to feel that this ability was simply a gift he had been given. I know others have told me they received the same consideration from him. [5]

DeReese Nielson and His Cowboys

At Work

DeReese, Reesalee, Helen, Tara Dawn and Bimbo

The Gorden Hawkins Family

Sam Shore and Son

Wilbur and Kelly Laws

Few people put more of their heart into making Blanding a better place than did "Wib" Laws. For starters, Wib liked people. At a time in which this was not universally popular, he even genuinely liked Indians. While most people thought the government should do something to help the Navajo people, who were at that time in very real danger of starving to death, Wib thought he should do something himself. And he did: when a Navajo man came to tell him that his family was very hungry, he not only gave him some food, but told the man to be at Wib's house the next morning and he would have a job for him that would provide the family's needs. To this day, there are Navajo families who tell as a family tradition that they would have starved to death if it were not for the sustained work which Wib provided.

Wib also had a number of other endearing traits. I remember as a teen-ager, Wib welcomed me to go on his extensive land out on Mustang Mesa for a variety of purposes, and seemed to enjoy visiting with me when he found me there. As one of those people who accepted a request to serve at the Indian Branch, I found him very enthusiastic about his calling, and very dependable, willing to serve in any way needed. Later, when I returned to Blanding to attempt to capture the essence of the community by means of an extensive oral history project, I found Wib not only very willing to participate, but eager to assist in getting others to agree to be interviewed.

Part of the enjoyment that came to me in carrying out this project was that Wib's young son, Kelly, found this work interesting also. In fact, since he was about the same age as many of my students, he seemed determined to make their stay in Blanding as enjoyable as possible. He took them on jeep rides, and introduced them to the joys of dragging Main. While I was dubious of the sustainability of interest in a Main Street that was about four blocks long, and had one blinking red light, I discovered that my students found this activity unaccountably attractive. Besides genuinely enjoying Kelly's likeable ways, there was something else that they enjoyed about this activity. I never understood this entirely, but it had something to do with a large ceramic frog, which the young people of the town felt called upon to move from the top of one building on Main Street to another, with different groups giving this frog little rest throughout the evening.

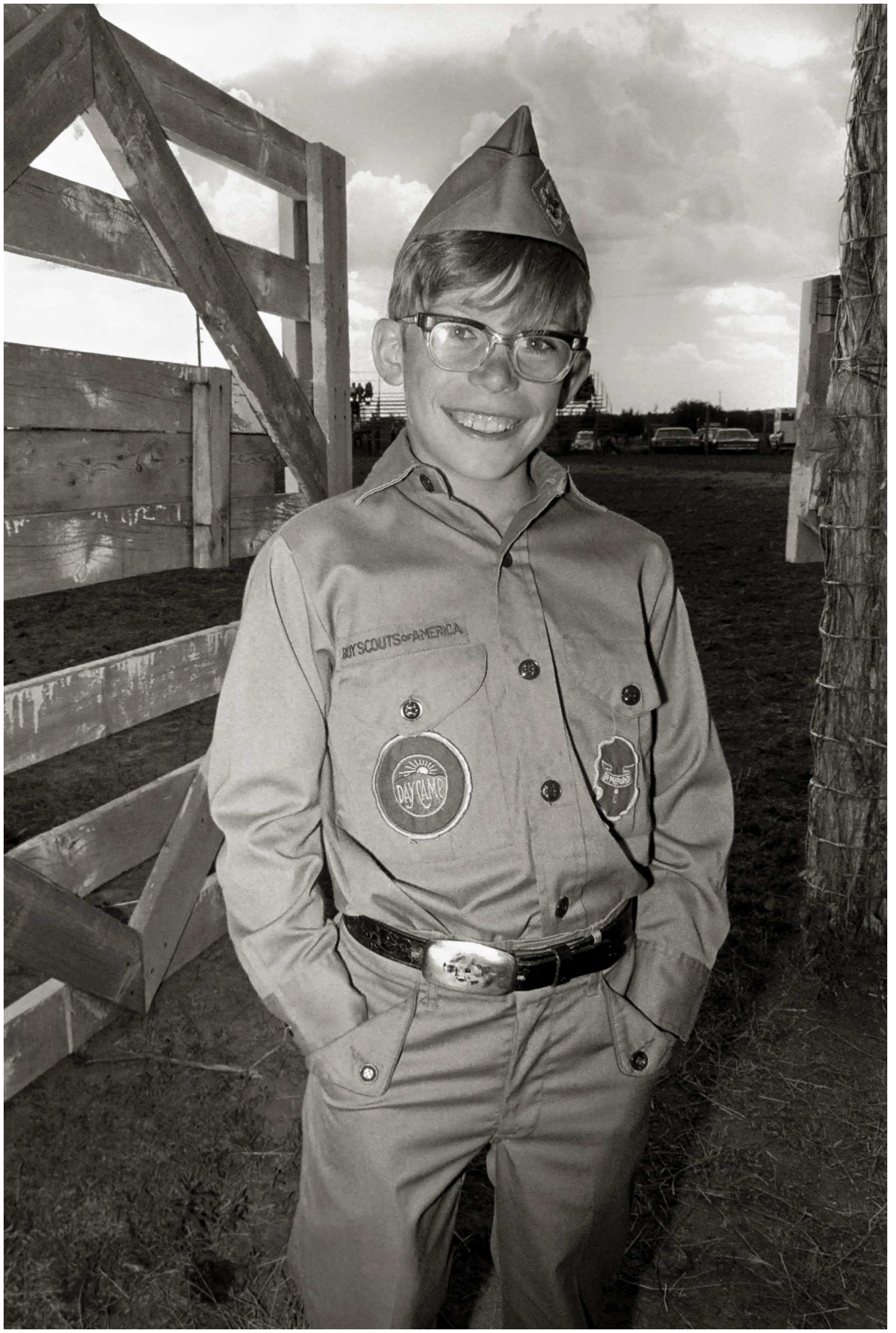
I remember being grateful at the time for Kelly's own involvement in this work, and as he has grown up and made his own commitment to serve the community in much more significant ways, I have found that he has sustained his interest in a number of things I have felt were important.

Four Corners

Seth Rigby Wright

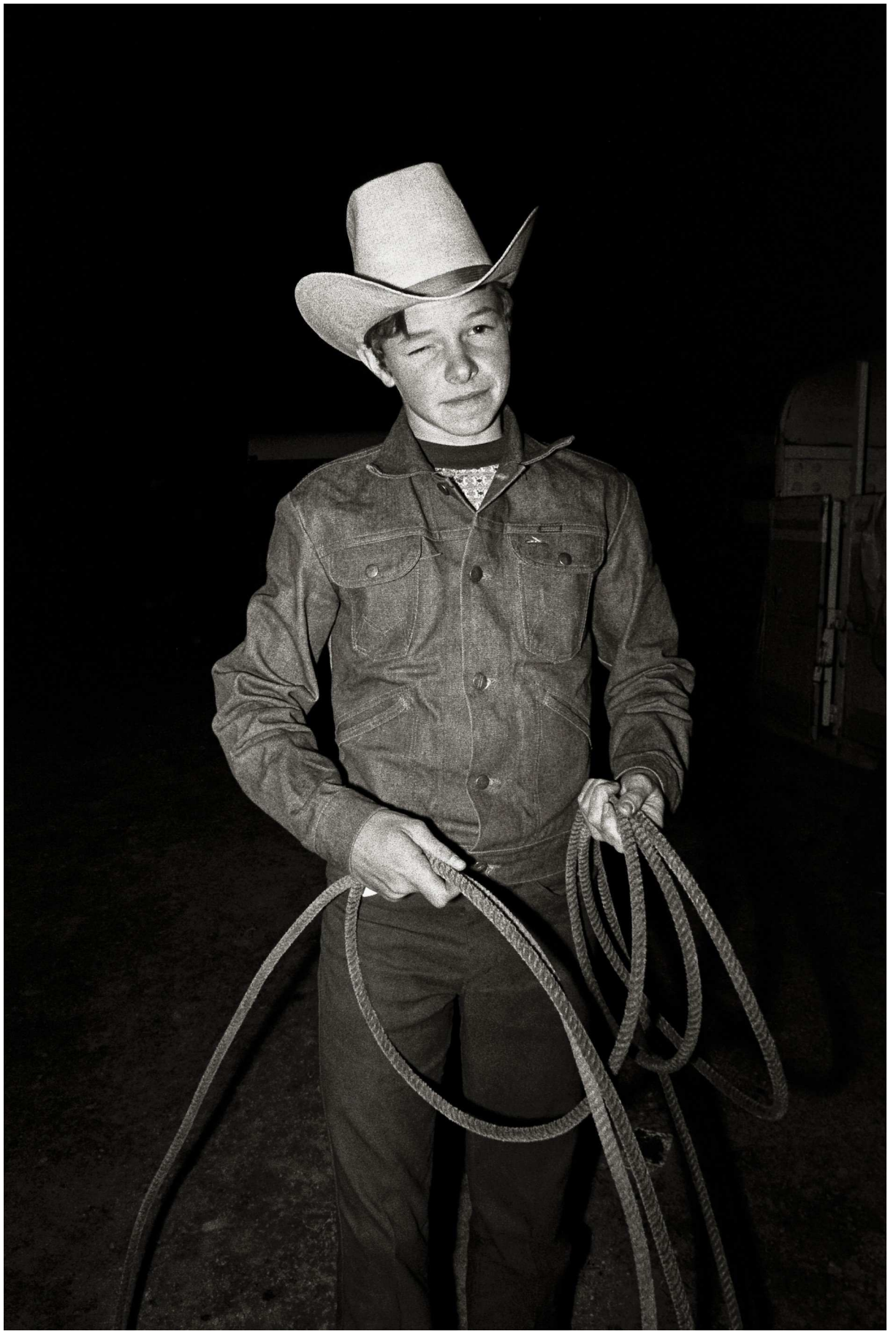
Anyone from San Juan County who was asked to name five long-term law enforcement officers would almost certainly include in his or her list the name Seth Rigby Wright. The son of an equally well-known local sheriff who lost his life in the line of duty, Rigby began his law enforcement career in 1958 as a charter member of the Sheriff's Patrol, a volunteer search and rescue organization begun by his father that year. After serving as deputy sheriff and chief of police in Monticello, he was elected San Juan County Sheriff in November of 1970. He served creditably in some aspect of law enforcement for almost thirty years, over half that as county sheriff. Few people serve their neighbors with more commitment than do law enforcement personnel, usually with less appreciation, inadequate compensation and more personal danger. Sheriff Wright earned and received the respect and appreciation of the people of the county he served.


SAN JUAN
VISITOR
INFORMATION
SAN JUAN
SHERIFF
COUNTY



Boy Scout at the San Juan County Rodeo

Rodeo Queen

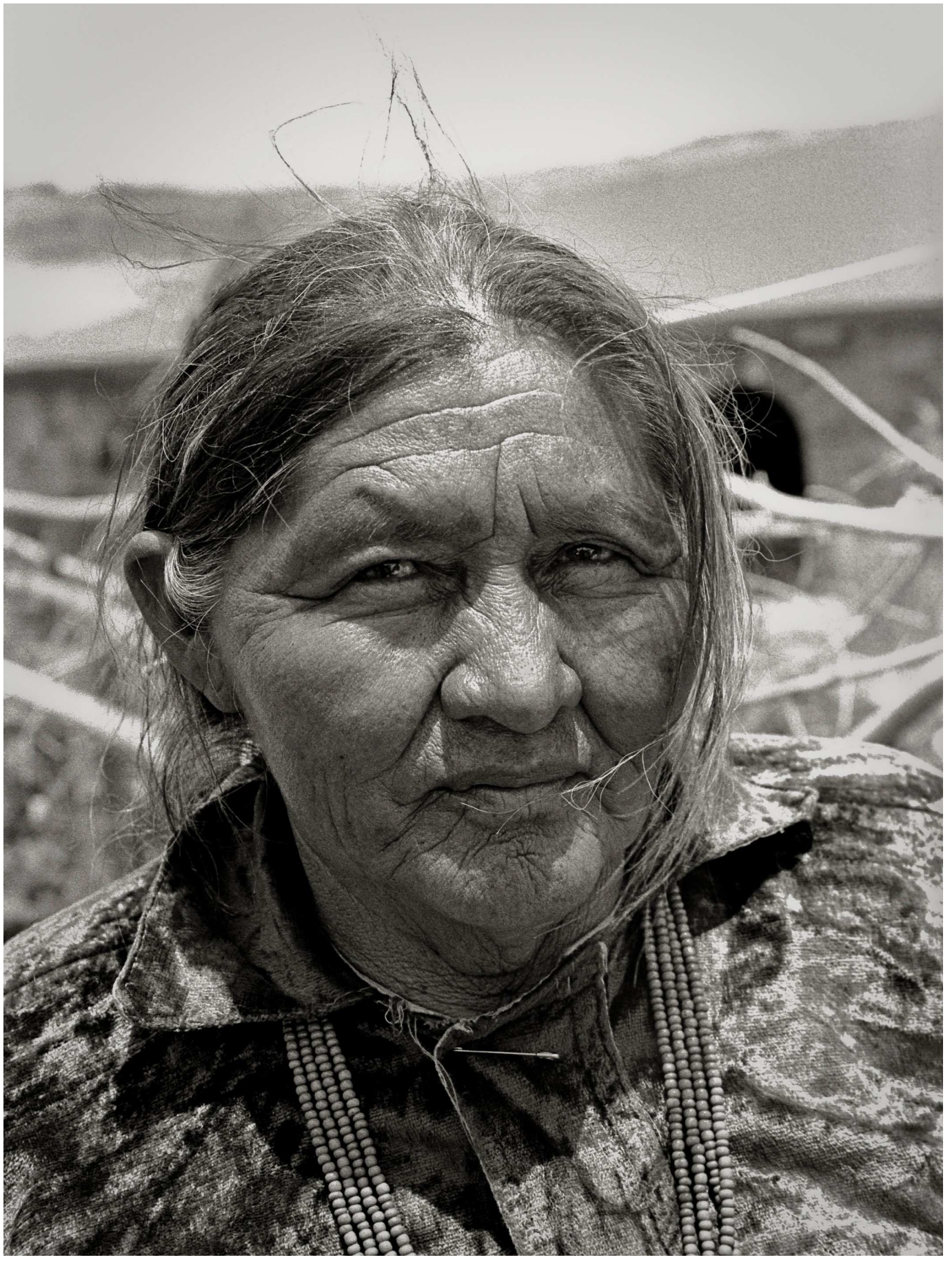


Young Rodeo Cowboy

Rodeo Flag Bearer

Washbasin on the Navajo Reservation

Navajo Hogan



Pearl Phillips [6]

Nedra Todichinni

Kelly Laws and Friends

Wizard Boy

Brenda

Bareback With Socks

Mike Acton

Phil Acton

At the Elk Ridge Cafe

Lelia Kartchner Palmer Adair

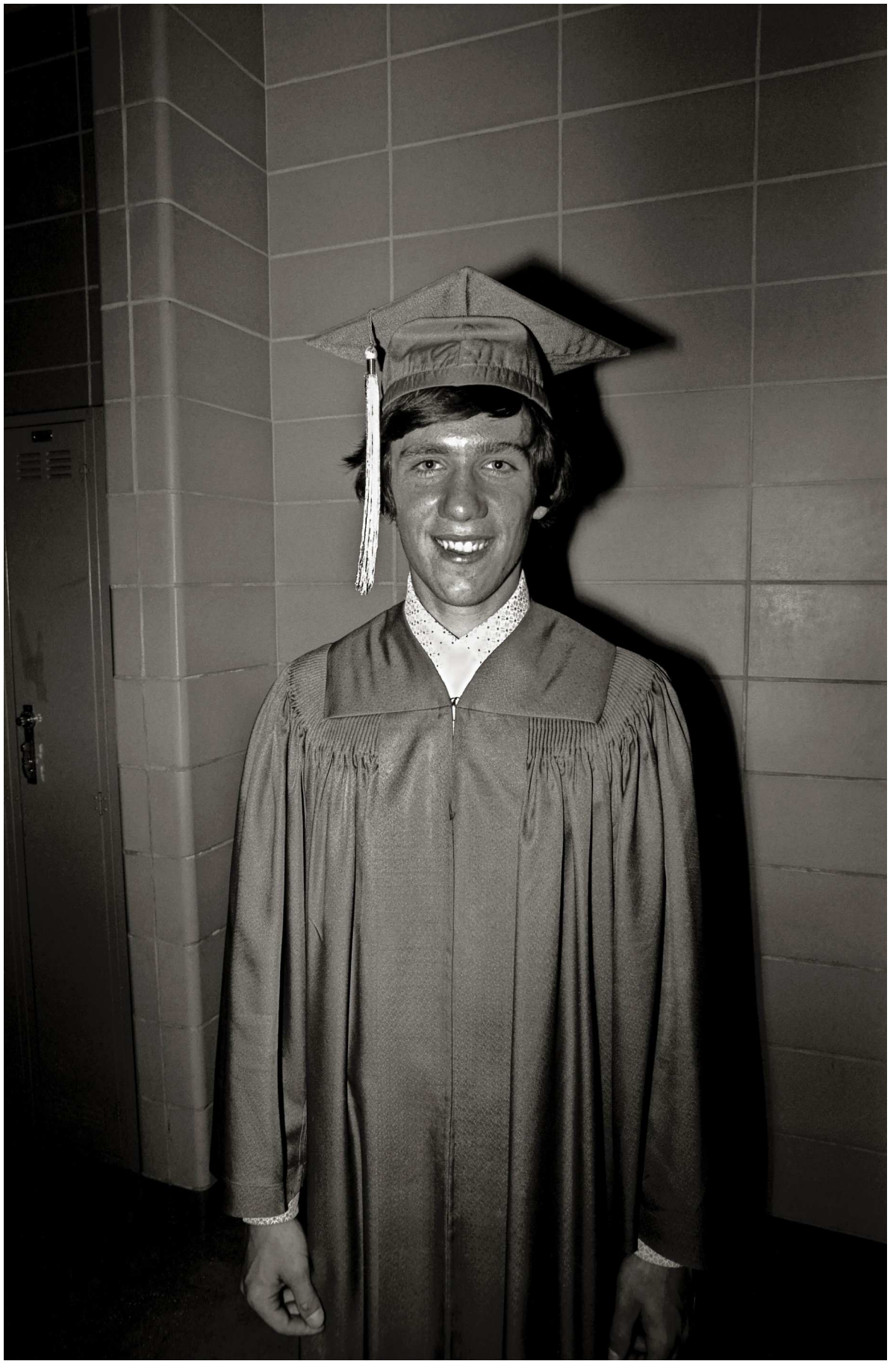
Lelia Kartchner Palmer Adair was just one of many people in the town who, when I was a child, seemed very old. She also lived far on the other side of town. These two considerations of age and geographical distance should have assured that there would be no real connection between us. Yet, Lelia held such a position of prominence in my life that I very much valued my association with her when I was young, and I have thought of her very often throughout my own long life. For starters, she was the sister of the father of one of my best friends, John Kartchner. Because all of John's family loved their Aunt Lelia, we went to her home often, and were always enthusiastically received there. Just before Valentine's Day each year, John and I would each take a piece of paper to her home which she would use to fold and cut very intricately into an exquisite origami valentine for our mothers. She never charged us for these beautiful works of art, and there has never been a Valentine's Day since my childhood that I have not remembered her lovely gift to us and our mothers. When I became a teen-ager, and began to appreciate lovely women, both John and I agreed that Lelia's daughter, Eve Lynn, was the most beautiful person who had grown up in Blanding. I know that Lelia was happy that her daughter's beauty was not only physical, but was an expression of her soul-deep love of the people around her.

When I was almost grown, I found another reason to appreciate Lelia greatly. We were both asked by our bishop to work with the group of people committed to making a viable branch of our church for those Navajo and Ute people who wished to participate. I came to value the dedication, faith, joy and love that Lelia put into this calling. My mother, who also had been called to this work, counted on Lelia to accompany her in the important work of seeing that Indian people, especially women experiencing difficulties in childbirth, would receive the attention they needed. This often required an urgent trip to the nearest hospital that would admit Indians at that time: the Bureau of Indian Affairs hospital in Shiprock, New Mexico. I was the designated driver for these outings, and both I and my mother came to appreciate Lelia's commitment, her love for others and her capable care that she gave to others who needed it. These were long, anxious, stressful trips over bad roads, but I remember that Lelia was available, competent and uncomplaining always. The three of us took great pride in the fact that, even though we never took one of these trips unless the woman in labor was in great distress, we never lost a mother or a baby. In her own quiet but happy way, Lelia did what she could to make life better for all around her.

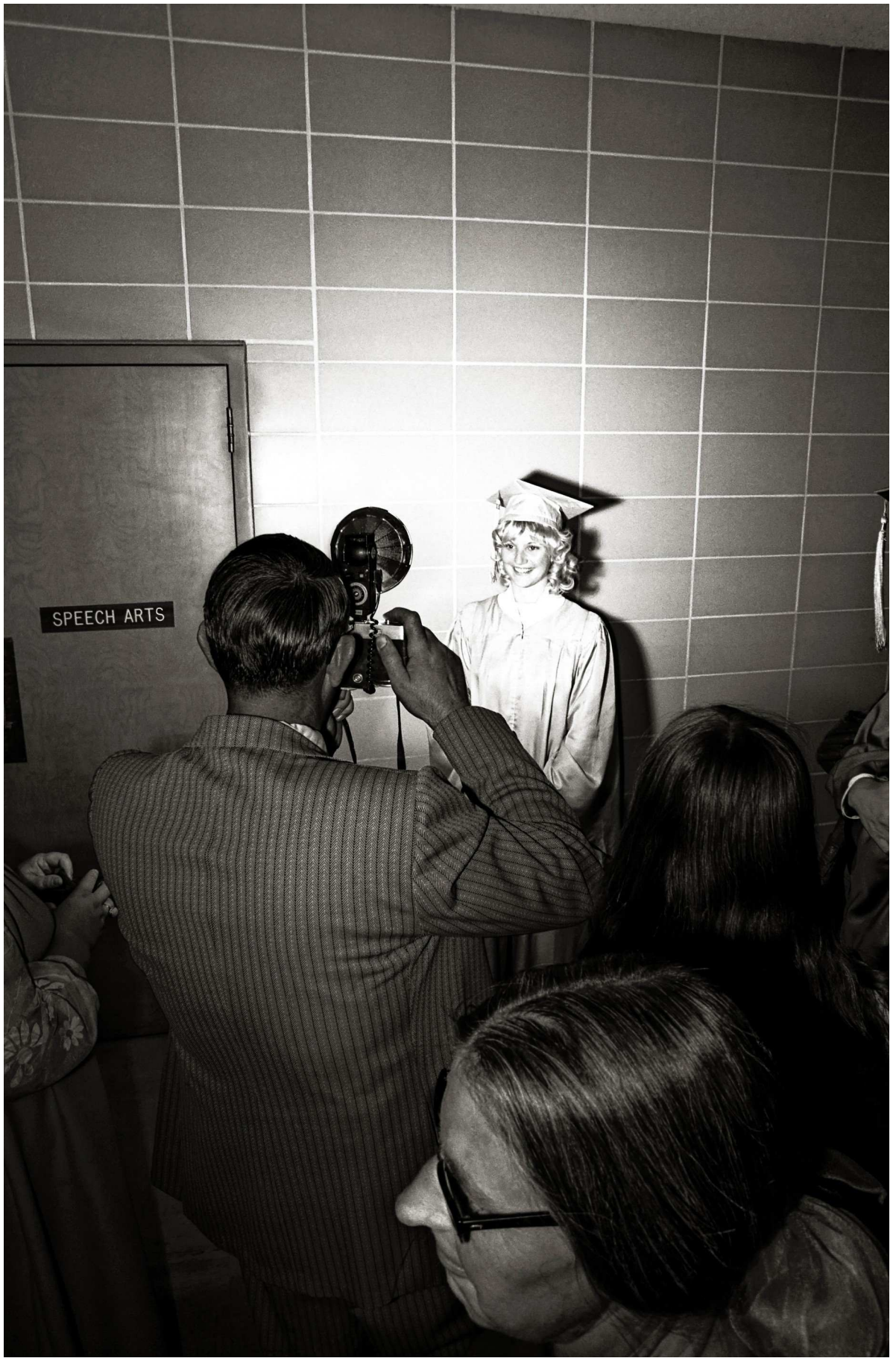
Norman Nielson

Another descendant of the great Hole-in-the-Rock pioneer, Bishop Jens P. Nielson, Norman Nielson, too, had a bigger-than-life presence in San Juan County. He loved and appreciated the cattle ranches and other property built up and bequeathed to him by his father, Floyd G. Nielson. So substantial were these holdings that he might have been content to simply concentrate on the good life these would provide. Instead, he dedicated much of his time and attention to other activities designed to make San Juan County a better place for all who lived there. Much of his passion was directed to the development and better utilization of water resources for the town. Shortly after marrying Ruth Jones, he became involved in an effort to capture the water that would run off each spring when the snow melted from Abajo Peak. This was a major undertaking, involving the utilization of long trains of mules to transport sufficient pipe to build a water pipeline from the drainage of the "Big Peak" to the Blanding ditch in Johnson Creek. Although this required a great deal of focused effort, few people, even those who have grown up in the area, are even aware of this pipeline's existence and of the effort that went into it. Later, as president of the San Juan Water Conservancy District, he played a key role in planning, obtaining funds for, and building the Recapture Dam. Because this was very nearly derailed, and could never have been built if not pushed through at the time, the effort of Norman and others involved has truly made a difference to people in the area.. With water in much larger, more concentrated amounts than anyone had dare dream of for the people of the area, Norman exercised leadership in a final important area of developing an irrigation system for the lower part of the mesa on which Blanding lies. Following most winters when the Abajo peaks have been covered with several feet of snow in the winter, there are alfalfa, corn and wheat fields growing in the summer months with such beauty and in such abundance that people remember a visionary who once stood on a hill and saw a town, a temple and fields that made White Mesa very beautiful. Norman played a part in making some of this happen.

San Juan High Prom Chaperone



Bishop Lyman's Son

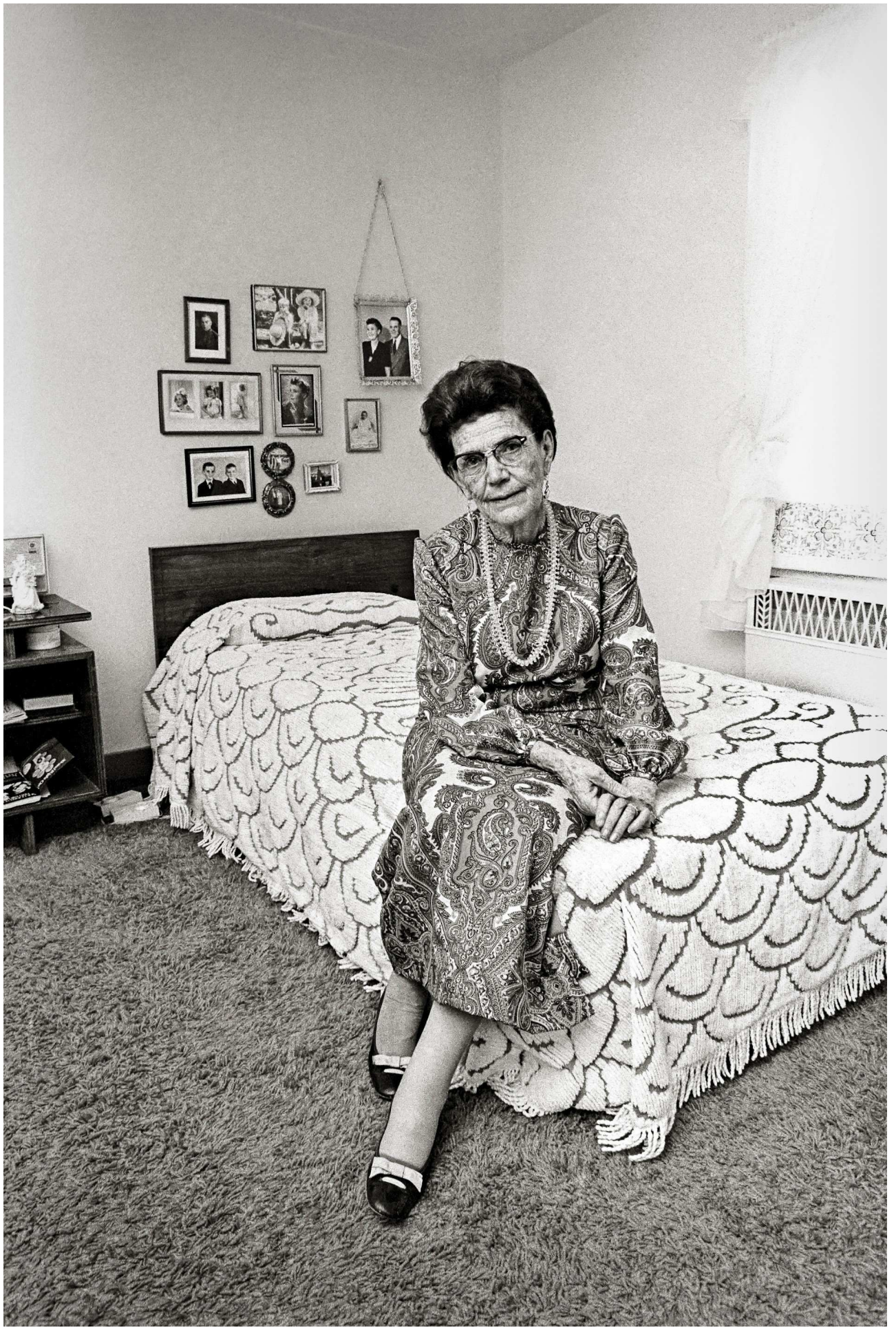


Graduation Photo

Margie Lyman

Few persons who watched the two covered wagons bringing the George Arthur Hurst family to southeastern Utah in May of 1911 could have foreseen the quality of contribution each member of this family would make. Never happy in Mexico and increasingly concerned over the mood of revolution throughout that land, George and Mary Terry Hurst had been fired with enthusiasm when they heard of the new community being built in "Zion," and they determined to return to Utah to be a part of it. At the time, Margie was a girl twelve years of age, more concerned about the condition of her doll packed in a wooden box in the bottom of one of the wagons than about her own role in community building. Yet, as soon as the family arrived in the town then called Grayson, they began to take a prominent part in the forging of a community. Soon after the town had changed its name to Blanding, their father attended a city council meeting where he learned of the critical need of water for the community. The next day, without being asked, and with no promise of pay for his efforts, he took a crow bar, a pick and a shovel to a small seep of water in Westwater canyon to the west of town, and by the time he finished his work three days later had developed this seep into a satisfying, self-replenishing pool which many times in the future would provide water desperately needed for the existence of the town. The town also discovered the many cultural gifts proffered by this family. Hursts could tell a story so well that "Hole-in-the-Rock" descendants would ask members of this "Pachecoite" family to tell the story of the pioneering expedition to San Juan County for July Twenty-fourth celebrations. This family could present a three act play so skillfully that everyone would be clamoring for another. They could bend a blues song through a tenor sax or trombone so dolefully that alley cats would cry. During all of the days of my childhood, Margie played the organ for church services.

When Margie was twenty three, she married Marvin Lyman, the son of the man who had seen in vision the existence of the town and who had spent much of his life working for its reality and well-being. Marvin and Margie, like their parents, spent their lives building up the community. Because they lived less than a hundred yards from our own home, and were close friends of my parents, much of the memories of my childhood revolve around my association with their family. I admired each of them very much. One example of the conscious effort Margie made to enhance the lives of the children of our neighborhood was her decision to have "Fireside chats." Not only were we invited to their home to sing, listen to faith-promoting stories and enjoy refreshments, but Margie even went to the expense of buying small, sturdy, wooden chairs for each of us to sit on. We each enjoyed these meetings very much. I have never sung the Mormon song, "Oh, How Lovely Was the Morning" without remembering the fervor with which we sang it under Margie's direction.



Ellen Johnson

Like most of the others who became Blanding's townspeople, Ellen and her family sacrificed greatly to become a part of the community. She was born in Corrales, just out of Pacheco, Chihuahua, Mexico in 1899. In 1911 her father went to Grayson, whose name would soon change to Blanding and finding that he liked the town very much, sent word back to Mexico for his family to come. They left October 11 and arrived in Grayson on December 5, 1911. Speaking of this long wagon trip without their father and with very little money or food, Ellen said: "We really had hardships all the way. Some days we were out of water. I remember one day we children got out to walk. We didn't have any water and didn't know how soon we'd find some. We got so thirsty that we figured we couldn't live through it. I remember something that was quite comical: my mother had us take turns chewing one piece of gum to help quench our thirst....We brought a lot of food with us, but we ran out. We didn't have too much money either, but we stopped here and there... One day we saw a man with a herd of sheep. We went over and tried to buy one, but he said that they didn't belong to him. He was just a sheepherder....He finally said, 'Well, I won't sell one, but I'll give you one.' That dinner was a real treat for me." [7]

Ida Nielson

"While Edd was away taking care of the cattle, Ida was at home taking care of the home, the children and all the other chores. She was truly an amazing woman.... She had the main responsibility of raising the children and taking care of everything in the home, yard and a large garden. Ida bottled hundreds of quarts of corn, green beans, beets, peaches, apricots, grape juice, pears, applesauce, gooseberries, raspberries, jams and jellies. She would fill gallon crocks with sauerkraut and pickles...She bottled venison, beef, pork and chicken. She was famous for her finely cut noodles and squash pie with real whipped cream.

Ida always milked the cows when Edd was gone. It was no easy chore and it was always a challenge to keep the flies out of the milk. She would take her children with her and spread out a blanket for them to sit on while she milked the cows. When she finished, she would take the milk to the house, strain it and put it into a round container on top of the hand-turned separator. She would turn the handle at a fast pace and the cream would separate from the milk.

She made her own soap in a huge black iron kettle outside.....Ida was a carpenter with only a hammer and saw....She made stools, benches, shelves, doors, chests of drawers and little storage chests. When she was around 60 years of age she made the white picket fence that still borders her home. She mixed and poured cement for sidewalks and retaining walls and built a barbecue fireplace with table and benches for outdoor picnics...

After Edd passed away on February 24, 1963 Ida was a widow for 32 years but she continued to live a remarkable, productive, independent life. She passed away on December 19, 1995. She was 100 years old." [8]

Edson Black

When the people of Blanding remember Edson Black, they usually associate him with the early days of electricity in our community. At 9:45 p.m. the lights would wink, to warn the community that in fifteen minutes, power would cease for the day. Edson Black and his son, Anthon, generated the electricity with the primary purpose of providing power with which to operate their large flour mill. Perhaps as a commentary on the simple needs of the community, the power they generated also supplied the electricity for all the townspeople who required it. One gets the impression that this was furnished more as a service to the community than as a significant source of income for Edson's family. If young people wished to have the lights remain on for a Friday night dance, for example, this was accommodated by the revelers providing in advance the wood necessary to generate the additional electricity required.

I do not remember the 9:45 wink; by my day, the production of electricity had become a municipal industry. I do, however, remember Edson Black well, and from my earliest memories, I had the perception that he valued the association that he had with others in the community, including children. I spent a fair amount of time around the flour mill. I was enchanted by the smoke rings that would rise in the air when the mill first began operation each morning. I was interested in the process of converting kernels of wheat into fine flour, with the unusable wheat germ made into germade cereal, and the bran into hard pressed pellets to feed to livestock. Apparently understanding my fascination with this whole process, Edson never once told me I was a bother to him. Instead, I remember the day when he invited me to watch the pellet creating process, and then told me to take as many pellets as I wanted for use as a source of nourishment while my friends and I were hiking. He made certain that I understood that this invitation was good anytime we were going on a hike, and that we did not have to ask his permission each time.

As I recall fondly my association with this good man, I view it as another example of the ancillary role of those who provided the infrastructure for our community. As is true of the village blacksmith, the merchants, the town barber and the school janitor, this maker of fine flour viewed himself as one with the responsibility of refining each member of the community into fit citizens.

Edson and Adelaide Black

“For men and women are not only themselves; they are also the region in which they are born, the city apartment or the farm in which they learnt to walk, the games they played as children, the old wives' tales they overheard, the food they ate, the schools they attended, the sports they followed, the poets they read, and the God they believed in. It is all these things that have made them what they are, and these are the things that you can't come to know by hearsay...”

W. Somerset Maugham, The Razor’s Edge 9

Acknowledgments

There are numerous people to thank for the making of this work. I think, of course, Gary L. Shumway must be at the top of my list for particularly trusting the character and untested skills of this photographer to start this work during the initial two weeks in the summer of 1972, and then to complete the project the following year. It has also been his dream for over 30 years to compile the photographs in the form you now see. I would also like to thank Gary B. Shumway for sharing his very personal perspective and particularly his special sense of appreciation for this work. Several people in Blanding helped provide for my basic needs while I stayed there during the first half of 1973. Phil Acton and Calvin Black provided my meals at the Elk Ridge Cafe. Francis Lyman covered my stay at the Cliff Palace Motel. Dr. Jay Haymond, librarian of the Utah State Historical Society in Salt Lake City, saw that all the film and darkroom supplies I needed were provided during my time in San Juan County. Of particular importance known by only a few, was the very special kindness of Miles and Jane Turnbull, editors of the San Juan Record in Monticello, who provided me the complete and unfettered use of their darkroom facilities, any and all hours of the day and night, month after month, during the summer of 1973, with no enumeration for the costs incurred nor public recognition for their generosity. That enormous gesture, as well as their companionship during short breaks from my long hours in the darkroom, will remain a very fond memory. Finally, the people of San Juan County, particularly those who agreeably stood in front of my lens, were especially generous with their kindness and personal acceptance, and of course, without that, these photos would not have ever been.

Ken Hochfeld

Acknowledgments

Along with Ken's heartfelt recognition of persons and entities who encouraged this work many years ago, there are others who have played a part in sustaining the dream of seeing this book completed. Most of all, through Ken's dedication to the art of envisioning images, then making these in awesome, stark beauty through the lens of a camera and the magic of a darkroom, we in southeastern Utah have been given what my son refers to as a treasure. Through those forty years that have transpired since he completed these images, much of this time with the two of us having no communication, Ken has never lost sight of the vision of seeing this collection exist in book form. One of the reasons this hope stayed alive for me was that I knew somewhere, Ken was having the same dream. It has been a source of much satisfaction to reconnect and to find that he, like me, was convinced that the time had come for this compilation to exist. The past two years, during which we have worked hard to bring this about, has been a time of hope and enjoyment.

Besides Ken's and my efforts to bring this about, many others have contributed. More encouraging than they could ever know has been the response of many people who allowed me to show them the two large boxes of prints which Ken gave me forty years ago. In every case these individuals, many of whom knew no one in southeastern Utah, would pore over each of these photographs as if it were a Rembrandt. They often took hours to inspect this collection of photos and gave me the impression that they would start over if I would let them. Recently, as I shared some of these images with persons who knew southeastern Utah well, I felt that each was coming back to an old friend as they visited the photos of persons who had influenced their lives. Most of these people have encouraged me to think that this book will be well-received. Two long-time friends, without their knowing it, have been especially encouraging to me. LaVerne Tate, upon seeing a fairly unpretentious mock-up of the book, began to think of a way to get this into the hands of several hundred people who she believed would like it very much. When it appeared that even a small number of copies would cost more than double of what we had planned, I approached Hardy Redd, who, through the Charles Redd Foundation, had been helpful to me on other occasions. He carefully pointed out to me that help from the family foundation would be difficult to obtain in time for our planned publishing date, as funds for this year had already been allocated. At the same time, he expressed a great deal of interest in this project, telling me that only weeks earlier, Janet Wilcox (who, people who know southeastern Utah will recognize as someone involved in virtually every good thing that happens there) had sent him some wonderful images found recently of other parts of the country from the early 1940's. I left our telephone conversation feeling that Hardy would, if needed, do anything he could to see this book completed. As things have worked out, needed financial assistance has come from a source least expected. When we approached David Scates, probably the finest printer in the four corners area, about the possibility of doing our printing, I felt that he was very supportive of what we hoped to do. Not only was he confident that we would be very pleased with his work, but he gave us a price for the job that allowed us to fund this without needing additional assistance, yet being able to make this available at a much more affordable price. All of this encouragement is deeply appreciated.

Before ending my acknowledgements, I must give thanks to those individuals whose photos grace this volume. Almost all are persons who gave great meaning to my life. As I have worked late at night on the transcripts of their interviews, I have remembered the encouragement, counsel and good wishes they had for me during my childhood, and have been very glad their lives touched mine. They are my heroes, and I am so glad these photographs, as well as the tape recorded recollections of their lives exist.

Gary L. Shumway

End Notes

1 Gary L. Shumway, modified from "Olin," *Blue Mountain Shadows*, spring 1988, Vol. 2, page 38.

2 The detailed information included in this vignette was extrapolated from that provided by their children in *Blanding Centennial Histories, 1905-2005, Volume II*, "William Riley Hurst and Carol Bayles Hurst," City of Blanding, pages 753-767.

3 Author unknown. Music by W.A. Mozart

4 Name unrecorded

5 Two of the three young cowboys in these photographs, Erick Bayles and Sandy Johnson became perhaps the most committed and talented of the next generation of cattlemen. The third, Lance Patterson, died suddenly, shortly after this photo was taken.

6 Conflicting notes indicate her name may be Pearl Begay

7 Ellen Palmer Johnson interviewed by John Abraham, June 29, 1972, p. 3.

8 Author unknown. Extrapolated from "Joseph Edward Nielson" *Blanding City Centennial Family Histories*, vol. III, pp. 1048-1049.

9 This quote is used with permission of the Somerset Maugham Trust.











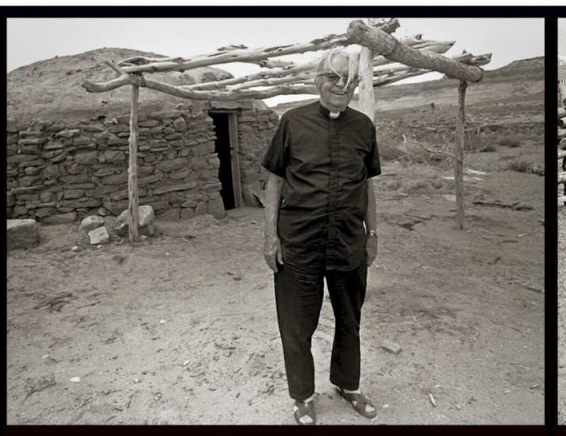



OLIVE
Joseph
1923 — 1924
ALSO — Quin
TWO BABY GIRLS




SCHOOL





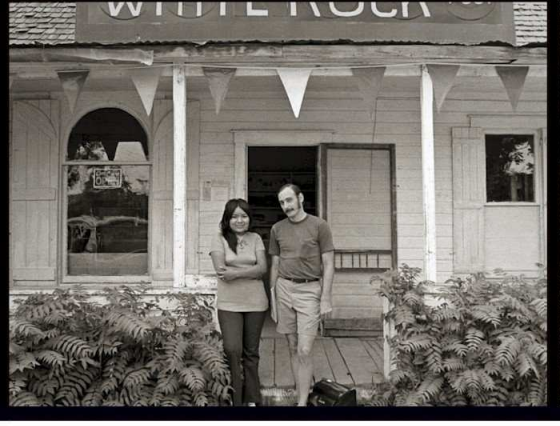








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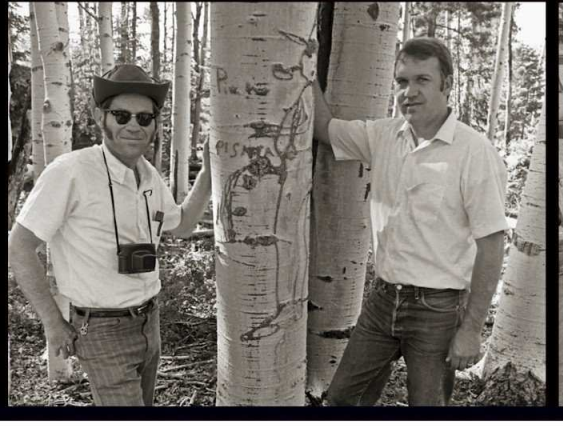
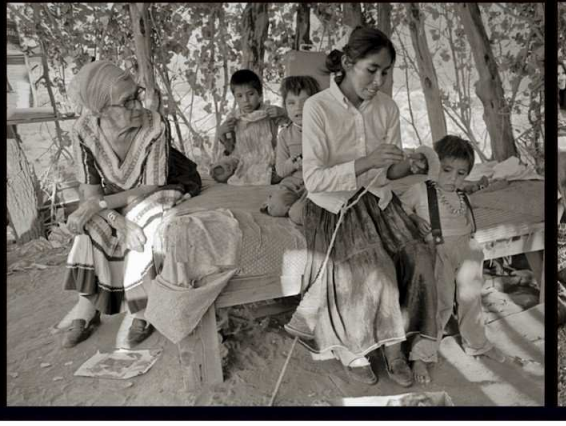
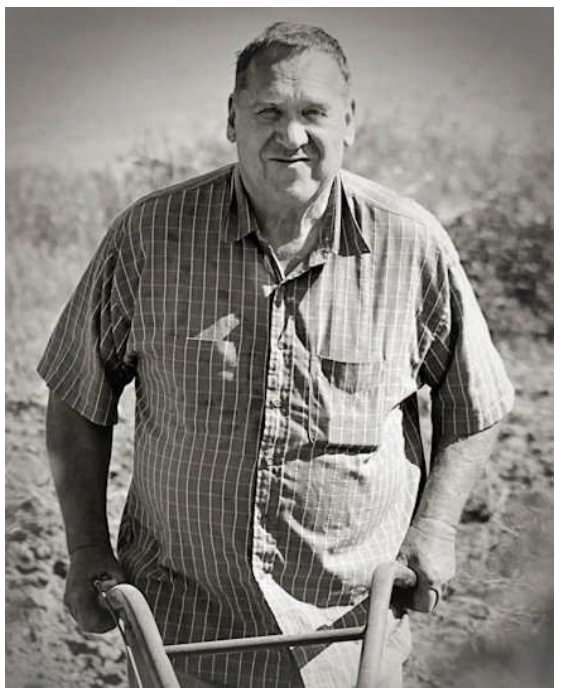
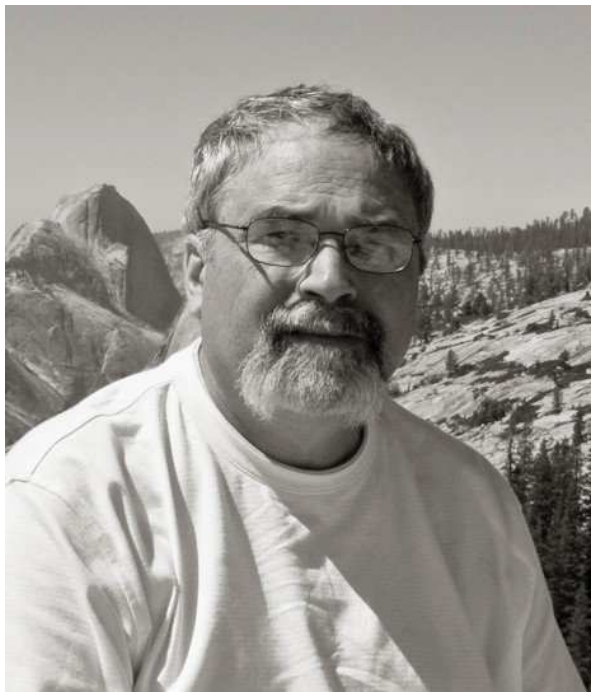




Blanding July 4, 1973



Dr. Gary L. Shumway

Gary L. Shumway taught at California State University, Fullerton for forty years, where he was the founding director of that university's Oral History Program. While teaching an oral history interviewing class as part of his instructional workload most semesters, he often participated with his students in field projects during the summer. Because of his love for southeastern Utah, where he was born, these projects often focused on that area. Largely because of his oral history work there, he has been awarded the singular honor of becoming a fellow of the Utah Historical Society. Since retiring in 2006, he has divided his time between raising a superb garden each summer in Blanding, Utah, completing oral histories gathered during his long tenure in academia, conducting many new ones, and publishing in concert with his son, Gary Butler Shumway, many books written by themselves and others mainly relating to southeastern Utah. Gary is married to his wife of 51 years, Sandra Butler Shumway, and they have four children and 11 grandchildren.



Ken Hochfeld

Born in Pasadena, California in 1950, Ken Hochfeld grew up in southern California. He studied photo journalism and art at California State University Fullerton. Upon completing his undergraduate degree in early 1973, he headed to Blanding, Utah. When his photography work was finished at the end of the year, he moved to San Francisco where he met his future wife, Carol Bertolucci. They later moved to the Pacific Northwest, and together they have called Portland, Oregon home since 1977. Their son, Jason, was born in 1984. Today, Ken continues his serious passion for photography and participates in exhibitions with his current work. He has been a professional woodworker for 36 years.