

Goulds Shearing Corral

And the

BS Trail

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Looking across the road that heads north, and the Goulds channel.

Introduction

Southern Utah Sheep raising

Many thousands of sheep, perhaps 50,000 at a time, competed with cattle and wild mustangs across the rangeland of Southern Utah, Northern Arizona and Southwestern Nevada from the late 1800's to the early 1930's. They provided two sources of revenue. Wool, the more important of the two that was sheared from mature animals in the spring, and lambs that were sold each fall for meat. Sheep raising is far more labor-intensive than, say, cattle raising mainly because a herder must be with the sheep at all times. The usual pay for a herder ranged from fifty to ninety dollars per month plus room and board. ("room" meant a sheep wagon; "board", mainly mutton) Sheep raising at that was generally more lucrative than the cattle business and a number of families in the area were able to live relatively well compared to those engaged in other pursuits. Some Hurricane names associated with sheep growing were Wilts Imlay, Will Sullivan, Johnny Spendlove, Homer and Alvin Englestead. There were also sheep men operating out of Glendale, Orderville, Kanab, St. George and Cedar City who utilized the shearing corral and, as indicated, growers from Arizona and Nevada.

The Goulds Shearing Corral

Over a million sheep were sheared at the site between 1910 and the early 1930's. Centralized shearing stations were required at the time and the largest and most productive facility in this area was at Goulds. It's fame spread worldwide. A local man, James Judd, while on a 1914-1915 LDS mission in England spotted a magazine article that reported the Goulds operation to be the largest in the world with sometimes a million pounds of wool being clipped in one season. Sheep trailed in from winter-feeding grounds on the Arizona Strip and Southeastern Nevada for their annual fleecing that took place between March 20th and May 10th each spring. A sea of sheep out to the south of the corral would await their turn. Lambing sometimes took place prior to shearing, sometimes after.

Hand-powered shears were first used but soon a gasoline engine and a system of shafts, pulleys and belts powered clippers for as many as thirty shearing stations. Supported by wide belts under their stomachs as they leaned over the sheep, shearers placed the wool on a conveyer belt where it could be inspected prior to being tamped into huge woosacks. A worker recalled, "I'll never forget the wild cacophony of the shearing shed: sheep bleating, dogs barking, wranglers shouting, clippers whirring, machinery clanking and belts slapping became a deafening din."

Wagons loaded with twelve to sixteen three-hundred-pound sacks made their four-day journey to the railhead at Lund, Utah. After shearing, the sheep, now vulnerable to late killing frosts, were trailed to mountain pastures. A narrow toll bridge just below Virgin facilitated the shorn sheep's journey northward, a two-cents per-sheep toll reportedly being charged. For some years beginning in 1915, telephone service existed between Hurricane and the shearing corral.

A Goulds visitor in the year 2004 might well wonder, "Why was there a shearing corral and at this particular location?" and "Why did it come to an end?" In answer to the first question, primitive roads and primitive equipment made it difficult to take shearers to the sheep. In spite of the stress on the animals, sheep had greater flexibility of movement. A centralized shearing location was needed that would be more-or-less midway between winter grazing, spring lambing grounds, and summer pastures. Spring temperatures must be high enough that newly shorn sheep wouldn't fall prey to late killing frosts. Plentiful water for the sheep was essential. Such a facility needed nearby communities to supply adequate labor, yet it had to be isolated enough that the noise, smell and dust from thousands of sheep wouldn't cause complaints. Roads for transporting wool to a railhead were required. Goulds met those conditions to varying degrees of satisfaction. Of the above criteria, water supply was less than ideal; there was plenty for the sheep but it contained too much alkali for normal human consumption; and the roads were just barely adequate but all in all the Goulds corral enjoyed a strong combination of contributing elements for that particular time.

Multiple events forced the corral's closure. It was twice torched by resentful cattlemen. By the mid thirties, highways and equipment improved; trucks equipped with power shears could drive to the herd thus lessening stress to the sheep. The Taylor

Grazing Act of 1934 ended uncontrolled grazing. Low-priced wool from abroad caused severe production cuts locally as well as the entire United States. The Great Depression made woolens a luxury few people could afford. The popularity of synthetic fibers that emerged after World War II insured that the cuts would be permanent.

Now in the year 2004 even the lens shaped trails stamped by millions of hooves into uncounted hills remain only in old-timers' memories.



Looking across the road that heads north, and the Goulds channel. Now dry, during that era the channel always ran water. The corral was left center.

Some shepherding experiences

Willis Hall 1913-1933

(By Willis' sister, Stella) The summer when he was nineteen he and Curt Beams worked at Overton picking onions and radishes. They got two cents for each dozen bunches they pulled and tied. If they worked long and hard, they could make two dollars a day. They slept in their car and did a little cooking on an old stove belonging to some other Hurricane men who worked there. That winter he herded sheep out in the hills east of Hurricane for Will Sullivan. He corralled the sheep each night and rode home on a horse Will provided to eat and sleep. Pa thought Will wasn't paying enough and told Willis he couldn't stay at home; Will had Willis stay with him, and Mrs. Sullivan fixed Willis a lunch each day. This was the beginning of a sheep-herding career that lasted over the next seven or eight years until he went into the Army. He worked for a number of sheepmen during that period, coming home for short periods for a little change and to catch up on his drinking. He would often give Lucy and me spending money, and was always good to us in other ways. He also helped Marie go to college. She worked for a

family in Cedar City to get room and board and Willis provided her with cash she needed to enroll at the B.A.C. (Now SUS). Marie got married before she finished and because the newlyweds had practically no cash, Willis accepted a calf in payment for what Marie had borrowed. It nowhere near paid the debt, but Willis cheerfully ignored the balance. He was a special brother.

Victor Hall

In 1930 at age eighteen, Willis took part in the local cattlemen's efforts to discourage the sheep business in this area. There were hundreds of thousands of sheep raised in a roughly hundred-mile radius of Hurricane in the early 1900's. About 1907 a shearing corral was established at Goulds which at times between then and its demise in the early 1930's was purported to be the busiest sheep shearing operation in the world with literally millions of sheep being trailed in from as far away as Nevada. From 1915 until some years after, there was even a telephone line that ran from Hurricane to Goulds. There were no effective controls on range use until the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 and cattle, sheep and wild mustangs competed for the available food, which along with plowing the land to raise dry land wheat, spelled ecological disaster. The gullies and arroyos or washes that wind along the landscape all over the Arizona Strip and elsewhere in this area did not exist in 1900. The Gould's Wash, for example, cut only up through Cottonwood Canyon. Sheep nibble grass off closer to the ground than do horses and cattle, thus pose more of an ecological threat unless they are properly managed. Cattlemen tended to blame sheep for all the problems and feelings ran strong about the existence of the sheering corral that attracted all those sheep. They decided to take action and burn the corral and the other facilities. To finance the arson, they collected ten dollars by passing the hat; eighteen-year-old Willis agreed to light the fire. (Resuming Stella's account) One afternoon he rode off on Pa's best horse, Ranger, to do the deed. Arriving at Goulds somewhat early, he rode around the area and even went to the top of Molly's Nipple, his first ascent of that landmark. As darkness fell, he tied the horse a half-mile away then proceeded to light numerous fires. He ran to where Ranger was staked and by the time he arrived, there was far more light from the fire than he needed or wanted. He headed home, but to avoid detection he stayed off the roads. He came down over the hill about a quarter of mile north of Molly's Nipple at what was known as the BS trail that appropriately enough was used mainly by sheepmen. Negotiating the trail takes considerable care in daylight; that man and horse came down in the darkness without mishap is a near miracle. Pa was one of the instigators and knew about Willis' errand. As the night wore on, he became nervous and rode out in search of Willis. They met by Cliff Ruesch's field and rode home together. Mama was never told anything about it. Willis was immediately identified as suspect and Andrew Isom interviewed him the next morning. Again, Willis' story telling ability served him in good stead and he escaped the long arm of the law. Laudable as his efforts to preserve the environment might seem (depending on one's point of view) they were in vain. The corral was in full operation the next spring. Economics and technology soon accomplished what the cattlemen couldn't. Between the Depression, and low-cost Australian wool, sheep became a minor segment of Southern Utah livestock; and mobile shearing units combined with better transportation spelled the end of central shearing corrals.

Herding sheep can be hard work, monotonous much of the time, and even dangerous. The winter of 1937-38 he was herding for Claude Smith in California's Imperial Valley. On the trip to the herd, Claud was pulling a new sheep wagon with Willis and another herder in it behind his truck. Going down a long grade, the wagon came loose and when the tongue dug into the ground it threw the wagon end over end. Willis and his friend were thrown clear and luckily suffered only cuts and bruises. There were motorists who saw the accident but no one stopped to give aid. Claude drove merrily on for a number of miles before he noticed he was missing something. The previous winter was one of the coldest and wettest on record and posed one of the great challenges of his life. The following is his own account of experiences that winter; it also gives fascinating glimpses into the life of a shepherd during the previous summer and fall:

Willis, 1988

I had been herding sheep the winter of 1935-36 in Nevada for Henry Esplin. April of 1936 Dad wrote that Rulon Langston was to lease our land on the Crystal Gulch at fifty cents an acre as summer range for his sheep and that because I knew the territory, he wanted me to herd for him. A couple of weeks after I got home, Rulon and I went out in the Hurricane Valley to Higlys' ranch where I was to herd Langstons' and Highly's yearling sheep for about a month. I watered the sheep every other day at the Higly pond and I ate lunch with the family in their two-room house. At night I camped down the valley in a sheep wagon. Next I worked with my dad and Glen building fence on our Oak Valley place. About June first I rejoined the Langstons as they trailed the sheep to their summer home at Crystal, or "Hogs' Heaven". It took about four days to get them there over on the South end of Bullock's ground that Langstons also had leased for the summer. (I must mention that from Virgin on, we just had a "dirty sack outfit", a tent and a bake oven to cook in) After we got the sheep settled, the Langstons left for about two weeks. Hell, what a lonely time. When they returned, we cut the yearlings out and ran them further north with Leigh Jones' yearlings on his land. They also hired Glenwood, and the two of us took care of the sheep. We were each paid \$75.00 a month plus our food. We each had a horse and we moved the tent as needed.

One-day Rulon's twelve-year-old son, Verl, was there and we tried our luck fishing in Crystal Creek. I never caught a fish that day and I've never gone fishing again. Another time we had the sheep up on a steep sidehill east of what they call the Dave Stout Flat. Ledges ran parallel with the hill and about thirty head of sheep jumped down onto a lower ledge. Glen and I couldn't lift them back up so we decided I would slide down on a rope from above to where they were. I had quite a bit of fun pushing those dumb sheep off that ledge. None were killed, but five or six suffered broken legs. They hobbled around with the herd and eventually all got better. We were careful not to let the Langstons too near the herd for awhile. We weren't anxious for them to know about the broken legs.

Glen and I killed a lot of rattlesnakes that summer particularly when camped on the Dave Stout flat. During the day when the sheep were shaded up, we'd go out just a little ways from camp, each with a long sharp stick. We would kill two or three each time we hunted. We weren't fond of them being close to our camp.

Earnest came up in the fall and we set about separating his sheep from those belonging to Jones. There was a large corral in which we put the Jones sheep and a smaller one that Earnest mistakenly assumed would hold his. Glen and I pushed the sheep through and Ernest operated the dodge gate, shunting the sheep into their proper corral. Well we were doing fine until the little corral got full and the sheep started climbing on top of each other. We pulled the top sheep off but there were forty head on the bottom that had smothered. We cut the throat of a big fat weather and used it for mutton, but the others were a total loss. Their wool wasn't even long enough to make it worthwhile skinning them. We were mighty sad for days, especially Ernest because he was the owner. After we finally got them separated and moved the Jones sheep up on top, Glen went on home and Ernest and I trailed the sheep towards their winter pasture on the Arizona Strip at the head of Black Canyon where the Langstons had a pond. Rulon met us at Virgin with the campwagon and team of horses. He then went on to Zion where he had a temporary job helping to remodel the tunnel.

Earnest and I got the sheep established in their winter range, and we had a good open fall. Christmas day, 1936 Rulon brought supplies to our camp at Seven Knoll Bench and Glen came along for the ride and to visit me. It clouded up as the day wore on and Rulon and Glen decided they had better head back. By doing so they missed what was known as the Blue Snow. There were eighteen inches of snow on the ground the next morning. The sheep were snowed in and couldn't get off their bed ground. We had breakfast thinking all the time what to do. We figured a grove of cedar trees a few miles to the south would provide some shelter and food so Ernest took the team and his saddle horse to the grove, chopped down a tree, then dragged it back behind the team to create a path through the snow. Then Earnest drove the wagon back along the path and I drove a few sheep along behind. The rest of the sheep began following and we soon had a string of sheep about a mile long. They all came though and we got them to the grove about noon. Then came the fun. We each took an ax and cut cedar branches for the sheep. They were hungry by then and ate the branches as if they were hay. The fun part was that every time you struck a branch with your ax, you got a bunch of snow down your neck.

It kept snowing for about a week and we moved from grove to grove, cutting branches for the sheep twice a day. We didn't have food for the horses and they got pretty hungry. They even ate the broom that was on the front of the sheep wagon. One day a couple of riders came floundering up the ridge through the snow. One was a fellow named Underwood; he and his wife had a homestead about five miles away. He wanted to borrow a case of canned milk for their baby. Earnest let him have it. I don't think he ever got repaid.

The end of the second week drew near with the snow still falling so Earnest decided to work our way to the Temple Trail and take the sheep to a lower elevation. By now the sheep were getting weak from just eating juniper leaves and we had a harder time getting them to follow behind the drag. We caught up with Judds' outfit as we neared the Hurricane Rim. Edgar Gibson, Will Stratton and Leon Sullivan were there operating out of a truck and a sheep wagon. They had hired Earl Presely and his team to

help move the sheep down into the Hurricane Valley. Three days before we got to the rim, here came Rulon. He had gotten time off from his job to come and help. We were glad to see him and he was glad to see us. The men in both outfits talked it over. Even though the Temple Trail hadn't been used for wagons in many years, they figured that with all seven working together we could slide the wagons down. While I watched Langstons' sheep and Leon tended Judds', the others hitched one team to the front of a wagon and another team to the rear to help hold it back. Then three men stayed on the upper side holding onto ropes to keep the wagons from tipping over. They made four such trips but got them all down in one day. While that was going on, Leon and I moved the sheep down a trail that is about a mile to the south. I took mine first, picking up five or six fat sheep on the ledges that had been lost out of a herd from New Harmony. Those fat sheep saved our lives later on. It was the fifteenth of January, 1937, our twenty second day of coping with deep snow.

We got all the sheep down just as darkness was setting in. We bedded them down so close together that about a hundred of Judds' sheep mixed with ours. Rather than cause them any more exertion though, we decided to leave them that way until spring. It sure looked good down there in the valley. The snow was only four or five inches deep and the grass wasn't all covered up. Unfortunately, the temperature dropped to fifteen below every night according to our thermometer and the sheep had gotten so weak they couldn't take the bitter cold. It froze so hard at night the sheep's wool would be stuck to the ground and we would have to chop them loose every morning. Five to ten sheep would be dead each morning; some even froze to death during the day. We skinned all the sheep that died. Earnest was faster at skinning at first but I got so much practice I caught up; soon I could skin a sheep in four or five minutes. If a sheep died during the day while I was herding, I would stop and skin it. First I would take my glove off, get my knife out and open it, put my glove back on and commence skinning. You couldn't stand to work without gloves. Mine were mitten gloves and I got along pretty good but Earnest just had leather gloves with fingers and he froze one of his hands. I traded him a mitten for his glove to protect his frozen hand. Now to protect my hand, I rode along with it thrust under the saddle blanket next to the horse's weathers; it helped.

We were out of mutton by the time we got down into the valley. Our sheep were too poor to eat, and if you don't have mutton to eat at the sheep herd, you are starving. We still had those fat strays I picked up coming down the hill and the more I looked at them the more dishonest I became. Earnest said he wouldn't kill someone else's sheep, so I said I would deal with the matter while he was over behind the hill melting snow for the horses. We did that at least two different times. We both agreed that it sure was good mutton.

Late one afternoon when we were still close to the foot of the Temple Trail a truck came to our camp. It was a Smoot who had a ranch over in Toweeep Valley. With him was a hired man, and Bill Shanly who was drunker than hell. He had been into St. George and was just now trying to get back to his ranch on Langs Run. They stayed with us that night. One slept with us, one was on the side with coats over him, and Shanly was on the floor with mainly anti-freeze to keep him warm. I could hear him mumbling

away in the night saying how he had worked for old Christ for fifty-three years, now this was he was repaid. The next morning with Earnest's horse, one of them went up the Temple Trail and on to Shanly's ranch. He came back with horses for the others and with packhorses to carry supplies.

Somehow during this time, we decided we needed a bath. I suppose we realized it had been nearly four months since the last one. Earnest melted a bunch of snow one day and had his bath. I still wasn't convinced I needed one until a day or so later when Earnest assured me he would be glad to herd the sheep alone while I freshened up. I guess he noticed my BO a lot more after he washed his off. (Stella's note. Another winter when Willis was out herding for about six weeks during the Christmas holidays, his fellow herder offered to herd alone for the afternoon while Willis warmed snow water to bathe in. I guess this herder had a more sensitive nose than Earnest did. Willis said his underwear smelled so bad he just threw them away; they were too far-gone to wash. I don't mean to say that Willis was dirty. When he was a young man living at home he took a bath every week whether he needed it or not. After he got married and had a bathroom in his house, he started to have a bath every day the minute he got home from work)

Earnest kept telling me the cold weather was going to break. He said there is always a January thaw. About the 30th of January I said, "How about that January thaw?" and he said, "I'll bet you a pound of candy that we have it" I hated to take advantage of such a nice guy but I took him on. Well, what do you know; the next day water was running all over. I had Rulon bring out a pound of candy and charge it to me. It doesn't pay to bet, even on a sure thing. All in all that winter, we had lost about 300 sheep out of a herd of two thousand. Some outfits had much greater losses than that. One sheepman, Charlie Anderson, was driving his sheep further south to escape the cold. He had them bedded near a ledge one night when a blizzard came up that caused the sheep to mill around, pushing each other over the ledge. He lost a thousand head that night.

By the first of March it was time to push on. We moved them down through Pacoon, around Key West, across the Virgin at Riverside and up onto the Mormon Mesa with the feed getting better all the time. We stayed there quite a while then worked our way over to the Beaver Dam slope where we separated the Judd sheep out and had ours sheared. While we had the sheep corralled, Alvin Englestead came and was looking for any that might be his. Earnest walked up to him says, "You never let us look through your herd for strays. Any sheep that gets in your herd are gone forever." That made Alvin mad; he started toward Earnest and said, "Are you accusing me of stealing sheep?" Earnest started to back across the corral and Alvin who was about three times as big kept coming. Earnest picked up a rock and says, "Don't you come any closer or by ***** I'll let you have it!" It was like David and Goliath; only this time Goliath got bluffed out and drove off. Soon after that I left the herd and returned to Hurricane to help with the cattle.

Additional experiences that were recorded by Willis in 1992.

Herding sheep for Englesteads in 1932 at age nineteen.

The fall of 1932 I was herding sheep for Englesteads out in Hurricane Valley. There were forty five hundred head of sheep in the herd. I had two saddle horses to ride, and I needed them. That was an extra large herd, especially for one boy to be herding. After I had been there about three months, my Dad decided that I wasn't going get paid and that I might as well come home and help him. He told Alvin Englestead to bring me home. Alvin got Robert Shamo to bring supplies and a replacement in his Dad's one and one-half ton truck. We left the Englestead pond area just before dark heading for Hurricane. Just past Wolf Hole, the truck overheated but we had no water along. Someone suggested pee.

Fortunately, we had a good supply ready and we filled the radiator enough to make it on to St. George.

Herding sheep for Charl Esplin, 1934

The fall of 1934 I was herding sheep for Charl Esplin. We were trailing to the winter range one bright moonlit night out south of Cane beds and the sheep wouldn't stay on the bed-ground, so I had to night-herd them. They had settled down a little and I built a fire and lay down with my back to it take a little nap. I woke up feeling mighty warm and discovered my back was on fire. I rolled over and over and put the fire out but the whole back of my coat was gone. I sent it home to Mother and she patched it for me. I continued to wear that coat for several years after that.

Englestead story, 1933

The spring of 1933 Homer Englestead got me to go out in Pacoon and herd yearling sheep. They would go in every direction and I couldn't keep up with them alone and on foot, so he put Val Cox with me to help herd. There was still so much chasing to do that my feet got really sore. I came to one of Nutter's tame saddle horses and I put bailing wire around his neck and rode him bareback for half a day. Now I was sore in two places.

I swore I would really tell Homer off for making me walk in that hot country. When he did show up I started to tell him about my sore feet. He had me take my shoes off and show him my wounds. Homer was a real talker and when he got through sympathizing with me, I thought it an honor to have sore feet. Well, he gave me a horse, but took Val away, so I was alone with a dirty sack outfit.

They supposedly left enough water to last me and the horse for a week but it was gone before they made it back. All that was left was about a quart of horse slobbers in the bottom of the trough that even the horse wouldn't touch. I wanted coffee pretty bad in the morning and I finally drained that slobbery water and used it. It was the best coffee I ever tasted; it saved my life. They showed up that afternoon with more water, and Alvin and his wife, Martha, stayed on. I ate breakfast with them the next morning and Martha asked me to say the blessing. I hadn't asked the blessing for years and years

but I got through it. It left me not very hungry and I didn't finish my eggs. She said to me in her hysterical voice, "You better eat that or I'll poke it down with a stick like I do Marian!" Marian was her five-year-old stepdaughter and I understand she treated the girl mean. Later, Alvin had gone to a place called God's Pocket near Pierce's Ferry on the Colorado. When someone asked Martha where he was, she piously answered, "Oh he's down to the Lord's Pocket"

As we were moving the sheep out of Pacoon, Alvin had me go down to the Pacoon Ranch where Frank Childers and his brother-in-law were lambing their sheep to separate his sheep from the Childers herd. It was night by the time I got our strays separated so the Childers let me stay there that night. I slept outside with the oldest boy, J.B. and the next morning before daylight when I got up, my clothes weren't by the bed where I thought I'd left them. I asked J.B. "Where are my clothes?" He said, "Over on the other side of the bed where you took them off. You acted like you wanted my side so I got up and took the other one." I must have been a real bed hog. By ten that morning, I had gotten the strays caught up with Alvin and the main herd. Next, Alvin and I drove down to Tasie about fifteen miles away to look for more strays. Sure enough; across a wash on a hill were five or six sheep. Alvin said, "Willis, you go over and try to get around them and we will corral them here in the wash and haul them back to the herd." So, over I went; I crept out on a big rock so I could see them and the darn rock rolled with me, right onto my left foot and ankle. I finally managed to free myself and was able to hop down to where Alvin was. That ended sheep gathering for that day; we drove on back to where Homer Englestead was watching the main herd. Homer thought that soaking my foot in chaparral tea would help. We boiled some and I soaked it for quite a while; my foot got a lot cleaner but the pain was bad as ever. Hugh Hirschi showed up about then. The Englesteads had been unable to make their loan payments and the bank had sent Hugh out to look after their interests. Hugh came in all tired out and there was the pot of chaparral tea being reheated on the fire. Homer asked Hugh, "Would like some tea?" "I sure would," replied Hugh. Homer poured the tea and said, "You will want a little cream and sugar". He drank it without complaining much but he did say it was the bitterest tea he had ever tasted.

Englestead's brought me home and after hopping around a couple of months I went to herd sheep for Charl Esplin for the next couple of years. In 1934 we were down in Pacoon between Ed Yates' 7-Springs ranch and the Millin hills. Usually we watered the sheep where the Grand Wash empties into the Colorado River. (This was before Lake Mead was formed) About a dozen lambs came early and there was no way we could keep them. Ed Yates offered us a fifth of whiskey for each lamb we brought him, which was more than agreeable to us. When the time came for me to leave, I bought a gallon of the whiskey from Ed for five dollars. Then I headed on home with a whole gallon of whiskey that I purchased, plus a fifth that I traded a doggie lamb for. I thought to get my money back by selling the fifth, so when a deadbeat from Orderville named Clark came along I sold it to him for five dollars. He wrote me a check; it bounced and I was out a fifth of good whiskey. May he rot in Hell.

Gleanings about the Goulds Shearing Corral

Alice Isom Gubler Stratton

My childhood home was just one block from where the old road turned to cross the canal and climb the Hurricane Hill. I took for granted the teams and wagons, the cattle and the sheep that pulverized the dusty road going past our picket fence. Every spring bleating herds of sheep pattered past, moving like a continuous wooly belt around the bend and up the hill. This was as much a part of spring as almond blossoms. I still relish the memories of the sights, sounds and the dusty smell of the many sheep herds that used to pass through Hurricane, although it is all history now.

Years later, Stella Flannigan said to me, "Someone should write the story of the Goulds shearing corral."

"Story" I asked.

"Yes. At one time Goulds was the biggest shearing operation in the world."

I had watched sheep by the thousands climb the hill on their way to the Goulds shearing corral five miles east of Hurricane, little dreaming they were getting world wide attention. Stella had sparked my curiosity and my quest began. The time was August 1979. It was an enjoyable time. My Husband, Ermal, and I visited everyone we could think of who might have had something to do with the Goulds operation. We visited Lafe Hall, Alf and Annie Scow, Charlie Stratton, Don and Stella Flannigan, Wilma Englestead, Tom and Fern Stratton, Finley Judd, and Owen Sanders. I scribbled notes as we talked. These interviews were safely tucked in my files as other projects claimed our attention. However, I'm thankful we visited the people we did when we did, because some of them are gone now.

Through the passage of time, one thought persistently nagged at me. Was the Goulds operation actually the biggest in the world? Finally, curiosity has led me to search the microfilms of the Washington County News, beginning with the first issue, January 1908. Now I will share with you my gleanings.

WASHINGTON COUNTY NEWS - March 23, 1908. Almost 11,000 sheep belonging to Kane County people crossed the river between here and LaVerkin a few days ago on their way to Modena to shear. (There was a sheep and cattle trail-- the BS Trail-- down over the hill out south of Hurricane. The Goulds operation had not come into existence at this early date.)

VIRGIN April 20, 1908 - Two or three herds of sheep have been crossing the river just above the falls on the way back to the range from Modena. (These sheep would have had to go over the LaVerkin hill.)

HURRICANE April 27, 1908 - J. W. Imlay returned from Modena Saturday. He has been superintending the shearing of his sheep there.

Rockville April 11, 1909 - A. L. Hall has shipped his wool. He thought it best not to drive his sheep to Modena, so did his shearing here.

HURRICANE February 23, 1910 - There is some talk of sheepmen of this and Kane County building a shearing corral near Goulds, though just how much foundation there is for the rumor, we are unable to say. HURRICANE February 28, 1910 - The proposed

shearing corral at Goulds referred to last week is a sure thing. Frank Petty of Rockville has delivered several loads of lumber on the ground and Eugene Cripps and others have contracted to furnish the posts, etc. We believe it is the intention to have the corral ready for this spring's shearing.

LAVERKIN April 11, 1910 - Sheep shearing is in full blast at Goulds ranch. A number of men from this locality are there.

HURRICANE April 23, 1910 - A number of teams have gone to Lund with wool and others are intending to go next week; still others are at the shearing pens finding employment. Although the shearing business is of short duration it is a benefit to our town affording many opportunities to get a little cash.

The schools of this place and LaVerkin took an outing last Saturday, visiting Goulds and the shearing corrals en-route.

SPRINGDALE April 25, 1910 - Quite a number of our men have gone to Lund with



Alice Isom Gubler Stratton

Alice was born 17 July 1910 in what is now Zion Park and died 4 Dec 2000. Her loves included childhood summers at the family dairy ranch on Kolob; learning of all kinds-- she was an honor student; her family and many friends; her church; writing skits, plays; recording local history; performing in programs and giving readings; the list goes on and on. She learned to play the organ at an advanced age and took up astronomy as a hobby in her late years.

Along with study towards being class valedictorian at Hurricane High School, she did janitorial work, clerked at Graff's Store and assisted her mother who took in washings. Her high grades and a poetry prize won her a scholarship to BAC, now SUSU. She and fellow student, Winferd Gubler of LaVerkin, were married in the St. George Temple during her sophomore year, 17 Dec 1930. She then she went to work supporting him while he earned his BA. The Great Depression rendered college degrees useless and they began managing the LaVerkin Hot Springs Swimming Pool. Seven children were born to them.

Alice was widowed in 1948 and she took employment as Washington County Treasurer; LaVerkin Town Clerk; she worked at the Hurricane Mesa Test Track then as a secretary at Dixie College and finally as an assistant teacher at Hurricane High School. Somehow during

ROCKVILLE I-lay 16, 1910 - Miss Clara Dalton returned home Sunday from Gould's Ranch where she has been working.

LaVerkin May 17, 1910 - The last of the wool from Goulds shearing pens has passed through. The shearing of the sheep at Goulds has given considerable work and freight to the men and boys of this section.

Toquerville April 4, 1911 - Sheep shearing is in full blast at Goulds ranch, and the wool is being shipped to Lund. A large consignment is anticipated.

Rockville April 24, 1911 - Quite a number of the men have gone to haul wool to Lund from the shearing pen out south.

LaVerkin March 17, 1912 - Sheep shearing commenced at Goulds today. A great many sheep will be sheared there this spring. It will create considerable labor and wool hauling. A great deal of hay, grain and supplies will also be used, which in general will scatter considerable money through this section.

VIRGIN April 29, 1912 - Sheep herds passing up through North Creek recently have caused the rocks to roll down the hillsides onto the road. The road is full of cobblestones now and is very disagreeable to travel over. Who is going to clean the rocks away, the sheepmen, the county or the individuals?

HURRICANE May 6, 1912 - Most of the menfolks of Hurricane are kept busy hauling wool from Goulds to Lund.

Toquerville April 30, 1912 - Wool hauling from Goulds to Lund is still progress. The total clip at this shearing place will reach nearly 1, 00,000 pounds, netting the teamsters in this section from \$8,000 to \$10,000 for hauling the wool to Lund.

VIRGIN May 13, 1912 - Henry Cornelius, Rube Maloney, Blueford Seams, Niles Earl left Saturday for Lund with wool.

LAVERKIN May 10, 1912 - The last of the wool has passed through, there being in all about 1,000,000 pounds that was clipped. This gave \$10,000 to the wool haulers. A good amount was paid at the pen for help besides the hay and other provisions used. It is a good thing for this section.

(Although the sheep business was a blessing to the country, it had its associated problems, like cobblestones on the road, as mentioned by the Virgin correspondent. It caused friction in other areas, as this next news item will show.)

June 6, 1912- William Swapp, a Glendale sheepman, was driving his herd along the main road below Cane Beds. As they approached the enclosed watering place owned by the

Grand Canyon Cattle Company, some of the sheep rushed through the open gateway, and helped themselves to some of the water. As soon as possible, Mr. Swapp ran into the corral and was in the act of driving his unruly animals away, when Sam Beal, foreman of the company's ranch rushed madly upon Mr. Swapp and struck him senseless to the ground with a six shooter.

Archie Swapp, who was not far behind with his own flock, soon came along, and with the help of one of his herders who had witnessed the tragedy, tied up his brother's head. Then he set out for Moccasin, twenty miles away to make complaint.

Again troubles surface to the new and growing sheep shearing industry. On the front page of the Washington County News, March 27, 1913 appears this headline: SHEEP SHEARING PENS AT GOULDS RANCH BURNT.

The sheep shearing pens at Goulds Ranch were totally destroyed by fire Tuesday. A phone message to the news from Hurricane says that all evidence obtained, goes to show that the pens had been maliciously fired. An effort is being made to rebuild them at once, so as not to miss this season's shearing.

HURRICANE March 31, 1913 - Mr. Robison of Kanab has been in town the last few days making preparations to rebuild the shearing corral that was burned down Tuesday afternoon. The work will be rushed through, but will probably delay the shearing a few days. (Only ten days later comes this report.)

TOQUERVILLE April 1.0, 1913 - Wool hauling time has commenced from Goulds to Lund. E. R. Higbee and Tom Wakeling left for the Goulds yesterday to load wool.

Hurricane May 8, 1913 - Sheepmen are still shearing 3,000 head of sheep per day and our teamsters are busy hauling wool to Lund.

Hurricane May 19, 1913 - Sheep shearing at Goulds for this season is over. O.A.

Robinson, manager of the shearing plant, states that about 110,000 sheep were sheared this spring. The average sheep produces seven pounds of wool each clip. This means that our wool haulers received \$7,700 for their work. The price of wool this year is the same as last, 13¢ per pound, amounting to over \$100,000 for the clip at Goulds. The shearing here means much for Hurricane. The main tide comes in the spring when money is scarce and it furnishes us employment and a good market for all our products.

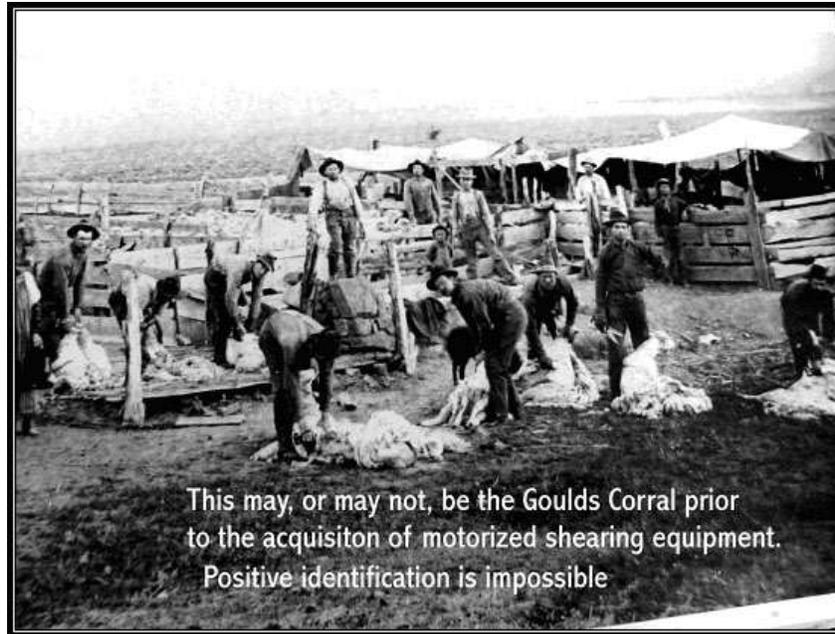
HURRICANE November 10, 1914 - A great many sheep are being grazed between here and the Colorado River, and the sheepmen are coming here for supplies and herders. C. A. Workman and Henry Gubler of LaVerkin have imported a carload of flour from Salt Lake City. These men are the merchants of the two towns.

Hurricane January 20, 1914 - Will Spendlove and Manti Workman have purchased the Goulds ranch of J. W. Imlay.

Toquerville April 7, 1914 - The annual wool hauling from Goulds to Lund has commenced.

Toquerville April 7, 1914 Suite a number of our men will go to Lund this week with wool.

HURRICANE April 6, 1914 - Sheep shearing is in full blast at Goulds and 20 teams leave today for Lund with wool. It is reported that more sheep are booked to be sheared at Goulds than any other shearing pen in Utah.



This may, or may not, be the Goulds Corral prior to the acquisition of motorized shearing equipment. Positive identification is impossible

HURRICANE May 6, 1914 - Manti Workman was killed May 6 shortly after leaving Goulds wash, by a load of wool tipping over on him. His brother Nephi came along behind him and extracted him, but he was smothered. (It is less than four months since he and Will Spendlove had purchased the Goulds ranch.)

HURRICANE May 25, 1914 - There has been 131,000 sheep sheared at Goulds shearing pen this season, making an output of about 1,048,000 pounds of wool. This has given employment to many, creating a market for hay and other products and giving the merchants and hotels good lively trade.

HURRICANE October 22, 1914 - A new corral to take the place of the old shearing corral at Goulds is being built. O.A. Robinson is interested with J.W. Imlay, in this venture. 140,000 sheep were sheared at Goulds last season and the place was overcrowded. For this reason a new site was selected about one mile northwest of the old site where better accommodations will be furnished. Water will be piped to the corral and distributed in water troughs. The corral and surrounding areas will be sprinkled often to keep them cool and comfortable. A large sheep-dipping vat is about to be put in. (VCH. It should be noted that the dugway over the Hurricane Hill was finished spring of 1915 and that wool wagons could now go through Hurricane. Also in 1915 a telephone line was strung between Hurricane and the shearing corral. How many years it was used is unknown.)

HURRICANE April 1, 1915 - The thirty-five-man shearing plant is getting ready for operation. Their bookings are large.

Hurricane April 5, 1915 - The shearing corral at Goulds opened Monday.

April -, with a force of 30 shearers, an increase of 8 over last year.

VIRGIN. May 3, 1915 - Samuel and DeLon Bradshaw returned home Sunday. They were obliged to unload their wool at Hamilton on account of the storms and bad roads. A number of the farmers came down from Kolob on account of the deep fall of snow. The first ones that came down had to drive some of their horses in front of the wagon and team to break the road. The average snowfall was about three feet.

There are two sheep herds near town. The herd that was sheared suffered somewhat with the cold and a few sheep have died.

TOQUERVILLE May 18, 1915 - More than 100 teams have gone to Lund the past two days with wool, and are soon leaving. The returning teams are, and will be loaded with material for the three bridges that are to be put in across Ash Creek at Bellevue and Toquerville.

Finley Judd remembered the wool hauling teams very well. Of this he said, "The haulers would load at Goulds, drive down the Hurricane hill, then across the river and up the LaVerkin hill. Coming up to LaVerkin was so steep for the horses that teams were brought down from LaVerkin to help pull them up. They camped on the roadside in LaVerkin, just after they got up the hill. It was usually dark by then. By the time the men unhitched their teams, fed them, got grub out to eat and made their little fires to cook their supper, they'd had a full day and were ready to roll in. The next day they would go as far as Pintura. They were up and gone by daylight. The third night they camped at Hamilton's Fort. The fourth night at Iron Springs, then the next day they would get to Lund."

HURRICANE May 31, 1915 - Charles B. Petty has just installed a new gasoline tank in front of his store to be used for the refilling of automobiles. The sheep shearing at Goulds is over for this season and most of the wool has been hauled away.

HURRICANE April 18, 1916 - The engine of the shearing corral broke down Thursday which delays the shearing three or four days. They had to send to Salt Lake for a new one that got here Saturday night. They installed it Sunday and started for work Monday. The shearers spent their holiday here until Saturday afternoon, when they went to St. George and returned Sunday.

Toquerville May 2, 1916 - The wool teams go through here daily. About twenty teams left this morning'.

HURRICANE, May 9, 1916 - The shearing at Goulds has been going on since April 2. They got through this morning. Quite a number of autos and trucks were in town last night and this morning to take the shearers away.

The Goulds shearing operation achieved a world record in the early years of its operation. While Jim Judd was in England on a mission for the L.D.S. Church (1914-1916) a publication came out about the Goulds Shearing Corral. Jim bought the magazine and brought it home. The English report said the Goulds shearing corral ran more sheep through in a season than any other shearing operation in the world. Its increase in production and events that follow were after it was acclaimed #one in the world for its output.

Front page news, March 22, 1917 UTAH WOOL CLIP HIGHEST IN HISTORY , Higher prices offered and refused as the Australian wool will be placed on the market as soon as Great Britain gets all the Australian firsts it desires. Shearing is now in progress in Moapa Valley.

HURRICANE, April 3, 1917 - J. C. Carpenter arrived here the latter part of the week for Cedar. He left for Goulds shearing corral Monday to oversee the shearing.

Front page news, April 19, 1917 - U. S. TO INVESTIGATE SHEEP POISONING

A government investigation into the alleged poisoning of sheep and the destruction of sheepmen's property by cattlemen on the Arizona Strip, bordering Southern Utah is to be asked by C. B. Stewart of the Utah Woolgrower's Association.

HURRICANE, May 28, 1917 - Shearing is finished at Goulds. They have been shearing since the first of April.

HURRICANE, September 4, 1917 - The Hurricane Mercantile Company has just opened up for business. They have bought Charles A. Workman and Company out, and Jim Judd is now managing the store.

Finley Judd has brought the Hurricane Mercantile store alive by sharing with us these memories

Jim Judd (Finley's father) ran a sheep supply store in Hurricane, and his brother Joe Judd ran one in St. George. The sheep business was what gave him his start. Jim and Joe bought woolsacks by the carload. They could supply them at a better price than anyone else.

While Jim was in England, Maude (his wife) took in boarders. Emil Graff was one of her first boarders. He came with all of his belongings in a pasteboard box tied with a string, and stayed there until he got married. Maude had two children at the time, Finley and Florence.

Jim sold shearing equipment, blades, cutters and combs. He had two granaries at the store, both filled with oats for horses, and he sold hay, saddle blankets, horse blankets, horse shoes, saddles and bridles and all kinds of horse supplies. He didn't sell wagons.

Sheepmen run their sheep south of Hurricane, and came in their wagons for supplies. Until cars came along, Jim and Joe supplied them completely. After they got cars they could go further to buy. As soon as Finley was big enough he sacked up grain for the horses. Tom Isom got his start from the sheepmen. Tom fed their horses and put them up in his barn. He fed hay and grain.

POISONING OF 800 SHEEP INVESTIGATED

Washington County News, March 26, 1918

Advice received by C. B. Stewart; President of the Livestock Board, state that 800 ewes belonging to J. W. Imlay of Hurricane, Utah have died from poisoning. The sheep were valued at \$25 each, making a total loss of \$20,000. Dr. R. W. Hoggan, State Veterinarian, is now at Hurricane to investigate into the cause of the "mysterious" deaths. Coincidentally, Mr. Imlay lost the same number of ewes, 800, about a year ago.

SHEARING CORRAL STRIKE April 21, 1918

The shearers went on strike for 15 cents per sheep and board at the shearing corral on Fort Pearce Wash Monday. They had been employed at 12 cents per head and board, but word was brought to them that the shearers at Goulds Ranch had struck for and obtained 15 cents and they decided to follow suit. Their demands were not granted and work was resumed Tuesday with a reduction in force. About five of the most disgruntled shearers left. About 35,000 sheep are being sheared at the Fort Pearce corral this year. HURRICANE, June 2, 1919 - In the 35 days of shearing just finished Goulds shearing corral, an average of 3,000 head a day were sheared, or more than 100,000 in all. As

many as 150,000 have been sheared at this corral in one season, a record unequaled by any other shearing plant in the west.

HURRICANE, March 31, 1919 - J. W. Imlay has moved his herd of purebred Rambouettes from his south to his north farm. He reports 117% of lambs.

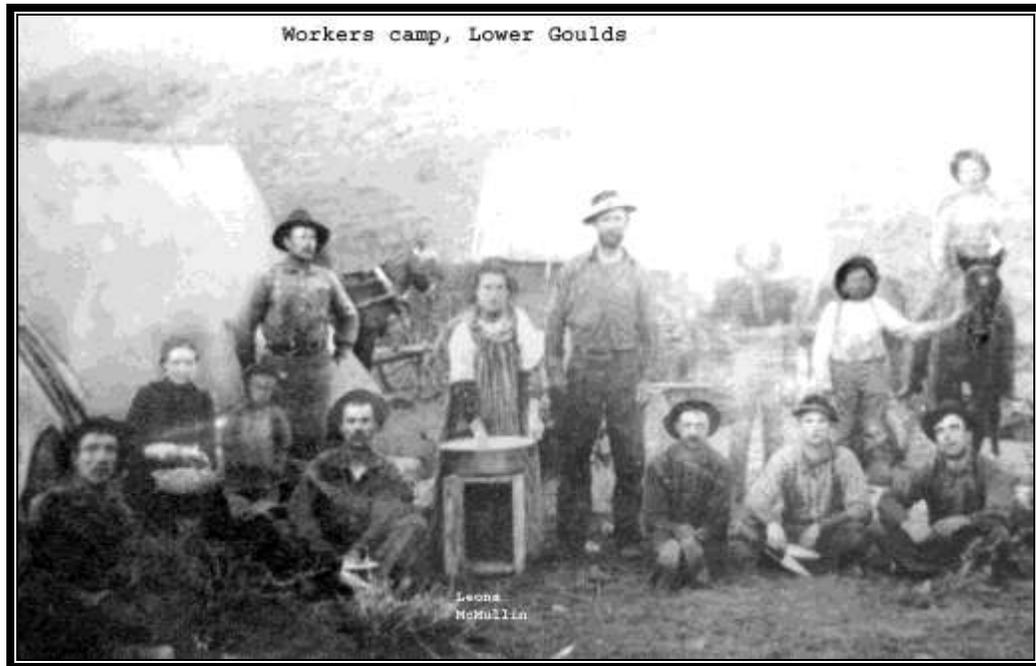
Hurricane, April 14, 1919 - Mr. and Mrs W. W. Spendlove have gone to Goulds ranch to prepare a boarding place for the sheep shearers, as shearing will commence about the 16th. The misses Von Pollock, Jetta Wright and Prudence Segler are going to assist in the cooking. Thaddeus Ballard and wife are at Goulds ready to prepare to cook for the shearers.

Of these events, Wilma Ballard Englestead remembers: "I remember the shearing corral burning down. The first time it burned, it was when they were still using it. The second time was when they had quit using it. When Earl Englestead (who later married Wilma) came to take over the sheep that were being sheared, he saw his first electric lights. Frank Ashton used to sharpen all of the tools and Jim Sargent from Panguitch used to run the motor that run the shears.

There were two cook shacks at Goulds, a little way apart. Dad and Mother (Thaddeus and Elizabeth Ballard) ran one and Will and Alice Spendlove ran the other. Mother fed about 30 men. Dad hauled the drinking water from Hurricane in a big tank the length of the wagon. He had to fill it every other day. Will Spendlove went to Hurricane for supplies almost every day.

Mother used to get letters from the Shearing friends she made at the cook shack. She got letters from shearers who came from Minnesota, Colorado, Canada and Idaho. The shearers came and sheared, then they would go and be on the trail again, following the trade. George W. Isom, Alf Scow and DeLon Bradshaw followed the shearing on up into Montana.

Mother put up 1,500 quarts of fruit each summer to be used at the shearing corral. That was a small amount compared to what the men could eat. I hated summer with all that fruit bottling. I couldn't go to the shearing corral. I had to stay with Grandma Wilson, because I was still in school. Annie Covington worked for mother. That's where she met Lorin." (Lorin Covington, her husband)



HURRICANE, April 28, 1919 - Sheep shearing at Goulds has been retarded some on account of storms and unsettled weather.

HURRICANE, December 29, 1919 - William Spendlove Sr. is spending the holidays at the shepherd in order to give the boys a chance at the holiday events in town.

HURRICANE, April 15, 1920 - Among the sheepmen now in Hurricane are John Hopkins and C. J. Smith, Thomas Little, J. C. Carpenter, Charles Cram, Frank Fuller and Charles McCormick.

A crew of men are at work widening the Hurricane dugway at the dangerous point where the Virgin young people recently leaped into the river.

The town is filling up with shearers and sheepmen in preparation for the annual clipping contest at the Goulds shearing corral.

SHORTCREEK, April 9, 1920 - Sheep are beginning to move toward Hurricane as shearing starts April 15. George Harris has made two trips to Hurricane in the last two days for supplies for sheepmen.

HURRICANE, April 20, 1920 - Mr. and Mrs. Will Spendlove are at Goulds shearing corral running the big boarding house there.

SHORTCREEK, April 17, 1920 - Tom Sawyer and William Scott went to Hurricane on the stage with Mr. James Jepson, our mail carrier. Mr. Scott is going, to work at the shearing corral.

ROCKVILLE, April 15, 1920 - Ernest Langston and Howard Hirschi left Thursday to herd sheep for Esplin's, Howard taking the place of Waldon Ballard who came home for a visit.

GRAFTPM. April 18, 1920 - Miss Edna Russell left last Tuesday to work at Goulds shearing camp.

LAVERKIN, April 18, 1920 - Afton Wilson and Winferd Gubler left Thursday for Goulds where they will shear sheep.

HURRICANE, April 27, 1920 - A vital need of Hurricane is the absolute necessity of hotels that can care for the increasing travel. At present, travelers are taken care of in family homes. This cannot take care of an unusual crowd. We are utterly swamped by the sheepmen at shearing time. Tonight a carload of travelers was forced to drive clear back to Toquerville to find a place to spend the night.

Among the sheepmen in town this week are A. D. Findlay, A. M. Findlay, Alex and Ray Esplin of Orderville, Charles McCormick of Fredonia, and Henry Chamberlain of Cedar City.

Wool buyers are offering 60 cents a pound for wool, but most sheepmen are holding for an anticipated boost in price.

LAVERKIN, April 26, 1920 - Shearing finished for the season at the Goulds shearing corral Monday night, the number of herds sheared falling far below the usual record for that corral. (A news item from St. George reports that 30,000 sheep were sheared at the Sullivan Brothers corral south of there.)

SHORT CREEK, April 30, 1920 - A great many herds of sheep are now passing through here on their way to their summer range.

WASHINGTON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL REPORT April 7, 1921

There were twice as many sheep as cattle on the range in Washington County last year. There were 38,881 sheep shorn and 28-1,445 pounds of wool purchased. The wool of Utah is always in good demand, having ranked with the best in the United States, which has the reputation of being the whitest wool in the world. The cool nights in summer and the dry open range in winter are very stimulating to the growth of fleece. (the number, 32,881 sheep shorn certainly does not reflect the whole picture, Undoubtedly it-should have read-138,881.)

HURRICANE, April 11, 1921 - There are two shearing plants running near here, each at Sullivan's farm, and a private machine plant at Goulds Ranch, run by William Spendlove. The town is quite busy with visitors at present, mostly sheepmen and shearers.

HURRICANE, September 27, 1921 - Miss Annie Isom fell from her horse when the saddle became loosened and dislocated her right shoulder. She also received a few bruises. (Annie is my sister. She was on an errand for Uncle Will and Aunt Alice, who sent her in from Goulds to Hurricane.)

HURRICANE, December 12, 1921 - Our town was visited by an airplane last Sunday. Many of our citizens took a ride over the town.

HURRICANE, April 10, 1922 - Mr. Brooksby, manager of the upper shearing corral at Goulds, was here engaging shearers and doing other business in preparation for beginning of the 15th.

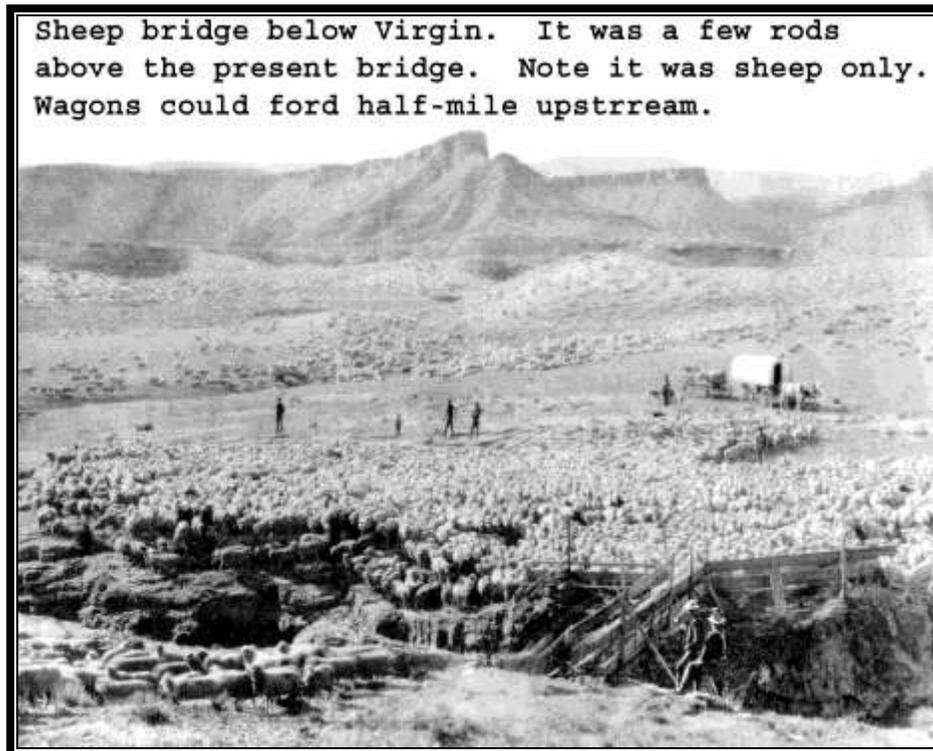
HURRICANE, April 17, 1922 - Sheep shearing is in full blast at the three pens near here and we see many strangers doing business here in connection with the sheep interests.

SHORT CREEK, April 22, 1922 - John Watson passed through on his way to Goulds shearing corral where he expects to have his sheep sheared this week.

HURRICANE, May 18, 1922 - Shearing is finished at the pens on Fort Pearce Wash. The Sullivan Brothers, Charles and Clifford, who had charm, sheared 52,000 sheep. The wool sold at price range from 30 to 36 cents.

HURRICANNE, May 15, 1922 - The three shearing plants near here have finished their work for this season having shorn about 90 or 100,000 sheep. The wool has been mostly hauled away.

SHORT CREEK, flay 6, 1922_ - There are fifteen or twenty herds of sheep in this vicinity at the present time. All of them are on their way to their summer range.



Note seven men and one boy in picture. A second flock appears to be moving in from upper right. The sheep are heading north away from the shearing corral. However, they appear to have full fleeces.

VANDALS June 1, 1922

Work of vandals at Short Creek, Ariz. An urgent wire from his deputy in the northern part of the county caused Sheriff Mahoney to start for that place this morning, accompanied by County Attorney nines. It is understood that trouble is brewing in that region between the settlers and the cattle and sheepmen over water holes, it being claimed that the settlers are using water that should inure to the benefit of the cattlemen, because they have been using the stored water in those holes for the last 30 or 40 years. Another reason for the hurried trip is the report that some vandal has blown up the windmill at the Gallagher ranch at Short Creek. Mr. Gallagher had a well that someone who wished to drive the settlers away was at the bottom of the dastardly deed.

HURRICANE, April 9, 1923 - Sheep shearing has commenced.

Note: There is almost a total absence of news items about the sheep industry from this point on. I will add the little that remained on this film.

HURRICANE, April 20, 1926 - Shearing commenced on the 17th bringing many men into town.

ST. GEORGE, November 3, 1927 - A convention of sheep and cattlemen who range their stock on the Arizona Strip was held here Monday and Tuesday, the object of the convention was to amicably divide the range between the sheep and cattle. In this way they were not successful, as each side wanted more than the other side would give.

At the conclusion of the second day's meeting, no definite understanding had been reached, but each side seemed to have a fuller understanding of the rights of the other and a general feeling was that some good had been accomplished by the two factions.

HURRICANE, March 3, 1931 - The Goulds shearing corral was burned to the ground on the night of March 1. This was one of the largest shearing pens in Utah.

April 2, 1931 - WOOL SUPPLIES EXCEED DEMAND. Production in 1931 may be much lower than of 1930. Prices will depend upon recovery from the business depression, which has reduced consumption.

The news account of the story of the Goulds shearing operation ended with the final burning of the shearing corral. Now we'll pick up our story from the people who worked there.

Charlie Stratton.

When Charlie Stratton first started shearing, he could shear 100 sheep with the blades. (The blades were like big scissors) He said to Alvin Larsen, "Let's go where we can push the wool off instead of cutting it off." The boss at Goulds heard them, and so hired two men in their place, and they went to St. George for a year. They came back to Goulds the next year, where Charlie sheared for five years. By then they had clippers at Goulds, 30 shearers with 15 on each side. They had two wool tiers and two wool trompers. They sheared 3,000 head of sheep a day. They had six wranglers, two in the corral, and two in each chute. Each shearer had a pen, and when he sheared all of the sheep in his pen the wrangler would fill the pen up again. At Goulds they would shear 150,000 head of sheep in one season. The season way, a little over a month. Six or seven herds of sheep would come at a time into Wolf Hole to water.

Charlie sheared sheep and his brother Gern herded them. One year Charlie did 6,000. He started in April at Goulds and ended on July 3, at Evanston, Wyoming. Black face bucks took more time to shear and he got double tally, or double pay for doing them. He did 134 black faces in one day. A good man could shear from 175 to 210 sheep a day. Charlie laid the sheep down, shearing straight swathes down the stomach and legs, then straight down on the back. It was faster than shearing around the sheep like some men did.

The Goulds operation belonged to the Sheepmen's Association. Brooksby was one of the bosses. The Association was run by the union. They went on strike to get 12 ½ cents a head. When Charlie first started, they got 7 ½ cents a head. If a herd of 2,000 to 2,500 sheep came into the corral at night, they would shear them right out the next day and they would go back: to the range.

Wilson Imlay went broke on sheep. When he was offered 90¢ a pound for wool, he held out for \$1.00. He ended up selling it for 50 cents and it broke him. On 8,000 head of sheep that is a big loss. The Swedes took 90 cents and made out all right. Albert

Lundell said, "We never had a rag to our backs when we came from Sweden. Now we are all rags " A fellow could buy land cheap in those days, to run sheep on. A shearer could buy a shearing machine for \$15.00 and pay fifty cents for a comb and fifty cents for a cutter. Now a machine would cost \$100.

The cook tent was a big army tent with pine board floor and boarded up on the sides. The shearers all lived in tents. They fed forty men at a time in the cook tent. The shearing machines were under a big long shed, tall as a barn.

Jesse Lemmon was one of the main wranglers. He bet one of the men \$10 that it was going to rain. A little tiny old cloud came up and it sprinkled, so Jess insisted on collecting his ten. "I never agreed to flood the earth," he said.

Alf Hall was bringing a load of wool down the Hurricane hill. A wheel came off his wagon, letting it down in the sand. Alf walked on down to Hurricane to get another wheel, leaving the load in the middle of the dugway. Nert Orton and three other fellows from Panguitch came along in their car. They were in a hurry to get down to the hot springs for a swim. The wagon was in the way, so they tipped it over the dugway spilling wool all over. They had been drinking some. When they got to the swimming pool, there was a big fellow in a dress suit, watching a bunch of little kids in swimming. The man leaned over the pool and Mert pushed him in. The big guy didn't know how to swim and had to be helped out. His suit was ruined, so he got the officers after Mert, and it cost him \$40.

"I remember a lot of things about Hurricane," Charlie said. "I remember coming down, after the water was in the canal, with Rass Lee and Frank. I was just a boy. We planted the first corn in Hurricane. We slept in a covered wagon. That night, the wind blew the wagon over."

ALF and ANNIE SCOW.

Alf says he didn't shear sheep. He, Charlie Larson and DeLon Bradshaw sheared goats up north. Alf's main comment was, "They sheared more sheep at Goulds in one year than any other place in the world."

DON and STELLA FLANNIGAN.

Stella: "They hired more people at Goulds and paid out more money than any other industry in the county at that time. Probably the reason why no one has written about it is because the sheep laid waste to this area. The grass grew tall all over here until the sheep came. They grazed it off, and then the drought came and this place has never been, the same. They over-sheeped the land.

"Sheep Bridge" at the Virgin narrows is so called because the herds were driven over it from Long Valley to Goulds for the winter range. After the spring shearing, they were driven back over the bridge to the summer range on Kolob and Cedar Mountain, also Long Valley, Alton, Panguitch and Glendale."

Don: "Jim Judd, store owner in Hurricane, packed the sheepmen from one wool check to another. I sheared one year for Will Sullivan with the blades. I sheared my head off to do 80 head in one day. Joe Barney sheared 362 sheep in one day with the clippers. He started an hour early and worked an hour late, till he could hardly move. Joe said it didn't take brains to shear sheep, but it takes a lot of guts, because that is what you lean

on." (Ermal explained that the shearers who worked with the shearing machine were suspended in the air by ropes through a pulley, with a heavy leather band around their middles. They could lay in this so their backs wouldn't break from stooping all day. The pulleys let them move free.) "I hauled Henry Esplin's wool to Lund in 1928," Don said.

LAFE HALL:

Jim Andrus was the cattle king and owned the Canaan ranch. The Long Valley fellows started the sheep business. Wilson Imlay was from Panguitch. He was one of the main men who owned the sheep corral. The sheep took the cattle range.

Lafe and Harvey Hall and Dave Hirschi went into the goat business. Goats can survive where cattle and sheep can't. Both cattlemen and sheepmen hate goats. While the goats were at their best, the hair brought 60 cents a pound. When the depression hit, it dropped to 10 cents a pound, and Lafe lost his home, which he had mortgaged. The government bought his 2,200 goats for \$1.25 a head. They killed them, skinned them, stacked up the goats and delivered the hides to the government. The sheep business went down at the 1929 crash. The Schmutz boys, Hi and Joe Atkin, Antone Prince, Albert Mathis and Elmer Taylor were in the goat business.

In 1902 the grass was tall on the plains and cattlemen were doing well, but a drought came and the cattle died off by the hundreds. Then the rains came and the tall grass came back. Lafe's father, Alf Hall, worked for the Bar Z Ranch. Because so many of the cattle had died off, Alf was paid off with 20 doggie calves.

When government land on the mountain came up for sale, Jim Smith had his son Dell bid on it. He told him to go as high as he needed to outbid the cattlemen. Jim needed a place for his sheep to lamb. Dell run his bid up to \$39 an acre. It was the same ground Bullock had been running his cattle on, but Bullock couldn't go that high. Jim Smith had a "drift fence" put up. He only wanted the land for one lambing season. He paid 10% down, lambed, then let the land go back and Bullock homesteaded it. The cattlemen and sheepmen did the best they could to get along with each other. Lon Brinkerhoff said, "It pays to avoid trouble, even if you have to have a knock-down-and-drag-out to do it."

Lafe freighted wool from the shearing corral to Lund. He had a small wagon that would only take 10 or 12 sacks. (A woosack holds 300 pounds of wool.) Jerry Johnson had worked for an ore company and they went broke, so Jerry took a wagon for pay. It had six-inch iron tires, and would hold 20 sacks of wool. Lafe bought it from him, and pulled both wagons with a four-horse team. It didn't rain very often, but when it did at nights, Lafe put a tarp over the wagon tongue and down under his bed and slept there. At the peak of the sheep business, Glendale was the richest little town in the state.

TOM and FERN STRATTON:

Tom's Goulds experience was varied. He began by tromping wool for Andrew Isom, and then he wrangled sheep for one year. He sheared sheep with the blades for two years, and Frank Ashton sharpened the blades. The fastest shearer at Goulds was Shorty Hansen from Australia. The next fastest was his partner. Goats led the sheep through the chute to the shearers. The sheep sheared were tallied by the number of strings used to tie his fleece. Next, Tom freighted wool. Each freighter freighted a certain man's wool. When the freighters left Goulds at dusk, it was so dark by the time they came down the

Hurricane Hill they couldn't see the horses. Tom would loop the brake rope around his right leg, and under his foot. The feel of the rope was the only way he could tell when to pull it to put on the brakes. It was so dark they couldn't see where to go, but the horses would head for home and then stop. It took six days to make the round trip to Lund and back.

Gregerson's had a hotel at Belview (Pintura). They had a big barn and corral for the horses. Tom usually stopped there the first night out. If he had enough hay on top of his load, he would go on to Dead Man's Hollow on the Black Ridge. The next stop was at Dry Creek where there were long mangers for the horses to feed in. At noon they stopped for the horses to eat. "Hay stops" were along the route, like we have gas stations today. The next stop was Owitchapa, then Iron Springs, the route west of Cedar City. Then they stopped at the California Ranch for the night and came into Lund, usually by noon. Tom was with the freighters at Lund the day the bottom fell out of the wool business. There were 55 teams there. The woolgrowers were offered 90 cents a pound, but they held off for a dollar. Then the buyers got word not to buy. The growers finally got 25 cents and they all went broke. Wool could be shipped in from Argentina and Australia so much cheaper. Fern recalled the big dances they had at Hurricane when the shearers came to town.

Owen Sanders

Owen Sanders has shared with everyone his memories of the Goulds operation, which appeared in the Spectrum in October, 1988. I will take my notes from this article, as he has generously visited with us in the past.

"Goulds was one of the busiest sheep shearing centers in the West. It was used by sheepmen from Garfield, Kane, Iron and Washington Counties who grazed their herds of sheep on the vast winter range of the colorful Arizona Strip. During the latter part of April and first part of May, on a prearranged schedule, sheepmen would start their flocks feeding and moving eastward toward the Temple Road, Navajo Trail and Honeymoon Trail on the rugged Hurricane Cliffs so they could be at Goulds on their scheduled shearing turn. Some huge herds stomped the desert bare of vegetation while waiting their time to go on in to Goulds to be shorn. The Goulds shearing shed was highly mechanized. There were eighteen shearing stations. Nine stations were on the north side of the large room and nine on the south. As the fleeces were tied they were flung on the conveyor belt in the middle of the room. The conveyor carried them up to a loft where they dropped off on the floor. Huge wool bags hung through the holes in the floor.

There were two bags with a wool stomper at each bag. These men would fling a few fleece into the bags, then get down in the bags and start stomping the fleece into compactness. When the bags were stomped full, they held up to fifty eight-to-ten pound fleeces. The tops of the bags were sewn shut with heavy twine. The bags were then lowered to the floor and rolled out into the yard where each sheepman had his own branded stack of plump wool bags. Wool buyers, representing Eastern companies were present to negotiate prices. If the price was right, twelve to fifteen bags were loaded on each freight wagon, and the long trip to the railroad at Lund, Utah began. Often the

freighters were able to get a load of freight at Lund to haul back for merchants in Utah's Dixie.

I tied fleece for nine men. I grew skillful in compressing the fleece into compact lumps then tying them into a bundle with twisted paper twine and flinging them onto the conveyor. The first day, my hands became raw from pulling and twisting twine. The next morning, I could have bawled from the pain. In a week my hands became tough and the pain subsided.

I'll never forget the wild cacophony of the shearing shed: sheep bleating, dogs barking,, wranglers shouting, clippers whirring, machinery clanking and belts slapping became a deafening din.

Trained sheep dogs were a boon to a sheepman. By using hand signals, whistles and shouts, a shepherd could have the dog maneuver the herd anywhere he wanted.

Driving a herd of sheep into a corral presented a problem. If a few sheep could be driven in, the rest of the herd would follow. At Goulds they had a billygoat trained to lead sheep into a corral, pen or chute. I watched this marvelous goat work. After leading the sheep into the chute until it was crammed with ewes, he would then lead sheep into the small pen of each individual shearer. When a man needed more sheep to shear, he would yell, "Sheep!" The wrangler would open the gate to the pen and shout, "Hey, Bill!" The Billy Goat would jump upon the backs of the ewes and run full speed down the chute on top of the backs of the sheep, then jump down, and head them into the pen and wait for another command. He kept up this routine day after day.

Jess Lemmon, Grandfather of Bishop Jack Lemon of Hurricane, was the cook shack operator at Goulds. He served good grub! He had cooked for hungry, hard workingmen at cattle camps, construction camps and Robbers Roost during the construction of the Hurricane Canal. He had worked since the age of 12 and developed a sparkling, heart warming personality

Strong men suffered adversity and kept going. In 1930, freakish weather slaughtered several hundred head of ewes belonging to John Watson of Long Valley, just after they had been sheared at Goulds. Charles Anderson of Long Valley lost 1,200 head of ewes that were crowded over a cliff by a milling herd during a blizzard on the Arizona Strip in the winter of 1936-37

In 1934, owners of portable shearing outfits began taking their equipment and crews to the sheep herds and once bustling Goulds closed down and equipment was moved to the Sands between Long Valley and Kanab. " So ends the saga of the Goulds Shearing Corral.

Personal note, Alice

As I write this, a childhood longing surfaces. I was such a little girl at Goulds' heyday. To visit Goulds was a popular attraction, but going anywhere was rare, especially since Papa didn't even own a team or wagon. But wonder of wonders. Papa borrowed Uncle Ren Spendlove's outfit. Mama put a denim quilt over a shuck tick in the wagon box for us to sit on, and packed a grub box. She sat on the spring seat beside Papa. I was so excited I could hardly contain myself.

We were going to see Aunt Alice and Uncle Will, and we'd see the men shear sheep. Going up the narrow dugway on the Hurricane hill was scary. Once on top, the horses settled into an easy gait. The wagon wheels ground pleasantly in the dirt, lulling me to

sleep. When I awoke, we were going down the hill and Pa was pulling back on the brake rope.

"Aren't we going to Goulds?" I asked.

"We have been to Goulds," one of my sisters replied. "But I haven't" I cried.

"Oh yes you have. You just didn't wake up," someone said. Crawling over to where Mama sat, I said, "Mama, I haven't been to Goulds have I?" She put her arm around me.

"Bless you, I guess we forgot to wake you." "Oh, Mama, you didn't have the picnic without me did you?" I could hardly speak because of the ache in my throat.

Mama looked stricken. "There were so many people, I guess we didn't notice you were still in the wagon asleep." I didn't just cry. I howled. How could they do that to me? I didn't even get to see the shearing corral, and I knew I would never get to go again, and I didn't.

An account related by Wayne Hinton:

"This happened on May 6, 1914 when I was eight years old. There were about nine freighters hauling wool from the Goulds shearing corral, headed towards Lund. Grin Wood was the lead wagon, Manti Workman was the second wagon, George Wood was the third wagon, my father Bernard Hinton was the fourth wagon, and John Stout, I think, was the fifth wagon, and there were others further back. Manti's brother Nephi was one of them. After crossing Goulds Wash heading north, they climbed a rather steep grade. Descending the other side of the hill involved an even steeper grade. Manti had two teams, pulling two wagons. Somewhere between a third and a half way down the hill, the pressure of the wagons on the team was so great that apparently he figured the team couldn't hold the wagons back and he turned the team on the inside of the hill. This tipped the load of wool over. Orin Wood was a half-mile down the road at the bottom of the hill and he never saw it happen. George Wood came over the top of the hill and he saw that there had been an accident. He called the news back to my father, who was directly behind, and he called it back to the next wagon, and so on it went, all the way back to the shearing corral.

"George: Wood and my father were the first two at the scene. I can remember going around the wagon and putting my hand on Manti Workman's legs as they stuck through the spokes of the wheel. John Stout arrived and he said, "Let's pull the wool off." He undid the binding, and they pulled the sacks of wool off. As I recall, there were thirteen sacks. When the last sack was pulled, it revealed Manti lying on the ground. He had hit a rock with his head and cut a gash just above his temple, and he was purple. It was evident that he was dead. He would have smothered to death, no doubt, even if he hadn't: hit his head. They sent for a white topped buggy with quilts in, which arrived in a matter of twenty minutes or so, and they put his body in there and drove it to town. Other men took care of his horses, loaded the wool back on the wagon, separated the two wagons and drove them to town. Manti was an old bachelor. He had never married. I think he was thirty years to forty years of age at the time. This was the second death I can remember, and it was a traumatic experience I'll never forget."

Following are Loren Higbee's recollections as related to us on January 19, 1989:
 "I'm going to talk about shearing of the sheep at Goulds Wash and other places throughout Utah when I was a young boy.

Now Goulds had a shearing corral on the south side of the wash. It was a big one, one of the larger ones. And on the north side was another shearing corral that wasn't quite as big, and it was run by the Spendlove family. There was a boarding house there, and they took in boarders and did a lot of things outside of shearing sheep. They didn't have electricity at that time. They sheared these sheep with the old scissor type. They got really professional about it, and did a good job. Now these sheep were gathered up from all over the Arizona Strip arid all through that country out there, and they'd bring them in to be sheared. And when they'd open up from the mountain behind them to come into this valley they were a sight for sore eyes. It was just a mass of sheep all over the valley. You could hardly see a bush or a tree. I might exaggerate a little bit, but it was a sight to see all those sheep waiting to get their turn.

Now some of the sheep would come that far. It's according to where they were going to wind up. They'd come in and be sheared and then they went back to the Gap and up through the Gap north and east and they would take them up, not into Mt. Carmel. Smiths would take theirs across over the Three Creeks. That was their destination. And others would take and go north; I don't know just where they went from there. I think over on highway 89, but they wouldn't go north too far, because of the weather. It would get colder up there. Others would take off and go through Virgin. I think it's Dry Creek and go on to Kolob way. And others would go down through the twist into Toquerville, cross the creek there to take them over into Nevada, and some would go on into Lund to be shipped out. Some of them were selling their sheep and some were putting them on the ground where the good feed was. Their destination was different places, but I want to bring up the point about them crossing the Ash Creek. LaVerkin Creek was always low. It didn't furnish much water, but at that time of the year the water was quite high at Ash Creek, and they'd had some trouble getting their sheep across. They'd lost some. So they built a bridge. They'd take a wagon, and they'd strip everything out of it but the floor and the sides. And then they'd pull it across on the other side where they could land well, then they'd bring another wagon in, and they'd put the tongue in where they'd join together. If there was any gap at all, which there would be a little, I guess, they would put boards in there, and sides. And then they would bring a third one, and the third one would cover the whole creek. Now they would bring these sheep down there. Now, I remember it very well, because I was always curious. When I'd see the sheep coming, I'd always head down there to see how they got across the creek. Wagons could cross the creek any time, because the water didn't come up into them. You know, freighters and like that wouldn't have to have a bridge of wagons, but the sheep did. They needed it badly. So I was always there when the sheep crossed, and I got a good look at them. You asked if they had a goat to lead them. That I wouldn't know, but I'm pretty sure they didn't so they went on from there and would cross over the sands toward Leeds and go on into Nevada looking for feed.
(Loren Higbee is age 91 as he shares these memories.)

March-22, 1989... Following are Robert Shamo's recollections of the Goulds Ranch. (The main Goulds ranch is downstream and down over the hill from where the corrals were. It was commonly known as "Lower Goulds")

"My father, Harry Shamo, purchased the Goulds Ranch, from Bill Spendlove. It was situated just below the Goulds shearing corral, to the Northwest. My brother, Walter,

worked for Bill to pay for the ranch. We paid \$1,100 for it. It was kind of a farm for us, and it was the only water around the Goulds shearing corral. The sheep herds watered there for about \$7.00 to \$15.00 a herd, depending on the number of sheep. We had the ranch for a number of years.

At that time, my father and Frank Beatty were wool jammers. My father jammed wool three different years that I can remember, and one of the last years while the corral was in production, I got a job taking the fleece from the conveyor belt. The belt ran the full length of the corral and shearing barn, with shearers on both sides. I got a dollar a day and my board, which was pretty good wages for me, I thought. I was about 13. I forget what grade I was in, 5th or 6th, but I took the last month of school at Goulds throwing fleeces, which I enjoyed. I'd take the fleeces from the belt to the ones that were jamming the wool. Some of the workers there were Owen Sanders and Whit Jones. Whit was the wrangler and Owen was a fleece tier. Owen was one of the best. His fleeces stayed together. The fingers of the fleece tiers got so sore and so raw and tender that they didn't do too good a job tying it.

Harvey Wright, from Hurricane, was one of the fastest shearers at the corral. Some of the fellows were from Panguitch, Long Valley, Alton and Glendale. The Roundy brothers, Dee and Karl were from Alton and Vernon Black from Glendale. His father and Jim Sargent were the ones who ran the plant at that time. Arnold and Sarah Lemon ran the cook shack, and we all ate there. They'd ring a bell for us to come and get our meals, especially in the mornings and in the evenings. In the evenings the Roundy boys entertained us with their guitars. They sang every night, and we really enjoyed it. I don't recall how many sacks of wool they'd jam each day, but it was quite a number, and they were well jammed. In other places the wool didn't quite fill the sacks, but these at Goulds were just like bales of hay. They weren't soft. They were solid. Of course it took experience to know how to jam that wool. The jammer would make a circle, so many fleeces around the edge, and then one in the center. There were some of the prettiest sacks of wool that had ever been jammed.

I was kind of runner of the Goulds ranch during the summers, trying to farm a little. We didn't have the best of stock or animals of any kind of horses to plow with, but we did the best with what we had. The water came from springs up the canyon between the ranch house and the shearing corral. There are ledges on both sides and the springs come out from under the ledges of rock. We put that water into a ditch and brought it down about a quarter of a mile. We had two reservoirs there. We put some in one and then some in another one. We had to flume the water across from the south side to the north side in a wooden pipe with the wire wove around it. At different times, heavy floods would take the water out, especially on the north side. There was kind of a clay bank, and the water would cut under it and take our cables and things that held the pipe up. So sometimes we'd be without water. Once we were without for a month, but this wasn't during shearing time. It was in the summertime when the flash floods came from the upper country. Some large floods took the flume out.

I remember the one time we had Gern Stratton and Otto Stanworth to help put this pipe in. We put the cables across first, then carried the pipe across on the cables. Gern was a big heavy fellow and a good worker, but he wasn't any good off the ground. he didn't want to get up on those cables. They were ten or twelve feet high. As time went

by, we got the cables back further in the bank where they held, and we had less trouble. I'd say we had about 1' feet of water all the time. It was clear water, but there was a lot of alkali. It was sufficient for all of the sheep herds in the early spring. We never did run out of water then.

BS Trail

The BS trail goes up over the Hurricane Hill from near the south end of the city to where the Goulds shearing corral was located. Many thousands of sheep traversed it from early in the century until the 1930's when the sheep industry of Southern Utah and the Arizona strip died out. Because of the rather circular route that sheep traveled during their yearly migrations, they walked up the trail; they rarely descended it. Cattle are its current clients. The fifty or so head that now reluctantly use it during their circular yearly migration go down the trail, never up. The "BS" does not stand for Boy Scout. Sheep, not cattle, were the trail's chief users when it acquired its name. Just how bodily functions of an animal not usually associated with the trail could inspire such a name is a mystery. Nor does the trail feature shady alcoves that might invite its human users to tarry while they expound on various topics long after their stores of information are exhausted --- discourse that would qualify as "BS". Winferd Spendlove, who owns some of the land traversed by the trail and who has been acquainted with it almost the full ninety years of his life (June 2001) grew up knowing the trail's name. No one ever explained its derivation to him. Perhaps it gradually emerged from the expletive anyone who contemplated having to use it might utter.

There are actually two divisions of the trail that converge as they near the summit. A distinct trail that begins at 2045 South has received considerable maintenance in recent years and is traversed by cattle. The traditional BS Trail though, the trail that was trod by many thousands of sheep on their way to the Goulds shearing corral, is not readily identifiable as a trail at all. Rather, it's an area of perhaps fifty yards wide at the bottom as it heads up over the face of the hill with its base at 1910 South. Could we go back in time, we would see lenticular markings all the way up made by millions of hoof prints; the same markings that existed all over Southern Utah, Western Nevada and Northern Arizona. Except perhaps in a few protected spots, the prints are all gone now, the victims of erosion that they themselves helped foster.



Figure 1 Looking up the trail from the west. Sheep would have spread out over much of the steep slope in the center. The marked trail is to the right. They converge at the top.

The initial reaction of a first-time visitor to the trail is, “I was given the wrong directions.” In fact, it is barely scaleable or hikeable. Why then, was it an important artery for many years and why didn’t they pick a trail with a more reasonable grade? We must review both the geologic features, and the history of sheep growing and sheep-shearing of the area. The escarpment that results from the Hurricane Fault presents a daunting obstacle to east-west travel over most of its one-hundred-fifty mile length. A breach in its ramparts just north of LaVerkin was utilized in 1859 to construct the Johnson Twist Road with its 13% grade. (The Virgin City water line now occupies the roadway as it climbs the hill a mile or so east of the Toquerville cemetery) South of the Virgin River or Timpowep Canyon to just beyond the Utah line where the Honeymoon Trail is found, however, there was just the BS trail that was suitable for driving large numbers of animals. South of the Honeymoon Trail, it’s another twelve to fourteen miles before the Navaho Trail road is reached. Further south, the Temple Trail came down over another breach in the barricade and the road from “Bundyville” to Mount Trumbull occupies still another. Back at Hurricane, Highway 59, and the old dugway road before it, appear to utilize a natural pathway of sorts but this was only partially the case. The sheer wall of lava that fronts the Hurricane Hill at that point posed an insurmountable barrier to men who could attack it only with hand tools. The original dugway was built early in 1915 by convict labor. Even so, it is a leading contender for the site that inspired Erastus Snow to invoke the name “Hurricane”. It would have been feasible to lower his buggy down over the cliff-face. Thus even though the BS Trail was far from ideal, until 1915 it was the best way up over the hill from the Hurricane Bench. Even after the new convict-built dugway was in place, the trail remained the preferred path for driving sheep; it provided a shorter route to Goulds, it was free of other kinds of traffic and it was easy to find. The steep slope it occupies is easily identifiable from miles away. A couple of sheep personality traits are also relevant: Although sheep will readily cross streams when you don’t want them to, it is most difficult to get them to cross even a small stream such as the Virgin River at low water when it’s the herder’s idea. Because of this, the Virgin was a serious barrier to sheep migration except where a bridge crossed it, the “sheep bridge” just west of Virgin City being a good example. On

the other hand, sheep almost seem to enjoy climbing near-impossible grades such as the BS Trail imposes. Inducing them to descend the same grade though, is a tough task indeed.



Looking back from the above picture to the east

Lamb or mutton was frequently on the menu when a sheepman's family sat down to dinner. Shepherders sometimes dined on mutton three times a day. Spoilage wasn't a problem during cold months. At night when the temperature might drop to below freezing, a side of mutton could be hung by a hook at the side of the sheep wagon. During the day, the meat would be put into a heavy cloth sack and then rolled up into the

bedroll for insulation against the day's warmth. A herder's camp-gear acquired some unusual odors. Probably a year-old weather (a male castrated when small) provided the best meat to the experienced pallet.

Typically, sheep made a two to three hundred-mile journey every year between their summer and winter ranges taking advantage of feeding conditions at various elevations. Sheep can easily walk ten miles a day and get more than enough nourishment from grasses along the way. The BS Trail was important because of this annual pilgrimage. Oddly enough, some of the best feed for the year was found in early spring in the warm Arizona desert just north of Lake Mead (Pawcoon). Two rams or bucks per one-hundred ewes were necessary for breeding purposes. The flocks enjoyed a coed status for just a few weeks each year, timed so that lambs would arrive, say, early in February. Shearing was done in the spring, usually after lambing had taken place. A lamb's carefree gamboling life was rudely interrupted soon after it was born. Its tail was nipped off or docked; indentations were cut into its ears that designated its owner and its sex. (It's difficult to tell which is which from most viewing angles) Males though, suffered the supreme indignity: an incision was made in the scrotum; the perpetrator clenched his teeth down over the testes then gave the victim's body a violent push forward to insure quick separation. At least some of the bite-sized morsels were usually saved for a dinner of "mountain oysters". The lack of range restrictions prior to the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934 made it possible to take one's animals anywhere on public lands where water was available and left the door open for hostilities to erupt.

During the twenty-five years or so of the Goulds shearing operation, the BS Trail was important to many sheepmen such as Johnny Spendlove who owned or controlled the hillside that the trail occupied. No other sheepmen were charged for using the trail; it was there for all. Nor was the trail utilized by more than a large fraction of the sheep that came to the Goulds corral each year. Some were driven from Long Valley and the Kanab area along what is now highway 59; others were driven along the top of the Hurricane Hill from far to the south. Johnny, a Hurricane farmer and rancher, who was one of the main local sheep owners provides a useful example of someone who utilized the trail during its heyday. As we shall see, the trail was used only once a year or so, but its value was great indeed during the times that it was needed. Johnny's home was in Hurricane and he owned farmland and dry pasturage to the south, extending to what was then known as "Bench Lake". Frog Hollow Wash runoff that used to feed the lake has since been diverted and the Bench Lake area is now irrigated and under cultivation. He owned extensive acreage on Upper Kolob and he had grazing rights on the Unikaret Plateau north of Mount Trumbull. What mainly gave him grazing rights is that he had a reservoir dug about ten miles north of the mountain; without a dependable source of drinking water, there was no point in having any other kind of "rights". When the herd was feeding in the vicinity of the reservoir, it was the sole source of water for man and beast. The herder dipped his drinking water from it and if he wanted to take a bath, he looked to it again. As time went on between rains or snow and the sheep had frequently waded in, it took considerable courage for a man to take a hearty drink. Since it was the winter range, snow banks could often be tapped as a source of drinking water. When more snow fell than could be negotiated by the sheep, the herder cut a juniper tree,

hitched his team to it and pulled it around through the sagebrush. The sheep could now follow along and munch on tender sagebrush shoots.

Johnny kept a base herd of about 4,000 ewes and about eighty rams, making him one of the larger operators in the area. As indicated, north of Mount Trumbull was the winter range for his sheep. By late winter, the herd was moved westward toward Pawcoon, Arizona. Spring comes at least a month earlier there than in Hurricane and highly nutritious grasses were often abundant during February that enabled ewes to give birth to healthy lambs. Typically, they cropped and nibbled their way back to the Hurricane Bench for the birthing process. Johnny attempted to have covered delivery enclosures available for each ewe that was ready to go in labor. It was a busy time for all hands. During the day, the ewes were inspected to identify those that were about to deliver, and move them into the enclosures. The emerging lamb might need an extra pull in order to escape its dark prison. Occasionally, there would be a breach delivery and then someone had to reach way up in there and re-position the misdirected infant. Afterwards it was essential to monitor the mother-child bond. A ewe might disown her hapless child and refuse to let it suckle. When that happened, she was restrained so that the lamb could get a few good swigs. As soon as the mother's unique smell had been acquired by drinking her milk, the ewe was more than happy to assume her maternal duties. The same was true with orphans. Once a surrogate mother who had been forced to be generous could identify her own precious odor, the lamb was family. One lamb is adequate for most ewes, but some have twins. Under ideal conditions a 110% lamb crop survived. If the ewes were still out on the open range when lambing started, you were lucky to have an 80% survival rate. No rest period came after lambing was complete; it was now time to inflict the painful deeds on the unsuspecting little fellows that were described earlier. By now Johnny would be waiting for word from the corral for his animals' turn at shearing. Usually twenty-four hours prior, the trek to the Gould's corral would be made and now the one time each year that he utilized the BS Trail had arrived. It made a one-day trek from the Hurricane Bench to Gould's feasible, most important when feed and water along the way were scarce to nonexistent. Assuming the shearing machinery functioned well, all his sheep could be sheared in one day. The wool would be loaded on wagons for the trip to Lund and the sheep would be ready to strike out for Kolob or sometimes Smith's Mesa for a summer-long picnic. Sheepmen anxiously watched the heavens for weather signs the next couple of weeks after the shearing. Shorn of their winter coats, the sheep could die by the score if the temperature dipped below freezing. The foregoing sequence of birthing, shearing, etc. was not rigidly adhered to; sometimes the ewes didn't lamb until after they had been sheared and were on Smiths. The end of summer was partition time for the lambs. Enough female lambs would be kept to replace aging ewes; the rest, male and female, were sent to market. The livestock business is not for the sentimental.

So many things can go wrong with the sheep business that it's a wonder sheep men enjoyed some profitable years. Drought can dry up reservoirs and deprive sheep of forage. Freezing weather and heavy snow can prevent animals from finding food. A quick freeze at lambing time or just after shearing can decimate a herd. Wool and mutton prices can go so low that the operation becomes unprofitable. In fact, a steep drop in

prices at the beginning of the Depression forced Johnny to abandon sheep raising. Sheep were not popular with cattlemen in the past and various conflicts occurred over the years. Every year, for example, some St. George Cattlemen would sue to have Johnny's reservoir drained. Every year he won the right to keep it but he had to go to Kingman AZ to appear in court and he had to hire a lawyer each time. Their strategy apparently was to "bleed him to death" financially through attrition. A more dramatic effort was launched by local cattlemen at the shearing corral but not at Johnny personally. A small group of cattlemen paid Willis Hall who was about nineteen years old at the time ten dollars to torch the Goulds corral and facilities. Because Willis needed an escape route where he wouldn't be seen, the BS Trail experienced it's most dramatic and ironic moment. The route that had helped make sheep growing feasible was now used to make destroying the shearing facility feasible. A further ironic note is that, both before and after his brief stint as an arsonist, Willis spent considerable time herding sheep. His father, who was one of the perpetrators, loaned Willis his best horse. Riding nonchalantly to the corral in the late afternoon and satisfied that no one had seen him, he tied the horse off a hundred yards or so to the west and waited until dark. After placing plenty of dry tinder at strategic points, he rushed to and fro with a firebrand and quickly had an inferno raging. Then racing back to his horse he sped off on the trail that he knew so well. How he induced his mount to go down the precipitous segment of the trail in the dark is a mystery but he succeeded with no damage to either man or beast. Arson was immediately assumed and Willis was interviewed as a prime suspect. Not that it mattered. Willis was a master yarn spinner and storyteller. Deftly fielding the sheriff's interrogation the next day required a mere fraction of Willis's mental reserves. It's unknown if his bonfire completely ended all shearing at the corral but it was basically the "coup de grace." The corral was already consigned to history by the larger factors discussed previously.

Cattle, as mentioned earlier, are no strangers to the trail. Merrill Hall, an early Hurricane settler owned irrigated farmland out on the bench west of the trailhead. He regularly drove his cattle up and down the trail when moving them to their summer or winter-feeding areas. In recent years, his nephew, Milton Hall, has also been utilizing it in a somewhat similar manner. Milton and his associates run fifty or sixty head out on top of the hill during winter and spring. Abiding by BLM regulations, they drive them down over the BS trail prior to May first and feed them for a month or so at their Hurricane Bench farm. Next they haul the cattle by truck to the Buckhorn Flats north of Parowan and to the Panguitch area for the summer. When fall comes, they truck them back to the winter range. Obviously, we have a reversal of the pattern that existed with sheep. Sheep went up over the trail each spring; cattle descend it. Cattle are reasonably obedient but they tend to draw the line at plunging down over such a precipitous trail. Once having done so without breaking anything, they are somewhat more amenable. On the first such foray, Milton prudently assembled a sizeable group of wranglers. By keeping most of the animals on a holding pattern at the top, they were able to induce two or three at a time to take the plunge until they finally had them all down. After that, the cattle required less coaxing.

The BS Trail has been officially named and sanctioned by the BLM.



Figure 8. Winfred Spendlove looks up at the trail from his home in Angell Heights Subdivision

Victor Hall April 2004