WHITE GRASS HERITAGE PROJECT
"SHARING THE LEGACY"

INTERVIEWEE: Cindy Galey Peck

INTERVIEWER: Matthew K. Heiss & Sharon Kahin

LOCATION: White Grass Dude Ranch, Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming

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PART ONE OF THIS VIDEO RECORDED INTERVIEW BEGINS HERE AND ENDS ON PAGE 59. PART TWO OF TWO VIDEOS ENDS ON PAGE 129.

NOTE: This transcript has undergone editing and review; therefore, it no longer matches the audio recording. False starts and other extraneous text was removed to make it more "reader friendly." Also, at the request of the interviewee, brief portions of the text have been removed.

H: Today is the 2nd of September 2014. My name is Matthew Heiss. I am working as a volunteer for the National Park Service. I am here as part of the White Grass Heritage Project. And with me today is Sharon Kahin from the Jackson Hole Historical Society and Museum, who is also very interested in White Grass history. And together we are recording Cindy Galey Peck who is up here in Wyoming from Young, Arizona. She is the daughter of Inge Galey and the adopted daughter of Frank Galey. Inge and Frank ran the White Grass Dude Ranch.

P: Adopted by both.

H: And just for the sake of context, Becky Heiss, my wife, is off to the side indexing this interview as we begin. Cindy, first of all, thank you so much for making yourself available and for coming up from Arizona for this. I know that you're here for the reunion, but the fact that you're giving us a little bit of time today is wonderful. I'd like to start by getting to know your personal background a little bit through your memories of your mom and your grandparents. Why don't we start with that? In fact, why don't we start with your grandparents? Tell me what you remember about them, where they were from and what they were like.

P: Maternal or paternal?

H: Maternal. Yes, we're going to focus on Mom's side of the story. [*Peck chuckles*]

P: Okay.

H: Good clarification.

P: Mother's family, Mother and my mother's family came from Germany. And before World War II, Mother acted as secretary to her father who was a business person.

H: What kind of business was he in, do you know?

P: At different times, multiple businesses. Before WWI, he had what they called a commune. It was more like a warehouse, where he would buy whatever products the camel trains brought to Saudi, Morocco where they were living.

H: Wow.

P: Then the individual merchants would come and buy the rugs or the salt or whatever product might be available.

H: Was he living in the Middle East?

P: Yes. He was living in Morocco.

H: Wow, cool.

P: Mother was there as a child. Wanda, my grandmother, and her sister, whose name was Elsie was with her to help take care of the one child, which was Inge.

H: Yes.

P: The French overtook Morocco in 1914, the same year that the White Grass barn was finished built.

H: That's right.

P: And Granddaddy was put in prisoner of war camp. Grandmother and Mother were sent to Switzerland and they lived there until the end of the war and Granddaddy was released.

H: Wow.

P: Then he started another business in Germany. At one point it was a shoe factory, which he had through the beginning of the WWII. My aunt talks about…. At that point, Mother was in the United States. Granddaddy went back to take care of Grandmother and the younger daughter, Renate, when he felt World War II was starting.

H: Now that's kind of a bold move to go back to a country that's engaged in a war rather than pulling the family out of a war zone. Do you have any idea why he did that?

P: I think he thought he was going to protect his business and protect his family.

H: Okay, interesting.

P: But my aunt talks about bicycling out of town. I think at that point they lived in Frankfurt. They were trading shoes for food with the farmers. And she talks about going into the farmers' houses to do the trades. And there would be oriental rugs, there would

be china, there would be anything but metal. The Germans took every bit of metal from people's houses to make armaments.

H: Yes.

P: Grandmother and Granddaddy ended up moving to their country property. They had a couple who were retainers. And they offered them to go with or stay in town, and they went with Grandmother and Granddaddy. And I remember Grandmother talking about Granddaddy having a birthday coming up and she was determined to put meat on the table. So they went and somehow snared sparrows and she cooked them. And she was so proud to have meat on the table.

H: Wow! Your grandfather is Ottmar Freitag?

P: Yes.

H: And he's buried down here at White Grass?

P: Yes. And my grandmother died in Connersville, Indiana, where they stayed winter-times with my aunt, Mother's sister, Renate.

H: Renate, okay. But did your grandparents live here at White Grass during the summertime?

P: Oh, yes, for years and years. They came over in ’48, I believe.

H: Okay.

P: At that point, they were trying to get me to school. Dad bought two little log cabins and put them about fifteen feet apart on Pearl Street.

H: Down in Jackson?

P: Here in Jackson. And then he built a room to connect them. The back part of which was the bathroom. And one of the parts about building that I remember were wires sticking out of the wall. I picked up this metal thing and touched the wires. [*Heiss chuckles*] I’ve been afraid of electricity ever since then. [*laughing*]

H: Wow!

P: But that was so they could get me to school in Jackson. Dad would have to come up here almost on a daily basis to shovel rooves.

H: We’ll talk a little bit more about your education because you told me interesting things in our phone conversation. But let’s get back to your mom. She came to the U.S. before World War II.

P: Correct.

H: She was working as a secretary here. Your grandfather went back to Germany, but your mother stays.

P: Correct.

H: So talk about . . .

P: Just before they went back, my mother married Max Wood, who is from the family in California which Los Gatos is named after, and the Marble Cats Gateway one can still see from the freeway.

H: Yes.

P: He had a growth at the base of his brain that was . . . Well, they operated on it and it grew back. And when it grew back, it put pressure on his brain, and he threw things.

H: He became violent?

P: I guess . . . Yes. And the puppy went through the plate glass.

H: Plate glass window?

P: Window.

H: Oh, my gosh.

P: And his folks being present decided they better extricate Mother and myself.

H: Yes.

P: And actually according to Mother, that marriage was annulled.

H: Okay.

P: I was adopted when they married. They adopted me when they were married.

H: So tell me about your father. Was Inge…? Was your mother married first?

P: Yes.

H: Prior to Wood?

P: No, not prior to Wood.

H: Okay. Tell me how you came about.

P: Mother's story, and she liked to tell history the way she would have liked it to be, was that she miscarried again. And the doctors put the live child with the live mother. And I was the live child in Mother's story and she was the live mother.

H: Wow.

P: Since then I have discovered that my biological mother was alive at least four years ago.

H: Oh, my gosh!

P: Haven't really found her, but I found a little bit of information about her.

H: Yes.

P: My biological father died in the '60s.

H: Okay. Do you know why you were placed with Inge?

P: She was eighteen, she was unmarried. And in those days, I'm sure the family just wanted it to go away.

H: Yes, okay. So was Inge married to . . .

P: Max Wood.

H: Max Wood. And at the time, you were adopted by Inge and Max?

P: Correct.

H: And so that marriage was annulled because Max has a violent streak in him.

P: Yes.

H: And as I recall from our conversation, your mom goes up to Oregon.

P: Right.

H: Tell us why.

P: Granddaddy's sister, whom I called Nana, lived there.

H: Okay.

P: So she went to Nana.

H: Her aunt's house.

P: Right. And at that time, the cadets were in town and that's when she met Frank Galey.

H: And then she married Frank in about '43, '44?

P: We can probably figure that out from the albums.

H: Okay.

P: Yes, approximately.

H: It's about that time?

P: Yes.

H: It's in Oregon?

P: It's in Oregon. They met in Oregon. I believe they were married in Arizona, and I was adopted by Frank in New Mexico.

H: That's right, Carlsbad. He goes down there . . .

P: Oh, they were married in Bisbee, Arizona. I'm remembering that. [*Heiss chuckles*] But they lived in Carlsbad and I was adopted in Carlsbad.

H: Okay. At that point Frank is in the service and he's a pilot, right?

P: He's a pilot. They asked him if he had a choice of bombing Germany or Japan, what would he prefer. And, of course, he said Japan. So he never left the United States.

H: Okay. Well, let's pick up with your mom. And like I said, we'll discuss her life through to the end and come back and talk about Frank. So Inge and Frank are married. And then after the war, they came back here to White Grass?

P: Yes.

H: What was your mom's reaction coming to this very primitive place? I mean, after the war, the electricity wasn't here yet, no telephone yet, talk about that.

P: I don't really know. What I remember a little bit later is she was a very gutsy lady. Especially in the early years since the business here was basically from 4th of July through Labor Day, which is not very much of the year to make a living. Dad had a hunting camp and so she was left here by herself much of the time to take care of the

animals that were here. We had chickens and pigs and horses and cows and dogs and cats [*chuckling*] and sometimes a sundry other animals. And some of the stories I remember of her especially in winter when Dad was gone, you know…. She was hooking up the team to go get supplies and mail. Well, after getting to Moose, she had to shovel out the car to get to Jackson to get supplies and get back in time to milk the cows. And she had put Snip and Bess . . .

I'll back up just a little bit. Teams work in a certain way: The right side team works the right side; the left side team works the left side. And if you reverse them, they're totally confused and nothing works well.

H: Yes.

P: She did manage to get from here to Ted Hartgraves, which is about a quarter mile toward Moose from the junction of the Moose-Wilson Road and White Grass driveway. And at that point they went off the track. Ted Hartgrave straightened them up, re hooked them to the sleigh and she managed to get on in. But she had no animal experience coming here. She was basically raised in cities, so it had to have been quite a challenge.

H: Yes, really.

K: She drove the team by herself?

P: Yes.

K: In deep snow?

H: In the wintertime?

P: Yes.

K: Did she know how to shoot?

P: Not really.

K: I was just wondering, Cindy, what the predators were like around then. Do you remember her telling any stories about having to safeguard the stock against wolves or anything like that?

P: There were a lot of coyotes around. The dogs pretty much kept them at bay. I don't remember any predators in the wintertime. In the summertime – bear. We had a lot of them. We had bear problems pretty consistently.

H: Was it because of the animals here or was it because of the garbage dump down the road or because the dudes or staff were leaving food in the cabins and tents?

P: No, they were usually trying to get into the kitchen, and so I think some of it was the garbage and just the smell of a kitchen that's cooking for eighty people.

H: Yes.

P: Dad ended up putting . . . Do you remember the little metal cots? They had wired springs.

H: Yes.

P: He dismantled a bunch of cots and bolted those springs across all the kitchen windows.

H: To keep the bears out. [*laughing*]

P: Marten, we had marten in the kitchen too.

H: Yes.

P: Porcupine were a problem. In case you don't know, porcupines don't die easily. At one point, they'd got in the corral behind the barn and were getting quills in horse noses. It got my ire up [and so when I saw one,] I grabbed a piece of discarded corral rail and I beat it over the head, and it seemed like for fifteen minutes before it died. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*] With the quills it would just bounce off, it made . . . [*chuckling*]

H: Good protection. [*chuckling*] Wow.

K: I mean it's really extraordinary. So your mother was out here by herself with no previous experience with horses or other animals, and she's hitching up a double team and driving it through heavy snow. There was no handyman, there was nobody?

P: At times there was nobody.

K: Yes.

P: In the very early years, Ollie and Twila VanWinkle lived in what we called the Messler Cabin, which was the far north cabin that is not there anymore.

H: And were they caretakers? Was he a wrangler here on the . . .

P: He was caretaker year around.

H: Okay.

P: Ollie helped shovel rooves and take care of animals and said that I had "bees in my bonnet and ants in my pants." I don't know what that tells you about my childhood. [*all chuckling*] This was before I went to school.

H: Okay.

K: Did your mother ever talk about her feelings about the isolation out here?

P: Mother did not talk about isolation. She did not talk about feelings. She would not talk about her time in Germany, even with her sister who was dying to talk about those things.

H: Do you have a sense why she was that way? I mean, I'm probably asking for unfair psychoanalysis. But, you know, sometimes people are born that way.

P: It's one extreme or the other?

H: Yes.

P: I don't really know.

K: I guess . . . Did she enjoy it? You said she . . .

P: She loved it. She loved it. She didn't love some of dealing with the help and the people. Dad wanted to, and did, have cocktail parties every single night in his house for the guests. That was hard for her. I think she was more of a private person than Dad was. Dad was very outgoing, very charismatic. Everybody loved Frank Galey.

H: You know, in talking to Rachel[1] yesterday, we talked about her first impressions of your parents.

P: Yes.

H: And some of her staff's impressions of your mom in particular.

P: Yes.

H: And they were a little bit intimidated by her because she was a little more rigid [than Frank, your dad], a little bit more German. You know, things had to be so . . . Was that a fair assessment?

P: Very fair. She was very rigid.

H: Okay. Ran a tight ship?

P: Yes.

H: She took care of the business aspect of White Grass?

[1] Rachel Trahern worked at White Grass Dude Ranch from 1953-1965. She began as a housekeeper and soon was more like the Ranch's administrative assistant, human resource director, and head of housekeeping.

P: Absolutely, yes.

H: Okay. And what did that entail? I think you helped her a little bit, or started to learn that. Why don't you tell us about that?

P: Okay. It involved taking the phone calls, making the reservations, billing, figuring out the wages for people, tips for people, ordering food, ordering whatever was needed at the barn. Dad was the personality and was supposed to run the barn. But the barn was run collectively by whoever was working here. Sometimes we'd have a strong head wrangler and other times it just kind of ran itself.

H: [*chuckles*] Okay.

P: With all those aspects that happen when things kind of run themselves.

H: Yes, okay, all right. How did your mom get along with . . . Let's talk first about the staff, the wranglers, the cabin girls, the staff.

P: She did not make friends with them. She was hard. She had her standards. She was the boss. She didn't make friends, but she made sure things ran right. I think she was fair, but you had to tow the mark.

H: Yes. I got a sense that she did have a friendly relationship with Rachel.

P: Yes.

H: That Rachel was somehow different than the younger staff?

P: I think her German upbringing led her to be very aware of social status. Rachel came in as a manager. At first my parents were horrified because they thought they were hiring a mature person rather than a twenty, twenty-one year old. [*Heiss chuckles*] But they *did* hire a very mature person, it just happened to be a young very mature person.

H: Yes, exactly.

P: Mother greatly respected that. Rachel worked extremely well with Mother. And yes, they were extremely close friends. The close friends that Mother had I could name, you on one hand or less.

H: And were they people in town, in Jackson, or were they some of the dudes that came out?

P: One person that lived in Jackson. They were actually one of Dad's buddies from the Air Force when he married and moved to Jackson. That was Mimi Crenshaw.

H: Okay.

P: And she has great insight in some of my parent's actions. Rachel definitely . . . One of them was a guest that lived in the East.

H: A regular attender? Somebody who came here?

P: Actually, she came to Golden Rock.

H: Okay, we'll talk about that in a minute.

P: And there were some good acquaintances, but really friends, not very many.

H: Is it fair to say that she just kind of focused on the business and focused on surviving and focused on you?

P: Focused on the business, focused on Dad. My impression is that when I started going to school she wanted to play with Dad in the winter, find business for wintertime, with him. That had a lot to do with my going to boarding school at sixth grade.

H: Okay. And is that when they went down to the West Indies and got Golden Rock?

P: Yes. I mean, they searched Mexico. Dad couldn't stand the bribes/graft that you needed to continually pay to work in Mexico, to have anything in Mexico. I think it was his sister

Marion, or Mopsie as we called her that suggested looking in the Caribbean. And that's when they found the place in Nevis.

H: Yes. Did you get to go down there and see the place?

P: I was moved closer to them when they bought Nevis, which meant I went to school in Massachusetts instead of Utah. [*Heiss chuckles*] And, yes, some Christmases I went down.

H: Okay, all right.

K: What school did you go to?

P: Fox Hollow in Lenox, Massachusetts.

K: I went to Emma Willard. [*laughing*]

H: Oh, my gosh! Small world.

P: I started out in Rowland Hall in Salt Lake City.

K: You just never know when you're going to meet another preppy out here in the wild. [*Peck and Kahin both chuckle*]

H: Rowland Hall, our son lives right across the street from Rowland Hall.

P: Oh, my gosh! [*all chuckle*] It still exists.

H: I walked past the K through 6 Rowland Hall on my way to work every morning. And I'm assuming you started in 7th, 8th, or 9th grade in Salt Lake, right?

P: Sixth.

H: Sixth? Okay. So was it down off of 9th East? Do you remember, was it sort of towards Sugarhouse?

P: It was up on the hill. It was up on the hill. [It was a] big white house that encompassed basically a full block. And part of it was used as St. Marks School for boys. Just as I left they started that.

H: Okay.

P: I remember walking down like a whole block's worth of steep stairs to get down to the street where ZCMI was.

H: So you were downtown.

P: In the Avenues.

H: Yes, that's our neighborhood. I walk past it every day. [*chuckling*] So again, back to your mom, so the business is going. And let's talk a little bit about the divorce and what brought that about, and your perspective of it. Why don't you just kind of talk about that?

P: Mother felt White Grass was Frank Galey, so she would take Golden Rock as the other business. She ended up with forty-nine shares of Golden Rock. And the other shareholders were all friends with my Dad's. One of the very weak and small shareholders voted with Mother for a while so she actually could manage it.

H: Yes, maintain her majority status?

P: Right. And then they all got together. And one of the very, very strong ones had a meeting, a major meeting, without even inviting the primary stockholder, and basically fired her, bought her out for a pittance. She didn't even get all of her personal belongings out of the place. In that period of losing Dad, losing Golden Rock, I was gone and married; she lost that internal power that she had in her.

H: Yes. What happened to her after that? This is about '65, '66?

P: Yes. One winter she went and stayed with Rachel up in Vermont. Then she moved in with her sister in Connersville; and she and her sister are just as different as two people can be. But it kind of worked. She tried to live with Bill and myself, and that didn't work very well because of my . . . Because of Bill, basically. And then she . . . Well, before that she had built a little house in Skyline outside of Jackson, [which was close to where I was living] my first marriage with my kids. We lived in Mom's house while we built our house just down the hill from Mother's.

H: What was she doing for work to support herself at this time?

P: When she lived with us in Tucson, she was working at the Tanke Verde Ranch front desk, reservations, you know.

H: Doing the same kind of business things that she did here at White Grass or at Golden Rock.

P: Yes. Not the financial part, but yes, all the front desk kind of things. Part of that time . . . Gosh, after Nevis, that's the only job I think I remember her having.

H: Okay. How did she wind up in down in Arizona? Didn't she go to Payson?

P: She came to Arizona because I was there.

H: Okay.

P: She lived with us briefly, then bought her own little place, a really cute little adobe place. Then we moved up to Young, Arizona, and she went back to Connersville. Then after Uncle Heinz died, Aunt Nati and my mother came to Young, couldn't stand it, went to Payson.

H: Couldn't stand Young because it was so remote?

P: You got it. [*chuckling*]

H: Okay. [*Peck and Heiss laugh*] For a woman that lived here at White Grass, Young has to be pretty . . .

P: I think they were worrying about medical availability a lot. Also in Connersville my mother and my aunt's greatest thrill was to go to town and shop at Penny's. So I think it was more my aunt.

H: Okay. And then did your mom pass away there in Payson?

P: Yes.

H: Is that where . . .

P: Yes.

H: Okay. And she died about 1996? Is that what I'm remembering on her stone down here in this cemetery?

P: Yes.

H: Okay.

P: Yes, it was like Christmas Eve.

K: Can I just ask about after the divorce, Did she express her feelings about leaving this place? Was there a strong attachment to the land?

H: To White Grass in particular?

P: I think so. She didn't speak very much of it, but she did take a knife and stab Dad's photo in the eye. [*chuckling*]

H: Yes. Well, the fact that she came back and tried to settle in Jackson. Did you say Skyline?

P: Yes.

H: It says something about her attachment to the place.

P: To Jackson Hole, yes. You know, she had lived her most of her adult life here in Jackson Hole.

K: One more question, when she was here before the divorce, did she participate in riding or things like that, or was she . . .

P: Early on, very much so.

K: And she really enjoyed that?

P: Oh my gosh, yes.

K: Okay.

P: She became a good horse-woman. She would usually choose a horse that was not dude-able. I remember one in particular. We called him Dog Biscuit, and I suspect Dad got him because he was going to be dog food. [*Heiss chuckles*] His problem was he was tall, but he didn't have the breadth of steer jerking, which was a very popular sport, but they tried to use him. So when you tighten the cinch, he thought he had a steer on him and he'd go

over backwards. [*Heiss chuckles*] But Mother loved him, "You just tighten the cinch ver-r-r-y slowly."

H: [to Sharon] Do you have any other questions about Inge for this Inge section?

K: Well, she just sounds like quite an extraordinary woman.

H: And, you know, I'd like to just review one story that I think I read in something that you sent me that seemed to kind of capture this independent, strong woman. It was in the wintertime and she had to go into one of the buildings to get some supplies. And in order to get into the building . . .

P: Right.

H: Do you know the story I'm talking about?

P: Yes.

H: Why don't you tell that story?

P: Okay. It was before I started school. So I was here. Dad was gone. Lots of the dry goods and canned goods were left in the main cabin in the large #10 cans. There was something that she needed. As we did she would go into the main cabin and take it to our house to

use. At this point of winter the snow had just about totally covered the main cabin, but there was about a two-foot crack between the eaves and the snow and she was able to slide down into the main cabin and get whatever supplies she needed. Then she couldn't climb back up that steep and very frozen snow drift which kept sliding down.

H: The snow bank, yes.

P: So she called the dogs. And they kind of poked their heads down into the hole and she grabbed the scruffs of their necks; they never wore collars. And, of course, they backed up and they pulled her out. Meanwhile, she had a preschool child left in the house down below. [*chuckling*]

H: Yes. I love that story. Tell me about your earliest memories of Frank. Let's start talking about Frank right now.

P: Earliest memories.

H: Yes. In fact, let's go back before your memories. You told me about Frank flying planes in New Mexico, getting a little bit bored about flying in formation, and wanting to play chicken with a train. Remember that?

P: Yes. Do you want a brief synopsis of his very early history?

H: Yes.

P: Okay. Let's start there and then point me in whatever direction.

H: Awesome.

P: He was the youngest child of his mother, Mopsie, or Marion Galey. His father died before he was born of pneumonia, so he never knew a father. Mopsie felt that Frank Galey Sr. was the love of her life, and she was totally crushed at his death. And felt that her husband, the love of her life, was taken away from her and she was given this squalling baby.

So she gave the baby to her sister, Peachy, he called her Auntie Peach, to raise. Aunt Peachy raised him to about age four when Mopsie took him back. Much of this time she spent in Europe and Frank ended up in a monastery school in Europe.

H: Is this a well-to-do family? I mean, how do you spend time . . .

P: Yes.

H: Okay, all right. East Coast money?

P: Yes. His family were Galey and Lord Clothiers, a very well-known and successful business which Monsanto eventually bought out.

H: Okay.

P: So yes, mainline Philadelphia. [*chuckling*]

H: Okay, a well-to-do family.

P: Well-to-do family, upper echelon. So anyway, he was put in the monastery school. My impression from the little Dad talked about it, it was *extremely* difficult; they're very rigid. He did learn French, and he was very proud of that. He came back to the United States, ended up in a Quaker school. I mean, talk about opposite ends of the pole.

H: Yes.

P: Ended up going to Princeton. He managed his pocket money by playing Bridge and Backgammon. And then . . .

H: Now the rumor is that he actually paid his tuition through gambling. I mean, he was such a good gambler that he was able to support himself. Is that . . .

P: I'm not sure about tuition. I know pocket money, I know that yes, that that's the way he got funds.

H: Okay. Do you know what he studied at Princeton?

P: I haven't a clue. I'm not sure he did study much at Princeton. [*laughter*]

H: Do you know if he graduated from Princeton?

P: Absolutely not.

H: Okay.

P: I think he lasted almost two years, or maybe two years.

H: Okay.

P: His cousin, Chick Galey came West following Dad when he came back West. Marmi brought the four children, Mopsie, Eleanor, Henney, and Dad to Bar BC Ranch for the summer when they were little. That's where she met Harold Hammond, who brought them to White Grass. So Dad was familiar with the West.

H: Didn't Frank's mom marry Harold Hammond?

P: Yes.

H: Okay.

P: According to Ellen Dornan, whom I treasured as a friend…. when I was in Tucson, I ended up spending quite a bit of time with her. She was nearly blind at the time. So besides hiking and taking college classes, I took care of her part of the time. She told me the story that Harold Hammond was already married to a Marion. And Marion Galey wooed him away and they were married for a very short time before he died. He died in 1936.

H: Yes, which meant that Marion, Frank's mother, inherited this property.

P: Yes. She ran it by herself. Then when Dad came West, he kind of helped her manage it. I don't think it was a very happy partnership.

H: Mother and son? [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*] Yes.

P: Then Dad went into the Army. I've got dates in the albums. He was a cadet; he was a pilot. He stayed in the United States because of his German connection of marrying Mother. His job was to fly navigators and teach them to navigate. It was a relatively boring job for a very active outgoing young man, so he found amusement. One of the

things that he used to love to tell was about flying at night, you know, flying out to point whatever so the navigators could figure out where they had been. And then coming back toward base and seeing a train on a railroad track with the one headlight. I guess the planes had one headlight. So he would fly very low over the railroad tracks toward the train until he saw all the sparks from the brakes, and then he would fly out. [*Heiss laughs*]

H: That's a good Frank story. [*Peck chuckles*] So how about your earliest memories of Frank. What kind of an adopted father was he? What kind of a father was he?

P: On the surface he was supportive. I remember, him reading like the *Three Musketeers* to me, in English, winter nights on the ranch. I remember sitting on his lap and having him read to me. I remember as probably a toddler him taking me up to the barn to . . . We had two teams, Mollie and Queenie were a very large team, and Snip and Bess were a smaller, lighter team. He carried me up to Mollie. She had the biggest shiniest brown eyes. I put my finger in her eye and she didn't appreciate very much and scared me to death. For about a year I was afraid of horses. [*Heiss chuckles*]

H: Wow.

P: He taught me a little bit of wiring, plumbing. I remember maybe as an eight year old using his saw to make corner shelves for my grandparents and their cabin. The equipment didn't have safety devices on it in those days. [*Heiss chuckles*] I still have . . .

H: All your fingers.

P: Ten fingers and ten toes.

H: Could you saddle a horse? Could you shoe a horse? Did he teach you how to do all of that?

P: Oh, yes, and harness repair, tack. George Clover, who was a Navy Seal or a Commando or something like that, anyway, his hands were registered weapons because of his training, his military training. He taught me to braid leather, all kinds of leather repair. I made a braided bridle for myself.

H: Even tie a bowline in a keychain? [*chuckling*]

P: Yes. I still joke when I go and get lumber and tie it onto my truck. The guys are kind of using string to tie things on. I said, "Let me tie it." I said, "I know this may sound naïve, but if I can keep a pack on a mule, I can darn well keep boards on a truck. Let me do it, please." [*chuckling*]

H: Yes.

P: I learned to pack packing horses on pack trips. Dad used me by the age I was ten as a hand on pack trips, putting up tents. I was staking up the horses, packing the horses, saddling, cooking outside. It was just a real challenge when I had to learn to cook inside when I got married. [*Heiss chuckles*]

H: What an awesome education. I mean, what an experience to know all that stuff.

P: Yes. But, then how in the world are you going to make a living knowing that archaic stuff? [*Heiss chuckles*] We'll get there.

H: We'll get there. Yes, we'll talk about how you did make a living.

P: But that always was a question, like "Okay, I know all this stuff. So what?"

H: Yes.

P: You know, "How am I going to feed myself because I don't trust anybody else to." [*chuckling*]

H: Well, you know, you said something in our earlier conversation and, again, this is a little bit of the negative, but you said that age ten you knew that Frank wouldn't stand by you.

P: Yes.

H: How did you know that at age ten? I mean, at that point kids are really trusting of and dependent upon their parents, and are really not aware. They just sort of take for granted the fact that Mom and Dad are always going to provide and always going to . . .

P: I never felt that.

H: Wow. What in Frank's behavior made you not feel that kind of thing?

P: There must have been something in his demeanor because it was strong. I do remember when he sold the ranch; that surprised me. But up till that point it was like, "Okay, he's teaching me the wiring, the plumbing, where the pipes go, how the wood furnace works to heat the water, how to take care of the animals, a lot about doctoring of animals…." I would sit underneath animals and sew whatever wound it was and never had a fear of being stepped on or anything.

H: Wow.

P: So up to about that point I felt "I'm being groomed so that I can help my parents with this. And if one of them passes, I can step in and be of use." When he sold the ranch to the park, I think part of him telling me that, which just crushed me more than I have words for, he said, "Oh, you're going to marry somebody from the East and you're going

to be gone. You don't have any interest in this." It was like, "He doesn't know me at all." [*voice filling with emotion*] so that really crushed me.

K: How old were you then?

P: '54, I think. Do you have the numbers on when that was sold? I'm not good on numbers.

H: I might have it somewhere.

P: I might have been ten to twelve. If it were really '54, I would have been twelve.

K: So you would have been as . . .

H: 1956 is when he sold it for $165,000 and a life estate.

P: Right.

H: Which meant that he got to run it until . . .

P: He died.

H: . . . he died.

P: Well, he and Mom died. It wouldn't come to me.

I remember going up to the barn, jumping on my horse. I rode bareback until I was eighteen, when I began to be curious about guys. And going up onto the mountain. There's a really cool little grotto up on the headwaters of Stewart Creek. [*voice filling with emotion*] My cousin came up and found me, but I was going to spend the night – at least. I wasn't sure I was coming back. [*voice filling with emotion*]

H: Wow. Do you know why Frank sold the place to the park?

P: He spent more than he made, always. That's why he sold a piece of land to Baldersons, the north end of the ranch. He was always scrounging for money. The funds, a lot of it went to booze, not only his own, but he supplied free booze of all the dudes all summer long.

H: Yes.

P: That's something Mother couldn't control. To open every spring they would borrow from Jackson State Bank. During the summer they would start paying it off, by spring they'd be borrowing again to open the ranch.

H: Now let me ask this. You said this, and it was kind of an interesting thing, but we didn't pursue it on the phone. You said that when Frank sold the ranch to the park, he had no

more trouble from the park. Was there trouble before? Did he and the park administration kind of . . .

P: Oh, yes. Oh, yes.

H: Talk about . . .

P: He greeted them down at the gate many times with a rifle across the front seat and saying it was a private property.

H: [*chuckling*] Wow.

P: Well, they didn't like the open dump. The horses, we had a grazing permit, but the boundaries of the grazing permit weren't fenced. You can't train a horse where it can graze and where it can't, if there isn't a physical boundary. So they'd end up in Idaho sometimes, and that really wasn't a problem, but they'd also end up grazing on the nice green grass at old park headquarters superintendent's house. That was a major problem. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*]

H: That's awesome.

P: So yes, there was. Then sometimes when the bears got in and killed the pigs, Dad would shoot a bear. Well, it's out of season, it's in the park, so then he'd grab some the dudes

and they'd get down in here in the fields start shooting skeet. So when one of the rangers came up, "Oh no, we're just shooting skeet. No, there wasn't any rifle shots!" [*Heiss chuckles*]

H: Okay.

P: So yes, there was conflict.

K: Can I just ask something about the side of Frank that you're describing? Was it known outside of the ranch or did people that come here pretty much close ranks about it? Or did he have a reputation in town?

P: I think he probably had a reputation. You know, he would laugh and joke about "Well, I fooled the park again." But I don't know how much you know about legal things. I was trained as a Forest Protection Officer, which is a half-assed police thing with the Forest Service. But where's the proof? They couldn't . . . at a later date, they couldn't find the bear, they couldn't find the bullet. It was all hearsay; they don't have any proof.

K: Looking back, did you get the impression that there were a number of pre-park dude ranchers or inn holders that shared that same attitude?

P: Oh, absolutely.

K: Can you talk a little bit about that?

P: I do know that when the park used their policy of imminent domain, they condemned us, the Elbow Ranch, and Half Moon girl's ranch.

H: Not the JY?

P: Oh, heaven's no. [*all chuckling*]

H: Because that's the Rockefeller property?

P: Right.

H: Okay.

P: That would not have been wise, not at all. [*chuckling*] But the park's direction at that point was to have no inn holdings on the west side of the river. So those three ranches did get together and counter sued. They won in as much as they got some compensation. I believe it was the Elbow Ranch that was traded property over on the east slope behind Antelope Flats. Dad got some money and then had to buy back the life estate, which left enough to get Golden Rock, I guess, basically. I'm not sure what happened to the last ranch. I'm thinking it might have been the ranch that was on Cottonwood Creek. Miss Tarhill, I think was her name. And I think she sold, did get some funds, and just wrapped

it up. So that was when Dad really started looking for a winter place and a place that they really owned.

H: Yes.

P: After that, it wasn't as much trouble with the park. They started picking up the garbage at the gate, except they couldn't handle what we produced so some of it still got buried on the property. That was just done in a quieter, unobtrusive way. Things did get a little easier.

H: Sort of moving towards the conclusion of this Frank section, I thought you gave a very good quote to me on the phone. And I'll just read that I wrote here: "Frank was weak in character, but strong in charisma." I'm just wondering, a lot of the dudes saw Frank and just loved him because they'd go on adventures, they'd go on pack trips, they'd go hunting, they'd go over to Phelps Lake at midnight, and do all this fun stuff.

P: Yes.

H: Was that hard for you to kind of see both sides?

P: When you don't know anything else, it's normal.

H: Yes.

P: It's just like I couldn't see till fourth grade. I didn't know I couldn't see, I'd never seen.

H: Yes. We'll get to that next.

P: I know. But I mean, how can you perceive something you have no context for?

H: Yes, interesting.

P: You know this as normal. Well, I learned in later life maybe it wasn't normal, but oh well. [*chuckling*]

H: It's what your normal was.

P: Right.

H: Okay.

K: Those kinds of activities that you just described Frank doing, did they tend to be gender specific in any way, or were women included on these late night rides equally?

P: Oh, yes, yes. No, I have never felt a gender difference. I felt like Dad was raising me like he would a son. I mean I remember one time, and it was like it happened many times, but

one in particular: The plumbing in Cabin 11, it's a little one that faces the mountains here, the pipes had broken. It was early, early spring. He was down in the ice and the mud under the cabin saying, "Hand me such-and-such a pipe wrench. Hand me the clamp. Hand me this." You know, I was included in whatever.

If he perceived me as a girl, would he have me out there rolling around in the mud and the ice handing him tools also? Would he have been teaching me? You know, one of my early jobs was mucking out the barn. I much preferred it to mucking out the main cabin. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*]

H: Wow.

P: But no, I don't think there was a gender thing in his mind.

H: Did you have much contact with him after he divorced your mom?

P: Very little. The first year that Mom was gone and Nona was here, he invited Jim, who is the father of my kids, and I to bring our trailer up here. We actually did manage to drag it right by the main cabin kitchen where it sunk into the mud, but managed to get it up in the woods west of there eventually. I remember trying hard to be welcoming to Nona. I went down to Dornan's, asking Bob what Dad's favorite wine would be, that this is what I was going to cook and I was inviting them up to the trailer for dinner. Nona was very ungracious. We managed to survive the summer here with difficulty.

I remember the big mixer at the main cabin went out, wouldn't work anymore. I had a pretty good size one for a household mixer. I took it down to the kitchen so that at least they could feed the dudes. Going back to get it in the fall, Nona had microphones in the barn and the kitchen and other places, so she knew what was going on everywhere.

H: [*chuckling*] Wow.

P: So I was talking to Ellen the cook and I said, "You know, Jim and I are headed out to school and I need my mixer." "No problem. Here it is." I started out the door with the mixer under my left arm and here comes Nona, hell-bent for leather, saying, "You can't steal that mixer." I had my hand all the way wrapped back [*fist held up*] I was going to let go, hit her as hard as I could I was so frustrated with her obstructing tasks to help the dudes. She never replaced that mixer for the ranch kitchen. But, I thought, "This isn't going to get any of us anywhere. I'm probably going to have a broken hand." I said, "This isn't yours." I just walked off. It was one of the smarter moves I've ever made in my life.

H: Did you leave the mixer?

P: Hell no. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*] It was mine. It was given to me as a wedding gift. [*chuckling*]

H: You also told me that at some point. . . Were you living in Laramie? And you got a call or a letter saying, "Come and get your stuff."

P: Right. That was that following winter.

H: Okay.

P: We were invited off the ranch. The letter was typed, which meant that Dad didn't write it, but he signed it. So in mid-winter with two infants, we drove from Laramie up here through wind and snowstorm and got what we could. It wasn't quite all, but I got some more things later through my cousin, and we drove back [to Laramie]. We didn't really have the money for the extra trip, but couldn't replace our belongings either.

H: The last thing I'd like you to comment on, and it's something you told me on the phone, is that Frank was loyal to blood. And then when it came to the will, to an inheritance, you got two saddles and a ….

P: A jacket.

H: A jacket, okay.

P: Actually I got no inheritance. The cowboys took an old jacket of Dad's from the shop on the ranch and brought to me, and a saddle.

H: Okay. [*chuckling*] Was it Frank's jacket?

P: Yes. He had left it. It was worn out and it was left in the workshop. And the saddle was a side saddle that belonged to my grandmother.

H: Okay.

P: After Nona there were two times that Dad got Christmas gifts for us. That was about the only contact, unless I stumbled over him in town. I think a lot of that was his weak character because if he had contact with me, he'd be in trouble at home. When I tried to call, Nona was doing the bookkeeping, she'd be the one that answered, and I would be shut down harshly. So it was like, "I'm not going to go there anymore."

K: So I guess my question, Cindy, is when all this happened and you were escorted off the ranch, so to speak, what about some of the staff, the wranglers and stuff that you had built up relationships to? Did you have any sense of how they reacted to the way you were treated?

P: Not really, only inasmuch that they thought enough of me that they brought me those items from the barn and the workshop. Because I was neither fish nor fowl, I was not an employee, even though I worked. I wasn't a guest, even though maybe on their social strata, I might have been more in that strata. I was neither. Without siblings, I was a

group of one. My primary relationships were with the animals. I didn't feel it really with my parents and I didn't feel it with the help and I didn't feel it with the guests. I mean, I got along with them, at least superficially. Through a lot of the years that I had a specific job on the ranch, it wasn't a paid job. That didn't mean that I didn't have to produce to the same quality that Mother and Rachel expected.

H: I've talked to some of the older White Grassers and they say that there are two distinct eras. There's the Inge era and the Nona era. They were totally opposite. And some of the guests from the Inge era tried to come back during the Nona era and couldn't do it.

P: Right.

H: There was such negative emotion or, you know, the world had just changed. I mean, is that a fair assessment in your . . .

P: Absolutely. I was probably the most persona non grata up here of anybody.

H: Yes.

K: Could you take any of your animals with you, or was that . . . Did you have to leave that connection?

P: That's a very interesting question. I presumed that the saddle that I was given was my saddle. [I thought that] the last horse that I trained from when he dropped out of the mare that was also supposedly my horses. No. That was a ranch horse; the ranch needed it. That was a ranch saddle; the ranch needed it.

H: Wow.

P: My dog that Dad said that he wanted to take care of the we went to school that winter the first one that we went to Laramie, I discovered actually was not my dog because he had the right to give him away to somebody else. I had nightmares that something had happened to Charlie. I called Dad. He said, "You didn't want that dog, I gave him away."

H: Let's talk about you. You sent me that awesome thing that you wrote, your early memories.

P: Yes.

H: The thing that stands out in my mind is being cold in the wintertime.

P: Yes.

H: Talk about that. You lived here year round.

P: Yes.

H: Talk about that.

P: Our only heat was wood. The first years we moved from one cabin to the other for winter depending on, I guess, when guests left and what cabin would suit us or whatever. In Cabin 4, which is now gone, there was a couch that was built in that cabin by Harold Hammond. It was a post structure. That was basically my playpen because it was so cold on the floor, there was no insulation on the floor, that's where I needed to stay. Then that was pushed up right next to the fireplace, which is not a good warming tool anyway. My bedroom was the farthest away from any heat source. I still like sleeping in the cold, but I don't like getting up in the cold.

H: Yes.

P: I remember a winter in the Hammond Cabin, this was after Marmie had died, or Marmie may have been down in the homestead cabin, which is no longer. And that's probably it because I think . . . Yes, Marmie had already moved down to the homestead cabin, but in the winter she went back to Philadelphia. So we were in the Hammond Cabin. We had two pigs, Porgy and Bess, and we fed them out the kitchen window. Mother opened the kitchen, threw the scraps out, and closed the window. Dad tried to make gin to support his drinking habit and almost burned the cabin down. That was the end of that endeavor.

We bathed in a tin washtub that we put in front of the fireplace to heat the water. I was usually bathed first, Mother second, and then Dad got fresh water.

H: Would you bathe every day or was it like the Saturday night bath?

P: Oh, it was kind of like the once a week, dedicate a day, you know, kind of thing. [*chuckling*]

H: Okay. [*chuckling*]

P: You know we had spit baths and sponge baths in between. But yes, once a week we were bathed. The reason that the Galey house was built was I guess every time there was an open cabin, that's what we would move into for X number of days or weeks. As soon as it was needed for the guests, we'd go to another cabin.

H: Okay.

P: There were times that we actually lived in a canvass wall tent because the cabins were needed for guests or employees. I came back from an all day ride and burst into the cabin that we had spent the last few nights in and was greeted unknown dudes. I got hysterical. Mother put her foot down and said, "Okay, we need our own place." I remember winters there that Mother would heat a water bottle and stick in the foot of the bed. I'd crawl in. I

remember the covers being so heavy that it was just, just almost crushed the breath out of me. I remember waking up in the morning and the hot water bottle would be frozen solid.

H: How does an experience like that shape you? Has this just made you hard as nails or are you just thinking, "Man, I'm glad I don't ever have to do that again"?

P: I think hard as nails, yes. When I was working wilderness . . . Well, we'll get there. But yes, every time that I had, or perceived I had, an injustice, the last person I'd go to is my parents. I got on my horse and I headed up the hills to some special opening, turn him loose to graze. I'd sit out there and watch an ant pile helping to decompose a log or watch the elk graze across a meadow or, you know, whatever was happening out there. That was my comfort zone. Animals never lie. Whatever they are, they are. You know that. They are honest, be they wild or be they domestic. Humans aren't that way. They have their personal agendas. They put on a face for one thing and another face for another thing.

H: Talk about your education. That was an interesting topic when we talked on the phone.

P: Yes.

H: And about your eyes.

P: At first, we tried to commute from the ranch getting me to a bus at Moose and then into town, which meant I'd be leaving in the dark and I'd be coming back in the dark. Then as winter progressed, that became untenable. Somewhere during those late trips to pick me up at Moose, Dad decided that he had to build a townhouse and bought the two little log cabins and put them together. So I walked to school in town. I was a loner. I was a ranch kid. Most of the other ranch kids that I was aware of like the Turners, they lived in Salt Lake City or elsewhere in the wintertime. So the family was there, the kids went to school there. They were at home there. Whereas my only home was White Grass. So being a ranch kid, I was much more a ranch kid than them because they had that other half year of experience in some city.

H: Yes.

P: I didn't get along. Where would I have learned to get along with anybody? Because on the ranch, yes, the help was here for about three months? You can get along with anybody for three months. [*Heiss chuckles*] I mean, this isn't hard. The guests were here for a few weeks to a month, and they were gone. I didn't have to learn to get along with anybody.

H: Yes.

P: And with my parents being very busy with business, I didn't even really have a whole lot of interaction with them. So when I started school, it was a shock. I remember being nearly raped. I remember being shot in the butt with a BB gun.

H: Welcome to school, right? And this is all grade school.

P: Yes.

H: Oh my gosh!

P: Then, like I said, about sixth grade, my parents started looking for winter places and so I went to boarding school in Salt Lake City.

H: At Rowland Hall?

P: At Rowland Hall. Then I was actually not only having to get along with them, I had to live with them. Aunt Henry, Henrietta, who was housemother decided that, "Gee, there's these two single kids, they'll have a lot in common." So they put us in the same room together. What we had in common was an inability to get along.

H: Is this in Salt Lake down at Rowland Hall?

P: Salt Lake City, yes. So I chose the side of the room with the window and Barbara chose the side with the door. This is a second story room. That worked out really fine till I had to go to the bathroom. She didn't let me cross her side of the room. Then we had a knock-down-drag-out. I was on top probably because I've been working with horses and she's been playing in the city with dolls. Aunt Henry said, "Okay, maybe we'd better put Cindy in a single room." [*Peck and Heiss laugh*] That was much more manageable. I did start learning to get along with people. But my values, having helped horses foal, cows calve, watching chicks being hatched, doctoring farm animals, you know, "What color lipstick? Whether I wear a plaid skirt or a blue skirt?" just wasn't anywhere in the horizon of what I felt was important. So, did I fit in? Not at all.

H: Yes.

P: Except for that first fight, I was told I'd better not fight again, "Okay, I won't fight again." It didn't mean I wasn't picked on. I remember that doesn't mean they couldn't pick on me. I remember one incident that I don't know what kicked it off, but they were dragging me up and down the hallway by my hair, and I was just deadpan, arms folded across my chest. They must have decided, "Well, that was no fun," so they left me alone. It worked.

H: Tell us about your eyes and fourth grade, what everybody learned in fourth grade.

P: [*chuckling*] Mr. Ellingston was the teacher. Somehow, even though I was "G", which is relatively close to the beginning of the alphabet, I seemed to be in the back of the room. All my school years, you know, the teacher was up there waving his hands, or her hands, and talking to us. I could grasp what they were saying. I discovered, after he moved me up to the front of the room, they weren't waving their hands; they were drawing on a board. [*Heiss chuckles*]

About that same time, Mother and Dad picked me up a Moose after school; it was fall. A Mom said, "Oh, look at the elk." And I said, "Where? Where? What elk?" She said, "Up by the aspen trees." I said, "What aspen trees?" Mother turned around to hit me because she thought I was sassing in the back seat, I cowered in a corner. All of a sudden she looked at Dad and said, "Oh, my God, Frank. That child can't see." [*chuckling*] So I got glasses, which got changed two, or three times, or four times a year. My eyes changed so fast and I was breaking them galloping through the woods, falling off occasionally.

H: Because?

P: I was just twelve. My eyes were changing so much, but also I was roughneck, you know.

H: I thought it was wild Indian. Who said that? [*Peck chuckles*]

P: Oh, Baldersons. Bill Balderson said I rode like a wild Indian.

H: Okay. So you were always breaking your glasses?

P: Yes. And my prescription was changing constantly, too.

H: Yes.

P: Yes. Then from knowing the territory around the ranch and up the mountain without glasses, because I could get anywhere and I could get home. You know, [I could ride] way up to the rock bases basically in these mountains by myself, bareback on my horse. I had a whole system of finding my way around. Even people that would walk into the house, by their mannerisms, by their voice, I knew who they were. I didn't see their faces. I mean, I'd see light and grey, but you know it's . . .

H: Yes.

P: When I got my glasses it was really frightening. There were leaves on trees, just so much detail that it was overwhelming. At times I'd be out and I wouldn't know where I was. I'd have to take my glasses off to figure out where I was, using my old system to see the territory.

H: Wow.

P: I'd have to relearn all of my people because now they had faces.

H: You did grade six through nine in Salt Lake. And then you went to Massachusetts for the rest of high school ten through twelve, right?

P: Yes.

H: And then here's an interesting thing: I think you said you were sent to Philadelphia to go to secretary school or business school.

P: Yes.

H: Talk about that. And you wanted to be a vet. So let's kind of talk about your career path to a certain point. And, you wanted to be a vet.

PART 1 OF THE VIDEO RECORDING OF CINDY GALEY PECK ENDS HERE.

VIDEO RECORDING PART 2 (VIDEO DISC 2 Of 2) BEGINS BELOW AND ENDS ON PAGE 130 BELOW.

P: I think that part of the reason that I was sent to Salt Lake is Mom and Dad were trying to socialize me. I think I was sent East to cultivate me. You know, young ladies are supposed to be able to play piano and play Bridge. Well, I'm a total failure of both. [*Heiss chuckles*] Give me a bola any day or sheep shank or double diamond.

H: Yes.

P: I don't know that I really got along any better in the East. You know, you're supposed to dance, you're supposed to play ball. Well, all my growing up years I didn't play ball. I couldn't see that thing coming, I'd run or duck. And again, one of the culture parts of the East, it's, you know, who you're related to, who you know. That is what defines who you are. Whereas in the West it's what you make of yourself that is your essence. It doesn't matter whether your parents were high mucky mucks of street urchins, you know, it's what you do and what your character is. Eastern culture so foreign to me. You're supposed to be able to dance. So there were a lot of difficulties.

But the head mistress there was just so astute. And, you know, I wasn't much better behaved there than anywhere else and I would get a number of demerits, which meant that I was not supposed to go to the concert; I was supposed to stay in study hall. Well, the head mistress said, "Cynthia, what are you doing in study hall?"
"I have ten demerits." [*said in a quiet voice*] "You of all people need to go to the concert. You've got ten minutes to get in your dress and heels and get in the bus." [*Peck and Heiss laugh*] She recognized that I loved to read and I revered books because somebody wrote them and there was information and interesting things in them. She put me on the library committee. I learned how to repair books, and some of that still stays with me. I'd read a lot. I remember even in Rowland Hall, I read so many of the Russian authors, heavy Russian, you know, *Quiet Flows the Dawn*. You know, things like that, I would just absorb it. Would I do any of that today? No way. But I did then.

H: But it stuck with you because the way you write and the way you speak. You know, you can see that influence of literature.

P: Yes.

H: Yes. Keep going.

P: Then they had horses at Foxhollow and Mother thought that was, going to be a grand thing. Actually, they found the school through some guests here that lived in Connecticut, Larry and Alice Messler. Their two girls are going to be here for the reunion, Ann and Carol. So they found the school through them. And there were horses.

H: Did you feel at home or were the horses somehow different than being . . .

P: No. There you have . . . The importance is not actually feeling and riding the horse, it is tight control of the horse, sitting straight, being upright, "Keep your hands just right like this." Well, how do you do that when you're going up and down mountains and jumping logs or irrigation ditches? But they had one Western horse. They wouldn't let me ride him because we fell into our Western ways [*Heiss laughs*], like we'd relax and enjoy each other. [*laughing*]

H: Yes, interesting.

P: The other thing that just drove them crazy is that I'd start jumping and the horse would try to shy away, the first thing I'd do is kick my feet out of the short stirrups, get my legs around the horse so I could control him. "Oh, no, no, no, no."
"But I made him do what I was supposed to." "No, no, no." [*to Sharon*] I can see you laughing.

K: Been there. [*Peck laughs*]

H: Who sent you to Philadelphia? Did you send yourself or was it . . .

P: Oh, no. Actually in the process of "Okay, you're graduating from Foxhollow, what are you doing now?" Well, the option was college. So I remember taking a train to Boston for an interview with Colorado State College. I was supposed to meet at a certain room at a certain time. All of that just got fouled up probably with my dyslexia, which I honestly gave to my son. [*Heiss chuckles*] But anyway, I just got lost in that whole process. I think I finally got to the interview, but I was late. I was asking questions, which were just totally out of the box from what they were expecting and what their program was, so it was just a nightmare of an experience. Though I'd be flying back and forth across the United States, Wyoming changing panes in Chicago, on to New York or from Idaho Falls to Salt Lake City by myself since sixth grade, somehow that was just a nightmare.

Anyway, I did go and visit another college in Boston that was art oriented and I was really, really interested. They were interested in me. I went to one of the classes. I did apply; I was not chosen in the first round of choices, I was the second. Well, in that interim Mother and Dad decided that I needed skills so that I could feed, support myself. So they sent tuition and application together to Philadelphia School of Office Training and that's where I went.

H: Okay. What year did you graduate from high school in Massachusetts? I'm trying to just put it chronology.

P: Okay, '61?

H: Okay, all right. And so about '61 you went to Philadelphia?

P: Yes.

H: And did you finish the course?

P: Yes.

H: Okay. A year long course?

P: A year long course.

H: In office management?

P: Typing, shorthand, which I failed, bookkeeping I did okay. I stayed with my Aunt Mopsie and her husband in Penllyn. They both drank a lot. There was an assortment of male cousins, both from the Ingersols and Mopsie's, that would come and go. There were no locks on my bedroom door, so that caused some problems, but I was able to fight my way out. I usually walked; I had to wear high heels, had to wear a dress, had this business clothing, had about a mile from Orthodox Cottage to the train that would take me into downtown Philadelphia.

When it started snowing, that was a difficulty. I do remember writing my dad a very, very carefully couched letter proving that if I bought a car that he would finance, that I could get onto the main line which would mean I wouldn't be walking in the snow almost barefooted, that I wouldn't have to be walking the underground tunnels through downtown Philadelphia, which scared me to death. There are really creepy people on this world. A car would take me closer to school and give me an easier walk. So I convinced him to send me $100 to buy the car. It was a '41 Plymouth. It was older than I was. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*]

H: Did you get it?

P: I did. It had bare tires. When it was damp out, you had to dry the spark plugs before it would start. I carried a box of ashes behind the driver's seat so if it started being slippery, I'd open the door and I'd throw ashes under the hind tire so I'd have traction.

H: Wow. What happened after that year at the business school?

P: Well actually, toward the end of that year, Jim Kinker, who was working here that summer, he actually invited me out a couple times. Granted it was a group, but it was like the first time anybody had ever shown any interest. He came to Erie where his folks lived. Then came to Philadelphia and visited me briefly. I came back West after school was finished.

H: To work here for summertime?

P: Right, yes. My '41 Plymouth, according to my parents, was not a good enough car to drive west. So I had to sell it, which I did, to my uncle who then ran a stoplight and it was destroyed. But anyway, I had to drive west with my cousin Fran Fox, and Lori, and their baby, who was sick to start with. Now his Ford vehicle, a sedan, kept overheating. So he took the thermostat control off of the vehicle so he could drive it west. Nothing was wrong with the Plymouth. We were three adults and a screaming baby in the sedan. Fran has a very short fused, made a missed turn somewhere near Riverton and ended up in Cody. He came to me and said that if he wasn't back by the morning, would I please take

care of Lori and the baby and get them to Jackson, and he went off on a drunk. [*Heiss chuckles*]

He did arrive in the morning. We did get to Jackson. At Moose he threw me out. He wasn't going to drive me up to the ranch, he just left me, so I went into the post office, and they called the ranch and Jim came and got me. So that was my trip back and probably the beginning of my romance. It was before the dude season.

H: Working as a wrangler?

P: No. He was the dishwasher. [*Peck and Heiss laugh*]

H: Okay. But he was also going to Utah State in Logan, Utah; he was going to have a degree. He had already served in the Army.

P: Right.

H: As a student.

P: Right. He was up here for a weekend or something when I came from the east. After dinner we walked clear up passed the north pasture, up by Baldersons and circled back to the ranch. By then it was dark. Dad was coming up from his house looking for me, because he was thinking the worst of us at least. He said, "Cynthia, you come down to the

house and Jim you come down to the house." So it was this: "We're not going to have some lovebirds working on the ranch because they're not going to work. So either Jim has to find another job or you two get married."

H: Oh, my gosh.

P: So we got married. [*Heiss chuckles*]

H: Wow. And then you worked the summer here on the ranch?

P: Yes. At that point, I think that is when Jim started the float trips. He was working as a wrangler; he really wasn't good with animals. He started doing the float trips that Dad had done in the past, but sold many more of them. So he was on the river almost every day, either scenic or floating. The following year we had the trailer up here. No, actually we had a tent. We were living in a tent because there were cabins for employees, there were cabins for dudes, there was a house for the Galeys, and I didn't fit in.

H: Yes.

P: So we had a tent on the far side of the creek here. My first child, David and again three years later Tami moved into the tent almost from the hospital . . . Well, when we were working at the . . . When David was born, we came back to live in the tent, and then we went to school in the wintertime, first to Logan and then to Laramie. Then three years

later Tammy was born. We were still living in the tent from Memorial Day through Labor Day. We could drive to about one eighth of a mile from the tent; then walk, crossing a log bridge to the tent. Would we have been considered homeless? You already know how cold it is out here in northwestern Wyoming.

H: Yes.

P: They would wake up with frozen diapers, but they were healthy. I tried to get Jim to put a woodstove in the tent, but he was too distracted or too busy or something. I ended up installing the woodstove in the tent. He would invite people home to the tent for dinner without acknowledging it. Well, the running water was the ditch. We had no electricity. It was one of the ones with the little tin stoves, and you can't even cook on them, so I was cooking outside. But then I don't have any supplies. So he'd come home and say, "Oh, I've invited So-and-so to dinner," and I'd be running down to the Dornan's, Kids in back of the vehicle, to grab some food to throw in the campfire, serve dinner to fishing clients. I remember some of the first baked potatoes. They just wouldn't get soft. They just stayed hard and they stayed hard and they stayed hard. Finally I unwrapped them and they were black all the way through.

H: Were you both working on the ranch or were you just taking care of the kids and he was doing float trips?

P: He was working on the ranch; I was driving the float trips mostly.

H: Okay.

P: I was helping Mother more in the office.

H: Okay.

P: It just odd job things. I wasn't a waitress at that point or the cabin girl or the . . . At fifteen my job was kid wrangler.

H: You know what, this is a perfect time to talk about these things. Now we've talked a lot about context, and I do want to come back to your life, but let's talk about life at White Grass and some of the activities that happened here and then we'll pick up the rest of the story. Sound good?

P: Okay.

K: Can I just ask a question?

H: Of course.

K: Lori and Fran Fox that used to live in Crowheart are your cousins?

P: Yes.

K: I knew of them.

H: [*chuckling*] Again this small world here. [*Kahin laughs*]

K: Lori's here now in Jackson?

P: Oh, is she really?

K: Yes.

P: Oh, I had no idea.

K: Sorry to . . .

H: And I think Fran Fox is coming up.

P: Yes.

H: I heard that he's going to be here.

K: Small world.

P: Now Fran Fox was one of Dad's nephews who really admired Dad and wanted to be another Frank Galey. And in some ways he has achieved it.

K: Okay, sorry. I just . . . My ears perked up there. [*Peck laughs*]

H: [*chuckling*] That's awesome.

K: The dude ranch world is very small.

P: It is, yes.

H: What is a kid wrangler?

P: It is a person who is overworked and abused and takes care of the children from sun up till sundown and past. [*Heiss laughs*]

H: Okay.

P: Do you think that catches it?

K: I think that's pretty good. [*laughing*]

H: All right, for somebody who has no context, let me see if I can throw a little thought out there, and tell me if I'm accurate. So the families come up. And Mom and Dad want to have time away from the kids, want to have some downtime, quiet time, adult time, whatever you call it. So the ranch organizes a day's worth of activities to get the kids out into nature, to give them some experiences. Not a bad thing. Is that accurate?

P: That's accurate. So the kid wrangler, at least in my time…. I think Judy Schmitt had the same experience. I worked with her initially. Then she had to leave partway through the summer and it was up to me as a fifteen year old.

H: Were you the first kid wrangler on White Grass?

P: No, I think. Judy might have been the first.

H: Okay.

P: I wouldn't swear to that.

H: Okay.

P: So she started out that season and she had to leave. And then I was left with the job.

H: But you're part of the first generation of kid wranglers.

P: Oh, yes, yes.

H: Okay. So this was sort of a new thing that happened right then.

P: Right.

H: Okay, awesome.

P: So you get up at 4:00 or 4:30, you saddle your horse, you go and get the horses off the mountain, you come back, and you eat. Then you start saddling all the dude horses for the whole ranch, along with the guys. There's always a lot of joking and practical jokes involved with all of that.

H: Such as? Do you remember any examples?

P: Well, while you're trying to cinch up one side of a saddle and get it all right, they would undo the other side. You know, so you kind of had to start all over again. They'd pull the bridle off the horse while you were trying to mount it.

H: Okay.

P: Tom foolery.

H: Yes.

P: Then you'd make the lunches, come up to the main cabin if there was time, and start making sandwiches for all the people who signed up for day rides. By then the kids had had breakfast and they'd be waiting down at the barn for you and you had to entertain them all day.

H: What would you do to do that? I mean, was it . . .

P: You put them on a horse.

H: Okay.

P: Put them on a horse. The trick to me with being a kid wrangler was knowing the characters of the horses and then putting the appropriate child on the horse. Some of the old pack horses were the most fabulous kid's horses. You'd put this little kid up there. And, you know, big horse, child's feet sticking straight out, have no sense of balance, and a good pack horse would just move sideways. They'd keep under the rider, literally.

H: Wow.

P: We never led them, we never led them. It was okay, "This is how you turn them. This is how you stop them," but basically the horses followed one another. So, you know, different levels of riding, different ages. Then again, if you had like a teenager who just thought he was hot stuff, you'd put him on a dud of a horse so he wouldn't get in trouble. [*Heiss chuckles*] Because if you put him on a horse that had some spirit, either he would be a pain in the butt or he'd get himself in trouble.

H: Yes, get himself hurt.

P: Him or her. I mean, I'm not being sexist here.

H: Right.

P: I remember, one time I had a bunch maybe five or six children. We'd gone down toward the R Lazy S and Circle H Ranch, which no longer are there, and it started hailing. I thought, "Oh boy, are we going to have a rodeo." [*Heiss chuckles*]

I said, "Okay, trot. Now stay right smack in line." I said, "This is really serious. This is important. Stay right in line. Stay right behind me." Then I realized we weren't going to make it to the ranch before the hail got to us. I said, "Follow me. We're going into the thickest trees to protect us from the . . ."—we're going to protect the horses—"protect us from the hail." We literally just rode into the thickest Douglas Fir patch I could spot and just hung out all clustered together. I was thinking, "We didn't have a rodeo. I don't have any kids on the ground. Hallelujah!" [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*]

H: Yes.

K: They separated the kids from the grown-ups. And kids really had a separate program then so that the grown-ups really had sort of . . .

P: Well, the adults would go fishing. A lot of them fished, a lot of the read, a lot of them would ride for, you know, long rides. Absolutely sometimes the families went together, riding of fishing, but the program was there if they wanted to use it. There was always this other part. So by 4:30 you had to be back to the ranch, had to unsaddle, the kids went up to the cabin, unsaddled. If you're real lucky, you might get a shower in about that time before you're on duty again eating with the children. I would be taking care of them till their parents were done with their cocktail party, their dinner, and their after dinner whatever. So it was like at ten at night that you'd be released.

H: Wow, to start again at 4:30.

P: Yes. At that point, Jim and I were . . . Well, not at that point, I was living with my folks. But later when I still had the same job, we were living in a tent up in the woods right back here, across the irrigation ditch. The tent leaked and it was a wet summer. So that time that I would shower, I'd be painting the canvass with a sealer, a little piece at a time, before it started raining again or it's too wet in the morning.

H: Back in June I came up to do a little bit of work and that and I got to meet Sharon for the first time, who also has had this incredible dude ranch experience, she talked about the horse being the central part of the dude ranch. And I know you and I have talked a little bit about horses. Why don't you talk about the role of the horse?

P: Absolutely. I think that everybody that you'll see on Saturday, and probably those that . . . The barn and the rest of the ranch, yes, and the barn was the center point, and the barn is gone. The barn we visited in Wilson, it's not the barn to me. It doesn't have the ramp. The front is turned front to back. I mean, the inside that was all hand-hewed log, floor, stalls, all the wonderful cross timbers, that's gone.

H: So we're just going to a shell in Wilson?

P: What is original is the shell.

H: Okay.

P: One of my greatest hiding holes, unless I was somewhere farther up the mountain, was in the loft. There were two great big stringer logs across with a cable that held those walls together. Because the barn was longer than any tree there was a overlapping of logs to complete the length, even longer than the lodge poles. When the hay was stacked in the loft it didn't fit under those two stringers, it stacked up to it, went over it. I could climb up the horse stanchion, cross that caves, and down.

Dad promised me a vehicle if I didn't smoke until I was eighteen. [*Heiss chuckles*] And he accused me of smoking up there. I never did, but he didn't believe me. [*Heiss chuckles*]

H: If the barn is sort of like the heart and soul . . .

P: Oh, my gosh, yes.

H: It's because the horses . . .

P: Because of the horses, because of the horses.

H: Yes, so talk about your experiences with the horses. I know that when we talked on the phone I felt a love for those animals.

P: Oh, absolutely.

H: I mean, you mentioned their names, you mentioned the mare that died in your lap. You mentioned a lot of the things.

P: Oh, yes. And it's funny. I remember one of the first reunions, we were showing slides. I said, "Well, I don't remember that person, but that's Sunny Boy and that's Injin and

that's Coon." I mean, we could name all the horses. One of my self-appointed jobs was starting a book of the lineage of all the horses.

H: Wow.

P: So Penny had Nickel and Dime and Shilling. [*Peck and Heiss laugh*]

H: Awesome names.

P: You know, we tried . . . Where that worked, we'd try to do that because it simplified things. But yes, like I was saying earlier, they're honest. What they are is what they are. There's no pretense. If they're an ornery horse, it's going to be an ornery horse always, and you know what you're dealing with. And again, like I said choosing horses for children. That horse had that personality, those characteristics. They were honest; they were true; they didn't change. You know, I just have a high, high, high respect for animals.

H: You talk about knowing the personalities of the horses. Does the horse know your personality? Does the horse know you?

P: Oh, yes. Oh, yes. You know, different people walk up to a horse and you can sense, you know. When I first started working wilderness, this is kind of an extreme example, but I was given a horse they named Rambo, and horses' names often have to do with their

temperament. We had an accident up there, Rambo decided that he had had enough of literally dragging Charlie, the mule. Rambo headed for thick, thick timber that I wasn't going to fit through, and he wasn't stopping. So I grabbed a hold of the bit and pulled it around to my leg, which made him go in a circle. Well, at that point the circle ended up being around a tree, which he fell against using my leg as a bumper, so he didn't have broken ribs. I didn't break any bones . . . it broke soft tissue is what it did, not a bone. I dismounted, got everybody unwrapped and tied to trees.

But then they gave me another horse. They decided that we weren't safe together. Well, it didn't have to do with that at all, but anyway. So they gave me a Red Roan. He was really wide. He probably had a little bit of light draft horse in him, just honest as the day is long, willing, just . . . And their ears talk. We got along so well.

H: How so?

P: They listen to you by turning their ears back and forth. They prick them up to listen for sounds that we can't hear. On this particular occasion, he was getting restless, his ears were just doing this, and then [he would look] back to me to [as if he were saying,] "What do you want me to do about this? I'm hearing things, what do you want me to do?" So I let him slow down because I needed to listen. Animals are trustworthy.

H: Yes.

P: I started watching for tracks, trying to pick up odors myself. We're just beginning to start to cross a little stream and there was a track. The track was as wide, as wide is my hand is long, as long as my hand is, but four inches past that were claw marks. the water was still seeping into the track it was so fresh. I thought, Grizzly, big grizz. Thanks to the horse, I was alerted to danger.

H: The horse knew it.

P: The horse knew it before I did. If I hadn't been listening and watching him, I could have been in trouble.

H: Wow.

P: Now, there's no problem being in Grizzly territory. I mean, they're as natural out there as the trees. Being an animal, they have their own characteristics. If you know them, you can use them and be cautious about it. We did go on into a camp. The grizzlies are very, very gracious. They make their own door into a tent and outside of the tent. [*all chuckling*] in the meanwhile inside, they're trying to find food, so everything was torn apart. The two young people in camp were absolutely hysterical. [*laughing*]

H: Who wouldn't be, right? Oh, my gosh.

P: Yes, so I had to deal with all of that; the same here on the ranch. Judy was one of my early horses. Well, I'll start with Eva. Eva was my first horse. She was my first babysitter after the two-legged one was worn out. She happened to be a Palomino, beautiful, big, the longest lashes of any horse that wasn't a mule. I know a mule that had longer lashes, just gorgeous. She was a little bit "barn sour," and that was probably one of the reasons she was given to me. Barn sour means she's going to come home no matter what.

Dad wouldn't let me have a saddle because I could get hung up. But I'll tell you what; you learn to ride when you don't have a saddle between you and your animal because you can feel the horse. You can felt it tense up, you can feel it stretch, and you know what's going on. I trained a lot of the horses, not well, but enough that I could just knee-rein them. You know, I didn't need to use reins.

H: Wow.

P: Lots of times I'd braided myself [a rein]. It's a three-strand braid, but both ends are closed, made of leather. It had a loop buckle on it and I could put that on around its lower jaw. So I could just go out in the field, catch a horse, put that loop around its lower jaw, get up, and I'm ready to go.

H: Wow.

P: Eva was just the most gentle, gracious lady. She really was. On pack trips, I remember one pack trip, we went up Death Canyon. It's plodding up the canyon, boring and I took a nap. I'm bareback and I went to sleep. I woke up when we got up on top and her pace changed.

H: Wow.

P: Yes, a real constant, more constant than any human in my life, the horses have been.

H: Let me ask a couple of questions about some people who I think are key staff members here.

P: Yes.

H: And if I've missed some people, then you can talk about them. You talked about your not really fitting in anywhere.

P: Yes.

H: Here's Mom and Dad running the thing.

P: Yes.

H: Here's the dudes. You're not really a dude. Here's the hired help, the college kids, and you're not one of them.

P: Yes.

H: Here's the administrative staff, kind of like Rachel and the head wrangler and that kind of thing. You're not in a group, but you're attached to all of the groups in some way.

P: Yes.

H: Kind of interesting. So let's start. We've talked a little bit about Rachel. Did you know her nickname? Did Judy ever tell you the nickname?

End of audio tape 1-1

P: Wretched? [03:00] [*Heiss chuckles*] That's one of them.

H: I hadn't heard that one. I heard The Whip.

P: Oh, no.

H: Yes. So apparently Rachel was kind of a . . .

P: She and Mother were a good fit in managing.

H: Okay, all right, yes. How would you describe the role Rachel played at White Grass.

P: She made sure that everything ran smoothly, that the supplies were here. A lot of that was hand in hand with Mother, but a lot of it was handled on her own. She, with a list usually from Dad, which probably was not complete, she would gather, organize, and roughly pack what was needed for pack trips. Matches were always a key thing that sometimes didn't [get packed], but there were a lot of smokers in those days who had lighters.

H: Did they have flint and steel or they had a cigarette lighter? [*chuckling*]

P: There were a lot of smokers in those days.

H: Okay.

P: And it's a good way to light a match. Did you know that? [*Cindy demonstrates how to light a match by _____]* swiping the match against your levis leg.

H: No, I've never tried it. [*chuckling*]

P: That way?

H: No, I've tried a thumbnail. That's as close as I've gotten.

P: I think somebody else has thought. [*laughing*]

K: I've seen it done. [*chuckling*]

P: My cousin taught me a match can burn twice; with a flame and then on your skin. [*Heiss chuckles*] Rachel, she was a major, major part for a long, long time in the era that is being recreated, rebuilt, the era that was very much Rachel and Inge and Frank.

H: Yes.

P: She was hostess supreme to the guests. She was a strong manager for the employees, especially the girls, not quite so much for the boys because that was supposed to be under Dad's direction, though it tends to overlap, trying to control some of the after dark hanky-panky between the male and the female employees. [*chuckling*]

H: Was that even possible?

P: I don't know that it was possible, but . . .

H: We talked a little bit about before we started this interview, that's why.

P: Yes. It's . . .

H: Was that part and parcel of life at a dude ranch in the '50s and '60s?

P: I only know one. [*chuckling*]

H: Okay.

P: My son came up to work on the ranch while Nona was here, and that was his first sexual experience.

H: Yes.

P: And I think that dude ranching was probably a lot of people's first experience.

H: Okay.

P: There is a freedom away from whatever the confines of home represent and that people just expressed that freedom in lots of different ways, and experimentation was one of them in many levels.

H: Was it also the way that the girls handled themselves and dressed and interacted. Yesterday, Rachel talked about how you go back East and everybody has this persona of what your gender role is to be, how you're supposed to dress, et cetera. You come out to the West, you're away from civilization, and instead of wearing the plaid skirt, and you're in Levis and a cotton shirt.

P: Yes.

K: Both sexes dressed just the same.

P: Yes. I don't know. I mean, I never remember any display of sexuality at all with clothing. Not like today, well, especially in Arizona where it's warm and where people are not well clad. [*chuckling*]

H: Right. But there's also no sense of rank. If everybody's wearing Levis and a tee-shirt or something like that, you don't know if this guy's a millionaire or just some chore boy making twenty-five cents an hour.

P: Right. I think it wasn't visual, but most people knew that, you know, Jay was a Matthews, they were dudes here before, and that he started working here, his father did this, whatever it happened to be. So there was pretty much knowledge of who the guests were and we knew something of their backgrounds. The guest were often very happy to tell about home and their careers.

H: Yes.

P: Dad oftentimes, beside the college kids or the dude kids that had gotten to an age to work here, hired some locals, some Indians. The kids learned a lot from those folks. They didn't always have sparkling characters. Sometimes it would mean knife fights down at BQ at night. [*Heiss chuckles*]

H: Would people really get cut up or just nicked? I mean, we're just talking like bravado?

P: More serious . . . One in particular I remember, it could have been really serious if the person that was the aggravator and not the knife holder didn't back down. But when a knife and a serious Indian is looking at you, you'd better back down if you're a survivor. [*chuckling*]

K: How did the Indians get along with the rest of the help?

P: No difference.

K: No difference?

P: No, usually it would involve alcohol if there were problems. Or there was a lot of ownership on what horse what wrangler used or what several horses because usually it

took two, maybe three a day, because when you start out on a horse running up the mountain at four in the morning, it's not going to want to take a running fast ride at nine o'clock with a guest. That horse needs downtime. You get your next horse. So sometimes it was fights about "Well, you did this to my horse," or "You took off on my horse and I was left with whatever." So it was, yes, alcohol or about horses. I don't ever remember any altercations about who was sleeping with whom or dating whom. That didn't seem to be a problem.

H: Interesting.

P: Priorities, horses.

End of 1 of 2 audio files.

H: Horses. [*Peck and Heiss laugh*] Let me come back to the staff. Ben Lewis, do you know him?

P: Ben Norman.

H: I've got Lewis.

P: Ben Lewis.

H: Yes, Rachel talked about him a lot yesterday, had some photos.

K: Bob.

H: What's that?

K: Bob.

H: Bob Lewis.

P: Oh, Bob Lewis.

H: Sorry. Yes Bob Lewis.

P: Okay. Bob Lewis and then there was another Lewis. A tall, tall guy, who wrangled. An Easterner, I believe.

H: I have misspoken about a Ben Lewis, but what I really am talking about is Bob Lewis. The Bob Lewis I'm remembering was a great friend of Mother and Dad and Rachel's, and he built much of the furniture in the main cabin, the tables, and chairs. No, he altered the tables, made the chairs, and made some really cool lamps out of logs that were shaped like "Conestoga" Wagons.

H: Yes.

P: I said that wrong. I can't say it right.

H: Conestoga.

P: Conestoga. I missed the "T". He made wagons for lamps for the dining room table. He was quite a character. One story was that he was to drunk to drive, so he went down to the airport and flew. [*all laughing heartily*]

H: He did have a plane. And Rachel talked about dropping watermelons on hunting camp. So we're talking about the same guy.

P: Okay, okay. Yes. He often would fly supplies into hunting camp and drop them. It could be from bales of hay to food to watermelons to alcohol that would be put inside the bale of hay so that it would bounce, but not break. It was always important to have alcohol in hunting camp. You know, it keeps your toes warm.

H: It makes no sense to have guns and alcohol together. What's wrong with this?

P: Yes.

H: And guys in the wild.

P: Yes, uninhibited because they're out of their cultural element. He wouldn't . . . When Granddaddy died, and Dad was gone, Bob stepped in and took care of all of those arrangements. I mean, he was a tremendous support to the ranch.

H: Okay. But he wasn't paid staff. He was just a friend who sold some things.

P: Right.

H: And sold his services maybe.

P: Yes. I think we bought the furniture from him: "We need this." He said he'd make it. We bought it from him. I don't think he was ever hired, you know, like on the payroll. But he was up here a lot. He was invited to cocktail parties and dinner frequently.

H: Okay.

P: He guided fishing trips. I'm sure that he was paid by the trip probably directly from the clients rather than through my parents. Just a good person.

H: Okay. George was a head wrangler.

P: George Clover.

H: George Clover, okay. Talk about George Clover and talk about the role of a head wrangler. I mean, is he like Rachel's opposite? So Rachel's taking care of the domestic help and . . .

P: Exactly. Exactly.

H: Okay.

P: The head wrangler ought to have shoeing skills, you know, taking care of tack, managing young men. [*laughing*]

H: Good luck with that.

P: Making sure that the horses were saddled, that injured horses didn't get put on trails, that they had time off, that they were doctored. He did just a multitude of things involved mostly with horses.

H: Talk about George. Do you know how long he was here and his personality?

P: George was god to me for a while.

H: Why?

P: He could do all these things with horses. He taught me to shoe. He taught me braiding leather. He taught me repairing tack. He taught me doctoring horses. Well, he'd hand me the sulfanilamide and I'd crawl under a horse's belly there and put it wherever, you know. He cut me no slack. I remember one trip in particular. I was on a horse named Judy. I think Judy came after Eva. Judy wasn't a good dude horse because you'd get prepared to put the saddle on or mount her, whichever end you were closer to, and you'd either get kicked or bit. [*Heiss chuckles*] I stopped her from biting. I got so exasperated one day. She bit me; I grabbed her ear and bit it back. And boy they're dusty, dirty. [*chuckling*] But it worked, at least for me. I don't know if it helped other people near her.

But she also had very little width in her shoulders. She was very narrow so the saddle tended to go sideways or forwards or backwards. We were up on the big slide. That is northwest of the old trail ranch. I'm trying to get direction here. And we were looking for horses that had been lost for several days. George was leading us all. I kept telling George, "My saddle is slipping. . ." "No it's not. You're just fine." "George, my saddle's slipping." "You're just fine." Well, we jumped over this gully and the saddle went right to Judy's ears with me on it. "George, the saddle has slipped." "Oh, okay." [*laughing*]

He was rough in many ways. I believe he was trained as either a commando or a seal or something like that.

H: Yes. You mentioned that he's the guy who's his hands are lethal weapons. How did he get along with Frank and Inge?

P: Great, yes.

H: Okay.

P: No, very well.

H: I would think a head wrangler and owner would have to really be a tight partnership.

P: They ought to be, yes, and he was. Dad had great respect for George. He was here many, many years. He was here when Rachel and Judy and Elise Morris first came out. He and Elise married and have three children. Galloway is going to be here. George was a pretty good mechanic. His vehicles were always falling apart, but they always made it to the destination some way or another. I remember in later years Bill and I were coming back from up north somewhere and recognized George's truck loaded to the gills with fire wood in the fall. I mean, just overflowing and bulging. It was stopped by the road. Bill had a half-ton 1972 Ford, "We can pull them in." I said [*Heiss chuckles*] Well, George's truck also didn't have very good brakes. So it was more like we got to the downhill by the fish hatchery, we had to keep running fast enough to stay in front of it. We pulled it into George's house there by Flat Creek.

George, one extreme story of his, he was coming out of hunting camp up in the Thoroughfare country. He had a green horse that he was packing and another one that he

was riding. I mean, he had a string of like four horses, bringing camp out the last time by himself. There was a horse wreck and he was thrown. He broke ribs, nine ribs, front and back. He got the whole group caught, tied together, got back on the horse, rode it all the way into Turpin Meadows, took care of the horses, unloaded them, fed them and drove himself to the hospital in Jackson. I ask, "What is the alternative? Lie down and die?"

H: Yes, none.

P: "It's not an alternative." Somebody else did a similar kind of thing. They were up in hunting camp playing quick draw and he shot his foot. [*Heiss chuckles*] So, he put it in a bucket, drove himself to the hospital. Didn't want to get too much blood in the truck you know. [*Heiss chuckles*]

H: Two other names came up as I was just doing some background reading, and you may or may not know them, and I don't know last names. Curley.

P: I don't know Curley's last name, but David will give you a really good rundown on Curley. He worked for Curley.

H: Was Curley also head wrangler?

P: Curley, I believe, was head wrangler. It was under Nona.

H: And David said that Curley hated David's guts. That's the story that I got. That's what David wrote in that blog.

P: I believe it.

H: Okay. All right. What about Cookie?

P: John J. Cook.

H: Right.

P: He was an army buddy of Dad's. They came up here together after their army experience. Dad and Cookie were the first people to use a raft on the Snake River. They brought the inflatables from the planes. Fantastic character. His daughter married the Prince of . . .

H: Sikkim.

P: Yes.

H: It is a province in Northern India.

P: Right.

H: I had to look it up.

P: Yes. Jackson Hole is a melting pot. I mean, just unbelievable. But Cookie did a lot of float trips, was a great character. We had a wake for him when he died that would be his style. [*Heiss chuckles*] Everybody was attended and we partied well in remembrance.

H: Now he wasn't staff, right? He was just a friend, who did some side businesses that paralleled?

P: The floating definitely paralleled. I know the time that Dad, instead of trucking the horses across to the reservation for winter pasture, and this is Nona's time, to Dubois and down to the reservation, he decided to have a trail drive. They had paid guests [do the work]. Instead of *paying* to get the horses to winter pasture, he was getting the money for getting them to winter pasture. Cookie supported that, but his bus did not make it up Togwotee Pass coming home. But that whole story is a story of itself. My husband and I went on it. Curley decided that I needed to ride a horse that was supposedly known as crazy. But they thought it was easier to control that horse having a rider on it than having it in the herd. There was no way of controlling it because it was a horse that needed a .38. There are those.

I'm asking. You are confirming that for me.

K: Yes. [*Peck and Kahin chuckle*]

P: So the first night out, which was at Teton Valley Ranch, I went to the wranglers and said, "If you want me to be a help, I need a horse I can ride." And they said, "Well, who do you want?" Or maybe I said, "I want So-and-so." But anyway, I got a horse that I knew and that you could work off of. The first day out you're just pushing the horses. They want to go home. You know, this is home; the mountain is home; the direction we are going is not. We're pushing them in the wrong direction. And so it was just push, push, push. Getting the stragglers, push, push, push all the way across Morman Flats.

H: How many miles are we talking about from here to the . . .

K: Eighty-five miles from here to Dubois and then another approximately seventy-five to eighty to the reservation depending on how . . . So you're talking about . . .

H: 160, 170 miles.

P: Well, and we didn't herd them al the way to the reservation. They trucked from Dubois to the res.

K: Oh, okay.

H: So it's just to Dubois. Still, that's eighty-five miles.

P: But we went straight. We went right up the Gros Ventre River, over Lake of the Woods.

K: Okay.

P: Down through out of the mountains through Dubois. Well, and the second day out the horses are, "Oh! I know where we're going." And then it was everybody's in front holding them back. We galloped through Dubois at a full speed. [*Heiss chuckles*] You know, people scattered. There was no controlling the horses at that point. Thank goodness we had trucks up across the highway, because at that point we finally were on the highway to get them into the holding pasture south of Dubois before they got on the truck and went on down to the reservation.

I remember Judy and I were out front and we had part of the highway blocked by a truck. But then we were standing in the traffic lane to stop people from running over these horses. There was one truck that was just determined to go by. We laid our foot and our spurs right against that truck and let it run all the way from the driver's door to the back end.

H: Wow.

P: Thank goodness they didn't run into a horse, but we thought for sure they would.

H: Let me ask a couple questions about dudes and your association with the dudes. Now the only concept I ever had of a dude ranch before I started this project, and this is my naïveté here, but it was this movie that they made twenty years ago with Billy Crystal. These guys want to go out and be cowboys.

K: Oh, *City Slickers.*

H: *City Slickers,* that's it.

P: Yes.

H: So was that what White Grass was all about, to come and pretend to be a cowboy, or was it something different?

P: It was different. It was different.

H: What was it?

P: People would come out . . . We had a fabulous library here, really, that was the book collection of Bispham, Hammond's Philadelphia partner when the ranch was started. People would *use* that library. I mean, they came out to have quiet time, to ride, to fish. They loved the riding. If they wanted to pretend to be cowboys, it wasn't like the movie. They would go out with a wrangler to get horses off the mountain in the mornings.

H: Okay.

P: And that's a job. That's something that has to be done for the ranch to run and to keep the guests happy, because a lot of what they did was to come out to ride. It wasn't the fake extreme stuff at all. If they wanted to help in haying season, they came out to the field or helped fork hay into the barn, regular ranch work. Sometimes they would help ride to find the cows and bring them into the ranch, again they were participating in real ranch work.

H: Okay.

P: Sometimes we'd have gymkhanas.

H: Which means?

P: Games on horseback.

H: Okay, like, you mean polo?

P: No, that's polo.

H: Okay. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*]

P: Musical chairs on horseback.

H: Okay.

P: You get off and you have to sit on the chair. Sometimes the horses didn't like you flying off the wrong side and landing on a chair, and sometimes the chair didn't like you landing on it. [*chuckling*]

H: Okay.

P: Capture the flag. That really wasn't part of a gymkhana, but we did play capture the flag. That's when Ben Norman got his neck broken, so that stopped that game. I think playing capture the flag was one of the times my horse stepped into a gopher hole, fell and I had a whole horse land on top of my knee.

H: Oh, my gosh.

P: It hasn't helped in my older age.

H: Yes.

P: We'd do barrel racing, but you know, [it was at] dude speed, mostly trotting, sometimes loping a little bit, nothing like what you see in rodeos.

H: Okay.

P: Then [there would be] several stakes in a row and you'd weave in and out of that. That would all be kind of gymkhana things.

H: What about this dude rodeo that I heard about?

P: Dude Ranchers' Rodeo.

H: Dude Ranchers' Rodeo. Was that down in Wilson or in Jackson?

P: Jackson and Teton Village Ranch.

H: Okay.

P: Started out there because they had the larger facilities because of all the boys and they had a big arena. And all the ranches would get together and would compete. There would be fast races; there would be novelty races, walk, trot, and canner. That one little horse that I trained was supreme at that, even though he was short. Heart, that horse had heart to the end of the earth. The horse that I rode, that wasn't mine.

The slow race, which was you'd get your slow horses and tried to make them just walk as slow as possible. Coon excelled at that. He'd still be in motion--you couldn't stop motion or you were disqualified--and he'd put a foot down. And [he would] just get that one down, [then] he'd start the next foot. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*]

H: Wow.

P: There was the slow horse race. That meant you put the other ranches rider on your slowest horse. They'd try to make the horse go as fast as it could. The fastest slow horse won rather than the slowest horse winning.

H: Yes.

P: One time I was in that race. The horse I was on stumbled; I was up front, and I went off in front of the whole herd. One of the heel corks of a horseshoe caught in my nose and ripped it open. I rolled under the fence into the inside to avoid being trampled.

H: Wow.

P: When Mother saw blood, she said, "Okay, we're taking you to the doctor after the rodeo." [*Heiss chuckles*] To heck with that! I got on a horse and rode home. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*] By then it was too late to stitch it. [*chuckling*]

H: Oh, my gosh. This rodeo with the several ranches, was there a good relationship between the ranches and . . .

P: Oh, yes, it was all great fun.

H: Did wranglers and staff know each other?

P: Yes. There was a lot of interaction between the dude ranches back then.

H: Okay.

P: We'd ride to Bar BC and have picnics and come back. Not quite so much with Triangle X. They seemed to be more insular. I think it was primarily they started getting thoroughbreds and, not dude horses, for the competitions. But there was R Lazy S, Circle H, White Grass, Turners, Triangle X. I think Elbow was involved, Bear Paw was pretty much gone by then or they didn't participate. I don't remember them participating. But as it became larger, it did move into the fairgrounds in Jackson.

H: Okay.

P: We'd have pack races. All your gear would be spread out on the ground with the panniers, with the pack saddle, and a horse.

H: And you had to . . .

P: Put all that together, tie it down, and run to the end of the arena without anything falling apart. If the pack fell apart the pack horse would buck and run causing more chaos.

H: Were those good memories for you, these rodeos?

P: Yes, they were fun.

H: Did the dudes love it?

P: Oh, the dudes just ate it up.

H: Yes.

P: I'm not very competitive. I'm competitive with me, not with what other people do or think. I've got to be tough for me and no one's supposed to see me cry. That's really been screwed up this weekend. [*laughing*] I've got to be able to do this, that, and the other thing. But it's not because somebody's watching me or because forcing me. I often say, "You know, me, myself, and I, we can do anything. We argue some times."

K: Answer me a question about that, Cindy. Do you think that for some of the dudes that that was part of the appeal of White Grass, that they learned to master the horse and that they got a sense of accomplishment in a world that was very different from the one they grew up with, and then they would take it back with them?

P: I think so. We probably gave them more freedom on horses than most ranches. I know for instance, Triangle X never went out without a wrangler. Here if the head wrangler primarily deemed you competent not to get lost, not to do damage to your animals, you could go do whatever. You didn't need a wrangler. [They'd] just say, " Let us know what direction you're going so that if you don't come home, we know where to start looking." But that's a safety thing, that's not a control thing.

There were many, many guests that came year after year. They'd choose their horses. And yes, the horses would be saddled for them. Sometimes they'd unsaddle their own because, again, it was a challenge; it was something they were learning. Sometimes there would be a trail that needed cleaning of down logs, if some dudes wanted to help, great they'd come along. They might say, "Oh, I guess I'm going to take a picnic to Taggart Lake." So we'd have the picnic ready at a certain time and they would tootle off to Taggart Lake or wherever. Chamberlain Trail, people loved going out on the Chamberlain Trail that goes past Trail Ranch to the old park headquarters. That trail was easy for the horses to go to Beaver Creek and get in trouble. [*chuckling*]

H: Yes, and eat the superintendent's garden.

P: Yes.

H: Something that I've learned with some of the interviews I've done is that there really was a sense of community, a sense of family. Maybe not with Frank as the dad and Inge as the mom, but the meals that were shared, the activities that they had, the interaction between staff and dudes, there was this White Grass community.

P: There's definitely a community, yes. Last night Judy, Rachel, and actually David were sitting there with us. I was relating part of my childhood. Rachel said, "You know, *we* are family, those of us that were there." Then Judy mentioned to me, which I hadn't realized, is that she thinks that Rachel feels like I was the daughter that she never had. Rachel's really close to my two kids. She was the one that nicknamed David "Everybody's Baby" because he literally went from happily person to person to person around the ranch. I mean, it was just "That's how he is. He's always so happy." [*chuckling*]

H: We haven't recorded anything about the silver fox pens. I don't know anything about that.

P: Pre-world war; that was a way to make money in the off season. I don't remember the foxes, but I remember the tangles of wire and poles and everything up by what we called the Messler Cabin. That's where Ollie and Twyla Van Winkle lived. At that point there were probably . . . Well, after the war, there were no foxes. I mean, I think that went with

the war times. Though Marmie kept the ranch open and ran it all through the war years, but it wasn't terribly active. But yes, they sold silver fox. That was a money-making endeavor. [It was] just part of economic survival is what it was.

H: Are there other major topics that either of you think are important that we haven't already recorded about life on the ranch?

K: Well, I'd just like to go a little bit deeper into the sense of community.

P: Yes.

K: Was it the social aspect? Was it that people came back when their friends came back, or was it more the place? What was really the defining factor in that sense of community?

P: I think it was a lot the place and I think it was a lot of Dad's charisma. He was such a mixture of mainline culture, Philadelphia East Coast, with a smacking of French. And then in many ways they thought [of him as] the consummate cowboy rancher. He played cards with them. He drank with them. I think a lot of it was Dad. I think the place it was comfortable. The Dudes could be involved in any aspect of ranching; they were included, not just paying guests. They could come out with the kids. They didn't have to worry about them. They knew they were being taken care of. There was the freedom to choose your own activities, when, how, what.

If you wanted a pack trip, you spoke about it, and it would be organized, it would happen. It's not like, "Okay, the third week of every month is a pack trip. On Mondays we go to Phelps Lake. On Tuesdays we go to Taggart," a lot of the ranches do that now; it's a total schedule. People came and went a week, two weeks, a month they came on their schedule. There was no "Okay, on Sunday it is downtime, we clean up the whole ranch. Monday the next group comes in, they leave on Saturday," which many ranchers are going.

The only thing that was really scheduled was Sunday the horses get a day off, except if you ride to church. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*] Then they get a half-day off.

H: Okay. And was church down at the Chapel of Transfiguration?

P: Yes.

K: Was there in any way a comparable female figure that counterbalanced your father? Was it the kiddy wrangler?

P: Yes.

K: Was there any woman that functioned with the horses or in any kind of leadership role that women could aspire to, or did they . . .

P: There were times we had female wranglers. Ann Messler was one of them that I can remember right off the top of my head. I think there were more guys who wanted to do that than there were females. It wasn't a matter of "Okay, this is a man's job." It's just that it seemed like more the guys went for that kind of a job. I'm trying to think of any others. When Judy wasn't taking care of the children, she was taking care of adults. And same with me depending on who was here and what was wanted. It was only when I got pregnant that I no longer had to get up at four to wrangle or had to saddle horses. [*chuckling*]

H: Wow. Did you have association with the Rockefellers? Did I ask that question today?

P: I didn't know that was possible.

H: Okay, so a different world over there?

P: It was a different world. If we rode down the moraine toward JY, they had a fence, no gate in it, where the trail was. No, it was <u>private</u>.

H: Okay. No sneaking over the fence to look at the Rockefellers?

P: No, I would have never dreamt of doing that.

H: Interesting.

P: I mean, I dreamt a lot of things, but not that one.

H: Not that one, okay.

P: One of our pranks was this: The Park was being very efficient about getting up traffic signs everywhere. We decided that it was really important to have a stop sign [up at the edge of the trail at] Phelps Lake so people didn't just go over the edge. So we managed to get one from the road and install it at night. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*]

H: Well, let's talk about the path that your life took from about 1965, '66, which the last time you were here. I guess it would have been when Nona said, "Come and get your stuff or it's going to the dump."

P: Right. In the summertime Jim would guide float trips, fishing and scenic. I would drive them. By that time I had both children, so . . .

H: And you were living in town?

P: We lived at Antelope Flats at Moulton's, the pink house out on Antelope Flats. There's two little log houses, we lived in one of them one summer until the snow was blowing between the logs and we had snowdrifts next to the bed. Then we moved into town. I was talking with the kids and saying, "Okay, where did we move after that?" We moved

between two and four times every year until we had a place in Skyline, which is when David started school.

H: Yes, wow.

P: I don't remember exactly when I moved from one spot to the other too many to remember, I'm sorry. I remember living one winter in a cinderblock house in Jackson, cold, cold. We never could warm those blocks up. The Christmas tree fell down. I miscarried. That wasn't a very good winter.

H: Did your husband want to sort of make his own business doing the tourist trade thing here?

P: He did, he basically did. He worked for Vern Bressler for a while out of the Tackle Shop at Moose. He was partners with Jack Dennis for a while. Jim had the permit to float the Snake River in the park. Jack did not. So that formed their relationship. We worked at the fish hatchery for a while. I was pregnant with Tami. We were living in a trailer next to the fish hatchery. He was working there because he was a fisheries major. Just before Tammy was born . . . Oh, and my side job there was siphoning dead fish eggs out of the hatching trays.

H: Yikes.

P: Just before Tammy was born, we moved into one of their housing houses down there. Tami was born in May.

H: Of what year?

P: ’66. The day I bought Tammy home from the hospital, David got hit in the nose with a golf club. I’ve had David for three years, and I’ve had this “other thing” [Tami] for forty-eight hours [*chuckling*]. I grabbed a receiving blanket to catch the blood from David’s nose, off to the hospital, and then realized who I had left behind. I had to call the neighbor to turn the oven off and to take care of the baby. [*chuckling*]

H: Wow.

P: In July one of Jim’s fishing friends, clients really, called and said they want a trip. So he went to the fishery manager [to ask for time off. His boss asked], “Well, do you want a job or do you want to fish?” Jim said, “Well, I guess I’ll fish.” [We were] back in the tent. Jim guided. Then he went back to school in Laramie. He got a teacher’s . . . He did all of his master’s work, but didn’t put it together. But he taught junior high, which was exactly his developmental level. We bought property in Skyline, built there. In the summer I was driving for trips still.

H: That he was guiding?

P: That he was guiding. The spring trips were down to the Green River. He came back from one of those trips and was bragging about how wonderful this barmaid was. And okay, this is the end for me. I invited him to move out. He moved into a different lady's house. I rented my house out to the concert people and I moved into a tent because I had no money and two kids to feed.

H: Wow.

P: I cooked at a dude ranch over in Dubois for Fran Fox at Bitter Root.

K: You cooked out at Bitter Root. Okay.

P: Yes; the kids ran wild. Well, they had a fence. They had to run wild inside the fence. They were visible to me all the time. That following winter a friend gave me a quarter of a moose, and I was on food stamps, cleaned houses, worked at the Pink Garter as a hostess for a while.

H: The Pink Garter is where?

P: It was in town.

H: Okay.

P: I don't know that it exists anymore.

K: Yes, it's still there.

H: Okay.

K: I think.

P: Yes, it was a supper club thing. I worked for a little while as a secretary for the Ramada Inn, but it was tied up with Snow King ski hill. It was tied up into about four different businesses. I stayed over an hour to sell tickets to Snow King, but then I said I had to get home to the kids. I went home and got fired. That spring I met Bill Peck and we eventually got married.

H: Okay.

P: His lungs would not take Jackson Hole anymore. He'd just get violently ill in the wintertime, coughed till he'd break ribs, so we decided we needed to move south. He had been to Tucson a lot because he would go down there in the winter with his family before his wife died and the kids moved out. So he got a job being a wrangler. He was a horseman, raised in upstate New York on a farm. But when his dad died, his mother moved in town, bought a big house, and started a hospital. She was an RN. At that point

an RN could have a hospital. So sometimes he was called home from school to hold the anesthetic for procedures.

H: Oh, my gosh. [*chuckling*] Wow.

P: Then we all moved to Tucson. The next year we got married.

H: About what year is this now?

P: We got married in ’75.

H: Okay.

P: Eddie Basha, who is a local grocer down there, very, very . . .

H: I’ve shopped at Basha’s down there.

P: Okay, yes, he asked Bill if he wanted to start an emergency room coverage for the Chandler Hospital. He’d read about Bill in the *National Enquirer*, which touted him as a rich Florida doctor who turned into a horse wrangler. [*Heiss chuckles*] He got a lot of offers for marriage from women all over the United States. We went up and talked to Eddie Basha and he got that job. So we moved up into Mesa. When we explained to our neighbors that in the summertime we’d just travel up and down the Rocky Mountain

Spine on little blue roads on maps, which are mostly dirt roads, they said, "Well, I think you would like Young, Arizona." So we drove to Young, Arizona. It's a miniature Jackson Hole without the peaks. It's tucked in to the Mogollon Rim. It's a very green valley, a village of about 800 people. We found a piece of property right up against the Forrest Service with a log cabin that had no plumbing and no . . . Oh, excuse me, yes it had one electric cord that was plugged into *a* light the refrigerator was plugged into the same cord, otherwise no facilities.

Bill was still working that first summer. I basically stripped the cabin of the wallpaper which consisted of newspapers, oilcloth chinked with underwear, and a lot of dehydrated vermin. [*Kahin chuckles*] I took out a couple walls. The cabin was built in such a way that the rough plank 1x12s were nailed to the floor joists before they put the floors in. So I would have to handsaw at floor level to get those boards out, which I did. We had it electrified; we had it plumbed; I laid flooring; I put up wainscoting, sheetrock.

H: Is this the place you live right now too?

P: No. This is when we first moved to Young.

H: Okay.

P: We had twelve-and-a-half acres. I decided that for [someone who is] seventy-two years old, that was more than I wanted to handle. So I'm trying to simplify and downsize, so I

sold that property, and with that money I've been able to build a much smaller place o part of the property. I designed a cabin to my function, no one else's floor plan fit my needs. [*Peck and Heiss chuckle*]

H: You talked about working for the Forest Service?

P: Forest Service, yes.

H: Are you currently employed with the Forrest Service?

P: No. I finally retired. I retired in 2007, but went back to work seasonally.

H: Okay.

P: Actually, walking got me the job with the Forest Service. While Bill was working . . . Bill was working as a doctor when we were living in Young. He worked some in Young, but he also did locum tenens, which is to fill a space. So he worked in Tucson quite a bit and a lot of different places, but Tucson [mostly]. I started hiking with a group. I took care of Ellen Dornan one day a week. [That was] a special, special time with her.

Then when we went back home, I started hiking with the folks over in Payson. The District Ranger discovered that I walked. His Wilderness Ranger had bad knees and

could only ride. He had not been able to figure out a way to push that measuring wheel…. You know, you see it on the road at accidents?

H: Yes.

P: Yes, that thing. He pushed it from a horse. [*Heiss chuckles*] He needed somebody who could walk. So I volunteered 1,500 hours, measured eighty-three miles of trail in our district, Pleasant Valley Ranger District, Tonto National Forrest. Tommy Jones, the wilderness ranger, had a massive heart attack. Tommy said, "You can do this job. Apply for my job." So I went to the district ranger and he said, "Oh, well, you know, you're in your mid-fifties. Why don't you just wait a year. You can sign up for the senior program. You can wash toilets down at Roosevelt." Mmm. The mule in me kicked in. I don't know if you know about mules, but that got my ire up to say the least. So I started putting in applications all up and down the Rocky Mountain Spine; I ended up getting an offer in the Scapegoat Wilderness out of Lincoln, Montana – not next door.

H: Yes.

P: When I put in the application, they're not really supposed to ask your age, but they can kind of figure it out from how many things you have done.

H: Yes, from all the other questions they ask.

P: Right. I thought, "You know, they're going to think I'm an old woman. I've got to show them I'm viable." So I said on the phone, "Well, you know, I'll just happen to be in Montana such and such a week. Could I stop in and visit?" Like heck I was going to Montana. But I did. I got in the truck with the camper and headed up there, had the interview, and got the call. Meanwhile, Bill was encouraging me. But, encouraging the idea and encouraging when it comes to reality can be two different things.

H: Yes.

P: So he's working down in Tucson. I called him and I said, "Okay, time to put up or shut up. I got an offer." He said, "Go for it." I took the '71 Ford truck up to Montana and spent four months in the Scapegoat Wilderness with various mules and horses, along with the grizzly and with the wolves. Do you know how to tell when a wolf is calling? Every hair on your body stands up. There is something in every hair that knows that's a predator noise.

H: So let me ask: Bill, is he still around?

P: He died in '06.

H: Okay, sorry.

P: I was able to keep him home. Well, my first husband was immature, so my second one was twenty-one years older than me. I go to extremes sometimes.

H: Yes. Sharon asked this question early on: Your life's path seems to point towards wilderness. And I'm going to make an assumption, and you can correct me, that's got to be tied to White Grass, got to be tied to these mountains back here, the landscape.

P: If I didn't have the connection to the land, and especially the wild lands, there would be no way that I'd end up in wilderness as an adult. I think to a lot of people and to me, very particular and very personally the wild land is my comfort zone, it's my recharging area. It's my church. Yes, [I am] very, very connected. I think the idea of wilderness is spiritually important to a lot of people, even if they don't really get there. I think it's something inherent way back in being a human, which is also being a mammal and an animal.

H: Let's conclude by talking about this place here and now. These will be kind of like philosophical questions.

P: Yes.

H: On the phone you mentioned that the owner of the Bear Paw Dude Ranch could not figure out why White Grass was so successful, because in his mind it was poorly run by a bunch of drunk cowboys.

P: Yes.

H: Your thoughts, comments, reflections on that.

P: He ran an extremely well run ranch.

H: He being?

P: Jack Hyler.

H: Jack Hyler, yes.

P: Another great personality in Jackson Hole. Basically, we were kind of next door. They were right down the Moose Wilson Road, past the R Lazy S.

H: Okay.

P: But there is something that I think is not the buildings; it is not the people. There is something like gravity or magnet or spirit in this opening[2] that grabs most people that is different from the ordinary land. I don't know if it could be compared to some of the Indians saying it's a spiritual place or it's a spiritual mountain. This was a meeting

[2] The meadow in front of the White Grass cabins.

ground for the Indians when they came in in the summer to hunt and gather. We've found artifacts when we were plowing the fields.

H: And didn't they name it?

P: My understanding is that they named this opening, which once upon a time was all sage, as "White Grass." Because from the valley the sage looks . . . There's a white strip up here. My understanding that's where the name originated was through the Indian terminology.

H: You know, I think you also said something about the essence of this place, that it is above and beyond memories. I think you're talking about the spirituality of the land or something like that.

P: Yes.

H: I thought that was kind of a profound insight.

P: There's something that really holds people.

K: Yes.

H: In1985, Frank died and the White Grass officially became part of the park. And the park had this philosophy of "We'll just let this place go back to nature."

P: Yes.

H: Sometimes they'd either bulldoze the places or light them on fire and just let it revert.

P: Yes.

H: But you came back. Talk about that experience of coming back after the place had shut down.

P: Like the hike that I took through here? Is that what you're . . . Yes. I came back with a hiking group. We'd been doing a lot of hiking. One of the what now we call "the bucket list" hikes was to hike the Skyline Trail, which is now the Teton Crest Trail. Just being boisterous and, and pretending I don't have any emotions about this place or anything, so I'm marching through and saying things like, "This is the main cabin. That's where we ate. And, you know, that's where the barn was and that's where the horses were." And you know, [I was] just holding all that back and getting about half-way up through the line of cabins, and the emotion just hit. "No one's going to see Cindy cry." So I just put my legs into third gear and marched faster than any of them; I went north until I got my composure. [*chuckling*]

I've thought about that before when I'd been up here in the wintertime since it had been abandoned. It wasn't a problem. It was being here in summer when it was abandoned that really hit me. In the winter, it always was abandoned. The cabins were covered with snow. We skied through, nothing's different. But not having any people here in the summer and [not having] the liveliness…. you're right, community. The community seemed dead. As in all communities, there are layers and all of that existed. Having none of that, it was dead, and that's what got me.

H: And what's it like now to come back with new life breathed into this place, the Western Center for Historical Preservation. The cabins have been rehabilitated, some of them. What's that like for you?

P: The only constant in life is change. I hate waste. White Grass is being utilized and I think that's wonderful. No, it's not like when Marmie had it, which was entirely different than when Frank and Inge had it, or when Frank and Nona had it, or when it was abandoned. Do we know where we came from? Do we remember the womb? We know the present. Do we know where we're going? No. It's all a progression. This is a new life for White Grass. I think it's not what it was before. I don't feel a part of what the preservation is doing, but I appreciate it being used, that it is going to go on, it's going to have a life. It's different, but life is different from time to time to time.

H: Yes, beautiful. Sharon, do you have any follow up questions?

K: No.

H: Well, Cindy, you know what? You are a Green Beret in terms of endurance. This has been absolutely wonderful. And you've got the gift of endurance, at least that's one of your gifts. You endured to the end of this interview.

P: Thank you. [*laughing*]

H: Thank you very much for coming in today. This has been wonderful.