

quick and knew my gun very well.

I had a lot of fun on these trips. One time all of the young kids went over to some hot springs where years ago gold miners had built a swimming place out of logs and the hot water had preserved them. Then they had made troughs to bring the water into this bath house. The trough that was impregnated with this mineral water had been preserved over the years, but the trough that brought in the cold water had disintegrated. So we ran hot water into this bath house, but there was nothing to cool it off. We finally worked our way an inch at a time into this hot, hot water and played around. It was a deep swimming pool, about as big as this room, ten by ten. When we tried to get out we couldn't get out. We'd lost so much energy that we couldn't crawl out. So I suggested that they give me a boost. Everybody helped and I got out, but it took me some time before I was strong enough to pull the others out.

I remember Mr. Falkner, the supervising forest ranger. He had a reputation for being tough with law violators. I think we were catching fish in an illegal way. He rode up and we didn't know he was there, he was looking at us, and we all knew he was the kind that would put you in jail. We showed our fright, I think, and he said, "Now, boys, don't be concerned. Let me give you a few lessons on survival in the wilderness." He took us along the stream and showed us where the stream was kind of deep for a ways and then it would come out over shallows. He said, "A couple of you get off your shoes and your pants and just walk down through the deep part and shoo the fish down." We drove the fish down into these shallows where we could catch them with our hands. Then he showed us how to snare grouse and how to cook them in different ways. He became a very good friend of mine. In fact, I went hunting with him when I was quite young. Those experiences were very meaningful.

At about thirteen years of age I planned a big game hunt with a couple of my uncles. I made all the preparation, but when the time came to go, both uncles were unable to go. I was up at the ranch alone. My mother and father were down in Salt Lake. I had everything ready, so I went alone, which was a stupid thing to do. My mother found out about it and she was very upset that my uncles would let me do such a foolish thing.

The next year I went hunting with a neighboring rancher, Mr. Lee, and his son Hi. The father had been a great hunter in Star Valley, Wyoming. He said, "Never go alone. That's silly, particularly when you have had little or no experience." He said, "I'll go with you this year."

I thought we had been stood up a second time. The morning we were to leave he wasn't even there. Hi and I had worked and had earned quite a lot of money. I think I had about 150 rounds of ammunition for a big .30 U.S. gun. It was almost as tall as I was. My companion, Hi Lee, had about 100 rounds of ammunition.

Finally about noon Mr. Lee came home. He had told us that he would shoe the horses and that he didn't want us to do it. He had said we could help. We had planned to leave early that morning. Mr. Lee asked his wife, "Where are my shells?" She said, "Oh, they're in your bureau drawer." He went there and said, "Oh, there's only six." She said, "Yes, that's all you had last year." He said, "That's plenty." [laughter] Here we had 100 and 150 rounds and he had six!

We put the shoes on the horses and we had everything all ready to pack up. He said, "Go ahead, get packed, and let's go." It was getting late in the afternoon by the time we left. He said, "That's all right, we'll get into the hills and we'll start having fun." So we got into the hills and we had a wonderful time fishing. We'd taken little collapsible steel rods that we could carry in a pack bag. We got them out and while Mr. Lee made camp we caught more fish than we needed. This man who knew the outdoors stopped us and said, "Now look, we can't eat more than that. They'll spoil. Don't catch more than you need."

We had a delightful trip with this man, and if I recall correctly, he shot a deer, a bear, a cougar, and a goat, and he had two shells left over. [laughter] We learned a lot from him. [laughter]

- As a result of these experiences I followed the practice, as long as I could, of going back in the hills hunting every fall. We'd take some of the basics--rice, flour, bacon, sugar, and pancake flour, and then live off the country. I told you my father had land on Camas Prairie. During World War I I rented from him and tried to raise grain. Every year it would freeze. I'd cut it for hay and let the fields grow for pasture and sell it to the sheep men, and then I had no further work, so we'd pack up the horses and go back in the mountains. That was a great experience.

I took some of my friends from Salt Lake up there and introduced them to that life. We had a lot of experiences which are very vivid to me. We did some very foolish things, almost got snowed in several times for the winter, which would have been quite an experience.

Another thing that I recall is that my father was of the theory that boys should be independent. Being the eldest son, I can recall at a very early age--I guess I was about seven or eight--that I started mowing lawns for the neighbors. Things went well enough that I borrowed money from Father and bought another lawn mower and the other equipment, and then I hired boys. The best lawns I would do myself. I recall, when I was eight and getting ready to go back to school, going down to ZCMI with Father and Mother and Father had me buy my clothes out of my earnings. Mother insisted on buying something for me, as she wasn't in agreement with this attitude that Father had about financial

independence at such an early age. I think from age eight I never received a dime from my parents. I had this lawn-mowing company and I had pretty good earnings through the summers when I wasn't at the ranch.)

I recall doing other things like tending furnaces in the houses of the wealthy down on South Temple. I think I had three furnaces. I lived on Third Avenue, so I'd go down early in the morning and clean them out and set them for the day. Then at night, after school, I'd clean them, get them going, and set them for the night. I made pretty good money on that.

I recall I did one neighbor's lawn and he always tipped me if I did a good job on it. He was very generous. I would do the trimming and make it look good. I knew how to make it look good. He called me in one day and said, "You know, I have a cherry orchard up in Bountiful, and I've had a company do the picking for me, but I don't like their work and this year I'm going to do the picking. I'd like to have you come and help me. Would you be willing to do that?" I said, "Fine." He told me, if I recall correctly, he would pay me twenty cents a crate to pick the cherries.

My Uncle Alma, an athlete, had given me a stopwatch which he had received as a prize. I had this stopwatch, so I set it and I picked imaginary cherries until I had a bucket full. Then I filled a crate. And that meant twenty cents. I took the time and figured I could make about ten dollars a day, which was big money for that time.

So my first day I took the streetcar and went out to Bountiful. The assignment that he gave me was gleaning the bing cherry trees that had already been picked. The first day I didn't quite make my carfare. [laughter] But he told me, "You'll be all right. Don't worry." He put me on all the jobs. I did some of the weighing in for the pickers and preparation for shipping and so forth. And I did get up to the ten dollars a day, which he had intimated to me that I could do.

So at a very early age I thought that earning money was very easy. I was considered prosperous for a boy.

I went to grade school at the old Lowell School up on E Street between Second and Third Avenues. That was quite a school. The principal of the school was named Bradford and he was there so long we thought "Bradford" was synonymous with "principal."

Two things I recall particularly at that old Lowell School. (One day Mr. Bradford, the principal, came into my room, interrupted, and said, "Karl Richards's father just asked if Karl and his sister Winona could be excused from school. He's driving his car to Provo, Utah and would like to have them go. I was pleased to tell him that they can be dismissed from school. I say to you that if any of you have a chance to ride in an automobile, I'll be glad to dismiss you from school.") [laughter] What a change there's been on that! I remember David Keith. You know the Keith home up on South Temple and F Street.

The Keiths were a very wealthy mining family. There were the Keiths and the Kearnses. And I remember David Keith was at school there and they had an automobile. This was a time, I guess, when Keiths' car and our car were probably the only ones at the Lowell School. Can you imagine being dismissed from class to go for a ride?

Then I recall in the seventh grade our seventh grade teacher and our eight grade teacher and the principal, Bradford, came and proposed that some of us might qualify for a special program where we would take the seventh and the eighth grade in one year and graduate early. There were five, and I was one of the five. I remember Berneice Hirschman, of Hirschman shoes, a Jewish girl was one, a very bright little girl. I don't recall the others. I would if I thought about it. Anyway, we would stay after school and take these special courses. The teachers alternated in giving us help.

As things progressed they felt very good. They had a meeting and they said that they were quite sure that everybody could pass the examination and graduate from the eighth grade. There was only one worry they had and that was that Karl might not be able to pass the spelling test. And you know, that piqued me. I was a poor speller and I never had a teacher that taught me the fundamentals of spelling. It's still a problem with me. It never came easy. I was so upset with this that I went home and I really dug into the spelling book. When our final examination came around, I was the only one of the five that got 100 percent on spelling. [laughter] But it never helped me in my future. The only satisfaction I ever had was that George Washington and a lot of our great people never knew how to spell. *Glenn Butler*