

CARLYLE STIRLING HISTORY

EARLY YEARS CONTINUED

Recorded Oct. 28, 2004

During my lifetime from ten years old until I was fourteen, I lived as a young boy in a very rural poor area. My days were filled with farm chores, milking cows, herding cows, riding horses, going to the various ponds around Leeds swimming, and during this time my brother Stanford and I had a paper route and delivered the Tribune and as I remember, we got about \$4.00 each, a month, for our work.

We also had a fruit stand on the road where Walton's Plaza now stands. We would pick fruit off the trees down in our field and haul them in a little red wagon up through the area where the Gordon Casey subdivision is. We would set up a little stand made out of two fruit lugs and we had two signs that would announce peaches or apricots, whatever we had, that we would take down the road away from our stand that we would prop up for our advertisement. There was a big lean to rock just south of the old 91 highway where we would cash our lugs and signs until the next day when we came up to sell. One incident that I remember from this fruit selling, our dad had gone up to his homestead at Pearson Flat, and we knew he was going to be coming home that evening, so after we got through selling our fruit we started walking up the Reef Road to meet him, and we walked and walked and walked, and it became dark, and we became scared, but finally we heard the sound of the horses and wagon coming and how glad we were to see our dad and get lifted up on the wagon. When we arrived home, our mother was in almost a state of shock, she could not imagine what in the world had happened to us. It was a dumb thing for us to have done.

I was always very much interested in livestock, I learned to milk when I was in the first grade. My brother, Roscoe, took me out and had me riding horses when I was in the first grade. Horses were a very important part of farm life at that time. We had a team of horses, a gelding called Fred, and a mare called Polly. We also at that time had a horse that was known only as the black horse, a riding horse that was very treacherous and mean to buck. A couple of stories about this horse: Roscoe and Vernon Jolley went riding up in the hills by Oak Grove one day and the black horse threw Roscoe off and they couldn't catch it and so they came home and the next day my dad got on old Polly and rode up in the hills and tracked him down. And found him out at Danish Ranch.

Another story about the black horse: He was very hard to catch, and he was running in Uncle Tom's field with some of Uncle Tom's horses, and several men were involved besides my dad, I don't remember who, were trying to drive this group of horses into a large corral that Uncle Tom had in the area of Phillip Peine's house. They finally got the horses into the corral, and my dad got a lasso rope and started to work the black horse into a corner to catch him, and the black horse trotted right up to him and put out his head, he didn't want to be roped. Uncle Tom had had cattle holdings on the Arizona strip and when I was in the third grade, I remember my cousin, Tom Stirling, and my dad's nephew, talking that they were going to have to go out on the strip and gather up the last remnants of stock that they had out there because the BLM were going to shoot them. And I remember today, as plain as if it happened yesterday, my dad saying to Tommy, "Will you take that black son of a bitch out and trade him for a kid horse?", and Tommy

did take him and I can remember again, as plain as if it was yesterday (this would have been in the 1930's) of Tommy and a group of other riders bringing a band of horses up through the field and him saying to my father, " Joe, I have got your kid horse", and a scraggly, little skinned up gray mare was roped and pulled out of the herd. This little horse grew up over the years, Roscoe broke her, and during these years from 8-14, I was on her back an awful lot of the time. We have pictures of her, she was always known as the gray mare and I have pictures of her in my picture book. She later had a beautiful little sorrel mare that died, and we figured the CCC had shot her in the hip. She also had a brown colt that I broke and rode through many years and we have pictures of her in my pictures, and she was only known as the brown mare, and she is the horse in the picture, the composite picture, that Susan drew of me.

Other horses that we had, were Polly had two colts, one was cub and one was queen, and there are pictures of them in my pictures, and they became our team and did the farm work for many years.

Another story about old Polly and my dad, Polly grew on the ranges around Leeds and was never gentle until she was 8 years old. At that time my dad brought her in, needed a work horse, and brought her in and had her in a chute up in Uncle Tom's corral. My dad had her in the chute and was reaching in the chute, scratching her with a com cob to gentle her down, and my Father's nephew Rex Stirling came by and was watching this operation.

And Rex made the comment, he said, "Joe, that is one you will never break", and my dad spit out a stream of tobacco juice and said, "By the Gods, Reeky, when I get through with her, she will be a kid horse", which turned out to be the truth.

The only recreation that we had at this time was what we made for ourselves, and swimming was a big part of this recreation. There were three small irrigating ponds around town, and as kids, we would go from one to the other, depending on whether they were full or not, and do our swimming. I loved to swim, and became a fairly good swimmer at dog paddling, I never did learn to swim overhand, but sure could dog paddle and enjoyed myself very much.

Another thing we used for recreation was if we were lucky enough to find an old car tire, we would spend hours rolling that car tire up and down the street. Another little more sophisticated item, was to find an iron ring about a foot in diameter and make a T shaped lathe pusher, and we could spend hours pushing that little round ring around with the lathe pusher.

In 1937 we bought a 1937 Chevrolet pickup which would have been when I was 9 years old, and this opened up a new era when occasionally, maybe once a week, or once a month, we would go to St. George and we would maybe have 10-15 cents to spend and would head for Church's hot dog stand, and buy whatever our meager money supply would buy, hot dogs, ice cream cones, etc.

During that time in school, Culbert Leany taught me in the fifth grade, and Bert Sullivan taught in the other three grades. I remember having fun in school, playing at recess, and seemed to do fairly well in school. I was not the smartest one, but seemed to get by. Culbert Leany was very

lax on discipline, and Bert Sullivan was just the opposite. It did not take him long to establish that he was boss over the whole room. Bert was a great story teller and told about working as an electrician in the National Parks stringing electrical wires, and telling us stories about his adopted son, Lamar. 'On occasion, he would go the county library and bring home a box of reading books, here I loved to read Western stories, and stories of the North.