



*Big cities are fine
with sky-scrappers sublime,
Glittering lights
and wonderful sights.
But how would you dare
ever compare
Charting a course
while riding your horse.
To many men this may seem
to be only a dream;
And a horse-pulling contest
is exciting at best;
To hear a goat utter a bleat
in some places may seem obsolete,
But not in our town.
There are animals all around,
It's been said with a jeer;
There are more horses than people here,
I don't really know
if this is so,
But Lindon seems to be
just a little bit of country.*



CHAPTER 8

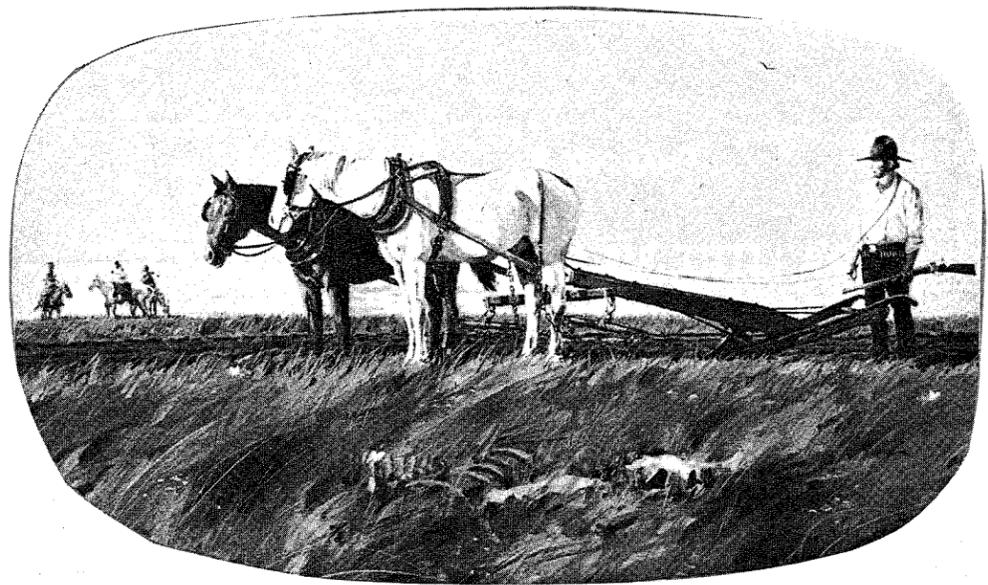
A LITTLE BIT O' COUNTRY

Animals have been almost as much a part of Lindon as have the people who have lived here. Picture a four- or six-horse hitch as they pull a rattling stagecoach, its wheels whirling in the dust down the long, lonesome road from Salt Lake City through the sprawling settlements in Utah



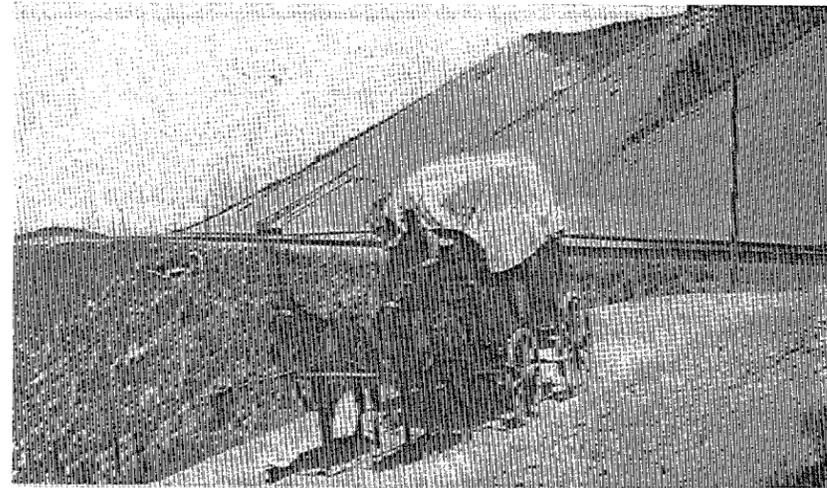
Valley. The driver readjusts his wide felt hat, twirls a handlebar moustache and swings a knee-high boot to the crossbar of the coach. He grabs the sparsely filled mailbag from the top of the coach and tosses it under the protective branches of the old Linden tree. Amid clouds of dust, the horses hurry on southward delivering mail and passengers.

In Lindon's early days one of a family's most valuable possessions was its horses. Nearly every farmer owned at least one team upon which he depended for his very livelihood. Some residents also had a riding horse or two and a good buggy horse. Indeed, it is said that at one time horses outnumbered citizens three to one. These sturdy, hard-working animals provided the energy for plowing the fields and harvesting the crops. Margaret Shoell, reminiscing about her "sportin' days," recalls, "They could also pull a hay-filled wagon to the Geneva Resort on a moonlit night."



A common sight in Lindon in days gone by.

Before the days of automobiles, teams and wagons were used to transport the basic necessities of life. Teams pulled wagons loaded with fruit, freshly picked from their orchards, to the Salt Lake Market, stopping at a half-way house in the southern part of Salt Lake County for the night. Many tons of iron ore were hauled out of American Fork Canyon.



Point of the Mountain in old "Dugway Days." Sometime during the 1860s this dugway was made across the steep gravel slide by laborers using mainly shovels. In the early 1870s the Utah Central Railroad was also built round the "Point."

Leonard Millar and Snow Gillman used their horses to take wagons full of ice from Aspen Grove in Provo Canyon to the Lindon Dairy. The milk, in ten-gallon cans, was cooled in vats and later taken to Cloverleaf Dairy in Salt Lake City. In the fall the men would have to travel to the eastern mountains to cut the winter's supply of wood. Ray Walker tells of some of these experiences in the "Reflections" chapter.

Farming would have been impossible without the strong, obedient horses. The farmers kept their harnesses oiled and in good repair and gave their teams an hour's rest at noontime because the success of their

Some of Andrew Swenson's family cutting hay on the Archie West farm.

business ventures depended a great deal upon the condition of their animals.

The first threshing machine in Lindon was drawn by four horses which were driven in a circle on a treadmill as little bundles of wheat were thrown in by hand. The grain came out on one side and was collected in gunny sacks while the chaff came out the other side.



The men are hard at work putting the bundles of grain into the separator.

How the children looked forward to threshing day--it was truly a special holiday for them. The wives, on the other hand, worked as hard as the men, for they always prepared a big dinner for the men who worked on the threshing machine.

Later a steam-powered thresher called "Old Nig" came to take the place of the horse-powered equipment. The women were kept busy, of course, preparing the traditional noon dinner.

In those days, if a farmer's wife cooked a large meal--whatever the occasion--she would always remark that she was "cooking for the threshers."



"Old Nig"--
water wagon
and sepa-
rator.

"Coffee" Oscar Olsen, who was a top-notch machinist, kept this complicated piece of machinery running well. He spent the night wherever the crew stopped threshing that day, sleeping at that home and eating his meals with the family.

If someone in the struggling little community was unable to get in his crops, the neighboring farmers were always generous and willing to help. Many of the local men got together with their teams and wagons and drove to the farm of Trevere Hardman to assist with his harvest while he was ill. During the corn harvest, men who could spare the time would come from all over town to cut and haul the bundles of corn in to be chopped and then blown into the silos.



Lindon farmers who came to the aid of Trevere Hardman following his back operation in 1946. Top picture, standing, left to right: Alroy Gillman, George Lovell, Don Walker, Alvin (Snow) Gillman, Ross West, George Fage, Stanley Keetch. Kneeling: Reed Gillman, Vern Gillman, Clarence Wright, Wendle Swenson, Kenneth R. Gillman, Horace Gillman, and Joe Christiansen.

The animals were used not only on the farm but for industrial purposes as well. The North Union Canal and later the Murdock Canal were dug with the help of local men and boys who were able to earn some extra money. The dredging was accomplished by the horses pulling an iron scraper called a fresno, while the workmen followed behind, one driving the team and the other operating the fresno. The Lindon waterworks, a system of trenches carrying water to the town would have been an arduous task without the use of horse power. Before the men could commence their work with the pick and shovel, the area had to be plowed and leveled. A scraper similar to the fresno did the final widening and enlarging.



Digging the canal.

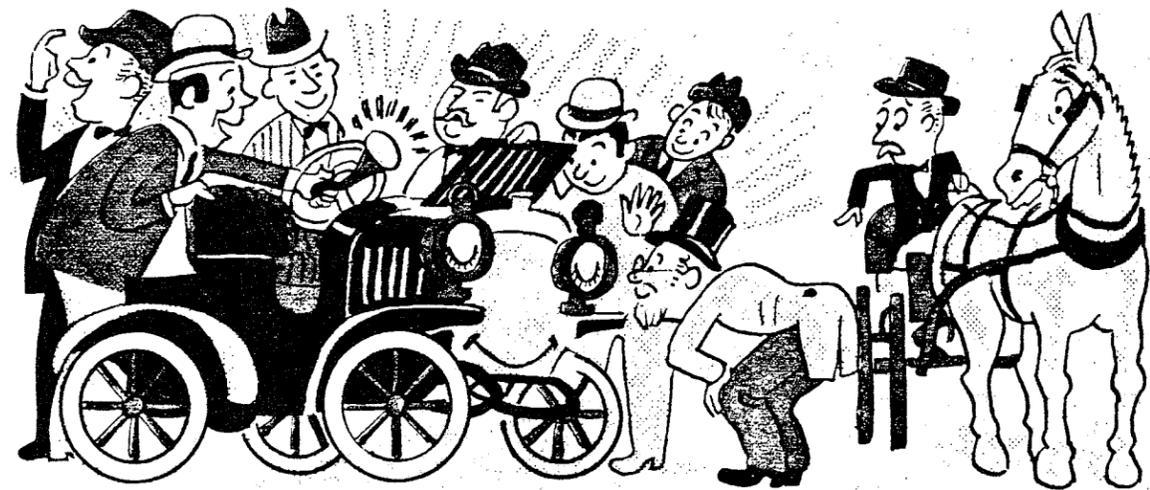
Although the animals played a crucial role in the economy, one need not suppose they were allowed to interrupt the orderliness of the struggling town, as evidenced by these early ordinances:

Section 41. ANIMALS RUNNING AT LARGE. All horses, cattle, mules, asses, swine, sheep and goats are hereby prohibited from running at large within this town, and may be impounded therefor by the marshal or any policeman when so found in the streets or public ground of this town.

Section 145. HORSES NOT HITCHED. Any person having charge of, or being the driver of any team, horse or other animal, shall, while such team, horse or other animal is standing in the street, or other public places of this town, stand near the head of the same or have hold of the lines attached thereto, or otherwise secure them to some post, or other substantial place, or fastening prepared for that purpose, or by lead or iron weight weighing not less than ten pounds attached to the bit by strap, rope or chain. Any person violating any provision of this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor.

When the automobile came on the scene, it was considered a recreational vehicle and had not nearly the value, from a practical standpoint, of a good work horse. The following town ordinance is ample proof that horses' rights were given first priority.

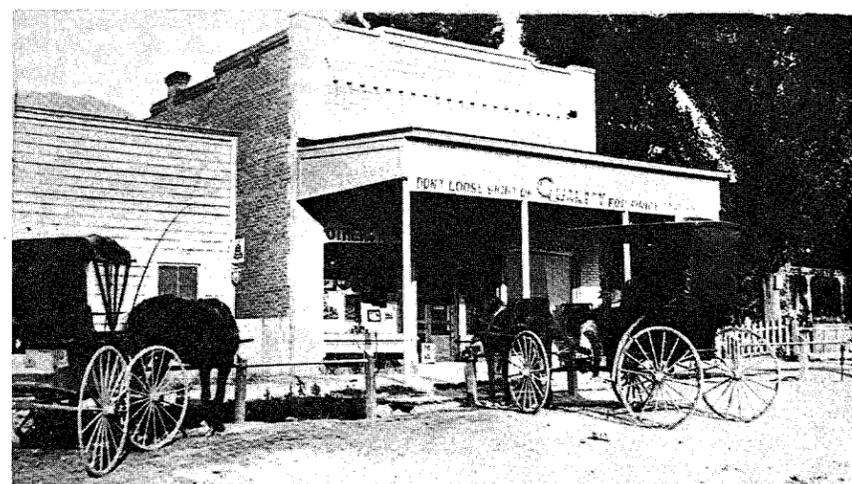
Section 187. The operator of a vehicle or motorcycle approaching or passing any person walking in a street of this town, or any horse or other draft animal being led, ridden or driven thereon, or upon any bridge, or crossing at an intersection of any street within said



town, shall at all times have the said vehicle under immediate control. And if such animal appear to be frightened, or if the person in charge thereof shall signal by raising his hand or calling, the operator shall hold his vehicle stationary until such animal shall have had reasonable time to pass by; and if traveling in the same direction, he shall use reasonable caution in order to avoid frightening the animal or causing an accident; and in approaching such animal or passing same the operator shall not use the exhaust cut-out of his vehicle, or cause any other unnecessary noise.

Horses enabled folks to travel about the town as well as to adjacent settlements. Buggies were a familiar site on the old dirt roads of Lindon. They ranged from covered wagons to a one-horse buggy and even an occasional "surrey with the fringe on top." As propriety would have it, a horse was not considered fit to pull a carriage unless his gait could be held to a trot.

Many times the vehicles had difficulty traversing the muddy, unpaved roads.

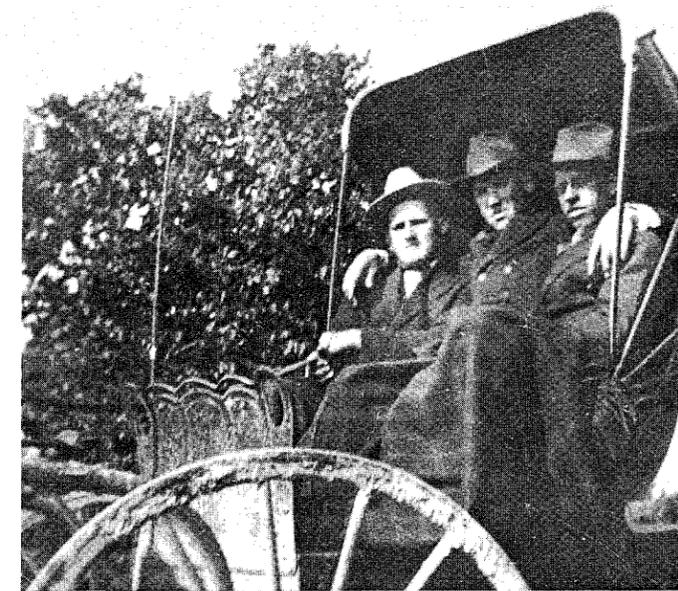


A familiar sight on Lindon's roads.

Don Walker, who was born in Lindon, as was his father, Robert, a beloved teacher and principal in Lindon and Pleasant Grove schools, tells of a time when his family was going along the street known today as 400 East. One of the wheels hit a very deep rut which jolted the open carriage

so hard that he, an infant at the time, was thrown from his mother's arms out into the street. The family members were unhurt but very startled to look down at their baby boy with his long white dress lying in the mud, as he puckered up his startled face and began to scream very loudly at such an indignity.

When winter came, the horses could be seen pulling heavy wooden sleighs laden with carefree children across the frozen fields. Sometimes, however, when the snow got very deep, not even a buggy could get through it, and a horse came in very handy. As Louie Gillman, a long-time resident recalls, "We had lots of snow. When it was deep, we would ride our horse to school and then turn him loose so he could go back home." Others remember leaving their horses tethered during the day for the return trip home.



Pals--Lyman Mecham, Luke Cullimore, and Aloy Gillman.

In the summertime the fun-loving folks would enter their horses in the Lindon Fair races down Main Street or hitch up their work teams for the horse-pulling contest. Although the animals performed a great many tasks, this was about the only time they ever got any recognition. On this day the winner of the "horse pulling" would certainly steal the show. Even recreation, it seems, was dependent on the versatile animals--the horses.

Some of the entertainment was not so well supervised. Kenneth R. Gillman relates that one Sunday afternoon he and his boyfriends, Dale Monk, B. Cobbley, Freeman Bird, and Rue Richards, decided to have their own rodeo in the backyard. One of the horses got excited and crashed through the roof of the dirt cellar. The boys had to spend the nights after school for the next several weeks repairing the damage caused by their rambunctious animal.

Halloween would certainly have lacked excitement if at least one group of boys hadn't hooked their horse onto an unsuspecting neighbor's privy (out-house) and toppled it over for a "trick."

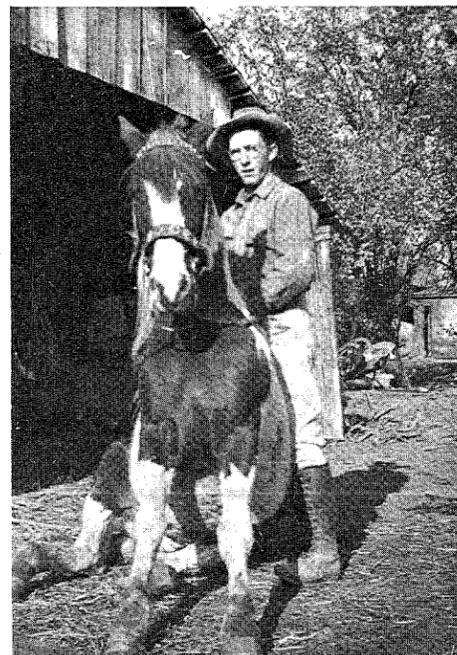
For work, transportation, or just fun, horses were an important part of the family.

Mention must also be made of the sturdy mules. With their greater endurance, they made a valuable contribution to the settling of this valley.

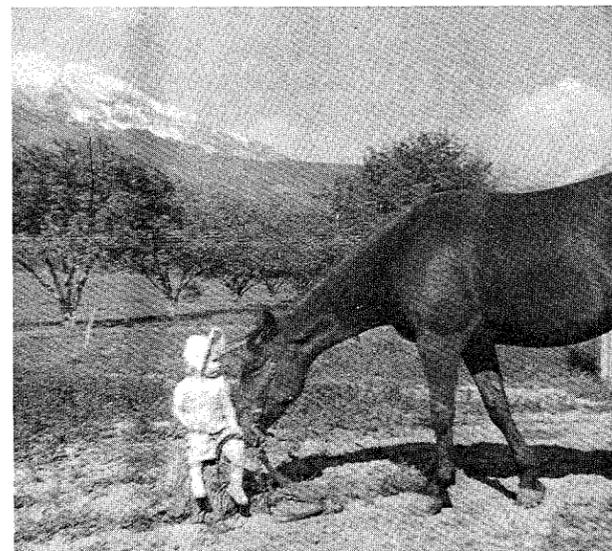
HORSES HAVE BEEN AN IMPORTANT
PART OF THE FAMILY . . .



The kids and grandkids enjoyed a ride on old "Tarz." Those on the horse are Judy and Boyd Walker; Eddie Oscarson; Paul, Dennis, and Kent Hanson. Standing in front are Jean and Royce Walker, Cheryl Oscarson, and Connie Hanson.



Henson H. Walker enjoyed teaching old "Tarz" to do tricks.



"We like each other."

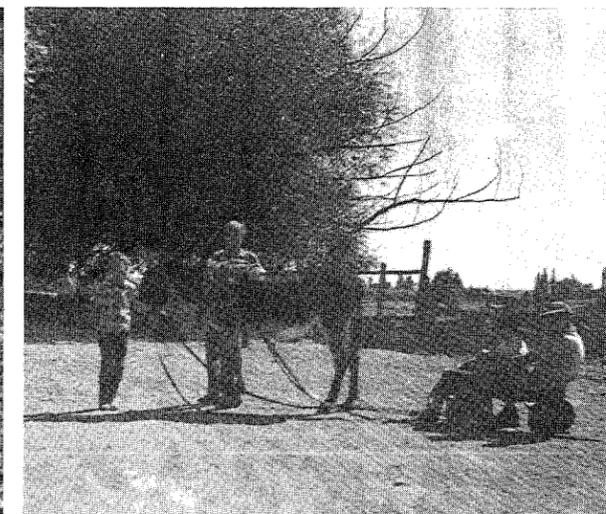
Left: Neighborhood friends and cousins gathered at the Gillman farm.

Though not as sleek in design as the horse, these animals were, nonetheless, stout and dependable.

There have even been a few donkeys in our small, country town over the years.



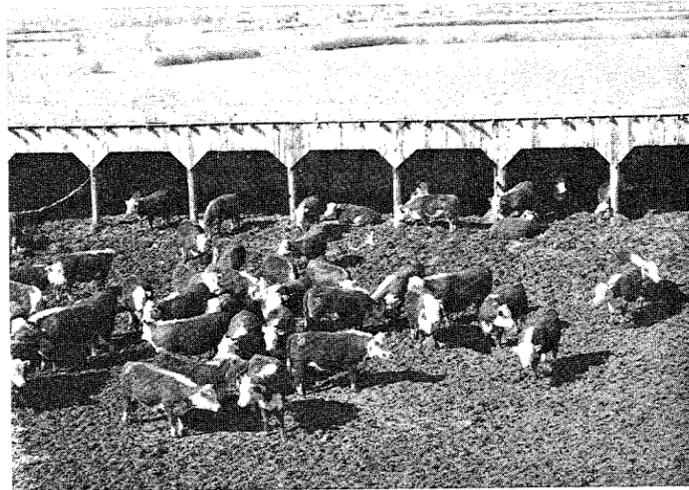
Front: Lucille Fowlke Page, a leader; Margaret Harris, and Nettie Mecham, a leader. Back: Arlene Culmer and Murn Mecham.



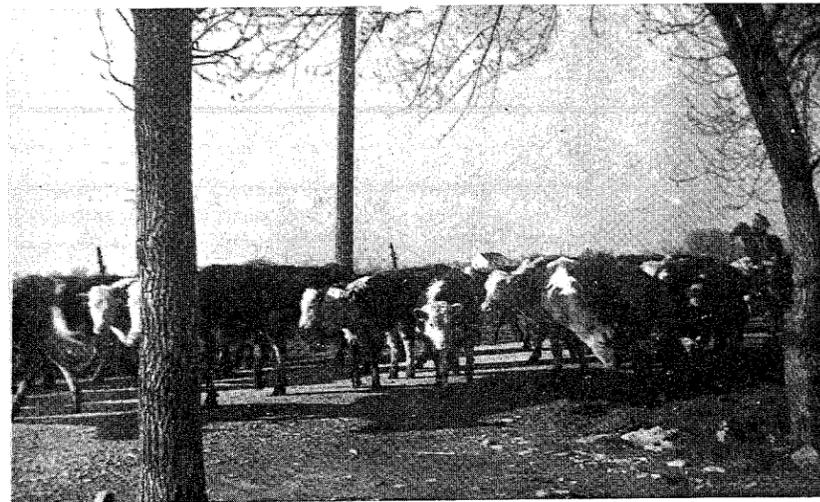
Milton and Ray Jacklin finish harnessing the donkey. Ready . . . get set . . .

One of the most exciting times of the year was branding time. Before the stock could be taken to the "summer range," each cattle owner, using his own particular brand, would round up his cows and burn his brand into a specific spot on the animal's body. Different spots were used so that the brand could be more easily identified from a distance. Local





cattlemen, Arnold Hooley, Clem Shoell, Ernest Ash, and many others spent many days from spring until fall in the saddle herding their cattle all the way from Provo Canyon to American Fork Canyon, along the Timpanogos range. They put their herds in the lower lands of Lindon until November or December before bringing them home to the corrals.



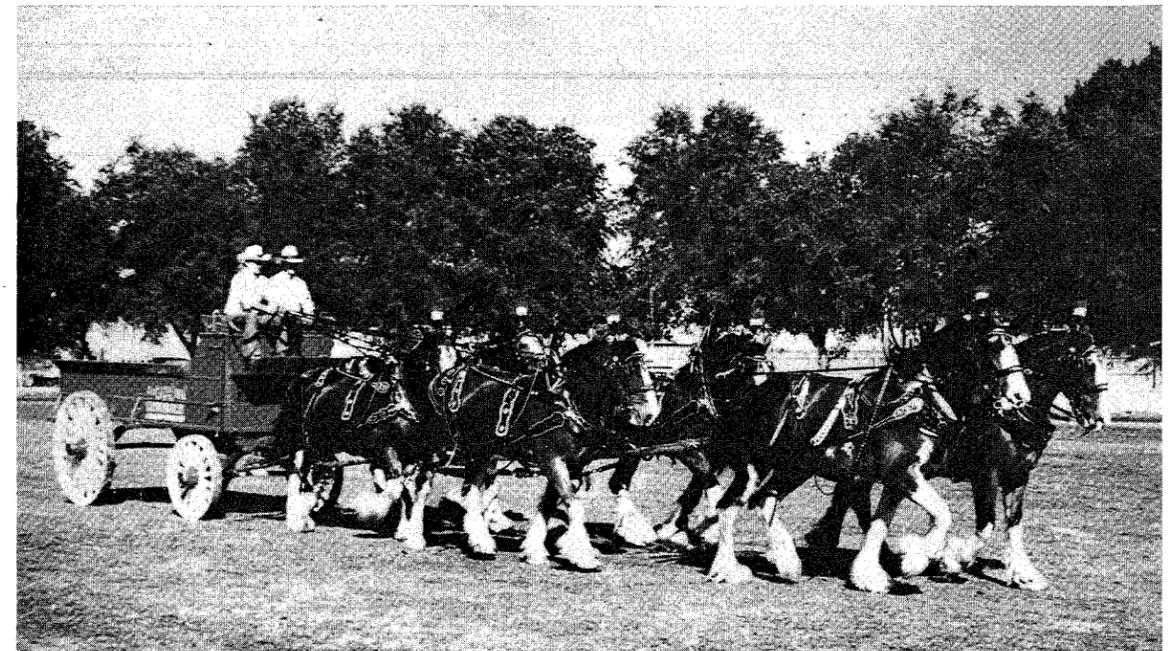
Snow Gillman's beef cattle. In the lower picture the cattle are being driven to the mountains.

If an animal was sick and the old home remedies of carbolic acid and blue vitriol failed to relieve his distress, the amiable town veterinarian, Joe Nerdin, who "had a cure for everything and never took any pay," was called in. Many times his expertise helped to pull the beloved animal through the crisis. More information about Joe Nerdin can be found in the chapter entitled, "From Then to Now."

As the years passed, Lindon earned a reputation for its beautiful saddle horses. The area also became known for its fine draft horses. After the 1940s when the mechanization of agriculture virtually abolished the need for horses bred for work, the use of these animals was rare. According to Ken Gillman, who bought a wild horse for six dollars, lots of horses were sold to the Midvale Fish Hatchery for fish bait. Their field work was done by the newest, most modern invention, the tractor. Many dedicated horse lovers assumed that the days of the draft horse were over. Almost overnight they became a relic of the past, their replacement being the sleek green tractor which moved swiftly through the fields. But in the minds of many old-timers, the work was being performed by a machine bereft of soul.

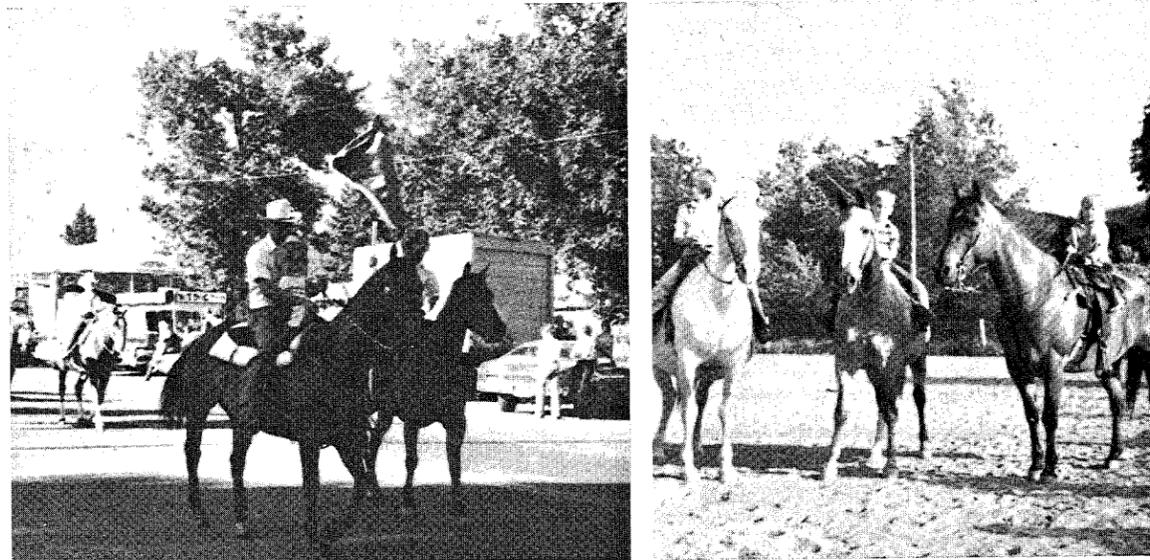
Today one rarely encounters a work horse. Most little boys and girls in Lindon had never seen one, that is, until Boyd Anderson and his son Kent brought the Clydesdales to Lindon. The Andersons, who are dairy farmers, began in the early 1970s to raise the unusual breed which were formerly used for heavy jobs but are today mainly show horses. The huge animals, of exceptional blood lines, have colorful markings and a gentle disposition and are distinguished by the flowing hair, called feathers, on their feet. They are fascinating to watch and are in great demand for parades and driving competitions. In these contests the owners must hitch and drive their horses and wagon through a planned course and must maneuver two, three, four, six, or eight horses--which is quite a challenging task.

Many Cub Scouts and other young people from the area are welcomed to the farm each year, where they can observe the light-colored horses with the huge feet at close range. The Clydesdales are a favorite with the children of all ages who love to watch as they pull their wagon in parades throughout the state.



The Anderson's Clydesdales. Kent is driving the six-horse hitch with his son Ron riding.

Because of his desire that the youth of Lindon have a structured program in horsemanship, in 1966 City Councilman Gordon Taylor asked Boyd Walker to organize a junior riding club dedicated to teaching proper riding techniques. The arena in the park was not yet completed, so the Lindon Junior Riding Club used Reed Walker's arena for a couple of years. Through the years many adults have donated countless hours so that young people who love horses could have fun while at the same time improve their horsemanship skills.

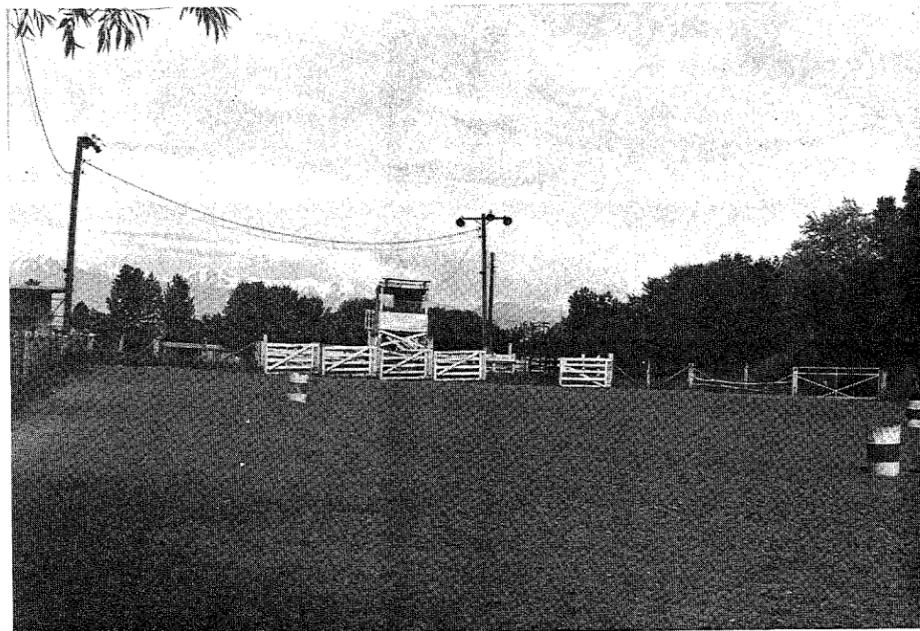


The Lindon Junior Riding Club. They start them young.

Adults from Lindon had been members of riding clubs in other towns. In 1965, Lindon's own riding club, the Mt. Timp Riders, was organized, with Bill Keetch as president. Jim Cullimore was vice-president, Vance Keetch was secretary, and Paul Swenson served as captain.

Members of the club worked diligently and built a small arena located on the east side of Lindon City Park. Members of the club compete against other riding clubs in the state and have been District, Region, and even State winners in some of the events. Roping, cow cutting, and pleasure classes are some of the interesting events in which they partici-

The rodeo arena in the park was built by the Mt. Timp Riders. Lindon residents who worked for Utah Power & Light donated their time to install the lights.



pate. There are also various exciting races, including pole-bending, barrel race, keyhole race, Pony Express race, and trailer race.



Mt. Timp Riders. Front row (left to right), standing: Maxine Smith, Toni Smith, and Vaughn Barnett. Middle row: Clara Johnson, Denise Grange, and Dalene Collins. Back row (on fence): Allen Gray, Boyd Walker, Shirley Gray, Ken Gillman, and George Hardman.



Mt. Timp Riders. Front row (left to right): Ken Gillman, Allen Gray, Boyd Walker, George Hardman, and Vaughn Barnett. Middle row: Toni Smith, Maxine Smith, and Shirley Gray. Back row: Dalene Collins, Clara Johnson, and Denise Grange.

Lindon remains a country town, kept that way not because of backwardness but because of the desire of the citizens to maintain a rural atmosphere. Even many individuals who do not ride have given support to a city-wide policy of streets without sidewalks to allow plenty of room for horses on the sides of the roads.

While riding in the mountains near Lindon, one may come across other animals, as well. Coyotes can be heard complaining mournfully on cold winter nights as they come to the foothills to feed. In the early days of Lindon, coyotes would often come down into the valley, sometimes killing chickens and other small animals, but more often just frightening the children with their melancholy howl. More than one horse--not to mention the rider--has been spooked by the sound of a rattlesnake.

But perhaps the most unusual sound one might encounter in the Lindon foothills is the sound made by the ruffed grouse at mating season. A putt-putt-putt sounds off in the distance. Sounding like a loud motorbike, it is really only the grouse wooing his female friend.

In late October a strange fever begins to spread over the city. Young and old alike mount their horses and travel to the mountains for the annual deer hunt. In the old days the townspeople would watch to see who would come down off the mountain with the first deer. Many deer have been taken from the mountain since then, and today the area still remains a popular place for hunters.



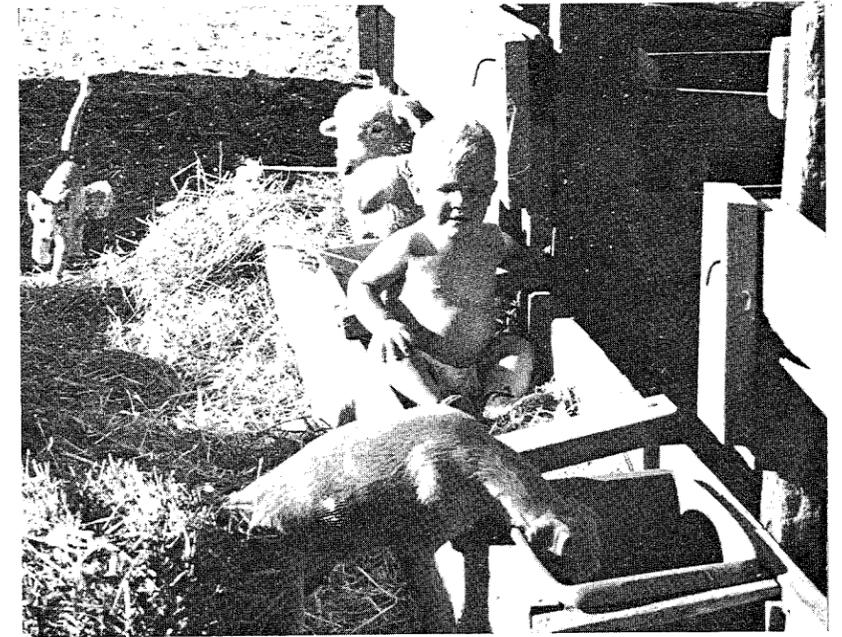
In the late 1970s, mountain goats were brought onto the Timpanogos range. Wayne Johnson reports that as he and his companions were resting on a knoll one evening, they looked across the valley to see what looked like a white, fluffy cloud bounding up the mountain-side straight for a deer hunter sitting on a rock. They finally recognized the "thing" as a Rocky Mountain goat. Later that evening, while questioning the hunter, Wayne found that the animal had become so friendly that he had eaten potato chips offered by the members of the hunting party.



Not all the deer in Lindon were objects for hunting.

Throughout the years, there have been many domestic animals in Lindon besides horses. During the pioneer era almost everyone raised sheep, pigs, chickens, and cows, for meat as well as for milk, butter, and eggs.

While the raising of sheep has never been a large-scale operation in Lindon, the early pioneers valued sheep for the wool as well as their meat. Materials and monies were scarce, and so as a result, these resourceful people went to great lengths to acquire whatever they could and to maintain whatever they had. Even young children were enlisted to help. In the case of the sheep, the young girls would follow the sheep, gathering the wool that caught on the bushes as the animals ambled along. The wool would be carded, then the women would spin it on their spinning wheels, and finally they would make it into cloth.



Kids and animals often go together.



Left: Suffolk sheep belonging to Larry Blackhurst. Right: Feeding the "bummer" lambs are Jean, Boyd, and Burdene Walker.

Mutton was a favorite food because it was especially easy to keep. Even in the summer months it could be wrapped and kept unrefrigerated in a blanket. A fat lamb was a choice delicacy which the family enjoyed for a special Sunday or holiday dinner.

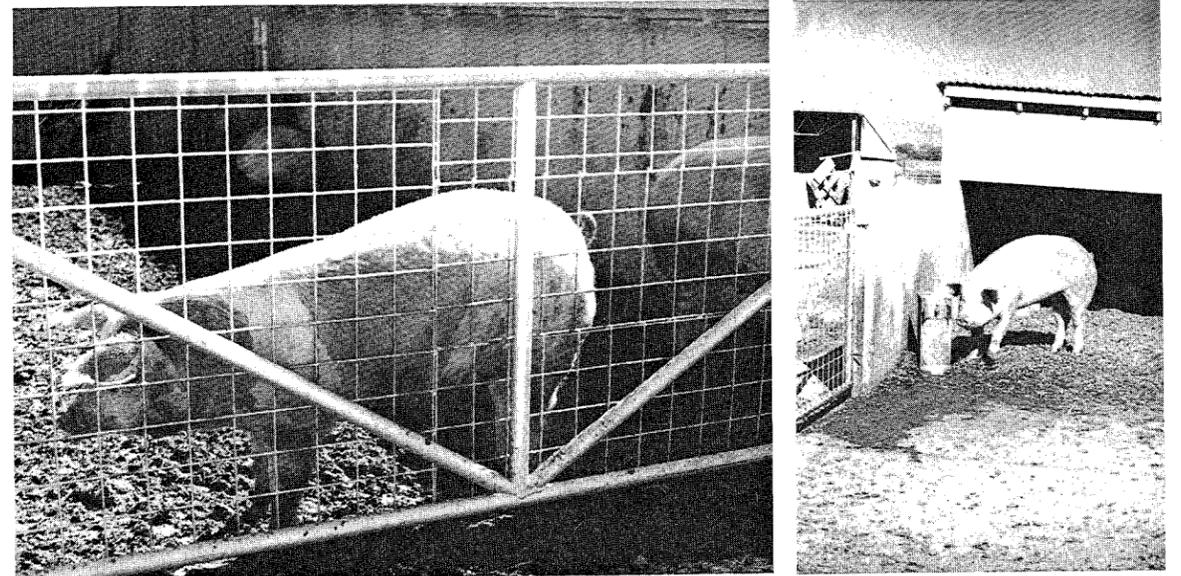
In days gone by pigs were relatively inexpensive to feed, as they ate the scraps left over from the table and orchards. Everyone kept a "swill" bucket into which were dumped the kitchen scraps, fruit and vegetable peelings, and the bran left over from the homemade bread. The frugal homemaker, insistent upon reusing every penny's worth of nutrients, even dumped in her leftover dishwater. If a young girl's beau unexpectedly turned up at the back door instead of the front door during the coldest months of the winter, she would sometimes have to make hasty conversation to hide her embarrassment as she led him past the buckets of swill her father had brought in by the kitchen stove for the night to keep it from freezing.



THERE'S NO SENSE IN YOU FELLOWS GOING HUNGRY WHILE HE'S IN THERE STUFFING HIMSELF WITH MILK AND COOKIES.

Fall was hog-butchering time. A tub of water was heated and poured into a fifty-gallon barrel. After the pig was killed, it was hoisted by a pulley and doused in the hot water for just the right length of time to loosen the hair so it could be scraped off with a butcher knife. The water had to be kept to an exact temperature or the hair would "set" and become very difficult to remove.

Hams and bacon were home-cured either by the dry method, which consisted of a mixture of salt, brown sugar, and salt peter, or else they were placed in a brine solution. For the boys, the time had come to get a new ball. They were excited as they took the pig bladder, blew it up with a straw, and ran out to begin their game.



One thing that was plentiful around Lindon in bygone days was pastureland. Milk cows were pastured during the day and driven to and from the pasture at milking time. Little boys got their daily constitutional as they slew imaginary mountain lions with their willow sticks and chased each other down the country lanes on their way to retrieve their father's cows.

Once in a while a young boy with the smell of spring in his nostrils would exchange his stick for a fishing pole he had hidden in the tall grass and saunter down to the "hollow" to fish or dream lazily on the bank, listening to the frogs. Whether or not he was welcomed home at night depended on his luck in finding his cows at the end of his escapade. Ofttimes long nights were spent as a farm boy looked high and low for his family's straying milk cow. Many people in Lindon today still keep their own cows for milking.

Cattle have been essential to the livelihood of our town, as well as providing an opportunity for the young people to grow and develop work habits and dependability. Information on 4-H and Future Farmers can be found in the chapter on clubs.

Jeremy and Ann Marie Blackhurst at cow-milking time.





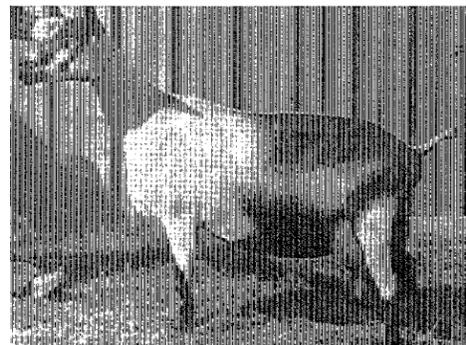
Cattle are an important part of Lindon's industry.

Shown at the left is Paul Gillman and a prize steer of his.

While cows are still popular, there are now many goats in Lindon as well. Goats have become popular for pets and also for their milk.

Nancy Bean got into the goat-raising business quite by accident. One day while she was attending an auction, a fine-looking gentleman tapped her on the shoulder and said, "See this beautiful goat coming into the ring? It is mine, and I need a certain price. Will you bid when I tell you and get the price up on her? I'll give you the money you bid if you get stuck." Being the kind soul she is, Nancy did as she was asked. When the bidding was over, she turned and the man was gone. The Bean family were the owners of a new goat.

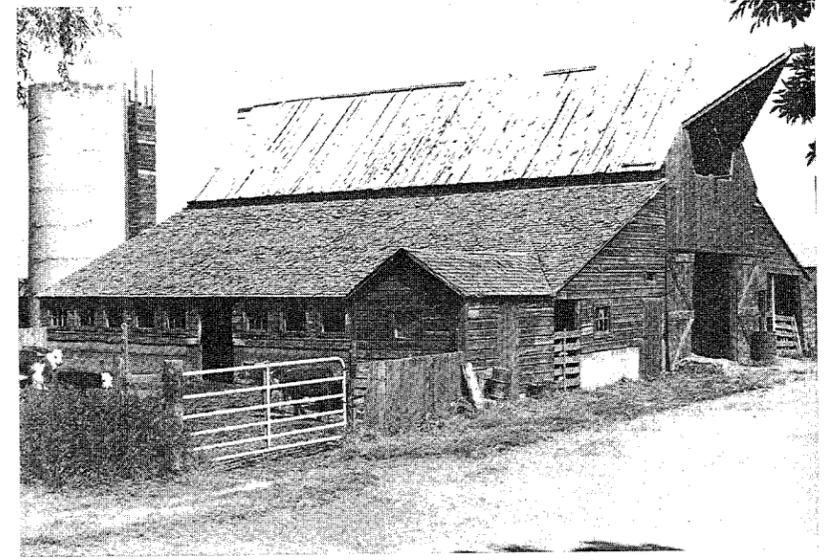
In the fall of 1980 as Ray Sheperd was driving by the new Bean home, he nearly ran off the road as he saw what he thought were two deer dashing over the ridge of their garage. Ray, running over to investigate, found that they were two young dairy goats Bert and Nancy had just purchased. The two goats, who were adept at escaping out of their enclosure, had run up the stairs of the back porch, leaped onto the garage roof, and were engaged in a game of tag. The Beans now have a small dairy goat herd. Through a select breeding program, they have produced several Grand Champion goats. Many families use the milk from their goats, which can also be used for cheese and yogurt.



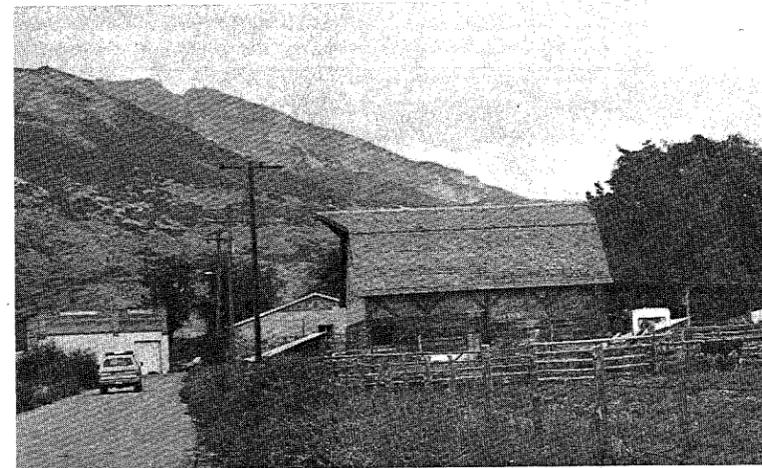
The goat--one of the newest additions to Lindon's animal population.

LARGE BARN
WERE A FA-
MILIAR SIGHT
IN OUR TOWN.

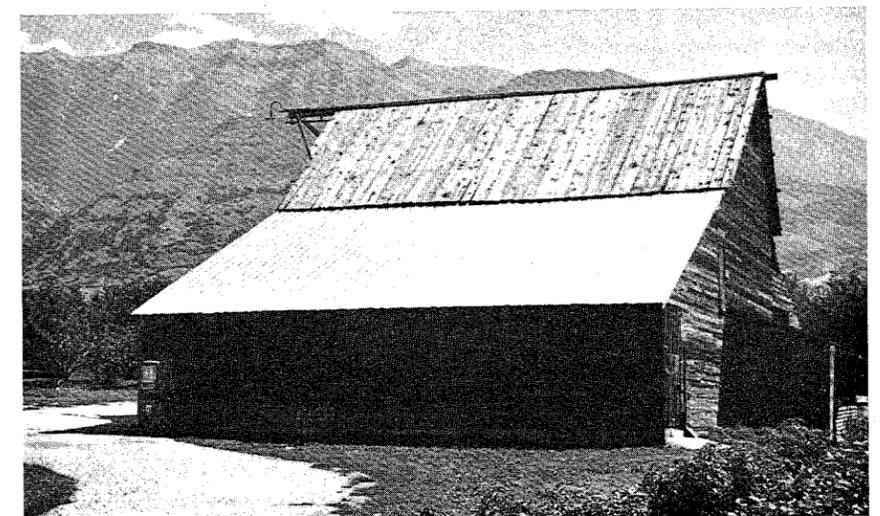
Several of the Pleasant Grove "old timers" have commented that in the "old days" Lindon was famous for its large hay barns.



The Alvin "Snow" Gillman barn.



Ben Walker's barn.



The William Christiansen barn.



Mary (Mame) Fage gathering eggs.

By the early 1900s the landscape around Lindon was dotted with farms, from the rolling hills of Mt. Timpanogos to the shores of Utah Lake. Behind some farmhouses could be seen the long, unpainted chicken coops which usually faced south as a protection against storms and northern winds. In all kinds of weather the lady of the house, the grandmother, or a youngster would trudge out several times a day to the hen house with a bucket to gather the eggs.

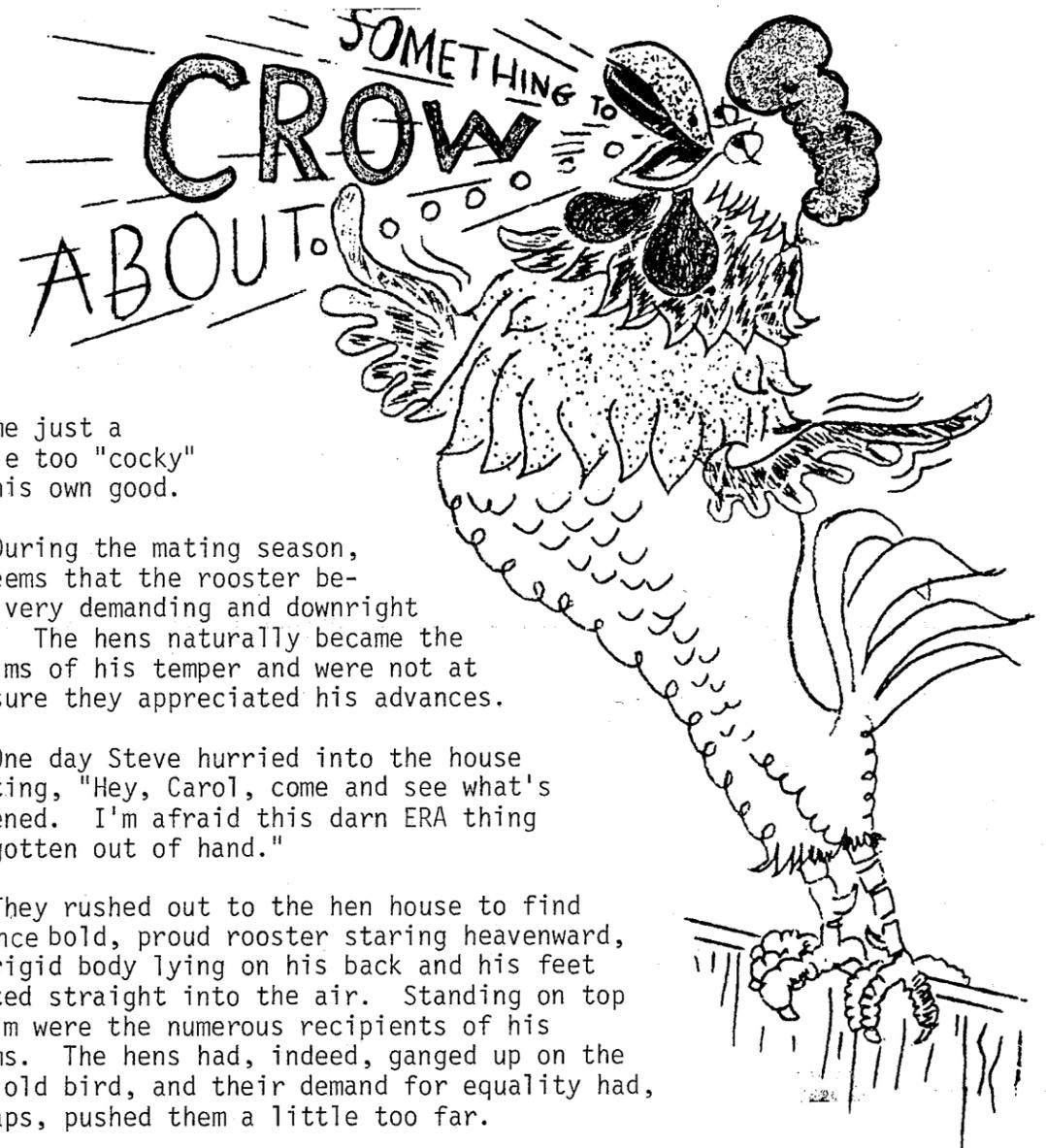
In those days very little was wasted. Chickens were stewed for Sunday dinner and their feathers stuffed into pillows and ticks (mattresses), making the bedding soft and comfortable. Eggs were used for bartering and could be traded at Cullimore's Mercantile for everything from kerosene to a pair of winter galoshes. Later on the store began to sell the eggs to Utah Poultry, whose large old truck, with its empty egg cases bouncing, would travel once a week from Salt Lake City, pull up behind the store and await the loading of fresh eggs.

Today the raising of chickens is still a noble and worthwhile industry in Lindon. Terry and Carol Chidester began their own egg business in the early 1950s and are still located on Center Street today. They've gradually enlarged until at present they have about one thousand white leghorns. They sell eggs to stores, schools, and nursing homes.

One day Carol noticed a couple of boys going past her house with a heavily weighted gunny sack. She didn't think much about it until thirty-five chickens were found to be missing. There was a short investigation, and two young culprits who had been "borrowing" eggs for several days were apprehended. Their restitution consisted of a wide broom applied to several chicken coop floors until the debt was satisfied. Needless to say, their business venture was short lived.

The family of Bob and Marilyn Adams have taken up chicken raising as a hobby. Not only do they provide the family with chicken dinners and eggs, but their unique breeding varieties--the Cochins, Bantams, and Old English game chickens--ensure the Adams a blue ribbon each year at the Lindon Fair.

Lindon of today is very different from the "good ol' days." Values and attitudes have changed a lot, and as society continues to focus more attention on women's problems, Lindon, too, has succumbed to the struggle for equality between the sexes. Carol and Steve Westphal, who raise prize pheasants and turkeys, as well as chickens, tell the tale of a rooster who



became just a little too "cocky" for his own good.

During the mating season, it seems that the rooster became very demanding and downright mean. The hens naturally became the victims of his temper and were not at all sure they appreciated his advances.

One day Steve hurried into the house shouting, "Hey, Carol, come and see what's happened. I'm afraid this darn ERA thing has gotten out of hand."

They rushed out to the hen house to find the once bold, proud rooster staring heavenward, his rigid body lying on his back and his feet pointed straight into the air. Standing on top of him were the numerous recipients of his charms. The hens had, indeed, ganged up on the poor old bird, and their demand for equality had, perhaps, pushed them a little too far.

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Lindon has had many men and women well known for their horsemanship-- but none can compete with Kenneth R. Gillman. Ken was born in Lindon and has lived here all his life. He is the son of James Gillman, the first white child born in Lindon. Ken and his wife, Velma, are active, community-minded residents of Lindon.

Ken was presented the coveted Utah Quarter Horse Association Hall of Fame Award for 1982. There have been only four of these awards presented in the State of Utah. This, however, is only one of numerous awards presented to this man for his horsemanship. He was instrumental in organizing the Utah Quarter Horses Association, and for many years Ken has given much time and energy to the quarter horse industry in the State of Utah.

He is an accomplished announcer and auctioneer at horse shows and events throughout Utah and neighboring states. Ken is also responsible for bringing horse-pulling events into the Pleasant Grove and Lindon area. He has raised and trained some of the finest horses in the valley.

One of Ken's neighbors was entertaining a small boy from across the street. The boy said, "Let's watch the rodeo from your large window."

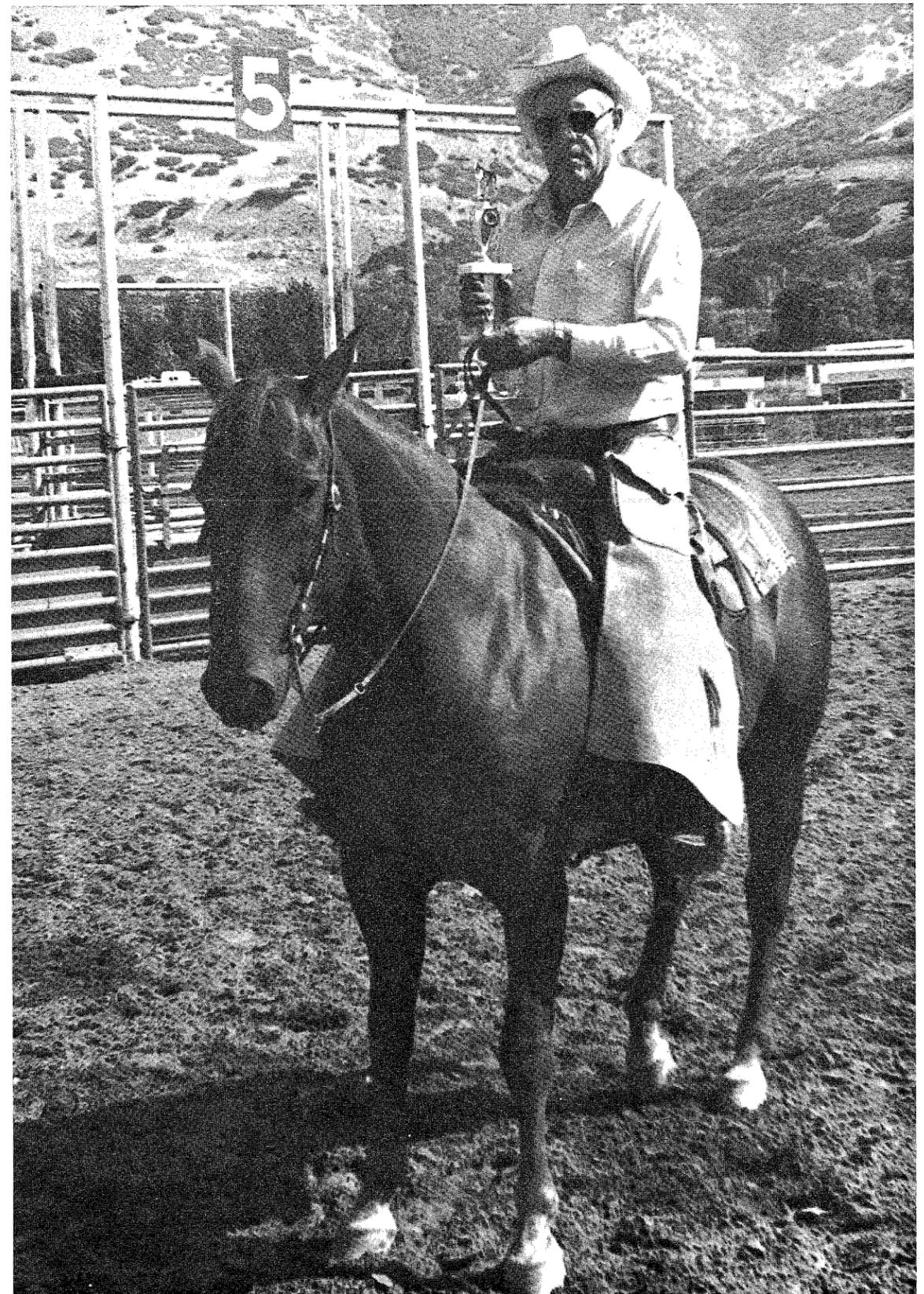
"What rodeo?" the neighbor asked.

The boy replied, "Right there."

Well within view was Ken Gillman's corral. Ken was training some men in how to use a cutting horse. They were working hard, intent upon the matters at hand, and so they provided a good show for the neighbor and the small boy.

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Picture on following page: Kenneth R. Gillman, horseman. Ken is holding his trophy for cow cutting at the state meet held at Lagoon in September 1977. He also won District North Region in 1977.





Reed Orton and Leonard Walker are both experienced horsemen who serve as members of the county sheriff's posse.