

White Grass Heritage Project “Sharing the Legacy”

INTERVIEWEE: William “Dub” Lloyd (D), Former Wrangler and Volunteer

INTERVIEWER: Dr. Sharon Kahin (S), Director of the Jackson Hole Historical Society and Museum
&

Roger Butterbaugh (R), Coordinator of the White Grass Heritage Project

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Transcribed by Julie Greene in 2021

Note: This transcript has undergone minor edits, e.g., false starts and some text has been removed to make it more “reader friendly” and more focused on White Grass Ranch issues. The audio version in the Archive contains the full interview.

#143 MP3 File

S: (0:53) Give us the context on how you first got connected with Jackson Hole and with White Grass.

D: Okay. I came in 1983. I am not knowing how much depth you want me to go into but to understand how much this place means to me, I will give you some background. I married in 1977 and had a daughter in 1979. In 1982, I had gone through a divorce. In that divorce, I lost a wife, a child, a home and family property. I am not sure if pride or lost love is what hurts the worse. In essence, in the divorce, I lost everything but a job. I even lost my vehicle I used to get to work. My wife and I had built a home right in the middle of that property, family property. The family property I lost had been the in family since early 1820s. Being from the south, family means a lot but, for the older generations, it is property that meant the most. It is kind of bread into you. You have something to uphold. So, the loss of property that has been in the family for that length of time was a big deal. That was late fall of 1982.

At one point, I said to my wife that if she did not come home, I was willing to end it all and jump off the bridge into the Mississippi River. My life had no meaning.

Because of the divorce and lost family property, I was shun by my family. I had no child waiting for me at home and no wife waiting. So essentially, I had just given up on myself in 1982.

After the divorce, I tried to rodeo. I come from a rodeo background; my dad was a horse trainer, roper. And, though I was the youngest of 5 sons, if dad had a horse to train, I was the one who got the buck out of the horse. So, I grew up with horses but never chased a rodeo dream.

(5:54) In 1982, I had a friend visit and he talked about the Jackson Hole area and how they rodeoed 4-5 nights per week. At that time, Jim Houston, was the stock contractor and promoter of the Jackson Rodeo. I called and got information about the Jackson rodeo. I asked if there was employment during the day and he said I could work for him.

By this time, I was mad at the world and had exited myself from my friends and basically exited myself from myself. To get away from the divorce and the loss of the property, I had to run. I left Utich, Mississippi with \$920 and a 1974 Ford pickup truck with a camper on it. I pulled into Jackson 3-4 days later, around Memorial Day.

The first couple nights of rodeoing was going good. Seeing the scenery here took my mind off the past for a short period of time. But that same haunting kept coming back and kept eating at me. In the mornings, I would get up and just drive around the area. It was kind of nice not knowing anyone in Jackson. Jackson had a cowboy culture. I didn't have any money for a motel and at that time you could stay at the fish hatchery free. You could stay several days and leave and then come back to the fish hatchery.

One day, I met a cowboy who was acting in the shoot-out scene in Jackson and I told him I needed a job. He told me about White Grass. He said it was a pretty rough crowd out there. I was told to ask for Frank Galey. Once at the ranch, I pulled up and saw 3 or 4 guys and I asked for Mr. Galey. My first impression was that this guy was someone I didn't want to mess with. He was very matter of fact, stern looking gentleman. Maybe it was the anxiety of asking this gentlemen for a job. He told me to go over and see Curly, who was the foreman.

(15:36) I told Curly I had come out here to rodeo and he said he could not hire me because if rodeoed and a broke a wrist or arm, you won't be here to work. I explained my background in riding and that I was not haphazard in what I did. So, he put me on.

He showed me the bunkhouse but I wanted to sleep in the back of my truck. I still wanted to be the loner and if I were around someone, my anger would come out from my past. I slept in my truck the first couple of nights during the end of March/first April when there was still snow on the ground. Living in the back of a truck with no heat, I was freezing. I decided to give up the truck and move into the cabin for some heat. At night, you could see stars through the roof and fireflies in the summer through the chinking of the walls. There was a wood stove and I have never had to feed a wood stove. Every 1.5 hours, someone would have to get up and stoke the fire. As the days went on, the play was hard at night. You would drink most of the night. That is what brought me here and settled me in here at the ranch.



William 'Dub' Lloyd, White Grass Wrangler, 1983.

S: (19:21) You shared with me about coming here where no one cared about your past or your ancestors was a huge relief. Can you talk about that sense of freedom that you found here?

D: Yes, down home, you were judged by who your family is...who your ancestors were. It was the good ole boy network. By coming out here, I had to make it on my own. I am not judged by who my family is but by my character. In Wyoming, it is who you are and not your family's name.

S: (21:21) How did White Grass color your experience here when you first came.

D: It opened doors to my mind and to my heart. My boss did not ask me about my family but hired me. It made me feel that there is more to life than being judged by family but wanting to succeed on your own. It motivated to want to do better.

S: Can you describe the responsibilities you had and how you felt about those responsibilities.

D: I was a flat lander where I came from. My first job was fixing fences. The fence was as buck and rail fence and I didn't know what kind of fence that was. Down home, it is barb wire. He told me to put panniers on the burros. I didn't know what that was. He told me it was a pack saddle. My first job was fencing. I went from the mindset from fencing out of a back of truck with barb wire to fencing from a pack in panniers, chainsaws, etc. and head up the trail. My eyes were opened that this ain't Mississippi.

S: (25:08) How did your first day of fencing go? What else did you learn?

D: I learned the difference from fencing in and fencing out. Down home we fence in. He told me to fence out. That meant we would put the barb out on the outside. When I was fencing, I had a burrow and a horse. The burrow was mild tempered but he, Tuck, was stubborn and rambunctious. He was afraid of darkness. Tuck and I were about the same. Cowboy was my horse and he had in his mind that he was going to do what he wanted to do. The dude horses had been brought from Rock Springs the week before I got here. They had not been ridden all year.

So, Tuck, Cowboy and I all had an attitude. My fear of darkness was not as bad as Tuck's fear of a chizzlers (a type of ground squirrel), a limb that moved, tumbling rocks, water, etc.

S: Did you keep working with that burrow?

D: I learned after that first day that I only had to pack the burro one other time. Tuck and I did not get along. Cowboy and I rode the mountains, we would go to Dornans and to Taggart Lake fishing. I expected someone that came to ranch to know a little bit about horses and the outdoors. I learned that at a Dude Ranch, there are people who show up who have never seen a horse or spent 15 minutes in the woods or knew the difference between a pair of rubber boots and high heeled shoes. It was eye opening and humbling to know that there are people who will come from international places.

#144 MP3 File

S: What was your typical day like?

D: (0:03) Curly was our boss but Rick knew the horses. The same horses were brought back to the ranch each spring and Mr. Galey owned a good portion of the horses. There were a few days that we saddled over 160 head of horses. We have a ranch with guest facilities but there was a day ride - guests would come in from Jackson for a day ride.

My typical day – started getting the horses back to the ranch for riding. One wrangler would get up at 4am, go to the barn and saddle his horse. He would go to the meadow and round up maybe 17 other horses and have them back at the barn. The other group of wranglers would be at the barn and we would all get saddled. We would then head out to the back of the ranch to get the pockets of horses in the mountains. By 9 am, we would have those horses back at the ranch and ready for the guests at 9 am.

There was a holding corral in the front and back side of the barn. (Rick wintered here at the ranch. He kept the snow off the roofs and tried to keep the roads open as best as possible.) Rick would catch the horse and he would know the horse and tell us his name/number and inside the barn were the saddles. Each saddle was matched with its bridle and pad and we would match them up with the number on the horse. Rick had the knowledge to know what horse and saddle should be matched with each dude. It was like a little assembly line.



White Grass Barn with saddles and tack on racks as Rick (center) prepares for morning dude rides. Photo Courtesy of Reno and Kelly Headley.

In the barn on the right side, there were many saddle racks each with a pad, a saddle and the bridle for a specific horse were - all right there together. So, all us wranglers worked to together following Rick's instructions. And, I assume, that Rick, Curly and Mr. Galey had met the night before and knew the riding caliber of each dude and knew the horse and what the horse was capable of. Thus, a horse had to be matched with the weight of a male who might be 200 pounds. Or a horse had to be matched up well with a child who might be squealing all day long who might be only 6 or 7 years of age. Rick had to know that each rider would come back safely. It was a big responsibility.

S: Did you lead some of the rides? That is a huge responsibility too.

D: Yes, it is. Maybe by that time, I had loosened up and I told lots of stories (to guests). Some were all truth and some were embellished. Since my disposition had changed from when I arrived weeks earlier, I got to take out rides. I feel blessed that I was able to take out rides. I was teaching the guests but also learning from them about things back east. The trust and responsibilities was put on me by Rick. So, it was really nice right off the bat to be taking guests going up the mountain on rides.

S: What response did you get by introducing them to the world of the trail? And your own response?

D: (10:24) To see and not hear. People are talking as they leave the gate - mom is getting on to junior and dad is getting on mom about getting on to junior but by the time you get to the timberline, it is quiet. You ride along and leave the ranch looking back to make sure the horses are doing what they are supposed to do, you noticed they (the guests) were looking around. After they are on the mountain, the quietness spoke more than words. Upon the return to the ranch, they told you of their experience and excitement of their surroundings. "We don't see trees like these back home," how the altitude is different from home. "It is hard to breathe up here" and so much more. It led me to believe that people living in a city were living a sheltered life. So, to introduce people to a whole new kind of life, humbled me that I was able to do this - to give them this experience, to provide this service. My pride that brought me here began to dissipate. I was given an opportunity to provide a lifestyle that they had never experienced. That was very humbling to me.

S: How did you respond personally to the mountain scenery coming from Mississippi? Can you describe that?

D: The expanse and the smells, the same as my guests were experiencing, were the same as the first day that I had made that ride weeks before. That would make my heart race.

S: (17:39) What other kinds of experiences stand out that the guests take away from White Grass beside this new introduction to the natural world?

D: A feeling of family. I left one family (in Mississippi) but in a month or three months of being here, I had found another family. The ranch was divided into 3 parts: the wrangler/barn area, cabin/lodge area, and the Galey household area. It was like there was an imaginary line that Curly had set. You can go up there and take care of the wood pile but I don't want to catch you talking to the cabin girls, messing around the kitchen, I don't want you talking to the guests. We were not to intermingle socially during the week.

But on Sundays, the Galey household, the wranglers and the cabin area were all brought together at the lake to have a good time and visit. We were all there to visit, play games and all have a good time. It was like having a party barbecue. The guests were allowed to be a part of the family of White Grass and I think that carried a lot of weight with them. It provided an opportunity for different classes of people to socialize together.



Barbecue site at Lake Ingeborg. Photo courtesy of Carolyn Allen.

S: You said you had been warned that his was a rough and rowdy place. Did you find it so?

D: I suppose because of that true cowboy spirit. The guys I worked with at White Grass were individuals and rugged. Meaning that if I were attacked by a bear or moose, my guys would not have run away but would have stood there beside me. If I lay up on the mountain with two broken legs, I think I could count on one of them to carry me down. They were hard and they were rugged. They were loyal and trustworthy. The roughness was the late night drinking on Curly's front porch and the late night bar room brawls at the Wort Hotel. It was a rough and tumble atmosphere.



Wranglers 1983. William 'Dub' Lloyd Far Left.

S: (28:37) Do you have any sense when that kind of competence comes from real experiences with horses, began to change kids coming in who wanted to become part of the western lifestyle but did not have any experience?

D: I do not.

#145 MP3 File

S: (0:22) You had mentioned part of the attraction was the adventure and that you were familiar with all the dangers out here. But you also mentioned that the guests could understand on a personal level was a sense of freedom the ranch afforded people. What are some ways that you and the guests sensed some freedom here at the ranch.

D: (1:05- 10:23 summarized)

Many guests from urban areas had never experienced the openness and wildness of the Wyoming area. They were in awe of the beauty and learned, experienced things that they would never have had the opportunity to experience in the city. For example, seeing wide open vistas, being up in the mountains, seeing signs of bears and other wildlife, learning to fish for the first time/catching a fish, being dependent for safety on a wrangler, and having a conversation with a wrangler/a person like he had never met before. That is what I call a guest experiencing freedom from his lifestyle back east. You hope every guest that came was able to sit back and take in it and take something away with them that they have never experienced. That is my definition of what freedom for a guest here would have been.

S: (10:35) As a general rule, did you see this scenario time after time?

D: At the ranch, we were paid \$300 dollars month room and board. So, you are only off two days a week and that is all you have so you don't spend lots of money. But to have much money in your pocket, I either made it in the rodeo or you made it in tips from the guests.

You could tell by your tips, the experience the guests had had. When you got a tip, you would get hugs, handshakes, pat on the back or smiles. Never did I have a guest that I spent time with failed to come to me and give me a hug around the neck and express the joy, the exhilaration, the gratitude of what I was I was able to share. That to me is how I judged what kind of experience the people that I came in contact had.

S: (13:10) Were you aware that there were guests who came back repeatedly and asked for the same horse?

D: Yes, those guests would ask for same horse and same wrangler. So, they stayed within their comfort zone. And, you would talk with guests on Sunday and learn that they had been coming to White Grass for maybe 10 years or better. It was almost like there was an exclusive clientele that came to the ranch. I remember a good portion of our business were day rides coming in out of Jackson just for day rides.

S: And that is why you had so many horses. Were they trailed up from Rock Springs?

D: No, they were brought up by truck.

S: Would you share the story about Greg?

D: (15:46) Greg was a young man from California. He came expressly to ride bucking horses just like me. He hired on a week after me and had no experience riding bucking horses – it was just something he wanted to do. Before the guests started coming in, Greg was my guest I would say. I coached him about rodeoing. Each night at the rodeo, I always pulled his rigging and so forth. Greg provided me an avenue into myself, my opening up and giving back. Then, I had a purpose. It

allowed me to be able to share. He was the first person that started putting a wedge in that hard shell of mine.

I broke my wrist rodeoing the first month I was there. I had a cast on my wrist and decided I had this shirt and that shirt and I figured how I was going to do this and that and I was going to try to hide it from Curly. I guess it was at least 10 days before Curly knew it, everyone else knew it but Curly. I learned that I could do a lot because the cast gave me strength. I could saddle horse, cut firewood and other things.

The horses were turned out every evening. There would be little pockets of horses that hung out together. They would go back to the same location every night and would stay in their same groups. The hell run was high in elevation. You had to use switchbacks to get to the top. This young wrangler had a gun and fired a shot. The horses jumped from switchback to switchback and Cowboy (my horse) did the same thing. It was hell trying to hold on to the saddle horn because of my broken wrist; it was hell coming off that hill and was the most exhilarating thing I ever did at the ranch. It was something to laugh and giggle about because it scared me to death.

This happened because the wranglers were playing a trick on me knowing it was my last day at the ranch. So, it was already planned that when I was high up on the hill the cowboy was going to shoot his gun and start all the horses running and because of having a cast, they knew I was not going to be able to hold on once the shooting started. That was cowboy humor directed at me.

S: (24:28) Did he bring the horses in every day like that or was that for your benefit?

D: That was for my benefit. He never wore a gun!

S: Would you be willing to share the story about a cowboy exiting a plane on a bet?

D: We had been drinking at the Cowboy Bar but Curley and the older guys would hang out at the Wort Hotel/bar. Once Curly started drinking, he could really tell some tales. That night we went to the Wort bar a little early and in the bar was a team of parachuters who were going to do jumps around the airport. John got into a conversation with one or two of the jump team. They were comparing the dangers of being a buckaroo and a parachuter. John bet that he could jump out of a plane without a parachute on. They were all intoxicated.

Talk had gotten out all over the area about this jump. Steve, myself and Doug get into the airplane. Doug, the pilot, got us to the end of the runway. We get about 3 feet off the ground and the doors open. John walks to the door and he tumbles out the airplane. He is tumbling down and we bring the plane back down. Folks are gathered all around him and Steve gets through the crowd and John did not have a scratch on him. The cowboy hat took most of the brunt.

#147 MP3 File

S: (0:19) Would you share the story of the mule called “the mule” with us?

D: The story of the mule revolves around 3 attorneys. I think it was one junior attorney trying to make partner with the other 2. Remember I said earlier that when you (wrangler) arrived for the summer,

you were assigned a group of horses you would ride. You didn't swap horses. One of the animals assigned to me was a mule. The mule had been trained to sit on command.

We had these three attorneys from back east somewhere. The guys had been drinking the night before and it had carried over into that morning. Back then I didn't give any thought to whether guys had been drinking who were riding a horse. Anyway, they were still somewhat intoxicated. There is an outcropping of rock that goes out maybe 30 feet on the way to Taggart Lake that is a perfect photo op. It was the first time I had taken these three guys out.

Most of the time, people would tie their horse to the tree and then walk out on the rock. Some would want to be a little more brave and take the horse out and have their picture taken standing beside their horse. And when you take this picture, there is a vast expanse behind you and it looks like you are standing in space.

On this trip, we had taken a mule with us because we wanted to get as close to the glacier ahead as we could. A horse and mule are different in that a horse does not have sense enough to keep from hurting himself. But a mule has sense enough to know his limitations if I can use that term. The young guy wanted to be sitting on a horse on the outcropping and I told him that would not be a good idea. This is when the chips starting coming in. They starting bartering with me to see what it would take to let him go out on the outcropping and sit on the horse. And, I am thinking you ain't going to get to high enough dollars for me to allow that. When it got to be around \$600, I said okay.

So, I am thinking what am I going to do here. So, I swap saddles and put mine on the mule and let this guy sit on the mule. I lead the mule onto the rock and turn him around and I walk back to the trail. The guy on the mule is grinning and letting his buddies know that I am going to get my picture done and you are not and then the mule sits down, right on the rock.

#148 MP3 File

D: The ranch has been the catalyst that has molded me from a hurt from the past, that I put behind me. I owe this place so much. How several months in one's life can shape their outlook on life is so amazing to me. So today, I can come back for a week (as a volunteer) and I am refueled for another month. I am going to work for the federal government because I am giving back to a place that gave me sanity. The ranch just makes me smile. All it takes is one summer.

S: (1:32) There is another story that makes Marilyn smile. Would you tell the story of 3 women and a bear?

D: They were from back East. This was before Curly knew my wrist was broken. People had heard about the photo op. They wanted to go to Taggart and stand on the rock and get their picture taken. Whenever we rode away from the ranch, I always rode drag to keep the ride moving because horses are lazy and don't like to work. On the way back to the ranch, I rode in front to keep the horses from breaking and running to the barn with guests on top on them. We had been to Taggart and we were coming back and the lady in the middle was having trouble with her saddle.

I rode up to the lady and about the time Cowboy and I had gotten to her and started back up the road, we come around a corner and there was a male grizzly up a tree digging the bark. I was assuming he was looking for grub worms. The lady, whose horse was in front, saw the bear and the

horse turned to go down the trail. The lady didn't turn and she just fell off Teakettle and saw the bear. She starts screaming and running with her hands in the air and runs toward me.

So, I bolt up there on Cowboy to try get her to stop as I did not know where the bear was. I jump off my horse to try to get her on Cowboy and the two of them take off down the trail. So here is Dub 35 feet from the bear. I had been told not to look a bear in the face, don't run and just back up. So, I did all that and I look at him. He has gotten down the tree and was looking for bugs or whatever. That was another good trip story and a good tip day. They were so thankful for the adventure. Then, for the next couple of days, I took them out on short rides – they kind of adopted me.

They were leaving on Sunday after the barbecue, and they just loved and loved on me the rest of the trip. They were so thankful for their experiences. When guests becomes friends, it equals the excitement that went on. And, it was the becoming friends that meant the most to me.

S: (7:57) Marilyn, (a good friend of Dub's) do you have any questions or follow up?

M: No thank you, Dub has done an excellent job.

S: Dubois was a place for the Marlboro commercials and a friend of mine use to cater them. Darrell Winfield, the Marlboro man lived in Riverton, WY. He was the genuine article. He was a horse trainer and trader. Speak to your side career in commercials.

D: I haven't told you about Anheuser-Bush commercials. That is what caused the hell ride that day. My arm was still broken and that is when Anheuser-Busch came to the ranch. On the east side of the barn, there was a log bench for sitting. The casting for the commercials had all us cowboys sitting down right there against the side of the barn. They took individual pictures and then asked us questions.



Staff posing for an audition for a Bush Beer Commercial, 1983. William 'Dub' Lloyd is third from the right.

After they were done, the head person asked for me and asked me to do the beer commercial. I said yea. They were going to do the shoot at Grand Targhee. Everybody knew I had gotten the part. Previously, I had concealed my broken wrist but when I got to Grand Targhee, they saw I had a cast on my arm and I didn't get to do the commercial.

(10:57) The Marlboro commercial was in 1985. I was at the Cody rodeo grounds and these folks came up to me and started asking me questions. I knew they were casting for something. This lady asked me if I smoked and I told her no. She then asked if I knew how to light a cigarette or could do a good representation of lighting one. I told her I could and then I knew they were casting for something but still didn't know what. So, she gives me a pack of cigarettes and some matches. I take the match and I stick the match on my pants. I had seen Darrell (the original Marlboro pitch man) do it on TV many times. I lit the cigarette and took a puff or two and didn't think much of it.

I was living in Cody and my phone rings and it was the Burnette Company from Chicago, Illinois asking me if I would like to be a part of the Marlboro commercials and if I could be in Rock Springs, Wyoming on a certain day. I said sure and all my bones had healed so there was nothing that would keep me from doing a commercial. I showed up at the hotel in Rock Springs. The cast was Benny Reynolds, David Botham, Brad Johnson (who is the young flower in the movie, Always), and Darrell (Winfield, the original Marlboro man) were the cast. There was a local guy there who had a team of horses for the chuck wagon but I don't remember his name.

After I finish signing in for the commercial, they hand me \$500. I thought that was pretty good pay and didn't realize that \$500 was per diem. I was suppose to just live off \$500/day!?! I don't know how I was suppose to live off \$500/day in Rock Springs, Wyoming (humorously) but I guess I am going to have to.

We did 3 segments of one commercial and it was called Chuckwagon Morning. The commercial was going to be a group of cowboys on a cattle drive on the start of the day and the end of the day all the while interjecting Marlboro cigarettes.

The first day we were out early in the sagebrush of Rock Springs. They told me to get out of the bedroll and go to the fire for breakfast. I am thinking that this was going to be easy. But I had no idea about being on camera and doing actual TV work. We get snuggled down and covered up and they say action and we throw the bedroll back and stand up. They then said, "Cut". We got to do it again.

(14:58) We do it again and after about 50 times doing the same thing, they said it was a roll for the day. Most of us didn't know anything about what we were doing. But they told us we were done for the day but be back at 7pm. How could we not be back at 7:00 pm? They had driven us out there, left us no vehicle and there was no place to go. So, we lounged around and tried to stay in the shade because it was the middle of July. Darrel had his trailer but we didn't; but they fed us well. It was going to be a 3-day shoot.

The next day, the horses were saddled and tied to the chuckwagon. We were to go to the horses and get on and ride off. We went over and slung our leg up over the horse and they said, "Cut". About 30 times, we got on and off the horse and that was the day.

I started to look around and learned that anytime you see a commercial where they are frying eggs and bacon, it is all rubber food and the sound is hokey. They had fooled me on TV. They try to make it look like eggs and bacon frying.

The final day is about the cattle drive. Outside of Rock Springs in July there is no water to drink. So, they have a coral of metal panels put together and a big tank of water to drink. With the big tank, the cattle were able to water almost all night. They didn't want to shoot locally but at some bluffs about 2 ½ miles across the prairie. We get our horses saddled and we had to take the cattle over the prairie starting maybe at 5:30 in the morning. We are having the best time actually getting to play cowboy. We herd the cattle and get the stays, just like we saw on Red River and Centennial or some other movie. We are going along fine and all of a sudden a helicopter drops down on top of the cattle.

(18:41) Not one cow goes in the same direction! It was like 200 cattle are all going a different direction. We were not expecting that. We get them all back together and that helicopter comes back and they all scatter again! As the helicopter made that second pass, somebody said, "Cut". Now we have 200 head of cows that are 4 miles from the water trough. They haven't had water in 5-6 hours and it is getting dusk/dark.

We were told not to let the cattle run back and to control them so we wouldn't lose any. So here we are, the cattle are thirsty and we are trying to get in front of them to keep them from running back to the ranch for water.

Anyway, that was my Marlboro commercial that took 3 days to film and then edited into about a 1 ½ minute commercial. That was so fun and it reminded me of my 3 month tenure at the ranch and being able to cowboy and having a good time.

S: (20:26) That was for television and then they used the stills for billboards.

D: Yes, they did. By the time we had filmed the commercials, they were still doing the billboard shots. The commercial was airing in Spain and France. The footage was still airing on TV. I was joking about the \$500/day but there were days I would go to the mailbox and there would be a check for \$5000, \$2000, \$8000. Those 3 days probably paid me over \$40,000.

I got to do all the cowboy life; I got to show horses, ride bucking horses, herd cattle in the desert, lead guests in the mountains, been able to stand feet from a bear, be able to see a cowboy jump out of an airplane without a parachute.

21:47-25:11 not transcribed, not White Grass Related.

D: I do realize what the state of Wyoming has done for me. By setting foot on this ranch, I owe the excitement and the joy, everything that I have been able to experience on what I learned here at White Grass and the people that I have come in contact with by being able to share tales. It has made me a storyteller and the ranch has given me much more than that one summer's experience. It has given me joy and experience from the day I left here!

S: Thank you so much for sharing your stories.

D: Thank you for listening.



Carpenters William 'Dub' Lloyd (Wrangler, 1983) and Marilyn Smith volunteer their services at White Grass during summers 2017-2019. In photo above, they are constructing a log hand railing for the rehabilitated Main Cabin front entrance.