

Howdy,

From all of us on the Entrada Board, happy spring. It's great to be back on the trails in the desert and canyons with the flowers blooming and the trees leafing out. We're feeling like Entrada is leafing out a bit too. We are coming to the summer season with a healthy financial reserve (for the first time really), a full slate of summer activities and a great line-up of music for the 4th Annual Torrey Music Festival.

We're also feeling like we're at a crossing of trails. We've pattered along rather effectively for a long time, as small non-profits go. We entertain, we spotlight scientific, artistic, cultural and conservation matters pertaining to the Colorado Plateau and we have fun doing it. The question at this juncture is, "Is that enough?"

The Board has been considering building an Entrada Headquarters building

to hold events, store our stuff and actually have an office. We've been wondering if we should be taking the organization to the next level. Should there be an Entrada endowment that will help perpetuate certain events or are there new things you'd like to see or become involved in?

A while back I was searching for a way up a cliff and I just couldn't see or feel the next handhold. I wasn't very far up but I was feeling ledged-up and wished that I had a different perspective to see where to grab next. It's kind of like where we are at as an organization. We need your perspectives to make the best decisions for you. We need your energy and assistance to make it all work.

We are embarking on an ambitious strategic planning process which will set the agenda for years to come. Let me know what you think about where you think we should be going as an organization. Call



me, e-mail, write a letter, or let's go on a hike and talk about it.

See you out there on the trail.

Your Pal and President,

—Steve Lutz

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Experiencing the Land 2007

Harmonica Workshop - July 28th

Even Lawyers, Doctors, Mothers and Teenagers Can Play the Blues

Brad Wheeler, Utah's harmonica bluesman, has taught more than 10,000 Davis and Weber County fourth graders to play the harmonica...and on Saturday, July 28th, he can teach you too! In describing his "Blues in the Schools Program", Brad has said: "We try to teach the who, the what, the when, the where, the why and the how-to's of the Blues...How to feel good when you're feeling bad, how to take situations and turn them around...we try to teach people how to improvise through life, something EVERYONE has to do to survive in life."

The six-hour workshop will introduce harmonica and blues basics...and a

harmonica is included in the workshop fee. The morning session will include harmonica basics and the afternoon will provide songwriting instruction with Dan Weldon and an opportunity to write your own blues songs. Cost is \$75 and includes harmonica.

Painting A Sense of Place - Aug. 24-26

Surrounded by magnificent sandstone formations interspersed by green valleys dotted with human activity, this workshop will explore how artists translate such a landscape onto canvas. Your instructor, Patricia Kimball, will explain and demonstrate the basics—composition, value, color, perspective, edges, etc—and guide participants into putting them together. The schedule will include an evening orientation, two morning and one afternoon

painting sessions and a final critique. Cost is \$220 for members, \$250 for non-members

Digital Photography - Sept. 7-9

Digital is here! Join us for a great time in September as Neil Eschenfelder presents a fun three-day seminar to introduce you to the ins and outs of digital photography. Bring your digital camera, memory cards, batteries and lots of desire to learn. Neil will review all the basics of photography from shutter speeds, lens openings, ISO settings, lens focal lengths, depth of field, exposure modes and more. Cost is \$220 for members, \$250 for non-members.

For more information on any workshop call Brenda Winawer 435-425-3141 or visit www.entradainstitute.org.

Ward Roylance

A Complex and Contradictory Human Being

By Francois Camoin

When English gentlemen stopped wearing beaver hats and took up silk instead, the mountain men had to turn to other pursuits if they were going to remain in the west they had come to love. Many turned to guiding wagon trains and survey expeditions whose purpose was to bring to the west that very civilization they had spent their life escaping. Like them, Ward lived a contradiction; the price he paid for living in his beloved red-rock country was to write and photograph it in such a way as to bring tourists and settlers to his particular piece of the lonesomeness, and crowd it with tourists. The dissonance was something he felt keenly, and sometimes expressed at length and in picturesque language, though he suffered under the handicap of never having learned to swear properly.

He wanted to swear about his predicaments, and he knew the words, or at least enough of them to do a passable job, but he hadn't been brought up right, and when he tried to swear it always sounded like somebody trying to speak a foreign language and doing it badly. Swearing just didn't come naturally to him, which was a pity because he had a lot to swear about.

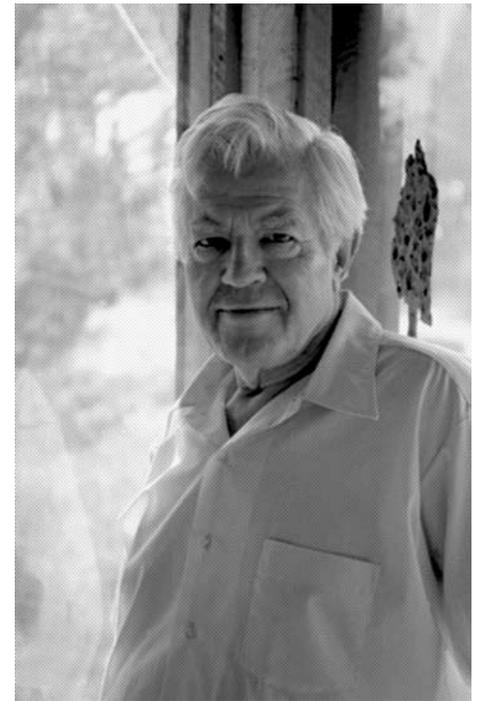
Ward was a complex and contradictory human being. He loved the land, this part of it, and wanted to keep it unspoiled, but he also wanted to tell everyone about how beautiful it was, and he was well aware of the consequences of such advertising. He didn't like motor vehicles much, but he was a good driver, and took his old yellow truck every place it could go, and some places it couldn't. He didn't like developers, and was one of the founders of SUWA, but he later decided he didn't like what they stood for either, and quit the organization. I don't think there was an association in this world flexible enough or agile enough to hold Ward; sooner or later he'd disagree with the folks who ran it about something he considered fundamental. He and his wife Gloria were about as large a group as he could comfortably belong to.

They built a cabin in Torrey (now

the Robber's Roost), and like everything else Ward did, the building turned out strange and cranky and non-conforming. The wiring was ad hoc, the plumbing improvised, the design of the whole inspired more by some sort of Romantic western American imagination and desire than by any school of architecture or principle of engineering. This place was an idea, and like most ideas it was not entirely at home in the physical world. It rains in the physical world, and it gets cold in the winter, and you need places to plug in the toaster and the television. Ward was more interested in sandstone floors and pyramid roofs.

But it was a good idea, a unique place. Ward and Gloria lived here; they wrote about the land and they photographed it. They endured the winters and the wind that blows hard in Torrey, the hot summers and the loneliness. When Gloria died Ward felt that his life had come to an end, but he endured. He corresponded with the people he'd met over the years; he made plans for another edition of his guide to the state; and he began to put together something he wanted to call Entrada

I'm not going to attempt to define Entrada, because I'm not sure exactly what it is. Like Ward's wiring it's ad hoc, improvised, a continuing invention. The notion of Entrada is connected with the cabin where Ward lived--the old telephone poles that serve as its frame, the scrap wood, the shingles on the roof, the wiring, the stones Ward and Gloria collected and brought home. Entrada has something



Ward J. Roylance, co-founder of the Entrada Institute

to do with Ward's love for this part of Utah, where the bare bones of the earth are exposed, where the plants sometimes look like rocks and the rocks resemble animals. Entrada has something to do with human beings wanting to get together and celebrate a piece of country. It's an urge, a desire, an obsession.

I don't know if Ward would like what we've done with his idea, with his place. Maybe this would be one of those moments when he'd try to swear and fail miserably because he hadn't been brought up to it. Swearing is like ballet or the study of the violin--if you don't start at an early age you might as well not start at all. Or maybe he'd think it was just fine; Ward was a bit of an anarchist, though I'm not sure he would have said so, and there's a built-in disorder to Entrada, a resistance to every kind of government, even self-government.

ENTRADA BOARD MEMBERS:

James Anderson
Francis Banta
Stacey Board
Francois Camoin
Carol Gnade
Annie Holt
Kirtly Jones

Kathy Kankainen
Bruce Perry
Pat Priebe
Steve Lutz
Nano Podolsky
Pat Priebe-Swanson
Judy Rollins

Barry Scholl
Laura Scholl
Susan Snow
Debora Threedy
Brenda Winawer
Hank Winawer

ENTRADA

2007 CALENDAR of Saturday Events

*All events will begin at 7:30 p.m. at the Robbers Roost Bookstore unless otherwise noted.**

May 19th	Book Reading & Slide Show from Off the Wall: Death in Yosemite by Charles "Butch" Farabee
26th	Book Reading from Big Wonderful by Kevin Holdsworth. Canny vision of Wyoming and the West from both sides of the Mormon mirror
June 2nd	Will Barclay & Friends – Concert of original Acoustic Music. \$5.00 suggested donation
9th	James Aton – Slides and Reading from River Flowing from the Sunrise
16th	Guy Tal – Landscape Photography Slide Presentation
23rd	Robert Adler – reading from River Ecosystems-A Troubled Sense of Immensity
30th	Concert – Stacey Board. \$5.00 suggested donation
July 7th	To Be Announced
14th	Jim Stiles with special guest Ken Sleight reading from Brave New West: Morphing Moab at the Speed of Greed
20th	Sister Wives performance at the BIFF 'It's A Wrap' party, Café Diablo in Torrey at 10:00 p.m.
21st	Garden Tour at the home of Joan & Wayne Hebertson Meet at Robber's Roost Bookstore at 3:30 p.m.
28th	Harmonica Workshop.
August 3, 4, 5	Torrey Music Festival
11	Mike Getty, Utah Museum of Natural History paleontologist. Presentation on the paleontology field work being done in the Escalante National Park
24-26	Art from the Land Workshop with Patty Kimball
September 1	Stephen Trimble – slides and reading from Talking with the Clay-The Art of Pueblo Pottery in the 21st Century
7-9	Photography from the Land Workshop with Neil Eschenfelder
22	Katie Lee – slides and reading from Glen Canyon Betrayed
29	Tangle Ridge - concert. \$5.00 suggested donation
October 6	Fred Swanson – reading from Dave Rust-A Life in the Canyons
13	Rosemary Sucec – National Park Service Anthropologist will discuss ancient Indian use of lands in and surrounding Capitol Reef National Park

For information, membership or other questions please contact Brenda Winawer at 435-425-3141

***Please check our website for individual changes in time or venue: www.EntradaInstitute.org**

Yes! Sign me up as an Entrada Member-Friend!



Individual	\$30	_____
Cedar Mesa	\$100-\$499	_____
Grand Wash	\$500-\$999	_____
Chimney Rock	\$1,000-\$4,999	_____
Golden Throne	\$5,000-\$9,000	_____
	Total	_____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____
 Phone _____
 Email _____

Fill out form and enclose check made payable to Entrada Institute. Send to Entrada Institute, P.O. Box 750217, Torrey, Utah 84775. Contributions are tax-deductible. Entrada is a 501 (c) 3 nonprofit organization

The Henry Mountains Buffalo Herd: Ghosts of the Mountains

by Barry Scholl

“When it came time to find new pasture, the buffalo seemed not to have singular identities. Their herd instinct took over and they moved as one. And when they moved like that, the impact of the herd on the land was greater than the sum of the individual animals. It’s called hoof action and is an essential part of the prairie ecosystem. Cattle’s hooves seem somehow to impact the land differently. Of course that makes sense, since our grass evolved to thrive under buffalo hooves, not cattle hooves. Only buffalo are a force that can match the scale of this land.”

—Dan O’Brien

Buffalo for the Broken Heart

In his nonfiction account of converting his failing cattle operation into a buffalo ranch, Dan O’Brien was writing about the Black Hills of South Dakota. And although his herd subsists largely on native grasses, their diet is supplemented during the winter with alfalfa and grain.

Some 800 miles from the plains of South Dakota is another herd of American buffalo (*Bison bison*), this one truly wild. If you’re fortunate enough, as you venture along the ragged fringes of the Henry Mountains, you might spy them, wallowing in a roadside depression, surprisingly agile despite their massive bulk. Or you might catch a glimpse of their dark forms racing in the distance, kicking up a plume of dust before they slip into the stands of pinyon and juniper that darken the slopes of the Henrys, the last discovered and last named Mountain Range in America. In a sense, the buffalo, though not native to those mountains, are the perfect denizens; like the range they inhabit, they are wild and intriguing. And they are one of only three free-ranging buffalo herds in the nation.

Before Europeans began to colonize North America, some sixty million buffalo inhabited the continent from the Eastern seaboard to the Rocky Mountains. O’Brien’s book offers a startling account of how quickly they were decimated



Henry Mountains Buffalo

Photo courtesy Pat Kearney, Hondoo Rivers and Trails

through over hunting and fragmentation of their former range. In a period of only 12 years, between 1872 and 1884, the species was driven almost to extinction, with only small, scattered herds remaining.

One of those herds, incidentally, ended up on Antelope Island, in northern Utah (and the story of the speculator who imported them there as part of a planned community with its own “wildlife zoo” is worth investigating, but it doesn’t concern us here). The original 18 animals of the Henry Mountains herd were transplanted from Yellowstone National Park in 1941. They were released not into the mountains, but the arid desert of Robber’s Roost, northeast of their eventual home. In 1942, another five bulls were added to the herd. That same year, the whole bunch evidently decided that they wanted to be nearer to the comparatively verdant grassland of the Henrys and moved across the Dirty Devil River to the Burr Desert at the north end of the mountain range. In 1963, the herd moved again, this time into the mountains themselves, abandoning the desert life. The herd thrived in the new locale and quickly grew to about 80 animals. Today, the herd consists of between 300-400 animals, which is regarded as the maximum the range will support.

If you go out in search of buffalo, do not forget these are wild critters weighing as much as 2,000 pounds. If you venture out on a photo safari, take a telephoto lens and keep your vehicle between yourself and the animals. In spite of their lumbering appearance, buffalo are fast; as Utah Division of Wildlife Resources (DWR) biologist Ron Hodson has noted, “When a buffalo appears to be ambling along, the

truth is that a person would need to jog just to keep up.”

According to the DWR, Buffalo feed at dusk and dawn, and bed down in timber during the day. They are gregarious, typically traveling in small groups of half-a-dozen to as many as 100 animals. The breeding season takes place in July and August, at which time the smaller herds aggregate and bulls move around the herd bellowing and pawing at the dust. Not surprisingly, this is frequently the easiest time to locate the buffalo. Calves drop between April and July, with about 80 percent of the reproductive-aged cows giving birth to a single calf. Soon after birth, the tawny-colored calves join the herd. Their hair remains light-colored for about three months, when it begins to darken to the chocolate brown hue we associate with these animals.

The Henry Mountains herd is hunted, which has the effect of making the animals wary of human contact. Both the DWR’s Hodson and Dr. Robert Sigfrid, D.V.M., who formerly conducted blood testing on the bison, have described the wildness of this herd. As Sigfrid put it, “Buffalo are elusive – not big, dumb beasts.” Others have described them as moving “like shadows” even through heavily timbered areas.

One thing’s for certain—if you do spot one of the Henry Mountains buffalo, consider yourself fortunate; you’re viewing a living vestige of our nation’s wild past, even if they did take a circuitous route to get here.

For information on where you might view the buffalo, visit the Entrada Institute Web site, www.entradainstitute.org

Wayne High School Cowboy Poetry Winners

First Place Winner: Jordan Ellett

Memories and Scars

As I ride upon Ole' Blue
And peer up at the stars,
I run my finger down my sleeve
And feel my many scars

The memory nere' fading
Of what's happened to me
I ride on care free
Never so happily

With all the bruises and the cuts
Came good ole times and fun
So I'll keep riding atop Ole' Blue
A waitin' for the sun

For times fade and vanish
And good times turn to bad
I'll always have my memories
All the good times and the bad

As I ride upon Ole' Blue
And peer up at the stars
Reminiscing of my memories
I feel my many scars

Runner up: Tessa Lamb

The Ride

The day is here; it's finally come.
All my preparation I have done.
At this rodeo up in Cheyenne
I'll get my chance at a ton.

A ton of bull that is you see
I'm a cowboy tall and lean.
Every inch of me is muscle
In these tight fittin' jeans.

Well, I am here my time is soon
There's sweat on my old hat brim.
And I'm getting all sorts of ancy
Just sitting here lookin' at him.

My bull, my prize, the one I ride.
Is standin' there ready to go.
I am almost in position
As I push my hat down low.

Suddenly I felt the blow
The pain was more than I could bear.
Jumpin around up and down
I knew I was close to swear.

This ride was crazy
This adrenaline rush was
completely engulfing me.
And I got a lot of mud
On my nice blue jeans.

After I came to my senses
I looked around to see.
I still had cowboys ahead' me.
There had to have been three.

My ride, my thrill, to my great surprise
My eight second ride I had earned
Wasn't more than a stupid mistake of mine:
I had sat upon my spurs!

Runner up: Chelsea Sellers

A Cowboy

City folk don't understand why we
Cowboys is the way we is. It's not
Something you can learn but something
That must be earned. Workin' hard is
A way of life. And it'll cost ya the price
Of your wife. After years of pain and
Neglect you'll find yourself alone
And left.

The life of a cowboy is a
Lonely road. But one we prefer to
Walk alone. The thing that makes us
Whole inside is a wide open range and

A land of no change. A sense of pride
Consumes my hide when ever I see that
American Flag.

The difference between
You and me is that I live free. No phones,
No worries, no hurry hurry. Just the
Simplicities of life make my world alright.

The world is changing everyday but there
Are some who will remain the same. The
Tough and strong will hold on to the things
That mean the most in life.

Runners up: Kamryn Stringham & Jameson Pace

Riddle

I see where my rider's been
and where he's going.
I tell tales of the old west.
I stop the wind from blowing.
And I protect to my best.
I hear the spurs clinking.
And I hear the sweat stinking.
Over the years I become one
with my rider.



Tessa Lamb reciting her poem
'The Ride' at the 2007 Cowboy Music
and Poetry Gathering held on March
3rd at the Rim Rock Restaurant in
Torrey, UT. The annual event features
cowboy music and prose from Utah
performers.

This year's gathering featured
music by Blue Sage and verse by
Don Kennington, Sam Jackson & Ray
Conrad as well as performances of
original poems from Wayne High
School students.

Next year's event is scheduled
for Saturday March 1st



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Barry Scholl presenting the Ward Roylance award to Ken Sleight at the 2006 Entrada Awards and Fundraising Event



CD Journal Under Construction

The first ever Entrada CD Journal is in the final stages of production. The CD contains artwork, music, poetry, essays and fiction. Some pieces were solicited from artists who have presented at Entrada, such as Bonnie Posselli, Katie Lee, and the late Ken Brewer. Other pieces were selected competitively by a committee made up of Board members. The CD Journal, which is supported by a grant from the U.S. Forest Service, will be distributed without charge to all current members of Entrada -- so if your membership needs renewing, here's another good reason to do it now! -- and non-members will be able to purchase the CD Journal.



TMF

The 4th Annual Torrey Music Festival will be sending sweet waves of music through the cool high desert air August 3, 4 and 5. An eclectic mix of modern singer-songwriter talent, traditional folk and driving bluegrass will keep things entertaining. And that's from just one of the bands! Some of the best artists from past fests and a bunch of new acts from all around the intermountain west will grace the Robbers Roost stages. Tickets will be on sale soon at Local Music, The Acoustic Musician and Acoustic Music in the Salt Lake Valley as well as at Robbers Roost in Torrey. For Ticket prices, lodging, contacts, schedule and other info visit torreymusicfestival.com