

Chapter LIV

The Man in the Moon

January 23, 1969 – July 24, 1969

Since returning home from their last trip in back July, Sheffield and Ramona had settled into a routine and hadn't ventured too far from home. Besides it was the middle of winter. For Ramona, her routine included teaching her primary class on Tuesdays and volunteering at the hospital on Wednesdays.

For Sheffield, it meant doing chores around the ranch. Since it was winter, the cattle and horses needed fed. Each morning he would pull a few bales of hay from the stack, cut the twine, and fill the manger. On the mornings when it was really cold, he had to make sure the watering trough wasn't frozen over. He took the Staggerwing up at least once or twice a week. Mostly he just flew around the area.

Every other Wednesday evening, he met with the district high council and typically once a month he had a speaking assignment in one of the branches in the district. He didn't have an assignment in January because of district conference, but on the third Sunday in February he had an assignment to speak in the Lynchburg Branch.

On this occasion Ramona accompanied him, as she sometimes did. They drove over the afternoon before and spent the night so Sheffield could attend the branch presidency's early morning meeting. After priesthood meeting, he returned to the motel where they were staying to get Ramona and returned to the meetinghouse for Sunday School. The branch president and his family were gracious enough to invite them to Sunday dinner. Later in the afternoon he gave his talk in Sacrament Meeting. After the meeting, they drove home.

Towards the end of February, Sheffield felt like he was coming down with the flu, except he didn't feel feverish. Then he began to feel an itching and tingling on his left shoulder blade that stretched around to his upper chest.

"Take off your shirt and let me have a look." Ramona suggested.

After seeing for herself a slight rash, she told him, "I'll bet you're coming down with a case of shingles. We'd better get you into the doctor."

"Shingles?" Sheffield asked.

"Yeah, its quite common in folks our age. Tell me, did you ever have the chickenpox?"

"Whats that got to do with anything. Isn't Chickenpox something children get?"

"Yes, but once a person has had Chickenpox, the virus stays in the body and decades later can come back as shingles. That's why I asked if you had them when you were little."

"Yeah when I was six. I remember it well. Geannie and I both had them at the same time. We had to stay home from school, but at least we had each other to play with during that time."

"Put your shirt back on while I call to see if I can get you into see the doctor."

After being examined, the doctor said, "You're coming down with shingles alright. There's no cure for it and it will have to run its course. I can give you an antiviral drug that should speed up the process and ease the discomfort."

On their way home they stopped by the drugstore and got the prescription for amantadine hydrochloride. Ramona also picked up a bottle of calamine lotion, because she was about out of it.

When they got home, Ramona told Sheffield to take a pill and to get undressed while she ran an oatmeal bath for him. After he got in and settled in, Ramona knelt beside the tub with a picture and poured water over his shoulder blade and chest, which he found quite soothing.

When he got out and dried off, she gently rubbed Calamine lotion onto the affected area. "There you go Babe. Go ahead and put your shirt on. I hope that helps."

"You're so good to me, I'm sure it will."

Over the next couple of days, the rash got worse and despite the medicine, oatmeal baths, and calamine lotion he was miserable. It felt like being pricked with needles and pins.

"It could be worse, Babe." Ramona said sympathetically.

"I'm not sure about that." Sheffield protested.

"Oh believe me. I've seen much worse. I know it's miserable, but you'll live."

As it ran its course, the rash turned to blisters, filled with a clear fluid at first, but then turned cloudy. After a few days, the blisters burst and began to ooze and crust over. After about ten days, it began to heal and by two weeks it was over. Without the medicine, it could have taken twice as long. He was fortunate that it didn't leave any scars.

During the time that Sheffield was dealing with the shingles he didn't feel like doing much but watching television. He was able to watch coverage of the flight of Apollo 9 and its mission to test the Lunar Module in earth orbit.

While watching the lift off, he made the comment, "I'd sure like to watch a launch in person one of these times."

"I wouldn't mind a trip to Florida." Ramona reflected. "I'll look into it. When do you want to go?"

"I'd like to see the launch of the moon landing mission in July."

"Perfect, that will be after we get back from seeing the kids this summer. Find out when it is for sure, and I'll take care of the arrangements."

Sheffield smiled as he settled in to watch Walter Cronkite's coverage of Apollo 9's on the evening news.

By the time it splashed down on the 13th Sheffield was pretty much over the worst of the shingles and had resumed his normal activities. While he was feeling the worst of it, Craig and his boys saw to it that

the chores were done.

On Friday night he and Ramona went to watch Geoff compete in the eight grade wrestling tournament. He didn't place but he did well enough and showed some talent that he attracted the attention of the ninth grade coach who encouraged him to try out in the fall.

The following Saturday was the Round Up. Craig, Geoff, and Todd came over to help out and as always, Roger Rowan brought his truck and helped out. Sheffield decided that at his age to cut back on the number of cows that he kept and sold half of his breeding stock. He didn't have that many to begin with, but it was more of a hobby for him and he wanted to keep it that way.

Sheffield and Ramona went over to Craig's to celebrate Gean's sixteenth birthday on April 5th, the day before Easter. She was a sophomore at Andrew Lewis High School in Salem and was anxious to start dating. There were a couple of boys her age in the branch who were vying for her attention, one of them she liked more than the other. The prom was coming up in three weeks and she hoped he would ask her out. After a week, and several hints, he still hadn't asked her. But a couple of days later the other boy did. Not sure what to do, she asked for her grandmother's advise.

"Well." Ramona told her, "You heard the old adage that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Yeah, but the wrong bird asked first."

"Then you've got to decide which you want worse. Do you want to go to the prom with the wrong bird, or take a chance of not going at all?"

"I really want to go to the prom."

"Then I guess you have your answer. Besides it might just be enough to attract the attention of the other boy. You asked for my opinion, I'd say go with what you've got."

"Okay, Grandma. I will." she concluded resolutely. Then she thought a moment and asked, "But what if the other boy asks me too?"

"It wouldn't be fair to break a date that you've already accepted now would it?"

"No."

"So if he does ask, just tell him that you already have a date, but let him know that you would love to go out with him some other time."

She excitedly accepted the date and looked forward to it. Eventually the other boy asked her too. She did what Ramona had told her and she ended up being asked out to see a movie, the week before the prom.

In looking ahead at their plans, Sheffield and Ramona wanted to fly out to Utah for Wesley's baptism at the end of May. That conflicted with the memorial day picnic. He talked to Walt about it, and he suggested that maybe it was time for each family to do their own thing. The last one had been so well attended that it

would be a good note to end on.

Not wanting to end it all together, Sheffield suggested that they have an extended reunion every five years. That sounded reasonable to Walt and the rest of the family. So without having to worry about the reunion, they were free to go ahead with their trip as planned.

During the third week of May, Sheffield closely followed the flight of Apollo 10, the second trip to the moon. When he got home from Sunday School he turned on the television and watched the last forty five minutes of the countdown and the lift off at twelve forty nine. Watching the lift off made him anticipate even more their trip to Florida in July. Ramona had all of the arrangements made and everything was set, as long as the launch wasn't delayed.

By the time he and Ramona went back to church later in the afternoon, Apollo 10 was on its way to the moon. After leaving earth orbit, the capsule docked with the Lunar Module for a dress rehearsal for the actual landing in July. During the week Sheffield watched Walter Cronkite's live coverage of the mission, when it was being broadcast. Three days later later, Apollo 10 went into lunar orbit where they remained for the next three days. They sent back some incredible color television pictures of the moon and the spacecraft as they put the lunar module through its paces. After thirty one orbits of the moon, they began the return trip to earth and splashed down on Monday the 26th. The stage was now set for men to actually land on the moon!

Since the extended Brason family wasn't getting together on Memorial Day, Sheffield's family made their own plans to get together at Janet's home. Sheffield and Ramona were going anyway for Wesley's baptism. Norma and Wade were planning on coming down for the weekend. That left Craig and Edith. Craig arranged to take some time off so they could come too.

On Wednesday evening, Sheffield and Ramona went to the cemetery so the graves would have flowers for Memorial Day on Friday. On Thursday morning, they took off in the Staggerwing from the Two Star Ranch. Craig and his family took off the airport in his Bonanza. They rendezvoused and headed out together. Sheffield had to hold his plane back a little so Craig could keep up with him. They made a fuel stop in Springfield, then at their fuel stop in McCook, Tina wanted to ride the rest of the way with Grandpa and Grandma. Late in the afternoon, they landed in Wayne Gover's pasture.

Janet and Jerry and Norma and Wade, who had arrived earlier in the afternoon, were there to meet them. Since Jerry and the kids had not been able to come at Christmas, they hadn't seen them since the summer before. To accommodate everyone, Craig's family stayed at Janet's house, Norma's family had their camp trailer set up in the backyard, and Sheffield and Ramona would stay with Wayne and Gale until Craig and his family left.

On Friday morning, everyone went up to the cemetery to put flowers out on Anthony's grave. Then

they followed Wayne and Gale around as they put flowers out on the graves of their families. While at the cemetery, Sheffield gathered his family around the granite shaft that marked the grave of Martin Harris and had Wayne retell the story of his grandfather's encounter with Martin Harris, and the testimony that he had bore to him about seeing the Angel Moroni and the gold plates.

“My grandfather, Henry Morris Gover, was a young man of about eighteen years old at the time Martin Harris died. On several occasions he would accompany his brother in law, George Godfrey, as he called on Brother Harris. He often spoke of the scenes and events which are Church History in connection with the bringing forth of the Book of Mormon, and his mind was as clear as it is possible for the human mind to be. His testimony left no trace of doubt in my grandfather's mind that he had actually conversed with an angel who bore testimony to him of the truthfulness of the records contained in the Book of Mormon, and that he saw and handled the gold plates from which the records were taken.

“My grandfather recalled that a few hours before his death when Brother Harris was so weak and feeble that he was unable to recognize anyone, and knew not to whom he was speaking, his brother in law asked him if he did not feel that there was any element of deception in the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. He replied as he had always done, so many times. My grandfather wrote down what he said and I memorized it. He said, 'The Book of Mormon is no fake. I know what I know. I have seen what I have seen and I have heard what I have heard. I have seen the gold plates from which the Book of Mormon was written. An angel appeared to me and others and testified to the truthfulness of the records and had I been willing to have perjured myself and sworn falsely to the testimony which I now bear I could have been a rich man, but I could not have testified other than I have done and am now doing for these things are true.'

“Martin Harris passed a way a short time later and my grandfather assisted George Godfrey, who was the cemetery sextant, in preparing the grave and assisting in the burial.

“Martin Harris' testimony made such an impression upon my grandfather that he repented of his wayward ways and straightened out his life. I heard him tell this story so many times, that it had a powerful impact on my life as well and I have tried to instill it my children and grandchildren. I hope that Wesley, Andrea, and Pearl take it to heart as well.”

From the Cemetery the Brasons gathered at Janet and Jerry's house for their reunion. Everyone brought something and it was all put together for a backyard picnic, complete with games and other activities for the cousins.

Since there were so many birthdays around that time, the picnic served as an unofficial birthday party while they were all together. Norma had just turned thirty six on Monday, Wesley's was the next day, Andrea would be six on the 2nd and Ramona would be sixty six the day after that, the twin cousins Geoff and Teresa would be fourteen on the 19th and 20th, and Todd would be eleven on the 2nd of July. With so many

birthdays, there was a big sheet cake full of candles. Those having birthdays all gathered around and in unison blew out the candles. Naturally there was ice cream to go with it.

The next day was all about Wesley, although he had been included in the combined birthday celebration the day before. Wesley was a cute little boy with big brown eyes and black hair. The half of him that was Indian certainly dominated his physical traits. He was as rambunctious as he was sweet. Wesley understood that that he was adopted and what that meant. Andrea did too, but Pearl was still too little to understand.

Because they lived so far away, he didn't get to spend much time with his grandparents, uncles and aunts and cousins so while they were there, they made the most of it. Now that Norma's family lived closer, they got together more often. He and Marty had become good friends. In the afternoon, he got to open his presents and have cake and ice cream. Then it was time to get ready for his baptism. Not everyone gets to be baptized on their birthday.

The baptismal service started at seven, but Jerry and Wesley needed to be there a half an hour before that. All of the Brasons were there and so were most of the Govers. Others who came to support him were his Primary teacher and friends of the family. The only thing that went wrong was that his big toe came up out of the water and Jerry had to do it done over. The next morning, the whole family went to church and after dinner went back for fast and testimony meeting where Wesley was confined.

Craig and Edith and their family flew home Monday morning and Norma and Wade and their family also went home. Sheffield and Ramona stayed the for ten more days. During that week, there were two more birthdays to celebrate; on the 2nd it was Andrea's sixth and the next day was Ramona's sixty sixth. During the week they found plenty to do, including a couple of trips into Logan and a day up on the range.

Then on Wednesday the 11th, they said goodbye and flew up to Rexburg to spend another ten days with Norma and her family. When they arrived at their home, they were surprised to see the river bottom flooded because they never got that kind of flooding back home. Wade explained that it was to be expected every spring during the run off.

It was kind of stormy the rest of that week to go much of anywhere except, one day they did go to Idaho Falls to attend the Temple. On Saturday they went to the Romance Theater on Main Street in Rexburg to see True Grit, Staring one of Sheffield's favorite actors, none other then John Wayne, as the one eyed U.S. Marshall Rooster Cogburn. A role that was sure to win him and Academy Award for best actor.

The weather was much improved for their outing the following week. Wade had learned of another place over in Wyoming that they wanted to go to. On Monday morning they headed out with the camp trailer behind their station wagon. They went as if they were going to Jackson Hole, but at Hoback Junction they turned off on US Highway 189 and 191 and followed the Hoback River for a little better than elven miles.

Where Granite Creek flowed into the Hoback River, they turned off the highway onto a gravel road. In the distances were very tall snow capped peaks. As they drove toward them they went through a lot of sagebrush. At first they wondered if it was going to be worth it.

As they followed the creek, eventually the sagebrush gave way to forest. The closer they got, the better view they had of the mountains. One had a sheer granite pillar that jutted from the face of the mountain just below the summit. Eight and half miles later, they came to the campground and pulled in to find a spot. The campground seemed pretty much empty and they could have just about any spot they wanted. They had only gone past a few when they found the perfect spot on the bend in the road.

Sheffield got out and guided Wade into the campsite. It was on a ridge over looking the creek below and across the way to majestic mountain with the granite slab. On the face of the rock formation, toward the top was a shield shaped void, called The Open Door. It wasn't the tallest mountain, as taller ones were farther back. The view was breath taking.

Everyone piled out of the car and they set about unhitching the trailer and setting up camp. Just across the road was a restroom. With flushing toilets! The nearest campers were little ways away. Being a weekday, there weren't very many people there. Once camp was set up, it was lunch time.

After lunch, they got back in the car and drove on up the road a half a mile from the campground to the waterfall. They had to hike down to creek and got right up to the foot of the falls. The waterfall was only a twenty foot drop and seventy feet across, but it was very impressive nonetheless.

Across the creek was a sheer granite slab that was as high as the falls. A little ways from the top, hot water seeped from a crag in the face of the slab and spilled into a series of pools on a sandbar at the base of the slab. The pools had been dug out and lined with rocks and cold water was diverted from the creek to cool the pools. The creek ran high and fast from the runoff and crossing it looked treacherous.

From the base of the falls, a rather steep trail led up to the crest of the falls. It wasn't that bad of a climb, but there was a longer, less steep trail that also went to the top. From there, further up the creek was another waterfall about five feet high. From the top they looked down over the falls, the hot pools and the creek below.

On the other side of the creek, three women came down the side of the mountain to the hot pools. They must have hiked in from somewhere on the other side. They watched as the three ladies set down their backpacks and proceeded to strip naked and got into the pool and didn't seem to care who saw them.

After hiking back a little further along the creek, the trail ended and they returned to the crest of the falls and came back down and sat at the bottom of the falls, admiring the scenery. Norma thought that Wade was admiring too much of the scenery, as he kept glancing across the creek at the wildlife on the other side.

After taking it all in, they made their way back up to the car and went on up the road another quarter

of mile to a parking area. They followed the trail down to the creek and across a foot bridge over the creek. That must be where the women got across. Up ahead they saw the swimming pool that they had been told about. Over all, it was about two hundred yards from the parking area to the swimming pool.

They paid the admission and went to the changing rooms to put on their swimming suites and got into the pool. One side of the pool was formed by the steep rock side of the mountain with a hot spring that came out of the rocks. The pool was basically a coffer damn fifty feet in diameter that had been built in 1933 by the CCC. The shallow end was about two and a half feet deep and it was about eight feet deep at the far end. In the corner was a spillway that spilled over into a little stream that ran down to the creek. According the sign that told all about the pool, the water was ninety three degrees. Just right for a relaxing swim and a soak. There were a few other people in the pool when they got there. Over the next two hours that they enjoyed the pool, people came and went. It was obviously a popular place.

The next day, they drove the thirty or so miles over to Jackson Hole where they spent a good share of the day. Then on Wednesday they went back up to the pool once in the morning and again in the afternoon. After lunch on Thursday, they packed up and went home. On Friday they celebrated Teresa's fourteenth birthday and then on Saturday, Sheffield and Ramona flew home.

While they were away, Geoff had also celebrated his fourteen birthday. On Sunday in Sacrament Meeting, he was presented to be ordained a Teacher in the Aaronic Priesthood. After the meeting, Craig ordained him, with both his Grandpa Brason and Grandpa Austin standing in. Since Craig was the Elders Quorum President, he assigned Geoff to be Sheffield's home teaching companion.

Sheffield and Ramona had three weeks at home before they were off again, this time on their long anticipated trip to Florida. On Monday the 14th of July, Sheffield and Ramona flew down to Titusville, Florida in the Staggerwing. Titusville is directly across the Indian River from the Kennedy Space Center at Cape Canaveral.

Although Ramona had made their reservations back in March, the best rooms had already been taken and she had to settle for a motel across town, away from the Space Center. On Tuesday along with thousands of others, they went on a guided tour of the Kennedy Space Center facilities that were open to the public.

The real purpose of the trip was to watch the launch on Wednesday the 16th. They left their motel quite early and made their way to one of the launch viewing areas along the west side of the Indian River. All up and down the river and at various other places, hundreds of thousands of people gathered to watch history being made.

From where they were, they couldn't actually see the launch pad or the Saturn V rocket two and half miles way. Loudspeakers broadcast the countdown as anticipation grew, despite the sweltering heat of the

early morning Florida sun beating down on them.

The loud speakers continued to report what was occurring, with growing tension and excitement as the countdown ticked down, “T minus twenty seconds and counting.... T minus fifteen seconds...guidance is internal...twelve, eleven, ten, nine... ignition sequence start, six, five, four, three, two, one, zero, all engines running.”

Then at nine thirty two on July 16, 1969, “*Liftoff...we have a liftoff, thirty-two minutes past the hour...*”



Twelve long seconds elapsed before the lumbering Saturn cleared the tower and the hundreds of thousands of spectators began to feel the vibration and shock waves pummeling their bodies and the soles of their feet. They could see the mighty rocket, trailing a plume of fire and smoke as it rose into the air. It seemed to be moving slowly at first, but gained speed as the thrust from the engines pushed it skyward. Even that far away, the ground shook beneath their feet.

For Sheffield and Ramona, the hundreds of thousands of spectators, and millions of people across the nation it was one of those moments that would not soon be forgotten. These weren't the first men going to the moon as six others had already been there, but this time two men from the planet Earth would actually set foot on the moon. They watched as the rocket went ever higher, arching out over the Atlantic Ocean until it was a faint glow before finally disappearing from view.

As the hordes of people began to dissipate, Sheffield and Ramona made their way back to their motel. When they got there Sheffield turned on the television to listen to Walter Cronkite's coverage while they packed their suitcases. By then the space craft was well into its first orbit.

Before leaving to go home, they went to the motel coffee shop for lunch. In the coffee shop the television was on, tuned to Walter Cronkite as he covered the progress of the mission. By the time they were seated, Apollo 11 was approaching Australia on its second orbit. By the time their lunch was brought to them, it was over Hawaii where the third stage engine reignited. They listened to the astronauts and ground control as they began rocketing away from Earth orbit on their mission into the history books.

By the time they had finished eating their lunch, Neil Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin, and Michael Collins were on their way to the moon. Sheffield and Ramona went back to their room and gathered their things and caught a ride to the airport and flew home.

As soon as they got home later that afternoon, Sheffield turned on the television, even before

unpacking. For the next four days he watched the continuous coverage of the mission. By Saturday afternoon, they had achieved lunar orbit. On Sunday after returning from Sunday School, Sheffield was back in front of the television. At one forty seven, the Lunar Module, named Eagle, with Armstrong and Aldrin aboard separated from Columbia, the command module, and prepared for its decent to the surface of the moon on the next orbit.

The words, "You are go for landing." came over the television as anxiety and excitement built in the Braoson home and a cross the country. Craig and Edith brought their kids over to watch it with them.

The voice of Astronaut Aldrin called out the descent parameters, "Seven hundred and fifty feet, coming down at 23 degrees . . . 700 feet, 21 down . . . 400 feet, down at nine . . . Got the shadow out there . . . 75 feet, things looking good . . . Lights on . . . Picking up some dust. . . 30 feet, 2 1/2 down . . . Faint shadow . . . Four forward. Four forward, drifting to the right a little . . . Contact light. Okay, engine stop."

Then at four eighteen came the immortal words uttered by Neil Armstrong, the young navy pilot that Sheffield knew seventeen years earlier, "Houston, Tranquility Base here. The Eagle has landed."

The quest of the ages had been realized, men had landed on the moon!

After watching a few more minutes, Sheffield got up and turned off the television. "Alright everyone," he announced, "its time to go to sacrament meeting."

Naturally, when they returned home after church, the first thing that Sheffield did was to turn on the television again. There wasn't much happening for most of the evening, nevertheless the whole family watched as history was unfolding on the television screen right there in their living room. Although the hour was getting late, it kept their attention.

Then at nine minutes to eleven the hatch on the Lunar Module was opened and Armstrong stepped out onto the platform. He opened an equipment pod on the lander exposing the camera lens. As it was switched on, the lunar landscape with the forward landing strut came clearly into focus.

What happened next was the unbelievable sight of Neil Armstrong in his spacesuit with a large pack on his back slowly coming down the ladder. "I'm at the foot of the ladder," he said as he paused. "The LM footpads are only depressed in the surface about one or two inches. . . the surface appears to be very, very fine grained, as you get close to it, it's almost like a powder."

Then he stepped of the ladder. With the gravity on the moon only one sixth that of Earth's, he seemed to float the remaining three feet to the surface. With his feet planted on the moon, he said,

"That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind."



The Brasons found them themselves cheering and clapping as they watched.

A few minutes later, he was joined by Aldrin. In the fashion of the explores of old, they planted an American flag in the lunar soil. A metal arm was extend to hold up the flag out since there was no breeze on the moon to make it wave. They took a step back and in view of the camera, they saluted the flag before setting about heir assigned tasks. The pair of astronauts were interrupted by a telephone call from President Nixon that was patched through to them. After a brief conversation with the President, Armstrong began collecting soil and rock samples while Aldrin was taking photographs of Eagle from various angles. Meanwhile, Collins was passing overhead in Columbia.

During the two hours outside, the moon walkers collected samples and setup equipment for scientific experiments. Then with their life support running low, they returned to the shelter of the lander and closed the hatch behind them.

It was already after one o'clock in the morning when Craig and Edith and their kids walked the short distance to their house. They looked up into the night sky to look at the moon, but it had long since gone down.

Monday was a "National Day Off" as declared by President Nixon. Very little got accomplished again that day as they spent most of the day setting around the television. At six minutes to two, the upper stage of lunar module lifted off from the lunar surface and returned to orbit and rejoined the command module. With most of the excitement over, the family began to wean themselves away from the television to go about their normal activities.

Around one o'clock Tuesday morning, the command module with the tree astronauts and their treasures left lunar orbit to being the trip home. Over the next couple of days there wasn't much to watch except for replays and commentary about the mission.

But on Thursday, the Brasons had once again gathered around the television to watch the return of the men from the moon as they made their fiery return to earth and splashed down in the Pacific Ocean around one o'clock in the afternoon.

And so they had witnessed the greatest epic in human history. One that Sheffield and Ramona could have hardly imagined in their youth. Somehow that afternoon on the 24th of July they world hardly seemed the same, nor would it ever be again.

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In 1966, the first antiviral drug, amantadine-HCl, was licensed in the United States for use against influenza and was found to be affective with shingles. Calamine lotion had been around for a long time.

Henry Morris Gover actually died about six weeks before Martin Harris from a reckless choice that resulted in his death. Being an only son with no children, when he died, the Gover name died out as well. However, his brother in law, George Godfrey, who was my great great grandfather, did spend a lot of time with Martin Harris and gave the account related here.

John Wayne did win an Academy Award for best actor for his role as Rooster Cogburn in True Grit.

Granite Creek is one of our favorite places that we used to go to a lot. And yes, our first time there, there were three naked women in the hot pool across the creek. In subsequent years a large log came over the falls and jammed in the rocks, forcing the water over to the far side of the creek and completely washed away the sandbar and the hot pools.