

Arrington
Zoo



Woody's Exotic Animals

by Howard

Between 1962 and 1994 Woodrow collected exotic animals, which he kept on his Bassett farm in first-class facilities. This book is a collection of stories from those who experienced firsthand working with Woody, building facilities, traveling to exotic animal sales, and handling the animals.

Woody's collection of exotic animals peaked in 1977. His private zoo included these exotics at one time or another: lion, Siberian tiger, leopard, jaguar, cougar, bobcat, black bear, rhesus monkey, chimpanzee, baboon, wallaby, fox, wolf, raccoon, coati mundi, peccary, elk, white Siberian elk, llama, guanaco, yak, buffalo, water buffalo, cape buffalo, white rhinoceros, musk ox, giraffe, zebra, moose, reindeer, dromedary camel, nilgai, brindled gnu, defassa waterbuck, sitatunga, blackbuck antelope, pronghorn, dik-dik antelope, springbok antelope, topi antelope, sable antelope, addax antelope, roan antelope, blesbok, gemsbok, cape hartebeest, eland, scimitar oryx, aoudad, Himalayan tahr, gaur, ostrich, mule deer, axis deer, German red deer, English spotted deer, Japanese sika deer, black tail deer, white tail deer, big horn sheep, stone sheep, dall sheep, pygmy goat, pygmy donkey, ankole cattle, Scottish highlander, and Texas longhorn .

Dad had farms on Hitt Road, in New Sweden 6 miles south of Idaho Falls, and at the I-15 Osgood exit (Bassett) 10 miles north of Idaho Falls. Each Saturday his sons would go with Dad to work on the farm, typically for a half day in the morning. Work would include branding and vaccinating the cattle bought for the feedlot, sorting animals, repairing fences and sheds, hanging gates, and construction of new barns and pens for the exotic animals. Working on the farm with Dad provided a time and place to learn important life lessons.

From the first buffalo acquired in 1962, until the farm was sold in 1995, Woodrow enjoyed breeding and trading exotic animals. With his construction experience and equipment, first-class facilities were built in the 1970s and 1980s for his exotics. In particular, the African hoofed animals required heated barns for Idaho's cold winters. He designed and built a round house with 16 pie-shaped segments with an outside run and inside shelter, and room for a small stack of hay and grain barrel in the central core.

He would attend the semi-annual Lolli Bros. exotic animal sale in Macon, MO, to balance his zoo inventory. Other exotic sales were in Chamberlain, SD, and the Dave Hale sale in Cape Girardeau, MO.

Sources

Where did the content for this book come from? Woodrow and Marjorie had 5 sons and 2 daughters: John (1943), George (1946-2002), Jannet (1948-2015), Howard (1951), Barbara (1952), Ronald (1955) and Richard (1959). His sons worked on the farm until they left for college. John moved back to Idaho Falls in May 1973. Howard lived in Idaho Falls in 1977, and moved back to Idaho Falls in June 1988. Thus, John and Howard had the most firsthand experiences with the animals. Howard took the majority of the photos in 1977, a time when the diversity within Woody's animal collection reached its zenith.

Woodrow typed an autobiography in 1982 of his experiences with the animals. He updated this autobiography with a hand written version in 1993. Both versions have been melded and dates added to make the stories more complete. Dates shown in [] were obtained from sales receipts and letters. He also wrote and published articles in the "Animal Finder's Guide" magazine.

Biography

Woodrow was born 18 Sep 1911 in Salt Lake City and died 14 Nov 1999, age 88, in Idaho Falls. His childhood was spent in Magna, UT, and his teenage years in Montpelier, ID.

He was educated at the University of Idaho in Pocatello and Moscow, ID. He earned four degrees from the University of Idaho:

- B.S. in Mechanical Engineering (1935)
- B.S. in Agricultural Engineering (1937)
- M.S. in Agricultural Engineering (1937)
- Civil Engineer (1942)

He married Marjorie in 1942, and then left for WWII. He was commissioned a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy Seebies, and served until the end of WWII in the Pacific theater. He participated in 5 invasions, including Okinawa.

After the war, he returned to Idaho Falls, ID, and established Arrington Construction Company which became a major construction firm in Southern Idaho. Many of its contracts were at the Idaho National Laboratory 50 miles west of Idaho Falls building nuclear reactor facilities.

In 1966 he was elected a director of the Bank of Commerce, and became Chairman of the Board of the Bank of Commerce in 1985.

He served eight years on the City Planning Commission, six years on Stake High Councils for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and 4 years as Bishop of the 17th Ward.



Registered Hereford Bull

1960



Farm

by Woodrow

The Beginning

I worked night and day, seven days a week after the war to make the Construction Company a success. Such strain broke my health and Dr. Woolley had me get a farm as a diversion, cut out working on Sundays and get more help in the office. From the farm, I got into the cattle business, then into the animal business. My health improved and I have enjoyed working out on the farm, building buildings, working with the cattle and animals since. Each year, I've taken a few trips around the United States, as a vacation, delivering and picking up animals at the various parks and zoos.

Each Wednesday for over 28 years, I've gone to the auction sale in Idaho Falls and nearly always bought cattle, which I fattened for the market. Now I winter them, feeding up the farm produce, then sell the cattle in the spring.

My cousin Leroy and I were partners in the cattle business for about six years until his banker had him quit, saying I was too rich for Leroy to try and keep up with. So I bought out his share in the equipment and cattle and have been alone ever since.

I have owned several farms. Each I've cleaned up, land leveled, built new facilities, then sold at a profit. Several years ago, I got an offer to sell the farm at Bassett, but Marjorie discouraged me from selling, saying I needed a place to play, didn't need the money and if I sold it, all the work her Dad, my Dad, and the boys had done would be gone and couldn't be replaced. I'm glad I didn't sell out as we've improved the facilities up there each year.

Work - Education - Animals

by George

As I reflect back upon Dad's life, three things come to mind: **W**ork, **E**ducation, and **A**nimals. 'W-E-A.' These are his initials. They seem very appropriate.

Paid for Working

Dad believed that those who worked should get paid, and those who didn't should not. This principle even extended to our family. Dad always paid us children for our labors whether it was mowing the lawn, working at the farm, or working on construction jobs. If we worked, we got paid. If we didn't, we didn't get paid. It was a simple concept to understand. Sometimes Dad even allowed his children to bid for the opportunity to work. If Dad had a gate to be painted, one child might offer to do it for \$1.00. Soon, someone might offer to do it for \$.75. With seven children, the bids went pretty low. The lowest bidder was awarded the job. The process gave us children a good appreciation of the competitive nature of the construction business.

Love of Animals

Dad had an unusual love of animals. As a young boy he had a dog, raised pigeons, chickens, and rabbits. After he returned home from World War II, Dad became a partner with his cousin, LeRoy Arrington, in raising cattle. At first, they fed cattle on open range near Twin Falls, Idaho. Later Dad fed them on his first farm on Hitt Road east of Idaho Falls. Later, he expanded the business into a large feed lot operation in New Sweden, and later in Bassett, near Roberts. Each Wednesday for 28 years, Dad attended the cattle auction in Idaho Falls, nearly always buying cattle to fatten for the market.

At the farm in Bassett, Dad later added a few buffalo, then elk and llamas. He then began accumulating his own personal zoo, which eventually included exotic animals such as lions, zebras, camels, giraffes, monkeys, chimpanzees, rhinos, deer, and many other animals. Dad enjoyed trading these animals with other people having similar interests. He just enjoyed the animals and enjoyed being with people having similar interests. Dad often said he loved working with animals because they didn't talk back.

Zebra

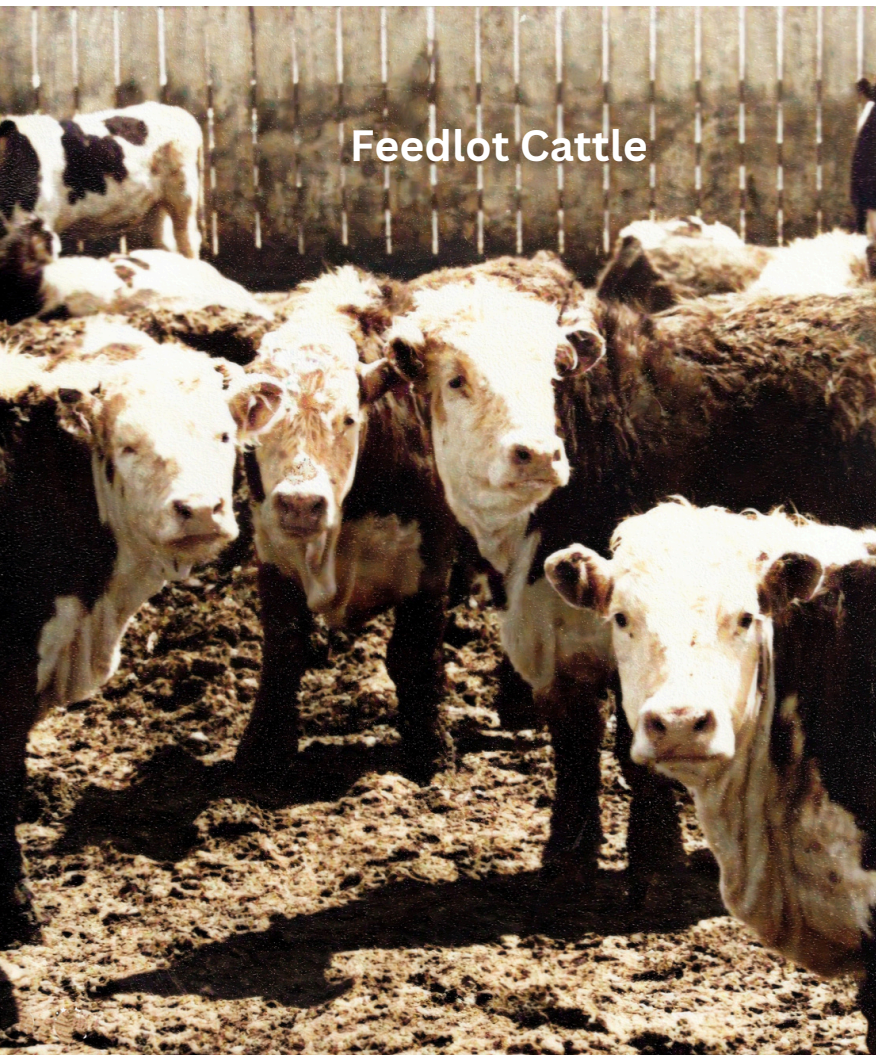
Corrugated Tin Roof


Woodrow Made This Gate

Railroad Tie Post



Feedlot Cattle



WELCOME TO
ARRINGTON'S  **ANIMAL PARK**

EXOTIC • CAGED • HOOFED ANIMALS
 IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

W.E. ARRINGTON owner
 PH (208) 522-1990

LARRY STARK manager

Guanaco
 Buffalo
 Tigers
 Elk
 Camels
 Gnu
 Lions
 Bears
 Aoudads
 Raccoon

W. E. Arrington
EXOTIC ANIMAL COLLECTION
 OSGOOD INTERCHANGE-I-15 FREEWAY
BUY - SELL - TRADE

HOME ADDRESS
 795 SATURN AVE,
 P. O. BOX 881
 IDAHO FALLS
 IDAHO 83401
 TEL. 523-0774

BUSINESS ADDRESS
 C/O ARRINGTON CONST. CO.
 1519 CASSEIOPEIA ST.
 P. O. BOX 581
 IDAHO FALLS
 TEL. 522-1990

Wallabees
 Monkeys
 Jaguars
 Yak
 Llama
 Zebra
 Antelope
 Reindeer
 Coati Mundi
 Deer

Feedlot

by Howard

Feedlot Operation

Dad lived in Idaho Falls, and employed farm managers to raise crops, feed cattle in the feedlot, and care for the exotic animals. The farm was primarily a feedlot operation with capacity for a thousand head of cattle. Dad typically had a herd of registered Hereford cattle with around 70 cows. He would buy cattle to fatten in the feedlot each week at the Wednesday stock yard auction in Idaho Falls, have his farmhands pick up the cattle on Friday, and then vaccinate and brand the cattle on Saturday. All farm crops of potatoes, alfalfa, grain, and corn were raised for use as feed for the feedlot. The feedlot had a half dozen granaries, molasses tank, hay mill and silage pit for feed. Haystacks filled the centers of alleyways. Some hay was produced on the farm, and the balance purchased from Watkins Farm west of Roberts, ID.

Farm Managers

- Dale Waggoner (50's), New Sweden farm
- Albert Mesmer (50's), Bassett farm
- Deverle Wattenbarger (60's) New Sweden farm
- Roy & Blaine Lindstrom (60's), Bassett farm
- Larry Stark (70's), Bassett farm

After Larry Stark left in 1980, Dad experienced continual challenges in finding dependable help.

Corral Muck

Dad kept several pair of rubber boots in the garage. We would slip these boots on over our work shoes to protect our shoes from the corral's muck in winter and spring.

The corrals had a mound in the center on which straw was added to be an elevated place for the cattle to get out of the muck. Straw was also placed under the loafing sheds which lined the back side of the corrals. The front of the corral had a concrete manger with steel angle iron posts through which was strung steel cables which were recycled from construction cranes. The manger had a concrete pad about 6 feet wide for the cattle to stand on. Feed would be augured into the manger from a feed wagon.

Corrals were cleaned using a front-end loader to scoop manure onto a manure wagon. The wagon was pulled by a tractor over the fields to scatter manure to fertilize the fields. Dirt would be hauled from neighboring farms when farmers cleaned their potato cellars. The dirt was needed to fill areas near the mangers and under the sheds.

Post Holes

Of all the work done on the farm, why does digging post holes seem to be the definition of work? I guess that is because it is hard work, and there were lots of post holes to be dug.

The ground was hard clay mixed with river rocks. Dad had a 6-foot long bar that was pointed on one end, and slightly curved on the other end with a straight edge. This bar was used to chip away at the hard pan, and coax out another rock. When a bit of soil had been loosened, it would be removed with a shovel. The task was particularly difficult in the winter when the ground was frozen. The holes were typically dug 2 feet deep.

The posts used on the farm were primarily old oak railroad ties purchased in bulk. The 9-foot ties in the best condition were used for gate posts, and the rest were used for fence posts.

After a hole was dug, and a railroad tie inserted, dirt that had been excavated would be used to backfill around the post. This was tamped using another 6-foot long steel bar that was 2½ inch diameter on one end and 1½ inch diameter on the other end. Rocks were tamped in to wedge between the post and the edges of the post hole. The post was plumbed in both directions.

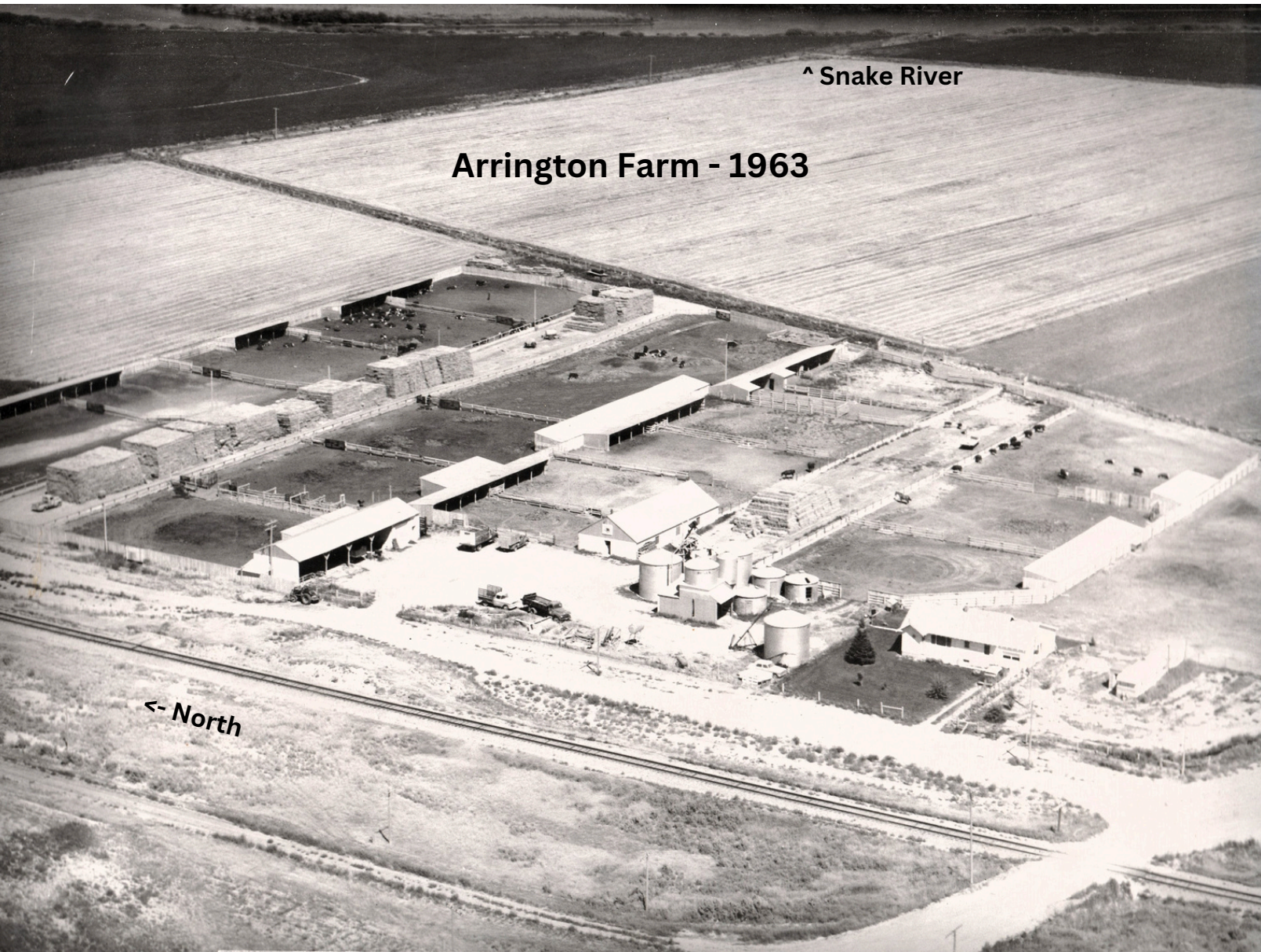
Gates

Dad welded gates in his construction shop in Idaho Falls. These were typically 10 feet in length, made with a 2½ inch galvanized pipe perimeter, and with ¾ inch rebar rails. The center of the gate would have a vertical member, and then strengthened with rebar running diagonally from the two bottom corners to the top center.

The latching mechanism was a pivoting lever that would push a ¾ inch diameter rod through a horizontal pipe sleeve into a latch hole on the post.

The hinge design was two pipe sleeves offset by a couple inches from the end of the gate. The sleeves were welded in place by a pair of straps. Two eye bolts would be installed through the gate post and a 1½ inch pipe inserted through the gate sleeves and the two eye bolts. An alternative to using eye bolts and an axel pipe, was to use J-bolts. The lower eye bolt or J-bolt would have a welded flange to fix the horizontal spacing. The gates could then be leveled by adjusting the upper bolt.

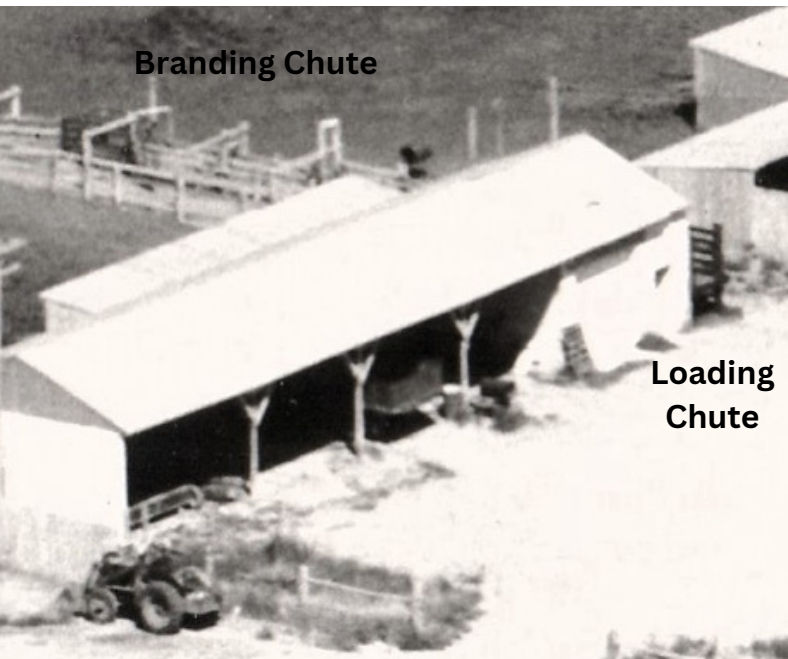
Drilling a ¾ inch bolt hole through an oak post was a difficult task. We used a brace and bit. When drilling progress was not being made, Dad would push against my shoulder to increase the pressure on the drill bit. Gates were painted black.



^ Snake River

Arrington Farm - 1963

<- North

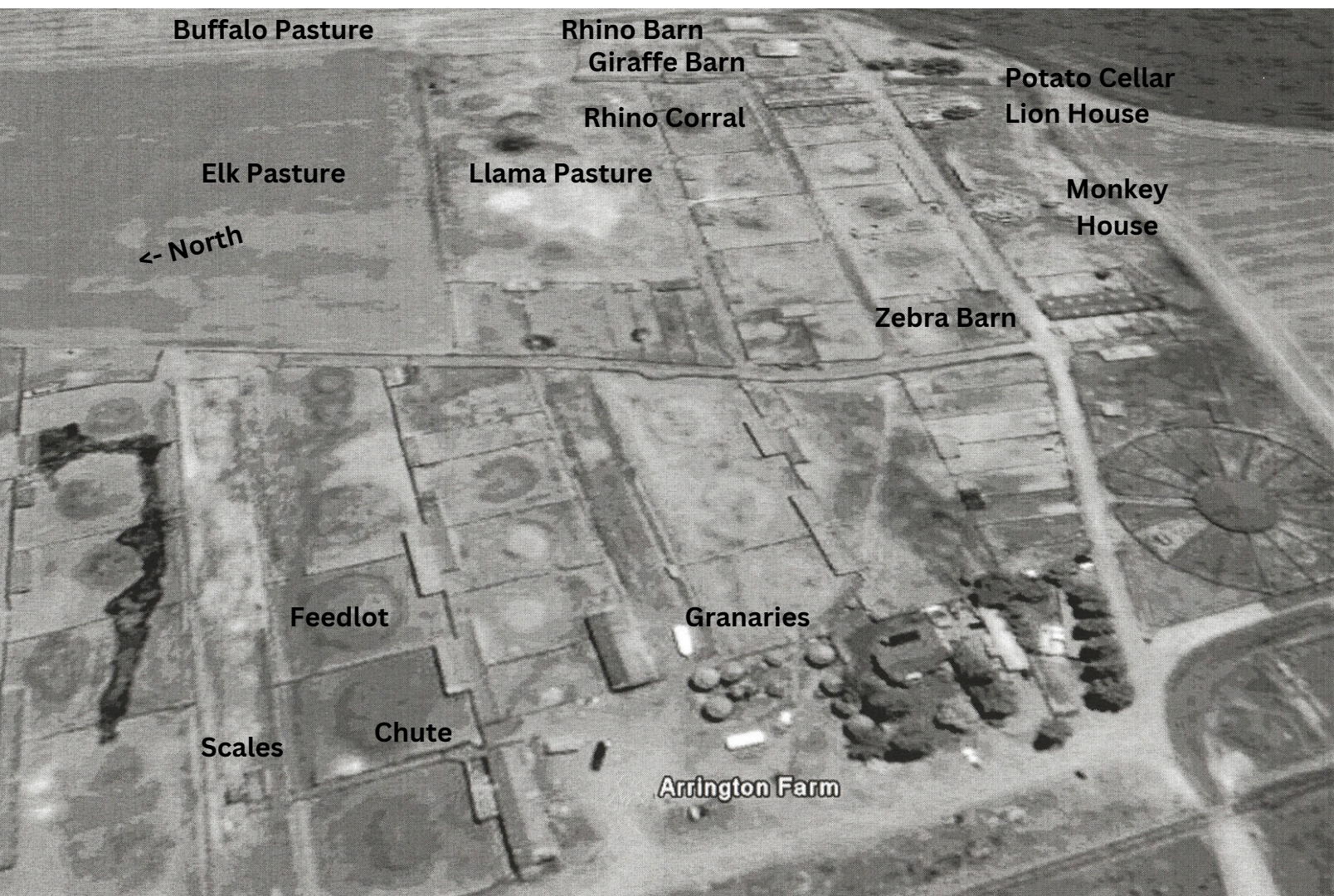
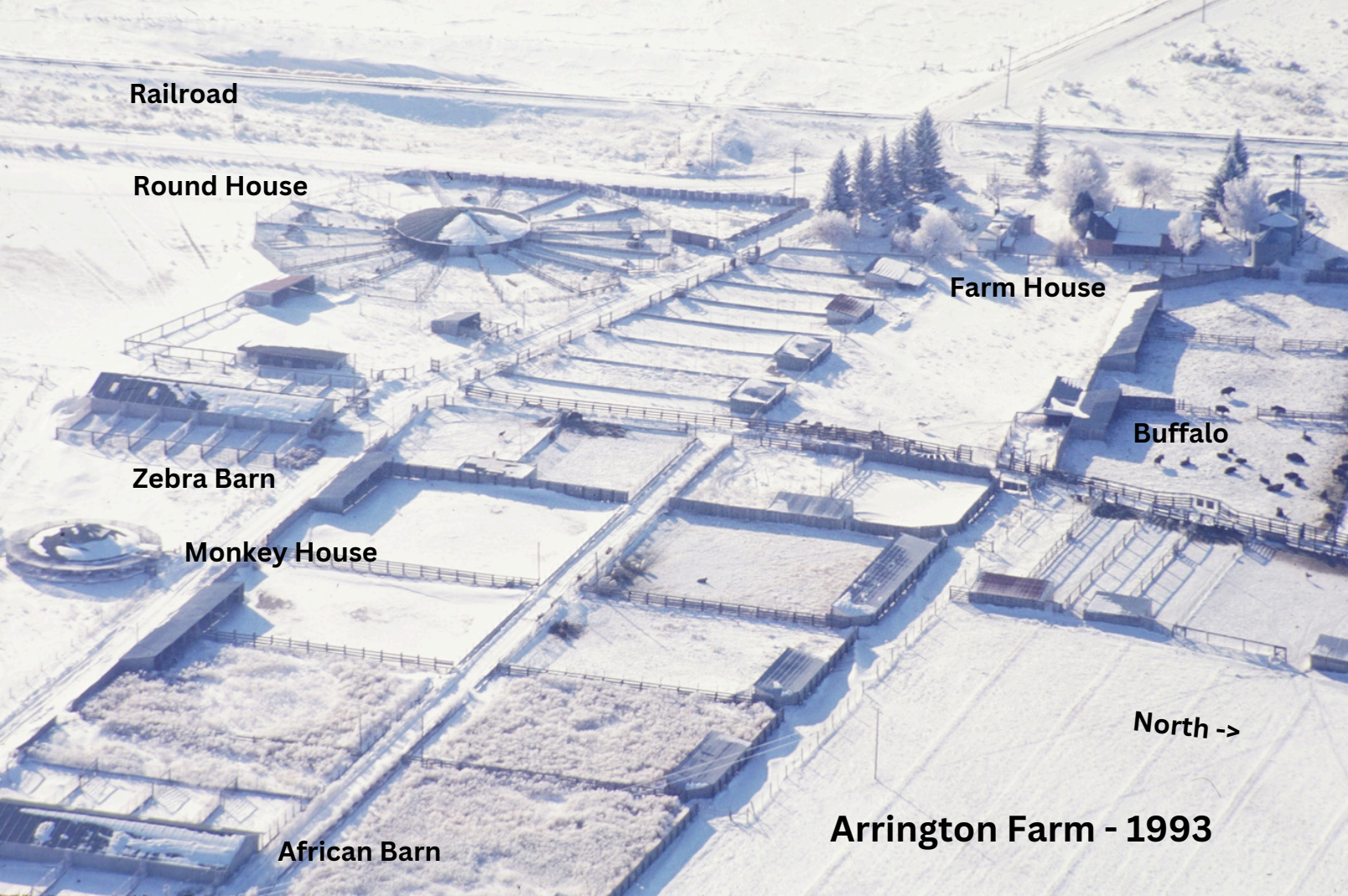


Branding Chute

Loading Chute



Granaries & Mill



Combining



Swathing



Baling Hay



Hauling



Chopping Corn



Packing Silage



Farm Equipment

by John

Operating Equipment

I started working at the farms at a very young age: Hitt Road farm, then New Sweden farm, then Bassett farm. I was too young to get a driver's license and too young to work on construction company projects. We had an International "C" tractor, 2 International "M" tractors, and 1 International "Super M" tractor. I could drive all of them for plowing, harrowing, etc. One time I went to a farm sale with Dad and he purchased a Case 1030 tractor with a 3-bottom plow. This was a powerful tractor and I could really improve my plowing production over the "tumblebug plows".

I would drive the farm equipment to move between the New Sweden farm and the Bassett farm (about 17 miles between farms). First stop was at the New Sweden store for a root beer then to the Osgood store for another root beer.

Dad provided employment for Grandpa Sherwood at the farm building fences, corrals, mangers, etc. Grandpa Sherwood would pick me up in the morning and go to the farm to work all day. Grandpa Sherwood had a camper shell on his pickup truck and he would take a nap every afternoon.

Contract Swathing

One summer Dad purchased a NEW swather and would contract custom swathing and baling all around Idaho Falls from Ucon to Shelley, and New Sweden to Roberts. I did all the swathing and Gust Witt did the baling. Gust would pick me up in the morning and take me to the field to be swathed and then go to another field to bale. This continued from mid-June until I went back to school in the fall. Work was not hard but the days were long. I had my tool box and could quickly replace the broken teeth on the sickle bar. Mother did a lot of driving to take me to the correct farm for swathing and help Gust and I move equipment to the next location.

Snow Plowing

I was home from college one winter and a huge snow storm had blocked all the roads and alleys at the farm. Dad and I loaded a D4 dozer at the construction yard and took it to the farm. I spent the rest of my Christmas vacation plowing snow at the farm so we could feed the cattle, other animals, and open the road down to the Lion House.

Stacking Hay

Hay was purchased from George Watkins farm west of Roberts. We hauled 6 loads per day: 3 loads in the morning and 3 in the afternoon. Each load consisted of 20 bales per layer, 6 layers high, of 80 pound bales. These bales had to be hand stacked on the truck, moved by hand from the truck to a conveyer, and hand stacked on the haystacks which filled the center of the alleyways between the cattle mangers. My bad back later in life is probably related to being completely worn out just stacking hay all summer. I was very tired at night and could fall asleep just laying on the carpet in the front living room.



Intentional Burn of the Old Farm House
The house was removed to make room
for pasture and the Rhino Barn.
August 1977

Hebgen Lake Earthquake

by John

On the night of August 17, 1959, at 11:37 p.m. local time, a magnitude 7.5 earthquake struck just northwest of Yellowstone National Park, near Hebgen lake in southwestern Montana. Almost instantly, the shaking triggered a massive landslide that buried 19 people beneath 73 million metric tons of debris, and fatally wounded nine others.

Dad had 3 truckloads of cattle running on the open range at Hebgen Lake. Two weeks after the earthquake we traveled to Hebgen Lake to check on the cattle. I remember seeing the barbed wire fence was tight as a fiddle string, then limp as a noodle for 3 fence posts, then tight as a fiddle string again. The earthquake sheared off the water pipe underground from the well into the ranch house at the corrals. The corrals were also damaged and several fences were down. That fall we arrived with our 3 trucks to load our cattle during the roundup. The cowboys had rounded up the cattle a few days earlier and there were several ranchers there also.

I was a sophomore in high school and was an excellent driver of our big cattle trucks. But I could not get our big 18-wheeler cattle truck up tight against the loading chute. The chute had been shifted and twisted about 30 degrees from the roadway. We had to load the cattle into our smaller cattle truck then go to an open field and transfer them into our big trucks. The other drivers were George Smith (equipment operator) and Chuck Gayman (Arrington Construction mechanic).

This process continued all day for all the ranchers with the big cattle trucks.

LeRoy Arrington

I would also drive one of our big 18-wheeler cattle trucks in the spring and again in the fall to move our cattle to Twin Falls to run with uncle Leroy's cattle for the summer pasture. Leroy was a partner with Dad in some of the cattle operations. When Leroy came to visit in Idaho Falls my mother would always bake a big chocolate cake that was his favorite. All he wanted to eat was "a Pepsi and a piece of chocolate cake."

Cattle Drive

by Howard

The summer of 1964 Dad pastured his Hereford cows and their calves on land east of Roberts, ID, near the Snake River. In the fall when it was time to move the herd to the farm, we drove the cattle the 7 miles from the pasture to the farm along the railroad right-of-way. Roy Lindstrom, farm manager, rode his horse. Dad drove his pickup, while I and another farmhand walked.

A few cows were lame and started to lag behind the rest of the herd. My assignment was to bring up the rear and keep these stragglers moving forward. When the herd got close to the farm, Dad picked me up and drove me ahead of the herd. My new assignment was to stop the advancing herd and turn them into the farmyard through the double wide gate. Needless to say, as a 13-year-old boy I was plenty nervous to have 70 bellowing cows, plus their calves, advancing towards me. All ended well and the herd turned into the farmyard instead of crossing the railroad tracks.

Awhile later, Roy on his horse returned with a calf at the end of his lariat. Apparently, this calf had bolted from the herd, and Roy chased it for many miles across the countryside before finally roping it. The calf was so exhausted it went over by the side of the barn, laid down and died.

That calf's death became an object lesson for me about rebelling versus staying with the herd. It made an impression on me. Whether you arrive first or last is not the important issue. Making it back home is the important issue. Even the lame stragglers made it home. Only the calf that bolted (rebelled) was lost.



Hebgen Lake Earthquake Damage

Contracting

by John

Granary

I was in junior high school when Dad purchased a 1000 bushel grain bin for the farm. We poured a circular concrete slab and it was ready for us to erect the grain bin. I contracted to do the erection for a fixed dollar amount of \$100. I hired a couple of friends and we easily put the granary together. We only needed 1 tier of scaffolding and the directions were easy to read. We did not have electric tools but could easily put in all the bolts from the outside and have another person put on the nut from the inside. We tightened all the nuts by hand with ratchet wrenches. This went smooth and everyone was happy and the project was complete in about 3 days. This was just a larger version of the "Erector Set" toy that I had as a child.

Dad then purchased a 3000 bushel grain bin. Again we poured a concrete slab and were ready to erect the bin. I hired a few friends and Howard. This time it required 2 tiers of scaffolding and we were much faster this time. We did not have electric tools so a couple of workers were on the outside scaffolding and a couple were on the inside scaffolding with ratchet wrenches. Everything went smoothly until Howard (age 8) walked off the end of the highest scaffold plank. He fell down through the scaffolding and hit his head on the scaffolding and opened a large cut on top of his head. He was bleeding badly and had to go to the hospital.

Branding

John Erb had a pen of cattle at our farm that needed to be branded. I contracted to do the job and hired a couple of friends to help. My friends would herd the cattle into the catch pens and then into the squeeze chute where I would do the branding. This was the worst job I ever had because I hated the smoke from the electric branding iron. I do not know why I agreed to this because I did not like to help Dad when he would brand his cattle.



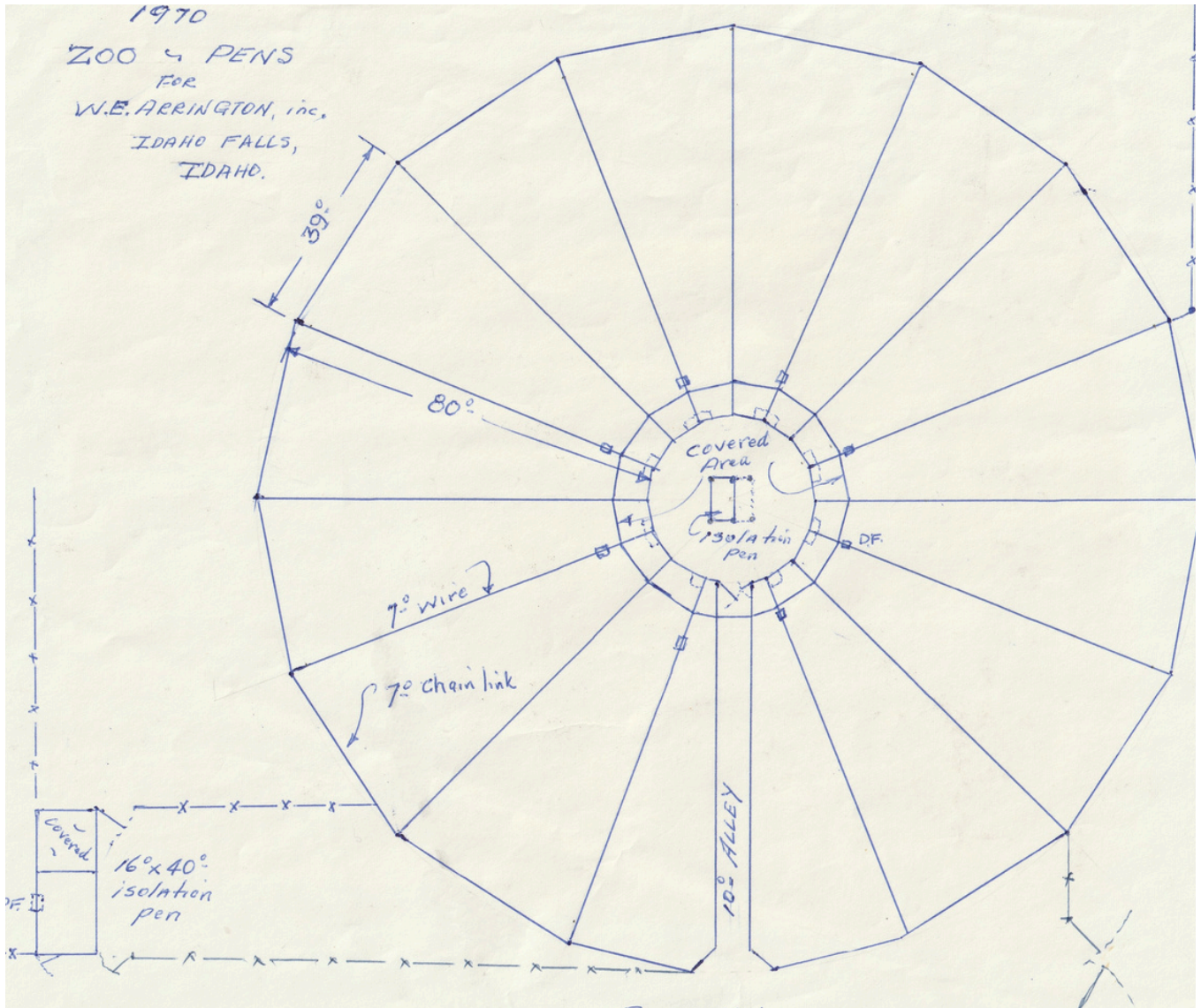
Electric Branding Iron



3000 Bushel - 15 ft. Diameter Granary



Branding Cattle in the Chute



Woodrow's Plans for the Round House - 1970

The Round House was used for various kinds of deer, pigmy goats, Aoudads, Himalayan Tahr, Springbok Antelope, and Blackbuck Antelope.



Aoudads



Round House

Himalayan Tahr

Aoudads

by John

Dad and I delivered 6 aoudads to Jim McCullough near Temecula, California. These were gifts from John Erb (a close friend of Dad) and a business partner of John Erb. Jim's office desk was adorned with 2 small jet aircraft models. Jim had previously sent his private jet to Dillon, Montana to pick up Phyllis Erb, take her to the Mayo Clinic in Scottsdale, and return her to Dillon the next day. The jets were normally used to go to their farming operations in Arizona and California. Jim said his son used a jet to travel and sponsor a couple of dragsters on the Pro drag racing circuit.

The McCullough property was a large (over 100 acres) fenced hilltop with some trees and mostly rocky terrain. Jim had deer running loose on the property and the aoudads were also turned loose. The aoudads would LOVE that terrain for climbing. The aoudads at home would run and jump on a hay bale and leave footprints near the top of the inside walls of the round barn.



Aoudads

Trimming Hooves

by Howard

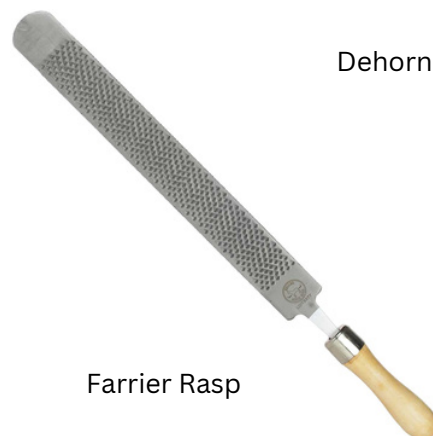
Aoudad hooves continually grow because they wear down in their native rocky habitat. Because our Aoudads are kept in pens, the hooves need to be trimmed. I would catch an Aoudad by grabbing its horn as it ran by. The animal would be taken out of the pen into the center of the Round House.

I would hook one of the curved horns around a post which supported the building's roof. I would straddle the Aoudad like I was riding a motorcycle. If the Aoudad tried to back up, the horn would push against the post and be held by the post. If the Aoudad tried to go forward, I would use the free horn to turn the head so the tip of the curved horn remained caught by the post.

While I was holding the animal stationary, my Dad and Larry Stark would clean the hoof with a pick and knife to remove dirt and the dead sole, and expose the white line where the hoof wall meets the sole. The hoof wall would be trimmed with clippers which we had for dehorning cattle. The two handles of the dehorning tool would be spread outward so the sharp edges of the tool would cut off a section of the hoof wall. After the major trimming was completed, the hoof would be smoothed with a Farrier Rasp file. We would check the hoof from different angles to ensure a flat and even landing. This process was repeated for all of the hooves.



Dehorning Tool



Farrier Rasp

Art Saxton

by John

Dynamite

Shortly after buying the 3 farms that were combined into 1 farm at Bassett, Dad noticed trouble getting water into the south pump house. We had 2 pump houses that pumped water from the Snake River to irrigate the farm. The south pump house had a large ditch about 10 ft wide x 60-75 ft long that brought water to the pump. Over a long time the ditch had filled with sediment. The river water level was high in the spring and we could pump all we needed. By late summer the water level in the river was low and the south pump had to be shut down.

Art Saxton was an experienced dynamite man and suggested that he could clean the ditch. I was very young and wanted to learn about dynamite. I went with Art and he bought a case of dynamite, a box of caps, and we headed for the farm. The water in the ditch was about 1 foot deep but he could easily wade in the mud. Using a shovel handle to poke holes in the mud he loaded the entire ditch. I would guess the dynamite was placed on about 2 ft. centers in both directions and about 3 ft. deep in the mud.

When he set this off the mud flew every direction for over 100 yards, and also damaged the wooden pump house. Biggest explosion I had ever seen. We rushed over to look at the ditch before it filled with water and found a beautiful new ditch. Art had removed over 5 feet of mud for the entire length of the ditch. But, we spent the next hour cleaning mud off of the pickup.

Another 'Work of Art.'

In later years when the channel silted up again, a dragline excavator was used to clear the channel. Just south of the channel was a slough into which garbage and debris from the farm was dumped, and then overtopped with soil to create new tillable land.

Water Line

Dad had a water line project in downtown Idaho Falls in the alley behind the J.C. Penny store. They ran into lava rock so Art loaded the trench with dynamite. I was very very young but remember going with Dad to look at the rubber tire protection mat that was sitting on top of the power lines in the alley.

Water Line to the Lion House Bob Witt operating the backhoe, Art Saxton walking





Art Saxton and Woodrow



Dad's Black Toolbox

John Howard Richard Ronald

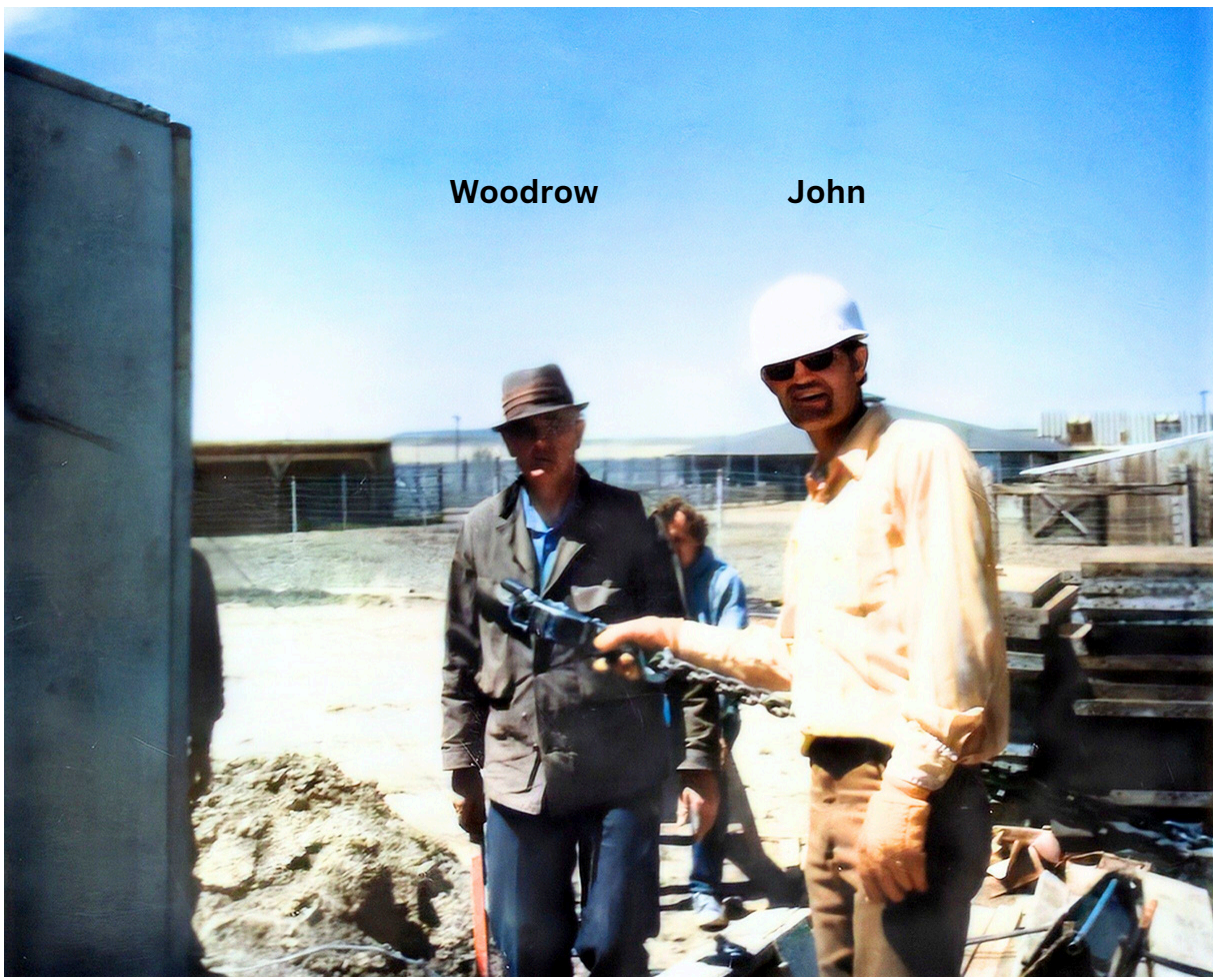
Woodrow's 5 Sons



Woodrow

African Barn

George



Woodrow

John

Monkey House Constuction
July 1974



John is the Crane Operator



Erecting Precast Slabs

Bob W.A.

WEA

John Arvington

Frank Johnston

DAVE Howard

Kieth

Art Saxton

Monkey House Constuction



Minimum Requirements for Exotic Game Ranching

by Woodrow

- A Lolli Brothers cap, one pair of ragged jeans and twenty dollar boots from a discount house to wear to barbeques and auction barns.
- A forty-dollar dart gun, three hundred dollars worth of darts, and at least two head of exotics, preferably Axis deer: one male, one female.
- A little place with high fencing to keep the exotics on land too poor to grow crops.
- A new air-conditioned pickup with automatic transmission, power steering and a gooseneck trailer small enough to park in front of a cafe.
- A gunrack for the rear window of the pickup complete with a dart gun and a lariat rope.
- A spool of net wire, three cedar posts, and a bale of alfalfa hay to haul around in the truck all day.
- Credit at the bank, credit at the feed store, and a wife with a full time job.
- A good pocket knife suitable for whittling and a rubber cushion to sit on for 12 hours at the auction ring twice a year.
- A good wife who 1) will believe you when you come in at eleven p.m. saying, "I've been darting deer", and 2) won't get upset when you walk across the living room carpet with manure on your boots.



Buffalo

by Woodrow

First Buffalo

In 1961, I went with John Erb to Montana, as he wanted to contract some cattle. At one ranch, owned by Pete Stephonic, I noticed some buffalo. They were in a corral with a high wire fence. I asked if he ever sold any and he thought he might sell one or two next spring - so I promptly dismissed the idea of getting any.

The following May 1962, I received a call on a Friday night from Pete, asking if I still wanted the only heifer he had for sale. On Saturday morning at breakfast, I asked George if he'd like to go to Montana and get a buffalo. I'll never forget the look on Marjorie's face. She couldn't believe her ears. Surely I must be kidding to want to send a boy after a buffalo. I said Howard could also go. At that time, Howard was 11 years old and George almost 16. George was barely old enough to have a drivers license.

They were eager to go, so I gave George a check for the buffalo, a credit card for gas, a couple of dollars for a hamburger and a map of where the ranch was located outside of Dillon, MT. Away they went in an open cattle truck. They found the ranch all right and when the woman cook saw two small boys after the buffalo, she couldn't believe her eyes. The men loaded the animal and when George got back to Idaho Falls, we didn't know where to put her. I could still see the high fence at Pete's place and assumed they were jumpers. So they backed the truck up to the door of our red horse barn and put the buffalo in a horse stall for the time being.

We then got busy and extended the fence posts around a corral and put wire on the extensions until we had an 8 ft. high fence. We then loaded the buffalo and hauled her to the new pen, afraid she'd get away from us if we tried to drive her from the barn to the pen. Little did we know about buffalo raising as they are not jumpers.

Later that summer, I located another buffalo at the Hirschy Ranch in the Big Hole Country of Montana. John was home from college then and wanted to go after this one. He asked if it would be OK if he took Martha along. It was fine with me. They took their sleeping bags with them as they had to stay overnight as the trip was too long for one day. They had no problems and on their return, John's comment was 'it sure is a problem getting one buffalo separated from the herd.'

We've found out 'truer words were never spoken' as we work the buffalo herd each fall. We put the buffalo in with the other one. So now I had a pair and wanted to buy more.

Herd Expansion

In October 1968, I bought a bull and 3 cows from the Bison Refuge at Moiese, Montana, and more in 1974 from the Buffalo Refuge at Valentine, Nebraska. I bought a couple more from the Busch Gardens at St. Louis, MO, and from the auction at Macon, Missouri. Thus I was able to keep adding new blood to my herd as it expanded.

From this beginning, we've sold lots of buffalo, butchered quite a few and have a herd of 50 animals at present [1983]. We've learned a lot about raising buffalo. Now, we treat them as we do our cattle, no more high fences, no more loading them when we want to move them, feed them in mangers and winter them in ordinary corrals. They are interesting animals to raise.

At one time I had over 100 head, which was too many to keep on our small farm. So I sold several loads to a meat packing company in Helena, Montana. I sold several calves at the local stockyards along with Bish Jenkins' horse sale. Butchered several for different buyers and from then on kept the herd around 25 to 30 head.

Thick Skull

One time a Jackson Hole, WY, taxidermist wanted to buy a mature buffalo bull. He had contracted the meat to a butcher shop over there. The taxidermist came over. I showed him the bull and he shot it head on with a high powered rifle. The buffalo never flinched. I said you sure missed him. 'Oh no. I targeted this rifle before coming over, so I know I hit him between the eyes,' he said. The buyer then went to the side and shot the buffalo in the ear. Down went the buffalo. The blood was just starting to ooze out of the skin between the horns where the first shot had hit the animal. The skull on a buffalo is pretty thick.

Separating Calves

For several years, in the fall, we managed to separate the calves from the buffalo mothers while in the corrals. Each year as the herd got larger, the operation became more difficult.

In 1979 we decided to run the entire herd out of the corral into an adjoining alley, letting the buffalo back through a cross gate, one at a time. Then we could put the single animal into the

different pens or back into the corral. I planned to open and close the cross gate in the alley as the buffalo were herded one at a time toward the gate. John Arrington and Larry Stark were tending gates further down the alley and they'd open their gate and let in what animals came. Everything went fine until we were about half through. Then one unhappy cow spun around the opened gate and charged me. I was in the corner and couldn't get away.

She threw me in the air, then hooked me while I was on the ground. Then she'd walk on me, and butt me like a ball. I'm sure she would have kept at it until I was dead, but John, who was tending one of the corral gates, saw what was happening and rushed over to my rescue. He distracted her long enough for me to pull myself up. Then other fellows rushed in and got me away. So I owe my life to John. I was a real mess.

The gate had hit me in the mouth breaking four teeth. I was spitting out teeth and blood worse than any trip to the dentist. The buffalo had poked a hole in the muscle of my lower leg, sprained the opposite knee, cracked my tail bone and a few days later, my legs were swollen up and solid black and blue for a long time.

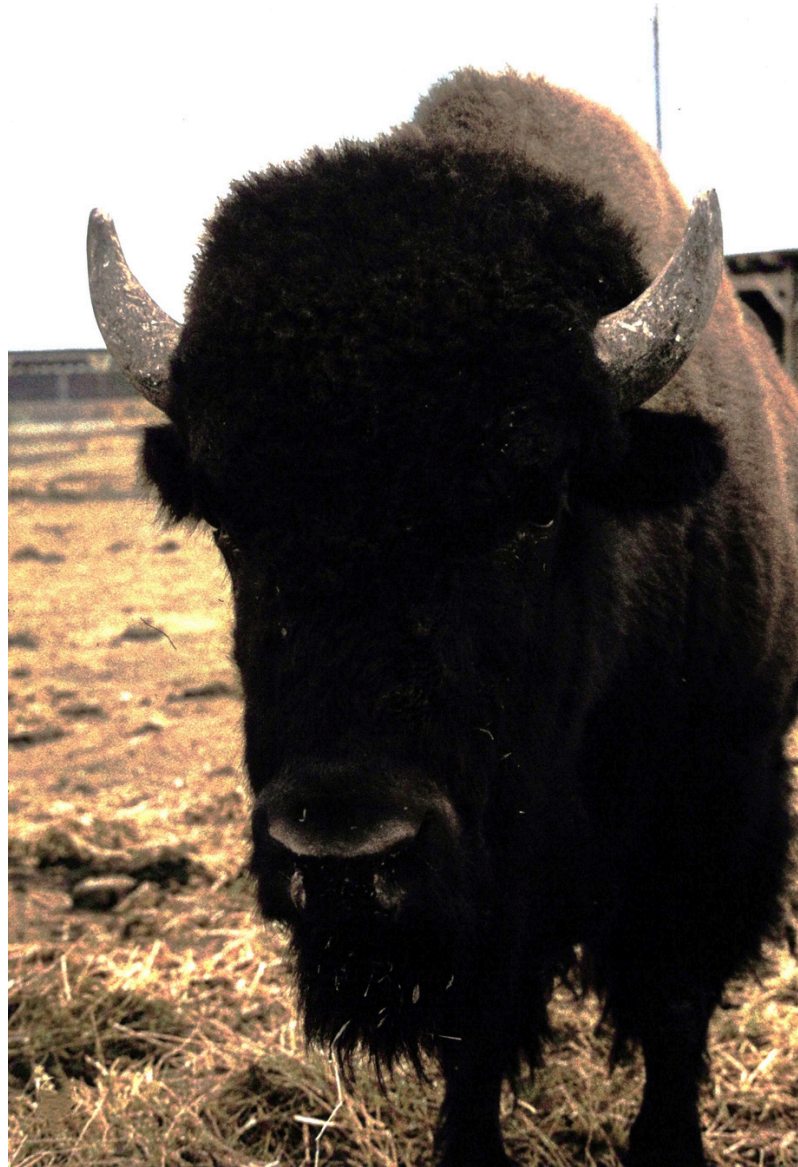
John wanted to take me to the hospital as I could hardly walk, but I refused and in a few weeks was as good as ever. I could hardly sit down for a long time with a cracked tail bone. It was a little embarrassing to have to sit on the stand during meetings as I was the Bishop of the 17th Ward at that time. I couldn't dress or undress without help.

After the swelling had gone down and my mouth had healed, I had my teeth repaired. I had the rest of my teeth pulled and false teeth installed, so I'm getting along OK.

Before another year, we installed pulleys and ropes onto the gates, so now when we separate the buffalo calves and the mothers get all excited, we aren't in any place where they can get at us. With our buffalo sorting facilities, no one has to be in the alley with the buffalo when we work them again. We learned to respect buffalo from this incident. Such is life for a buffalo rancher.

Big Bulls

One time we sold a mature bull to a fellow who wanted to have it killed. The local meat processing plant only had small poles or boards for pens so we knew better than to take the old fellow in. He'd just walk through the fence. So we had a portable facility come out. He shot the buffalo,



then hoisted the carcass up and took it to his plant for cutting and wrapping. The dressed meat weighed over 1100 pound, which meant the live animal weighed over a ton.

In the fall of 1992 a fellow from Provo, Utah, came up and offered more for the buffalo herd than I thought they were worth, so I sold out. In loading them one old bull had had enough so he knocked the gates off their hinges, jumped the side fence and broke it all down, jumped the mangers and took off for Roberts. The next morning we got a call from a woman who had a buffalo in her front yard and wanted it moved before it killed her dog.

So we took our tranquilizer gun and three pickups and went after the buffalo. He saw us coming and took off. I followed him and was herding him down the main highway toward the farm when a dog ran out barking. The buffalo then took to the right of way and headed back to

Roberts. I had a Mexican with me and we could not stop that beast. He'd just go around us. We'd then get ahead of him and try to stop him. Finally he got tired, broke the fence and went in with a herd of cattle that were in the fields.

The next day I got a call from an irate farmer who was scared to go out and feed his cattle. I told him that buffalo was a big sissy and wouldn't hurt a fly. We lost track of the buffalo for several days. While in Boise I ran across a farmer from Roberts who told me that he was sure he'd seen a buffalo cross the highway the other night. I told him it was mine. The next Sunday evening I got a call from another farmer who said he was told in church that day that the buffalo in his field belonged to me. I told him we couldn't herd it, and would have to shoot it, with his permission, which was granted. It took a couple of days to get the portable packing unit lined up and then the two men from the farm all went out to get the buffalo killed, loaded and on their way.

The animal was taken to Rigby, where it was cut, wrapped and frozen. The fellow from Provo who had bought the herd, came up and I went with him to get the meat. He also wanted the head for mounting and the hide for tanning. He was very happy to get everything, and paid all the bills.

I breathed a sigh of relief when the buffalo was dead as I was afraid of an accident and I'd be sued. The buffalo weighed over a ton and could easily wreck a car or hurt someone.

Temperament

Buffalo females are good mothers, raise healthy calves. Buffalo are very smart. They mate in August and the babies are born in May. Then the winter is over, grass is starting to get green and there is feed for both.

When they are unhappy, they throw their tails over their backs. You better get to the nearest fence as they are about to charge. They are not mean by nature. We have raised a couple of babies on the bottle and they forget they're buffaloes and as a result they come when called. They can be led around and ridden as they get older.

I miss them.

Buffalo



Buffalo Mauling

by John

When Dad was gored by the cow buffalo in 1979 he was nearly killed. We got the cow buffalo away from Dad and wanted to take him to the hospital. Dad refused but after spitting out some teeth and lots of blood I put Dad in the pickup truck and drove him to the hospital in Idaho Falls. Later that day I returned to the hospital to learn that Dad's jaw was broken and his mouth was wired shut. He was barely able to utter the words "Kill that Cow" with a completely closed mouth so I rounded up the portable butcher shop and went out to the farm a few days later and we butchered the cow. We took Dad home the next day and he recovered from multiple wounds.

Set an Example

by Howard

In 1979 Dad was serving as Bishop at age 68. Every fall he would bring the buffalo herd in from pasture and separate the calves from the cows. On the farm we had an alleyway used for sorting and Dad was manning one of the gates. When one of the cows discovered her calf was in the corral and she was in the alleyway, she charged the gate. Dad was on the other side.

The gate knocked him to the ground and broke his teeth. The cow spun around the gate, picked him up and threw him over her back, and proceeded to maul him. The immediate intervention by my brother John and others to get the buffalo cow away from my father saved my father's life that Saturday afternoon.

Well he missed church the next day because of his injuries. Later on he stood before his congregation with a broken tailbone, 3 broken ribs, a gored leg and other injuries. He said, "some of you tell me you stay home from church when you have a stomachache, or a headache. I have never had a headache so I do not know what you mean. But when you feel as bad as I do, then you have my permission to stay home from church. Otherwise, I would like to see you here each Sunday."

That was a powerful invitation from the Ward's shepherd to 'follow me.'

Hirschy Buffalo

by John

In 1962 Dad purchased a big male buffalo from the Hirschy Ranch in Wisdom, Montana, which is west of Dillon, Montana, in the Big Hole Valley. Martha and I went to get it and took our cattle truck. When we got there the cowboys separated the bull from the herd and had a hard time getting the bull to load into our truck. They were running the bull round and round the corral and finally the buffalo went up the chute and into our truck. We looked behind and a big section of the corral fence was down where the buffalo had hit the fence posts. The next trip around the corral the buffalo would be gone to the wide open hills.

We got back to Idaho Falls the next day and pulled up to our unloading chute. The buffalo would not come out of the truck. We got an electric prod and reached in from the front of the truck and touched the buffalo. The buffalo then jumped out of the truck, ran down the chute, and ran straight into a railroad tie gate post at the bottom of the chute. This was an oak railroad tie set in concrete and the tie snapped off like a toothpick and the buffalo did not even slow down. This was proof the buffalo could break out of any pen any time they wanted to.

Note: Mr. Hirschy had only one child a daughter named Holly Hirschy. She was destined to become very wealthy.

Dave Lemmons

by John

Dad sold a pair of young buffalo to Dave Lemmons who had a farm a few miles north of our farm toward Roberts. A week later both buffalo were back at our farm and standing at our haystack. This repeated again for a couple more times and finally Dave Lemmons asked Dad to take them back because he could not keep them in his corral. The buffalo could break out anytime they wanted to go back home. [4 Dec 1976, Sales Ledger]

Taiwan Buffalo

by John

Dad had raised buffalo for several years and had accumulated a small herd (about 100) with big massive bulls and large frame cows. Through a program of selective breeding, butchering, buying, and selling this was a trophy herd well known to Earl Tatum because he had helped select many of the animals.

One day in late summer Earl Tatum called to tell Dad that he had sold 4 of our buffalo calves (2 pair) and he would be there in 10 days to get them. We went to the farm the next day and moved the herd from the pasture into the buffalo sorting alley. Using the gates with the ropes and pulleys we were able to separate the 4 calves and put the herd back into the pasture. The buffalo calves were big, strong, weaned, and would rather run over you given the chance. Our veterinarian was there and we pushed the 6 month old calves into the single file chute where Rhonda got a small vial of blood from each animal, then vaccinated them for anaplasmosis, blue tongue, and brucellosis. Rhonda could then do blood tests back at her office. Each calf had a numbered ear tag for identification.

Dad brought a carpenter from a construction job into the shop where we built 4 crates. These crates were 4 ft. x 6 ft. x 4 ft. high and were solid with 2x12" plank floors and roof, and 2x10" side walls and end walls with 2 inch gaps.

Tatum and Diane (his wife) and Eddie (driver) arrived the next week and we loaded the crates onto Tatum's heavy duty trailer and headed to the farm to load the buffalo. Tatum already had several plywood boxes and crates with other animals on the back of his flatbed truck. Our veterinarian was there to check the buffalo again and give them a shot for pneumonia and a shot for travel. We easily loaded 1 calf into each crate, put in some straw and 2 flakes of hay, then nailed the end wall in place. We put steel banding straps around each crate top to bottom and end to end. This was super, super solid and the crates could not be opened. We loaded the crates back onto the Tatum trailer, Rhonda signed all the paperwork, and Tatum left for a non-stop drive of 850 miles to the San Francisco airport.

The animals and our 4 buffalo were delivered to an air freight company and in a few hours they were flying directly to Taiwan, China. Someone had paid a lot of money to get these animals. Who would have ever thought that 4 buffalo calves from the Arrington Animal Farm would be delivered to Taiwan.

Buffalo





White Siberian Elk



Elk

by Woodrow

Yellowstone Park

During the winter of 1962 - 1963, articles appeared in the papers about the heavy snow in Yellowstone Park and the overabundance of game animals - that before spring came, there would be a high death loss due to starvation. It was decided to make some of the elk available to outside interests. I then contacted the mayor of Idaho Falls, Eddie Petersen, and got him interested in getting six elk for the City Zoo at the same time.

Each of us wanted 5 cows and a bull, making 12 head which I figured would be a good load for one cattle truck, as I offered to deliver all the elk. The Park Service decided on a \$10 per head charge for paperwork and blood testing, plus \$15 per head for the expense of a helicopter to herd the elk into a corral.

Accident

On the appointed day, I sent Chuck Gayman, our head mechanic, and truck to Yellowstone Park to get the elk. The elk were successfully herded into the trap and the 12 head loaded into our truck. The elk were then taken to Gardiner, Montana, for blood testing. Each elk was given a number, so in case any animals were carrying brucellosis disease, they could be traced, then destroyed.

Later in the afternoon, while on the highway, Chuck attempted to pass a slow moving truck on an uphill grade and ran head-on into a passenger car containing an elderly couple. Their car was wrecked and both people injured. Our truck engine was demolished, but no injuries to Chuck or the elk. After the ambulance had taken the people to the hospital, and a wrecker had removed the car and truck from the highway, Chuck walked to the nearest farm house and called me collect to tell the bad news.

I told him to see if that rancher would take his cattle truck and bring the elk to Idaho Falls. I would pay him. The elk were transferred and arrived in Idaho Falls late at night. We unloaded them at our place. I paid the rancher and thanked him for helping us. The next day we delivered the 6 elk that belonged to the city.

I sent a rescue truck and two men to Montana and towed our truck back to Idaho Falls. It was decided to scrap the truck rather than repair it. So our first elk did not come cheap by the time we had paid the original \$10 per head, plus our share of the helicopter, Chuck's expenses, truck expense,

rancher's expense and the replacement cost of a cattle truck. We still have descendants of the original elk in our present herd.

The elk herd multiplied and to bring in new blood I would occasionally buy a couple of outside elk from auctions or private dealers and parks. I continually traded bulls with the city zoo and then took their calves to sales for them.

Canadian Buyer

On one occasion, a buyer from Canada bought 50 head. To get them into Canada, they had to be blood tested, then tested again 60 days later. They had to be free from blue tongue, tuberculosis and anaplasmosis. All were clean. I insisted on being paid in American currency, not Canadian money. I arranged for the Western Limited Truck Co. to haul them, the buyer to pay for trucking. We had to load them into our small truck, then transfer them into the large semi-truck out in the road. Finally all 50 were on their way. When the truck got to the border station in Montana, the border people wouldn't let them in. After a day of phone calls, the load got to the destination. Never again will I try to sell anything to a Canadian buyer.

Injuries

Elk bulls go into a stage each fall called the 'rut' where their neck swells up, they won't eat, want to fight and start bugling. The bugling is to call the cows. For safety sakes we always cut off the antlers after they have gone past the velvet stage in August, and before they go into the rut in October. In 1975 we had a bull tied up to the fence, had cut off one antler and as I walked behind him, he kicked me, breaking some of my ribs. I was on the church's Stake High Council at that time and was scheduled to go to a meeting that night. I came home, and had Marjorie wrap a towel around me as tight as she could. I went to the meeting in a lot of pain.

When I got home I immediately went to bed and here came President Olson, the Stake President. He could tell I was in pain and wanted to take me to the hospital at 10 o'clock at night. I refused as I don't go to the hospital very often. Eventually I got well.

On another occasion as I was cutting off the antler, the bull lunged and broke off the partially sawed antler. A long sliver remained which punctured my wrist. So I have a little in common

with the Jews that the Romans used to nail to a wooden cross.

Oriental

The Orientals from Taiwan and Korea like to buy elk antlers to make an aphrodisiac out of. If cut in the velvet, they will pay more. One year Larry Chu from Taiwan came to get the antlers while in the velvet. He brought several boxes, then bought a lot of dry ice. He wanted the antlers cut about 12 inches long, then plastic wrapped both ends. He'd put in a layer of dry ice, then a layer of antlers until the box was full. We weighed the antlers on our bathroom scales as he was paying \$75 a pound. I should have used gold dust balance scales at that price. When all the boxes were full he shipped them to the orient. From San Francisco they went by the Flying Tiger Air Line.

The next year he brought his wife Anna, a Hong Kong Chinese. She said they also shredded the antlers and packed them in wine which is sold as velvet wine. She also brought a small vial of the aphrodisiac. It is a light gray powder and has no taste as I dipped my wet finger into and tried it. I told her they must lace it with drugs to have any effect. 'Oh no - it is very good' was her answer.

One year we had trouble finding a buyer for the elk antlers. Another elk raiser, Steve McGrath, had the same problem. He finally found an agent for the Orientals who lived in Montana. This fellow came down to get the antlers and all we had to weigh the antlers with was a bathroom scale. So Steve and I met this guy, and weighed the antlers on his scales. After he got the antlers loaded he gave us a check. Then told us we'd have to hold the check until he got the money from the buyers. We had no other choice.

Another year I couldn't find a buyer in the U.S. but a Canadian buyer said he'd take them. So I shipped them to him, all packed in dry ice. He called back and said they had 'soured,' so wouldn't pay. As a result, I've given up cutting the antlers in the velvet stage, sold all the bulls down to three head and now cut their antlers off after the velvet has been rubbed off. Dealing with the Orientals was quite an experience.

The last few years we've been cutting the antlers off after they've gone hard and the velvet rubbed off. It is much easier as you don't have to tranquilize the animal. Sometimes they don't come out of the tranquilizing and you lose a valuable elk. The hard antlers only bring about \$8 a pound, but you don't run any risks.

Pet Bull

At present [1993] we have a large bull elk that is a pet. I can go into the middle of the pasture and call him to be petted. People can't believe it. He's a real nuisance if we have any repair work to do in the pasture as he wants to help.

Elk cows are very protective of their calves and will strike with their front feet if a dog or man bothers a baby calf that they've got hidden for the first week after it is born.

We place a yellow plastic ear tag in all the animals as evidence of ownership, left ear for females and the right ear for males.

Occasionally one gets out and we can then notify the Fish and Game Dept. to be on the look out for the elk. One year a bull got out. He'd be in our pasture. When we went after him, he'd run and hide in the corn field. Sometimes I'd get a report of his being west of Roberts. The next day he'd be north of the farm. He would keep coming back and one day we were able to trap him.

Occasionally someone kills one of our elk, cuts the fence and drags it to a pickup and hauls it away. We see the footprints and tire tracks. Elk are nice animals to have. They don't require special feed or care like the African animals do.



'Junior' and Woodrow - 30 Dec 1971

Cutting Antlers

by Woodrow

The time is approaching when antlers that are in the velvet stage should be cut to realize the highest market value. In the mountainous area where we live, we have found that the best time to cut the velvet antlers is between July 4th and the 10th. Later than this date, the antlers have begun to calcify and as they get harder, the price goes down and finally a total reject while in the velvet stage.

Most buyers reject spike antlers, so only the mature bulls are separated from the herd, then herded into a small catch pen. We do not rope the animals as this procedure skins up the velvet covering and the antler is rejected. Each animal is given a shot by injection into the hip muscle using either Rompun or M99. The average dose is $\frac{3}{4}$ cc of either. An extremely large animal is given 1 cc. Since M99 is a narcotic drug derivative and requires a narcotic license by a zoo, agency or veterinarian, it is more difficult to come by than Rompun, which can be purchased over the counter.

After the animal has been given the drug, it will take from 12 to 20 minutes for the animal to begin staggering then to go down. Since the animal is not unconscious, two or three men will be required to hold the animal down. We then wrap a couple of turns of #16 tie wire around the base of the antler above the socket on the head. This wire is twisted very tight and acts as a tourniquet. The antler is then sawed off, using a fine-toothed saw. A carpenter's miter saw or a butcher's meat saw works fine. The velvet covering around the antler's edge plus any blood vessels that are oozing, are then seared, using an electric branding iron. As soon as all the blood is stopped, the base area is covered with a blood stopping powder. Then a piece of cloth 8 to 10 inches square is placed over the stub and held in place with a wrap around the stub. When both antlers are finished, it looks like the animal has a pair of boxing gloves on his head. This bandage holds the powder in place, plus prevents any flies from bothering the wound.

If M99 has been used, an antidote, M5050, of the same dosage is administered and in 12 to 20 minutes the animal will hop to its feet and no grogginess is observed. He can then be put back with the herd. If Rompun is used, it will take 2 to 3 hours before the drug wears off. Since the animal is still groggy, we keep him confined until the next

day, in case of bleeding or other complications might develop. Within 24 hours, they have recovered with no ill effects and can be returned to the herd.

The end of the removed antler should be covered with plastic and secured with a wrap of string. This prevents leakage or dehydration. If the buyer is present, the antlers can be weighed and turned over to him. Otherwise, the antlers should be placed in a deep freeze and frozen until they can be delivered.

Some buyers want the antler cut into segments of 12 to 18 inches long for ease in packaging and shipment. If this is done, both ends have to be wrapped in plastic. Some caution should be exercised for those buyers that want the antlers shipped to them for grading and then payment. Grading means cutting off the tip and base sections, paying for only the middle 2/3. Yet somehow, all the antler is kept.

Korean and Chinese and sometimes their American representatives buy the majority of our antlers. The price varies, yet somehow they all offer the same price per pound each year.

We have cut antlers from all types of deer and reindeer, as well as both brown and white elk. Some buyers insist on antlers from elk only. The above method is not abusive to the animal. The base remaining is shed next March or April as a new antler begins to grow. We have cut the antlers of the same bulls many times, so feel our system and treatment must work satisfactorily.

[Printed in 'Animal Finders Guide', 1 Mar 1989]

Elk Antlers

by John

Every fall we would use the M99 drugs and M5050 drugs and remove the full grown antlers from the bull elk. We did this to prevent the elk from fighting when they were in a corral for the winter. One year Dad sold the antlers to the Chinaman who came to the farm to pick them up. He had some ground antler with him that Dad said tasted terrible. We weighed the antlers on a bathroom scale and sold them for \$75 per pound. The next year he wanted us to pack the antlers in dry ice and ship them to him. He would not pay and claimed the antlers had spoiled during shipment. Dad did not ship anymore antlers to him.

Darby Elk

by John

We would see a familiar rancher that would have a truckload of elk at the spring sales. This man had a ranch near Darby, Montana, that is north of Salmon, Idaho. Dad had a nice visit with him one day and he told Dad he would just open his corral gate in the winter and put in a few bales of hay following a heavy snow storm. A few days later he would find a new herd of wild elk in the corral enjoying the new hay bales. He would close the corral gate and then show up at the animal sales in the spring with a new load of elk.

Woodrow is holding a Blesbok antelope in his right arm and a Blackbuck antelope in his left arm.



Harvesting Elk Antlers

by Woodrow

Each fall we bring in our elk herd so we can cut off the antlers from the mature bulls before they get mean. Their antlers start growing each spring in April and grow at a rate of between ½ and ¾ inch each day. By August they are full grown. Then they start to calcify and the animals start to rub off the velvet skin that has contained the soft fibrous material. When the antler has taken on the hardness of bone in September we plan to cut them off before the bull goes into the rutting season in October.

On the first Saturday in September 1993 we scheduled this event. Howard and Marjorie went out and we joined with the three farm employees. Together we went into the elk pasture, surrounded the herd and slowly walked the animals into a catch pen at the end of the pasture. Then the fun began of separating the mature bulls from the cows and calves, and herding the bulls into a smaller pen in the alley where we could rope and tie up an elk bull.

We would rope one antler, then saw off the other antler with a fine tooth meat saw. Then sawed the other antler that had the rope tie. This process was repeated until all the bulls were dehorned. A bull elk has between 20 and 25 pounds of antler. We sell the antlers to Orientals. They shred some which they soak in wine, then bottle the wine and sell it as 'Velvet Wine.' Other antlers they grind up and make an Aphrodisiac. I ridiculed the product. So the next year Larry Chu and his wife Anna brought me a small vial. It is a dark gray powder. I wet my finger and stuck it in, getting a small sample. It is tasteless. The product is supposed to purify your blood, increase your lifespan and enhance your sexual prowess. Whatever that means?

The Orientals from Korea, Taiwan and China pay a lot of money for these products. Several large elk ranches raise elk just for their antlers. We cut our elk antlers for safety reasons.

by Howard

After Dad quit trying to market antlers in the velvet and harvest them in July, he began to let the antlers calcify and cut off the antlers in September. The process involved bringing the elk herd into an alleyway, and using gates to sort out the bulls and let the cows and calves return to the pasture.

A bull would be herded into a smaller wedge shaped pen and the gate closed behind it. The bull would be roped around one antler with a lariat. We would double wrap the lariat around a railroad tie fence post, and keep taking up the slack until the elk's head was held snug against the fence.

I would climb on top of the pen which had 2x6" boards going from side to side spaced a couple feet apart, and covered with 6x6" inch wire mesh. From a prone position on the pen's roof, I would reach down and saw off each antler with a fine tooth miter saw. If there was any bleeding, a cheese cloth bonnet would be applied and wired on with #16 rebar tie wire.

One time a big bull elk got past a gate and was running full speed down the alleyway toward my open gate. I shoved the gate to try to close it while I scrambled up the wooden fence. The bull hit the partially open gate and the railroad tie latch post, breaking off the railroad tie. Elk can be dangerous.

Woody's Injury

by Floyd Prestwich

In 1975, I was working with Woody and his hired man one Saturday, removing antlers from the elk bulls. This was a new experience for me, working with these wild elk so closely. One of them was particularly rambunctious, and in trying to get it tied down, Woody got kicked hard in the ribs. We could tell he was hurt, and fearing the ribs may be cracked or broken, we urged Woody to quit and go see a doctor. He stubbornly refused, insisting that he was all right. We continued working several more hours, even though he was in pain (not admitted on his part).

I saw Woody that same evening at a meeting and asked him how he was and if he had been to see a doctor. He said he was sure there were some cracked or broken ribs, but he'd just wrapped them up himself, saying that was all a doctor would do for him anyway. This experience added to my already growing opinion of Woody as a man of great stamina and fortitude (and stubbornness).

Moose Photo

by Van Wormer

Dear Mr. Arrington:

I want to thank you again for your courtesy in permitting me to photograph your captive moose. I got all the close-up pictures I needed and animals cooperated quite nicely by playing and splashing in the irrigation ditch. This gave me some shots I needed but had little hopes of getting.

I am enclosing a print I thought you might like.

Sincerely,
Joe Van Wormer
Salem, Oregon 97304



Moose

by Woodrow

On a trip to the zoo in Great Bend, Kansas, I noticed they had a moose in one of the pens. I inquired where they got a moose in Kansas. The director told me he bought it as a calf from Dick Lozier, a rancher in Daniel, WY. When I got home I wrote a letter telling him I was interested in getting a moose or two for my game farm.

On March 28th, 1968, I got a call from his wife who was in Idaho Falls at a dentists office. I went out and met her. She said they had a pet moose calf that they had raised on a bottle and was a nuisance as it was bothering and begging for treats from the children as they waited for the school bus. The school authorities wanted them to get rid of it before someone got hurt. We agreed on a price of \$300 and she said she'd bring the calf over on the next trip to the dentist in about 2 weeks.

She brought the calf as agreed and it was a pet. Soon the word spread from the school kids visiting our place and all were bringing candy and cookies to feed the moose and have their picture taken with the calf. One day the calf was down and sick. Treatments didn't help and it died. We autopsied it and found the stomach full of dough and candy. So we learned you can be too good to a pet.

I contacted the ranch again, and he said he'd have more moose calves for sale that winter. When the snow got deep, he'd take his snowmobile, herd the calves into deep snow, rope them and haul them back on a sled. So I placed an order for two more. He delivered them as promised and said that he had more if I could find a home for them.

So for the next several years I'd take orders for moose calves from different zoos, and have the rancher deliver them to Idaho Falls. Larry and I would take them to New Mexico, Detroit, and Tacoma, Washington. On one occasion [24 Feb 71], we took a pair to the Detroit zoo and traded them for a pair of elands. Somebody poisoned the moose and Dr. Wilson, the director, asked to have another pair brought next year, which we did. That time we got a pair of llamas and some peccary pigs.

We have pictures of the moose calves playing in the ditches that ran through their pens. Moose become pets quicker than any other wild animal.

On a trip to the Portland zoo, 17 May 68, to get some animals, the director, Jack Marks, talked me into buying a grown moose that had been given to them by people that brought the moose from Alaska as a baby. I told him she was only worth \$300 as I was buying them for that price delivered. He agreed.

Another time a rancher from Montana called about a moose calf that he had that was purchased in Maine and raised on a milk cow. He had pictures to prove it. He said it was a real nuisance to him and so I agreed to come and get his [20 Jan 68].

Moose about broke me buying feed for them. Moose will starve to death on a haystack. They have to have low protein feed like moss, cattails, watercress or grass. So I had to buy apples, carrots, rolled oats, reindeer pellets as well as grass hay. Each fall I paid the neighborhood boys to gather dry leaves which we supplemented the moose's feed all winter. The moose would come running to get their feed each morning.

Finally I got tired of the expenses and sold my five head to the San Diego Zoo. They paid me extra to deliver them. Larry and I took them down in June and boy was it hot in Nevada. I questioned if we'd make it. Moose can't stand heat, but we got there the next day. I've often wondered how the moose made out in the heat and high humidity of San Diego.

Moose were interesting to have. One more thought. One got out one night and a car hit it on the road in front of the farm, breaking its leg. I had the veterinarian come and set the bone, then put on a plaster of paris cast around the bandage. The moose recovered and was a real pet.

Beach, ND, Trip

by Woodrow

After picking up some animals at Fort Detroit, Minnesota, we drove across North Dakota on our way home. While filling up with fuel at Beach, North Dakota, the service station operator told me that a Dr. Bush in Beach raised mule deer. When we got home, I wrote to Dr. Bush and requested to buy a buck mule deer as we had two females.

From his reply, he was glad to sell a male mule deer. Early one morning, Howard & I left for Beach. We got there in the middle of the afternoon. The doctor was busy in his office, so told us where to go and that his hired man would help us. When we got to his farm, the deer were running in a fenced orchard, and with no catch pens, we couldn't get close to them. We couldn't corner them or get close enough to rope them.

Howard and I went back to town to see if the local veterinarian had a capture gun and tranquilizer drugs. He was out on call and his office didn't know when he'd be back. Howard and I were plenty disgusted by now so we decided to leave. We drove all night and got back to Idaho Falls around 6 a.m. The house was locked, so Howard climbed into his basement bedroom through its small ground-level window. We travelled 1,280 miles to Beach and back in 24 hours and had nothing to show for it.

On a subsequent trip, I was able to stop again, herd the deer into a smaller area and catch a pair of his mule deer, so all was not lost.



White Tail Deer



Mule Deer



Mule Deer

Tacoma, WA, Trip

by Woodrow

The Point Defiance Zoo, Tacoma, WA, wanted to buy a moose and we agreed on a price, delivered. We also arranged to trade a pair of White Tail deer to them for a pair of their Black Tail deer. [Trade agreement dated 4 Feb 71]

Richard was going with me, but Howard came home from the University of Idaho at the time we were leaving and so the three of us left early one morning and were in Tacoma that evening. After checking into a motel, Richard noticed their pool was full of water and wanted to take a swim and show Howard how he could dive. On a trip the previous summer to California, Richard and I stayed at a motel in Barstow and he enjoyed a late night swim, so Richard wanted to duplicate it.

Howard and I waited at the pool's edge while Richard changed into his swimming trunks. Soon he came running and dived into the pool. He shot out of the water in nothing flat. The water had been in the pool all winter and was very cold. He hadn't tested it and couldn't get out of the water fast enough. Howard and I were quite amused, but not Richard.

The next morning, we delivered our animals to the zoo and picked up their deer. We were back to Ontario, Oregon, that night and I suggested we get a room and continue home the next day, but Howard wanted to drive home that night. We continued on, arriving home around three or four o'clock in the morning - a long trip. I shall never forget Richard coming out of that cold water and I'm sure he'll not forget it either.

English Spotted Deer



LOLLI LIVESTOCK MARKET, INC.

Family Owned
"Since 1947" **Macon, Missouri**

- HOME
 - ABOUT US
 - BIDDING INFO
 - CATTLE
 - HORSE
 - TAXIDERMY
 - ALTERNATIVE LIVESTOCK SALES
 - EAST FORK GUNS
 - SALE SCHEDULES
- MACHINERY AUCTION
 - SLIDESHOW

Specail Exotic Hoof Stock & Taxidermy Sale

3 BIG DAYS - April 10-12, 2024

[CLICK HERE FOR THE DAILY SCHEDULE](#)

2024 Sale Dates: April 10-12 July 10-12 Sept 18-20 Dec 11-13

3 BIG
DAYS

Lolli Livestock Market Special Exotic Hoof Stock & Taxidermy Sale April 10-12, 2024

3 BIG
DAYS

PLEASE READ *** GO TO lollibros.com TO SEE TESTING REQUIREMENTS ***

**ALL ANIMALS MUST MEET ** LOLLI LIVESTOCK REQUIREMENTS ON QUALITY, TESTING AND TAGGING TO COME TO THE SALE. **

<u>Tuesday April 9th</u> 9:00 AM CHECK IN: Machinery & Equipment - Exotic Hoof Stock		
<p style="text-align: center; color: red;"><u>Wednesday April 10th</u> 9:00 AM Pink Tag Taxidermy Sale</p>	<p style="text-align: center; color: red;"><u>Thursday April 11th</u> 9:00 AM Blue Tag Taxidermy Sale</p>	<p style="text-align: center; color: red;"><u>Friday April 12th</u> 9:00 AM Elk & All Other Deer</p>
<p style="text-align: center; color: blue;"><u>Special Farm & Commercial Equipment Sale</u> 9:00 AM Selling: Tractors, Trucks, Skid Loaders, Livestock Equip. Lawn & Garden, ATV and much more</p>	<p style="text-align: center; color: blue;">9:00 AM *Special Bison Sale* Water Buffalo, Yak *World Watusi Assoc. Sale* Special Mini Zebu, Highlander, High Park & Mini Longhorn, Dexter, Belted Galloway, Mini Angus, Mini Hereford, Brahma, Longhorn and All Other Bovine</p>	<p style="text-align: center; color: blue;"><u>Bottle Baby Camels & Zebras</u> Camels & Zebras</p>
<p style="text-align: center; color: blue;">11:00 AM <u>Special Bottle Baby Sale:</u> Highlanders & High Park, Bison, Exotic & Mini Cattle, Yak, Zebu, Brahma, Llama, Sheep, Goats, African Hoof Stock, Donkey, Horses Riding & Driving</p>	<p style="text-align: center; color: red; font-weight: bold;">CALL WITH ANY QUESTIONS: Joseph: 660-346-9711 Jordan: 660-346-0410 Frankie: 660-651-4040 Office: 660-385-2516</p>	<p style="text-align: center; color: blue;"><u>SPECIAL TROPHY SALE</u> <u>African Hoof Stock:</u> Blackbuck, Aoudad, Wildebeest, Sable, Eland, Nilgai, Oryx, Ibex</p>
<p>Domestic Sheep & Goats, Baby Dolls, Southdown, Fainting, Pigmy</p>		<p style="text-align: center; color: blue;"><u>Special</u> Mini Donkey – Mini Horse Sale Riding & Driving Ponies, Other Equine</p>
<p>Kangaroo, Wallaby, Wallaloo, Swans, Fancy Peacocks, Fancy Pheasants</p>		<p style="text-align: center; color: blue;"><u>Special</u> Trophy Sheep & Goat Sale Mouflon, Bighorn Cross, Texas Dall, Black Hawaiian, Transcaspian Cross, Painted Desert, Jacobs 4 Horn</p>
<p>Llama & Alpaca, Ostich, Emu & Rhea's</p>		<p style="text-align: center; color: red;">Exotic Sale 2024 Dates April 10 – 12 July 10 – 12 Sept. 18 – 20 Dec. 11 - 13</p>

Exotic Animal Sales

by John

Dad would try to go to 1, 2, sometimes 3 animal sales each year as work permitted. Dad's schedule was very predictable, bank meeting every Tuesday morning, cattle sale at stockyards every Wednesday afternoon, work at the farm every Saturday morning, then a trip to animal sales in the spring and again in the fall. Sales were held in South Dakota, Nebraska, Texas, and 2 in Missouri. The Dave Hale sale in Cape Girardeau, Missouri was always fun and interesting. Dave Hale and his brother were professional auctioneers and had continuous stories to tell during the auctions. They could really "work" the crowd and get "top dollar" for sales.

Dad's favorite sale was the Lolli Brothers sale in Macon, Missouri. This was typically a 5-day sale with lots and lots of animals. Jim & Dominic Lolli held a spring sale and a fall sale. The facility was normally a weekly cattle and horse sale with several barns, corrals, restaurant, and big parking lot. The spring sale featured new baby animals and the traveling circus and parking lot petting zoos would be there to buy new inventory to begin their summer travel circuits. The fall sale would see these same people bringing the same animals back for sale rather than feed them during the winter non traveling months. The fall sale would feature the big hunting clubs buying inventory and taking them to Texas where they held private hunts in wide open ranges.

The restaurant at Lolli Bros. had a huge outdoor BBQ grill that ran all day and featured BBQ pork sandwiches. They were my favorite 2 or 3 times each day.

Dad had purchased Reserved Seats in the middle of the second row just in front of the auction block. We had the same great padded seats every trip to Macon, Missouri. Dad would see many returning friends at these sales who would come over to sit by Dad and visit for hours.

The Lolli sale had 3 sale barns in continuous use for 5 days. One for saddles, tack, leather goods, and taxidermy which was a BIG item. A second barn was used for sale of everything with "Feathers". This included ducks, geese, swans, fancy chickens, pigeons, parrots, macaws, and big emus, and ostriches, etc. The third barn was for hoof stock with the first day for mainly buffalo and the last day for horses (all sizes from miniature to large draft work horses). Private and public zoos around the country would consign their surplus

animals to Earl Tatum who always had lots of inventory for sale at the Lolli sale. Dad spent an absolute fortune buying animals from Mr. Tatum. We went to the Tatum ranch at Holiday Island, Arkansas, and Dad was tempted to buy a pair of Bongo's for \$60,000.

We always took a few animals with us for sale and always bought something to take home to Idaho Falls. Dad also took surplus animals and bought animals for the Idaho Falls Zoo. Some animals he sold and others he "donated" to the zoo. He sold a pair of Aoudads 25 Feb 91. Dad was a close friend with the zoo manager, Neal Bates.

Tatum had a professional animal handler named Eddie that always worked the Lolli sale ring. Eddie would dress in a black tuxedo with a white shirt and white tie that made him look like a well dressed PENGUIN. Tatum had the only truck and permits to move elephants in the USA. This truck and trailer were custom built and was similar to a large Mayflower moving van. The trailer had a hydraulic movable center section that could be lowered to the ground. The trailer was lined with railroad ties on all walls. Eddie said they would push an elephant onto the center deck, close the doors, then hydraulically raise the deck for travel. Once loaded they traveled non stop to move an elephant from Texas to Portland, etc.

A buyer was at the Lolli sale one year and purchased a big truck load of animals and a chimpanzee for Michael Jackson and his Neverland Ranch in California.

Dad always carried our permits and our veterinary inspections with us because we stopped at all checking stations. We were stopped twice on the open freeway for the state police to check what was in the trailer with the 'Exotic Animals' sign.

Dad did not drive and thus required a second person to go as the driver. These were long days when leaving before 6 in the morning and driving until past 8 in the evening. It took 3 days to get to Macon, Missouri, and Cape Girardeau, Missouri. We only went to the Texas sale once due to the 4 day trip each way. The South Dakota sale featured "antiques" and we soon tired of watching old horse drawn wagons with wood wheels go up for sale including teams of horses to pull the wagons. Lots of old farm machinery here with horse drawn plows and horse drawn hay mowing machines, etc.

Other drivers include Howard, Larry Stark (farm manager), Bob Witt (mechanic), Ernie Roessler (mechanic), Don Ellis (INL bus driver), etc.



EARL TATUM

Rte. 3, Box 202, Animal Park Drive, Holiday Island, Ark 72632

Dec. 15, 1980

Animals sold and delivered to Woody Arrington

1.0 Grant Gazelle	No Charge replacement	
1.0 Blisbok		\$ 1000. ⁰⁰
0.1 Uganda Kob		\$ 6500. ⁰⁰
0.1 Roan Antelop		\$ 5500. ⁰⁰

Freight to Busch Gardens for Roan
Freight to Kansas City for Blisbok
Freight to Oklahoma City for Grant Gazelle
Freight for Uganda Kob
Freight to Salt Lake City
Total Freight

\$ 1500.⁰⁰

Total = \$ 14,500.⁰⁰

ET
12-15-80

George came to visit us one year at the Lolli sale. We could not get another motel room in the small town of Macon so George slept on the floor in our room for 3 nights.

The Ferguson's from Rexburg flew to Macon one year in their private jet. Halfway through the sale he asked Dad to take a pair of Black Swans with us back to Rexburg. The crate was too large to get into their jet. Ferguson's have Bear World animal park a few miles north of Rigby, ID.



Lolli Brothers Auction - Macon, MO

Fur Coat

by John

Dad and I checked out of our motel in Macon, Missouri and the lady in front of us was also checking out. We saw something move inside her coat and Dad asked what it was. She opened her MINK FUR COAT to show us her new baby pot belly pig that she was holding in her arms.



Woodrow at Lolli Brothers Auction



Water Buffalo

by John

Dad was a partner with Richard Davis in Orem, Utah. Dad paid for a small herd (8 or 10) of water buffalo and Richard was to keep them and feed them. Dad sent a check each month to pay ½ of the feed bill. Dad drove to Orem one year to go with Richard to an animal sale. A week later they came back and Richard brought Dad back to Idaho Falls with a trailer carrying Dad's car. I took the car to a repair shop and learned that the engine was a total loss because Dad did not put oil in the car.

Water Buffalo Tragedy

by John

On 22 Sep 1992, Clyde Mullins, 44, of Broken Arrow, OK, led his tame water buffalo that he had raised from a calf into the sale ring at the Lolli sale. He stopped in the center of the ring and dropped the leash and the water buffalo just stood there

tame as a pet. Clyde reached up to the auction podium to get the microphone to tell the crowd about his pet. When he turned on the microphone it let out a high pitched screech that is quite normal for microphones.

The water buffalo instantly panicked and charged Clyde hitting him right in the chest and pinned him against the wall in front of the auction block. Walter Zerebko and Eddie (ring workers) pulled the buffalo off and it ran out the open gate and down the alleyway. The auctioneers then asked the crowd that was standing in the entrance to move so the ambulance could get to the ring. Dad said no need to hurry because the man was likely killed instantly with a crushed chest. The ambulance did take Zerebko to the hospital with a broken leg. The sale was suspended that day and the next while the authorities investigated the accident. All this happened about 30 feet in front of us where Dad had reserved seats in the middle of the second row in the stands.

Cape Buffalo



A Fatal Event

by Woodrow

In the spring of 1988 a man and woman came to visit a couple that was living on the farm. The visitors only stayed a couple of days, then left. We did not know it at the time that they had taken a bottle of Rompun drug and a hypodermic syringe from the refrigerator at the farm.

The visiting couple went to Northern California where they found an elderly couple in a rest stop. They robbed the old people of their few dollars, then gave the old folks a shot of Rompun. This drug immediately knocks the old folks out. The man never came to and died. The woman finally came to after several hours and managed to crawl to the road and was picked up and taken to the hospital. I don't know her whereabouts .

A few months later the robber couple separated. They weren't married. The woman was picked up in Portland, OR, on a drunk driving charge. While in jail she volunteered the robbing incident and the killing of the old couple. She thought both were dead. The woman gave the police the name and description of her ex-boyfriend. An alert was broadcast and he was soon picked up and returned to Northern California. He then told the police that he got the drug from Arrington in Idaho Falls, ID. This was a Federal murder case because it crossed state lines.

A summons was served on _____ Arrington, Idaho Falls. I told the deputy sheriff that must be John Arrington. So she filled in his name and served the summons on John.

John then drove to Ukiah, CA, where the trial was being held. The woman testified against her ex-boyfriend. When John was called he convinced the judge that we had all of the necessary state and federal permits to keep all types of exotic animals and it was necessary to have Rompun drugs to be able to treat these animals. The prosecutor wanted to prove that we sold these drugs and we were part of the deal . The judge believed John and charges against "Arrington" were dropped.

John called me from the court house in California. I immediately removed all remaining drugs from the farm and keep them in the storeroom in the basement of our house ever since. We had the drugs at the farm so Larry Stark could get them for the tranquilizer dart gun in case of an emergency.

Drugs

by John

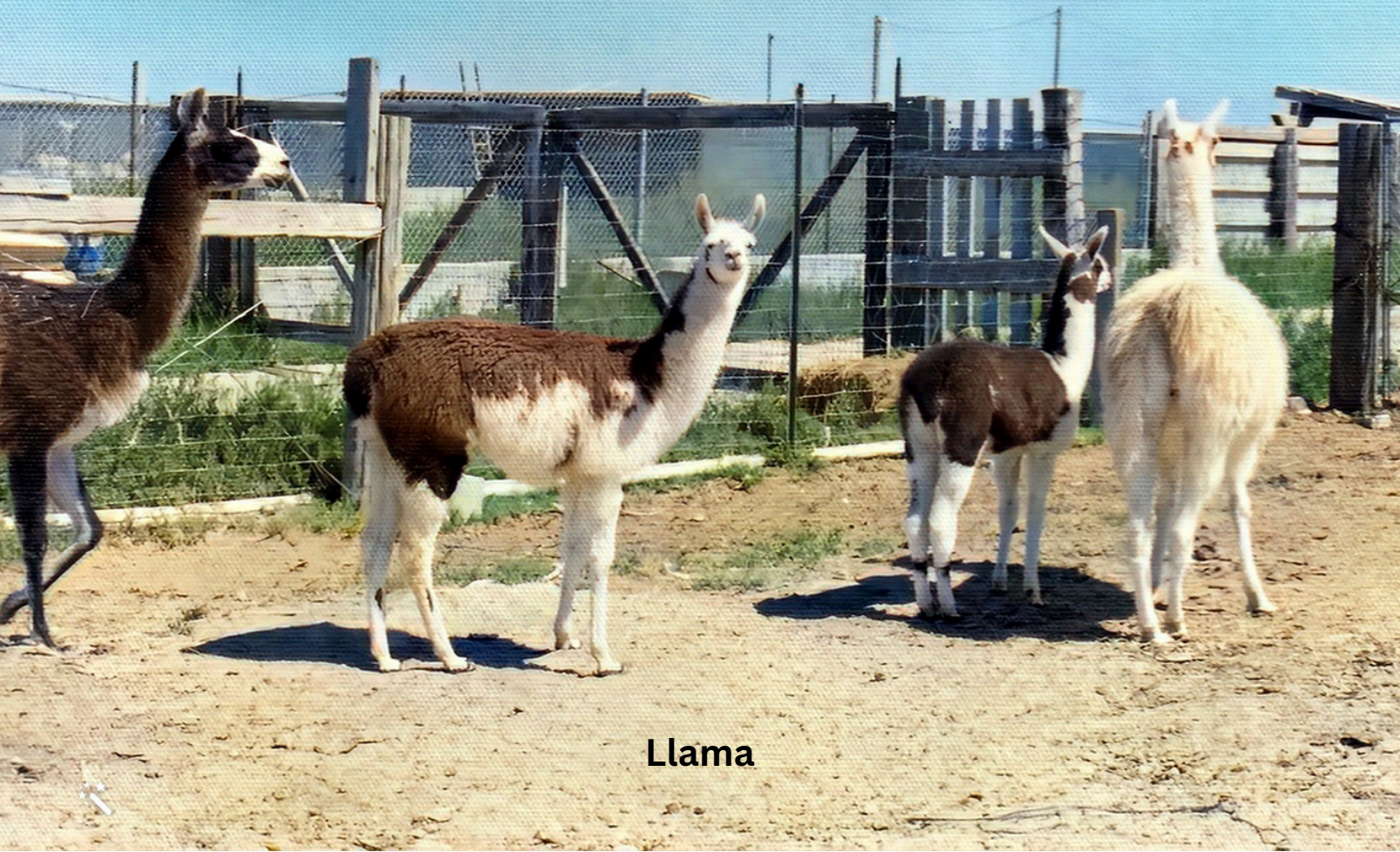
We had a medicine cabinet at the farm full of specific drugs for use with the cattle and the exotic animals for specific diseases. Dad helped our veterinarian (Rhonda Aliah-Davis) get her medical license required to have narcotic drugs M99 and M5050. The M99 drug would tranquilize an animal for an operation and M5050 would wake the animal back up. Rhonda was also the veterinarian for the Idaho Falls Zoo.

One day the Sheriff came into the office and served me with papers requiring me to go to the Mendocino Courthouse in Ukiah, CA, in 10 days. I called Terry Crapo (our attorney) and he told me I had to go or get arrested and go in handcuffs. I appeared at the courthouse about 10 a.m. and the bailiff told me to sit outside the courtroom until I was called. I did not have any idea what was going on. They served the papers on me and not Dad because I was a stockholder of record of the farm.

Eventually I was called to the stand and given the usual swearing in and then the prosecutor started asking questions that he already knew the answers to. Did we have a farm near Idaho Falls? Did we have exotic animals at this farm? Did we have permits for these animals? Did we perform medical procedures on these animals? Did we have special drugs used for these animals? What would happen if humans were given these drugs? At which time the defense objected as speculation on my part.

After 2 hours of questions and answers I was dismissed from the witness stand and the bailiff said I could remain in the courtroom and listen to the proceedings. I immediately called Dad and he went and removed any medicine from the farm. I stayed an extra day to watch the trial. Then I drove up to Portland, OR, over to Boise, ID, and then back home. Only time I was ever in Portland.

The full story is that some Mexicans came through the farm and had a party with our Mexicans. They went to the medicine cabinet and stole our drugs then went to Blackfoot and had another party the next day. In their travels to the California coast, they injected our drugs into an elderly couple and robbed them. One of them died. A few months later, the Mexican woman got cold feet and turned her ex-boyfriend in to the police.



Llama



Cape Girardeau Sale

by Woodrow

We received notice of a large animal and bird sale to be held in October 1982, at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Arrangements and reservations were made, so John and I loaded up some animals and birds and made the trip to Missouri. It took 2½ days to drive the 1,500 miles in our truck.

When we got there, the motel had our room, so gave us a number. At the sale, we were given a seller's number. Each animal was ear-tagged with a number, the males in the right ear, females in the left ear. Then a pen number was assigned so we knew where they were located.

As we registered, we were given a buyer's number on a large card. Also we were given a name tag to wear. We then bought a numbered seat in the sale barn - so we needed a notebook to keep track of all our numbers. The sale was held inside a large metal building with elevated seats surrounding the sale ring, which was in the center of the building. The sale ring was elevated about 2 feet higher than the floor. The animals were brought in by one alley and left by another exit, so there was a continuous flow of animals through the ring. Two men stayed in the ring to move the animals out after they were sold.

Four auctioneers called the sale, on about 30 minute periods. The sale started at 9 a.m. each day and went to midnight with no stopping. The last day of the four-day sale started at 8 a.m. outside, where antiques, old cars, restored buggies, bird cages, steel gates, and miscellaneous items were sold before starting the sale inside the barn. There were hundreds of people from all over the United States, and from Canada and Mexico. When it was over, about 5,000 animals and birds had been sold during the four days.

The fowl and caged animals were received under two large tents and placed on flatbed trailers. When it came time to sell them, the trailers were pulled to the sale barn and the cages packed into the ring, then packed out and reloaded after being sold and taken back to the tents. Fancy birds and monkeys were placed in a large heated room in one end of the sale barn. The weather was a little nippy, but as the sale barn was heated we were fine.

Two places were provided to buy something to eat at the sale. Outside were several booths for things to be sold. For instance, a Catholic order of monks from Oklahoma had a booth selling bird nests, feeders, and small items that they had

made. Another booth sold soft tanned hides from exotic animals.

As one group of animals were sold, there would be a slight delay while the alleys were being rearranged. To keep the sale going, the auctioneers would sell ostrich eggs, deer and elk antlers, Indian novelties and rugs made out of animal hides and other junk - so you never knew what was next. Since I've done business with people from all over the United States, it was quite a reunion for me to see and visit with them again.

We bought a trio of white-bearded gnu, a couple of llamas, a zebra mare, a dingo dog for the Idaho Falls zoo and a wallaby for a man in Montana, so we had a load coming back. The weather was perfect and with no truck problems, we felt we had a nice trip and a 10-day vacation. [24 Oct 1982, Purchases Ledger]

Cape Girardeau Sale

by John

Martha traveled to Cape Girardeau one year [1982] and was watching the sale quietly when Dad told her to raise her hand. A few seconds later he told her to raise her hand again. This repeated several times and when it was over Martha asked what had happened. Dad told her she had purchased the big beautiful black and white female llama. Martha asked "how much?" and Dad told her \$9,000 and she should go pay for it now.

Martha purchased a beautiful white fur coat at the Dave Hale sale and she still has it today.

On another trip we were at the sale barn a few miles from town about 8 p.m. when the power went out. We found our steel van truck and headed for town in a heavy wind and heavy rain storm. A few miles down the road the wind tipped the truck and raised the driver side wheels a few feet off the ground. Dad and I were sure we were going to tip over. I was driving slowly and did not lose control of the steering as the truck came within inches of rolling over on the side of the road.

The next day we returned to the sale barn to see the damage from a tornado that had lifted the roof off the sale barn and downed several trees and power poles. The remaining sale was canceled so we loaded our animals and headed back to Idaho Falls.

We were very thankful that we were not tipped over on the side of the road.

Sitatunga

by John

We arrived at an animal sale in Ogalala, Nebraska, late in the afternoon and pulled into the 4H barn at the county fairgrounds to get checked in and unload the animals. A veterinarian was there to check our paperwork and inspect the animals. We had a sitatunga (about the size of a small deer) in a crate along with other animals. My plan was to reach into the crate and grab the sitatunga and hold it for inspection by the veterinarian. As soon as I partially opened the crate door the sitatunga jumped out of the crate and went right through my legs and jumped out of the trailer. His horns grabbed the inside seam on my Levis and ripped the seam open from top to bottom. He also ripped out a chunk of the Levis and ran down the alleyway carrying part of my pants on its horns.

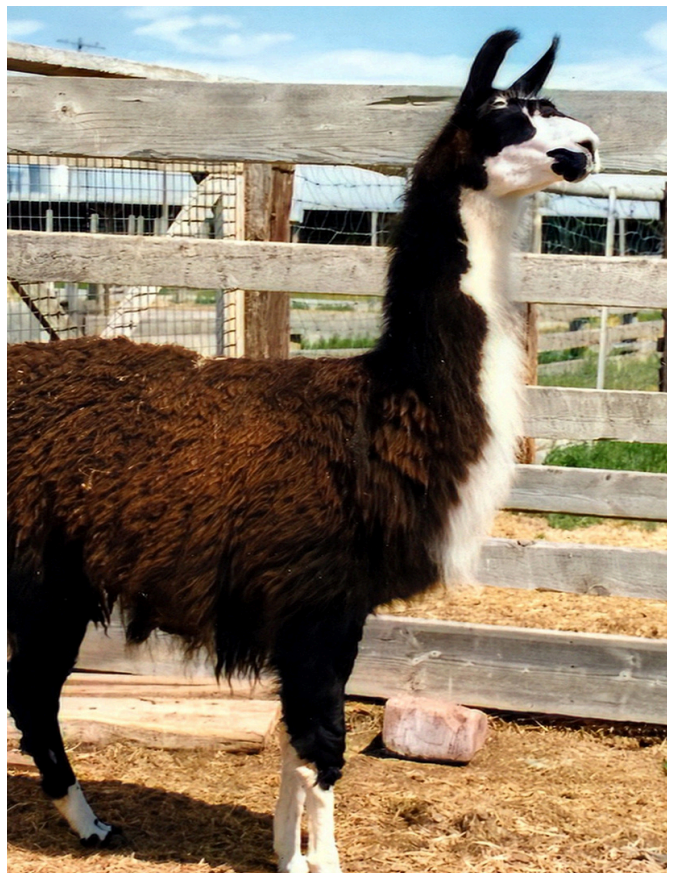
Everyone was laughing until I looked down and saw blood running down my leg. The veterinarian closed up my wound, sprinkled some coagulant powder, and put a large bandage around my leg just above my knee. He gave me a tetanus shot and changed the bandage each day. I had a pair of bib coveralls to wear for the next 3 days and the trip back home. I think I am the only sibling that was actually treated by a veterinarian. As a child Dad would threaten to take us to his veterinarian when we were too sick to go to school that day. Many of us siblings had perfect school attendance.



Scimitar Horned Oryx



Sitatunga



Llama Stud

New Truck

by John

I had purchased a NEW ¾ ton pickup truck with a heavy duty towing package and a larger engine for the purpose of pulling our animal trailer. I took delivery of the truck just days before we left for a trip to Macon, Missouri. Dad purchased a couple of buffalo at the sale and we loaded up on a Sunday morning and headed back home. A few miles down the road I could see smoke coming out the back of the truck. We stopped and saw the smoke was coming from the transmission under the truck. We drove slowly and limped into St. Joseph in the middle of the afternoon, found a motel, unhooked the trailer behind the motel, and parked the truck. On Monday we took the truck to the local dealer and waited for them to fix the truck. After several hours the mechanic said the transmission had metal filings in the oil and he needed to pull the transmission out of the truck. Another couple of hours the mechanic told us the transmission was full of metal filings and he could not fix it. He ordered a new transmission from Kansas City and said it would be there the next day. On Tuesday morning Dad called a cab and we went to the cattle and horse sale at the St. Joseph stockyards. We returned to the dealer late in the afternoon and the mechanic said Kansas City did not have the correct transmission so he ordered one from St. Louis and it would be there on Wednesday.

Wednesday morning I called a cab and we went to the local golf course. I rented shoes and clubs and played a round of golf. Dad rode in the golf cart and I think this was his first and only time he was ever on a golf course. Late in the afternoon we returned to the dealer and the mechanic said the transmission was there and being installed. We could get the truck on Thursday afternoon. Those were long days in St. Joseph just waiting. We did have a couple bales of hay and could feed the buffalo each morning and night. Eventually got back home on Sunday afternoon after 15 days on the road.

Broken Headlight

by John

We were coming home from an animal sale in South Dakota somewhere in Montana about dusk. The semi-truck in front put on his brake lights to slow down so I pulled into the left lane to pass. As I got to the front of the semi-truck a small herd of deer ran across the freeway. I could not stop and could not slow down and could not swerve to miss them. I did manage to only hit the last deer and I am sure I killed it. The crash destroyed the left headlight on the truck, shorted the electrical system, and blew several fuses in the truck. I pulled over to inspect the damage and decide what to do to drive down the freeway at night without any headlights, no brake lights, and no tail lights on the back of the trailer.

We did have two powerful flashlights that we used to feed the animals at night and very early morning. I taped one flashlight to the back of the trailer using duct tape and used the other flashlight to drive. We limped slowly into the next town and found a repair shop the next morning. Wasted 2 hours getting a new headlight, replacing the burned wires behind the headlight, and replacing the blown fuses.

Lesson learned is to pay attention to the big trucks when they slow down or stop on the freeway.

Black Man

by John

On a trip to Macon, Missouri, we stopped one night just outside of Kansas City. We were putting gas in the truck when a black man sitting in front of the gas station shouted, "Hey man, what's in the truck".

I did not turn around and Dad was also quiet. The man shouted again, "Hey man, what's in the truck". Dad turned around and told him to come over and take a look. There was a air vent on the side of the truck near the front covered with a wire mesh screen. The black man put his nose about ½ inch from the screen to get a better look inside the dark truck. Instantly a big tiger let out a mighty roar and jumped right at the screen putting its nose up against the screen. The black man was so startled that he collapsed to the ground. After a few seconds he got up and ran back to the front of the gas station. His friend also jumped up and both went inside the gas station. We did not have any trouble, finished getting gas, and left to go find a motel.

Woodrow and Pierre



'Pierre' the Chimpanzee

by Woodrow

During one of my trips to Holiday Island, Arkansas, Earl Tatum talked me into buying one of his chimps. [27 Oct 1973, Purchases Ledger] He had purchased a group of trained chimps and had more than he wanted. Pierre was about 4 or 5 years old, two-thirds grown and well-mannered. The older chimp would go with Earl to the bar and have a glass of beer.

Bringing Pierre home and feeding him en route was a problem. When I'd go into the cafe, I'd ask for a banana, carton of milk and a couple slices of toast for my friend that won't come in and eat. He'd eat more than I did.

When I got home, I took Pierre with me to the house, set him on the rear door step, rang the bell, then got out of sight. When Marjorie answered the door, in rushed Pierre. Marjorie let out a shriek. She didn't know what to do, but figured I must have gotten home and was somewhere close by. Pierre went straight to the refrigerator, opened the door and got out an apple, then climbed upon a chair to eat it.

At the farm, he'd go with me to work, riding in the cab of the pickup as we'd travel. Marjorie would fix two lunches and a jug of lemonade and the chimp and I would sit on the tailgate and eat. I'd give him a plastic cup, and after filling it with lemonade, he'd climb on a post or nearby building, sip the lemonade and when gone, come back and hold out his cup for more.

He could open and drink a can of pop faster than anyone else could. On a couple occasions I would take out a couple of cans of pop, then have a race between Richard and Pierre to see who could open and drink the pop the quickest. Pierre always won. He'd never stop drinking when he'd get his can opened, while Richard would have to take a breath or two. It was fun to watch the contest.

One time he got into Howard's lunch, took the apple and ate it. I put all the lunch back in the pail and never said a thing. Until Marilyn asked Howard about the apple - he never knew it was gone. Lucky Pierre didn't eat all the lunch.

Pierre was quite an attraction at the farm. When a group of people came, he'd follow along, but we had to watch him as he didn't like small children, and he'd sneak up on them and start beating upon the small children. I'd cuff him, but

still he had to be watched. All I had to say was 'all aboard' or 'let's go,' open the door and he'd get in the pickup.

As he got older, I got a female chimp to keep him company. [9 Oct 1975, Purchases Ledger] A woman in New York offered me a female if I'd pay the freight. She shipped it to Salt Lake City, and I sent Art Saxton down to pick it up. Pierre was so happy to have a companion. On one occasion, he managed to let them out of their pen in the monkey house. Then Pierre opened all the doors to the monkey cages and let them out into the central inside area. As Larry was going home, just at dusk, he saw the mix-up, so went home to get his wife to come and help him put the monkeys back in their cages. It was just at supper time and Mrs. Stark had the table set and supper waiting.

While Larry was gone to get Mrs. Stark, the two chimps opened the outside door, passed unseen by Larry and Mrs. Stark as they returned. The chimps went to the Stark's home, went in, and seeing supper was ready, invited themselves for supper. When the Starks returned after putting the monkeys away, they found their supper gone. One chimp was in bed eating a pork chop, and the other chimp was in the bathroom, opening all the bottles and pouring the liquids down the toilet. The Starks marched the two chimps back to the pen in a hurry! The Starks weren't very happy. Mrs. Stark wasn't as mad as I thought she might have been.

As Pierre got older, he became more aggressive. He didn't like the Mexicans who worked on the farm and sometimes would jump on them if given the chance. On one occasion, he jumped on the back of a Mexican and bit him on the neck [July 78]. Larry had to take the fellow to the hospital to have his face all sewed up, then go back a week later to get the stitches taken out. A chimp is four times stronger than a man. I would have to hold his thumbs in both of my hands when I'd put him back in the monkey house or move him. Then he got out again and killed 3 of my barbary apes. Now his cage door is welded shut. I want to get rid of him.

After his mate died, he was lonesome and hard to handle. Finally I sold him [1 Oct 1978, Sales Ledger] to a fellow in Texas who needed a mate for two females. When he was gone, I missed him. Chimpanzees were fun to have around. They are a lot like a human in many of their actions.

Woodrow and Pierre



'Pierre'

by John

Mother would send snacks, cookies, cans of pop, apples, bananas, candy bars, etc. to eat when we stopped for a rest at 10 o'clock on Saturday mornings. She would also pack a black metal lunch box with treats for Pierre. He could open that lunch box quickly and he knew exactly what the pull tab was used for on the top of the pop can. He could open the pop can instantly, drink the whole can then give the empty can back to Dad and beg for a replacement.

One Saturday we were working on a shed roof and Dad had Pierre there to help us. We looked around and Pierre was gone. We spotted him on the high voltage power lines along the West side of the farm. He had climbed up the power pole and was going hand over hand along one of the wires. Dad yelled at him and held up a banana from our lunch box. Pierre quickly turned around, went hand over hand back to the pole, climbed down the pole, and ran back to see us and get a new banana. Very lucky he was still alive.

As Pierre got older he became very strong and reluctant to go back into his pen in the monkey barn when we finished work and it was time to go home. Dad would take a pair of vise grip pliers and grab one of Pierre's fingers with the vise grip. Dad could then lead Pierre back to his pen.

Larry Stark went into the monkey barn one day and all the monkeys were out of their pens. Pierre had opened his pen door and then went around and opened all the remaining monkey pen doors. We had to put a padlock on Pierre's pen because he was very smart and could reach through the chain link door with his fingers and unlock the door.

Pierre was about 9 years old when Dad sold him [1 Oct 1978, Sales Ledger] to an animal park that had other chimpanzees. We met this fellow again in the fall at the Lolli Bros. animal sale. He said Pierre was on an island with a group of other chimpanzees and Pierre picked up a rock and threw it across the pond and hit one of the park visitors. No serious injury but Pierre was in trouble.

Shopping with 'Pierre'

by Mrs. Stark

I took Pierre with me one day when I went to the store. I left him in the truck outside, but somehow he managed to roll down the window, get out and wander into the store looking for me. The folks in the store were so astonished to see Pierre walk by that everyone seemed at a loss for words. He found my husband and took him by the hand, just like a child, as if to say, "I've had enough, let's go home."



Pierre with Soda Can



Woodrow, Richard and Pierre

Pierre



Need a llama for a pet?

Wild animals are just a hobby for former bishop

BY CARLA A. BRIMHALL
Church News staff writer

IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO

When former bishop Woodrow E. Arrington, 74, receives a shipment of merchandise, he knows it won't come taped up in a brown cardboard box.

In fact, he might open the back of a truck to find his product snarling out at him or feeling a little carsick.

Arrington, of the Idaho Falls, Idaho, 17th Ward, owns a 380-acre animal park where he breeds and sells animals to zoos, circuses and similar ventures. At one time he conducted tours through the park, but he has since closed it to the public.

In the park are seven barns for thin-skinned animals such as zebras and giraffes, and separate cages, pens and areas for about 250 other animals. Among the constantly varying type of wildlife he owns are 13 llamas, 50 elk, 60 buffaloes, eight zebras and a number of antelopes, wild cats and birds.

Arrington, owner of a local construction company, built his animal park, which he calls his hobby, during the past 60 years. Three workers help him care for the animals.

He explained there was a time when he raised everything from white mice to white rhinos. "However, I eliminated some of the 'junk' animals that you can't sell for much at all," he said, referring to monkeys, baboons, apes, bears, coyotes and wolves.

"My most popular animals this year are llamas because they're so gentle and easy to take care of. They make really nice pets. The popular animals change from year to year, but African animals are usually pretty much in demand," he reported. He said his personal favorite is the eland, an easily cared for African antelope about the size of a buffalo, with a "nice disposition."

"I had several offers to sell my farm, but my wife, Marjorie, says I need a place to play," commented Arrington, who also has been a bank director and a construction worker on the Idaho Falls Temple. In the Church, he has served as a high councilor, as well as a bishop.

"Working in the construction business, I'm under lots of tension and pressure from the unions and the owners.

"Out there with my animals the phone doesn't ring. The union doesn't bother me. The animals are



Woodrow E. Arrington holds chimp, one of 250 animals living in his animal park.

therapy for me in maintaining my health."

Arrington doesn't have a lot of time to sit and talk, though. He stands up, says, "You know enough about me now," and dons a metallic blue construction hat. On the same rack, though, hangs a casual tan cap that he'll come back for later when he closes the doors of the construction company and opens the gates of his animal park.

Giraffe

by Woodrow

From the time I was a little fellow I've been amazed at giraffes. Little did I think I'd ever own any. But one time Earl Tatum had a couple at his place in Arkansas and I inquired how I could get a pair. After about six months of negotiations, Earl Tatum called and told me that the San Diego Wild Animal Park had the pair of Baringo giraffes trapped and for us to come and get them.

I left the first week of May 1978, on the airplane for Ontario, California, where Earl's wife Diane and his sister met me at the airport. After staying at Earl's sister's house that night, we left for Escondido early the next morning. Earl had brought a two-wheel trailer with an 8 ft. x 8 ft. bed and 8 ft. high sides, open top, that was pulled by his pickup, to haul the giraffes. We spent the rest of the morning trying to get the giraffes, who where in a corral, into the trailer with no luck. I found out giraffes will run over you and kick real hard. Finally we went to dinner and changed our procedure.

Finally we crowded the giraffes into an alley and into the trailer. We were afraid they'd break out, so we borrowed enough heavy chains to go around the trailer and thus kept the giraffes from breaking the sides. As soon as we got underway, the giraffes turned around, with their heads to the rear. The male stood 17 ft. tall and the female 15 ft., plus the trailer bed was 1½ ft. off of the road, so we had a high load.

As we'd approach each overpass, we'd come to a stop, either Earl or I would get out and as we'd approach the overpass, the giraffes would see the obstruction and lower their heads. When low enough, we'd ease under the structure and be on our way to the next overpass. So I'm personally acquainted with every overpass from San Diego to Idaho Falls, through California, Nevada, Utah and Idaho. Giraffes ride backwards and thus could lower their heads over the rear of the trailer.

During the trip, day or night, other truck drivers would see us, then talk on their CB radios. Since we had a radio, we could hear and talk back to them. One woman wanted to know where we got them and Earl told her we went giraffe hunting and trapped them last night. Her answer, 'A stupid question, a stupid answer.'

In the night, we ran into a snow storm in Southern Utah and we were very concerned for the animals' welfare, hoping they wouldn't catch pneumonia, as it was cold, plus the wind chill.

We traveled about 40 miles per hour and we didn't stop. About 7:30 a.m., we were in the outskirts of Salt Lake City, as the morning traffic began. There are many overpasses in Salt Lake City, so it wasn't long until we had traffic backed up. A newspaper reporter flying in an airplane spotted us, called his paper and told them what was happening. The paper called the Salt Lake Zoo to see if they were expecting giraffes. The zoo officials told the newspaper people that it must be me from Idaho Falls. The newspaper then called Marjorie and got a story.

The state police weren't too severe on us, and eventually we got out of the traffic in Salt Lake. We got home the middle of the afternoon, twenty-two hours after leaving Escondido. The giraffes didn't want to duck their heads to go under the entrance sign at our farm, but eventually we got them down the alley to the temporary pen that we had prepared for them. I'm sure Earl and Diane were as relieved as I was to see the giraffes safely in Idaho Falls.

I drew some plans for a deluxe facility. The new barn was to be made out of concrete walls, heated and with two outside runs. We precast the walls 10 feet wide and twenty feet long and 6 inches thick on our casting slabs in town. The slabs weighted 7½ ton each. When all were cast and cured, we'd load four slabs on a load, take them to the farm and erect them. Wooden trusses were built in town and also hauled and set when the walls were erected, welded together and the joints grouted.

All summer was spent building a permanent facility with an 8 ft. high fence, loafing sheds, and a concrete barn. A center divider was placed so we had two pens. A kitchen sink was placed about 3 feet high in the cross wall for drinking water. A small entrance room was built to contain the hot air furnace and store room for feed. The outside fences were 8 feet high and an open faced shed was built for shade at each end.

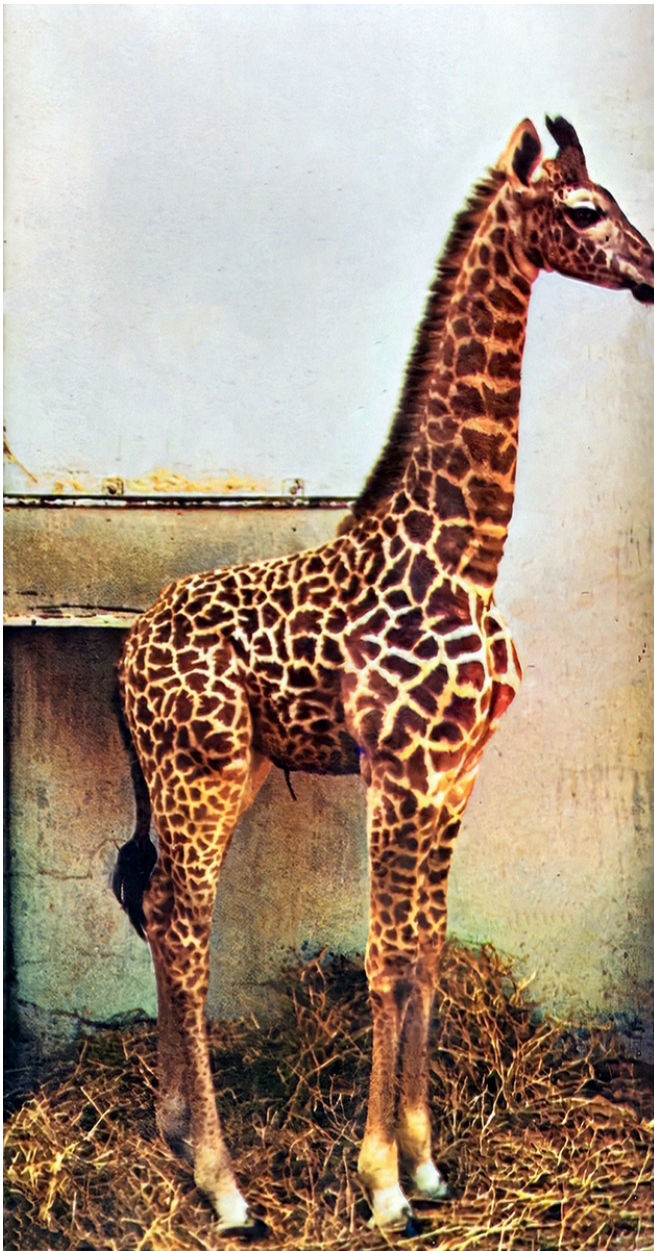
By fall we were ready, but the giraffes had become attached to the temporary facility and didn't want to leave. With a lot of help and patience, we finally persuaded them to move to their home [Sep 78].

One knocked down a gate and ran over Larry and broke his collar bone. It's rough being an animal trainer.

About six months later the mother gave birth to a male baby. Normally animals lay down for delivery, but the mother giraffe stands up and the

baby had to fall about 5 feet to the ground. He soon got his coordination and was able to stand. The next spring the adults started dying. We treated them with everything, but the veterinarian diagnosed them as having pneumonia. With day temperatures of 40 degrees and night temperatures down below freezing, they'd catch colds, which would turn to pneumonia. The first we'd know they were sick was when they were down. It is too late then.

So now we have a nice giraffe barn, unused, and a lot of work and money invested in a year long experiment in raising giraffes.



Male Giraffe Born

Giraffes

by John

Dad flew to San Diego Wild Animal Park to meet with Earl Tatum and take delivery of 2 adult giraffes. This was a rare airplane trip for Dad. Tatum had a custom built trailer specially made to haul giraffes. The trailer was a very large 2 compartment box with the floor only a few inches above the ground. The box had doors on both ends so the giraffes could just walk into the box with their heads out the back end of the box. The box had very high sides but no top.

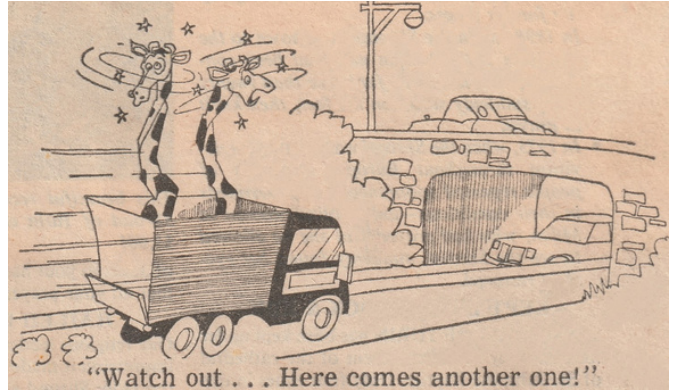
They left San Diego in mid-afternoon and Tatum did all the driving. Tatum would stop at EVERY highway overpass and pull up slowly until the giraffes would bump the back of their heads on the overpass. They would lower their heads and Tatum would drive on through the overpass. Dad would get out and help direct Tatum and help with traffic control. Dad said Tatum had a lot of fun talking to the truckers on the CB radio. They were in southern Utah in the middle of the night when the trucker suddenly called out "Breaker, Breaker what is that load in your trailer". Tatum replied "just a pair of jack rabbits with long necks".



Rusty with 'Rusty' the Giraffe

They got to Salt Lake City about 7 a.m. in the morning and now the traffic was backed up for several miles because Tatum stopped at each overpass. Soon the Highway Patrol came by and made them pull over and stop for about 2 hours until rush hour traffic subsided. Dad and Tatum eventually got home safely after driving all night from San Diego. Dad said he lost track of the count of the overpasses they had to stop at between San Diego and Idaho Falls.

We had a very nice giraffe barn built with precast concrete wall panels that were 20 ft tall.



Overpasses



IN THESE DAYS of high prices, everyone knows it can be expensive if you have a lot of mouths to feed. Just ask Larry Stark, manager of the W. E. Arrington wild animal ranch, 11 miles north of Idaho Falls. Stark feeds this giraffe — one of a pair recently

purchased from the San Diego Zoo — and then with an assistant, goes on to feed, each day, several hundred other animals, including lions, tigers and camels. (Post-Register staff photo by Robert Bower)



Giraffe Barn Under Construction

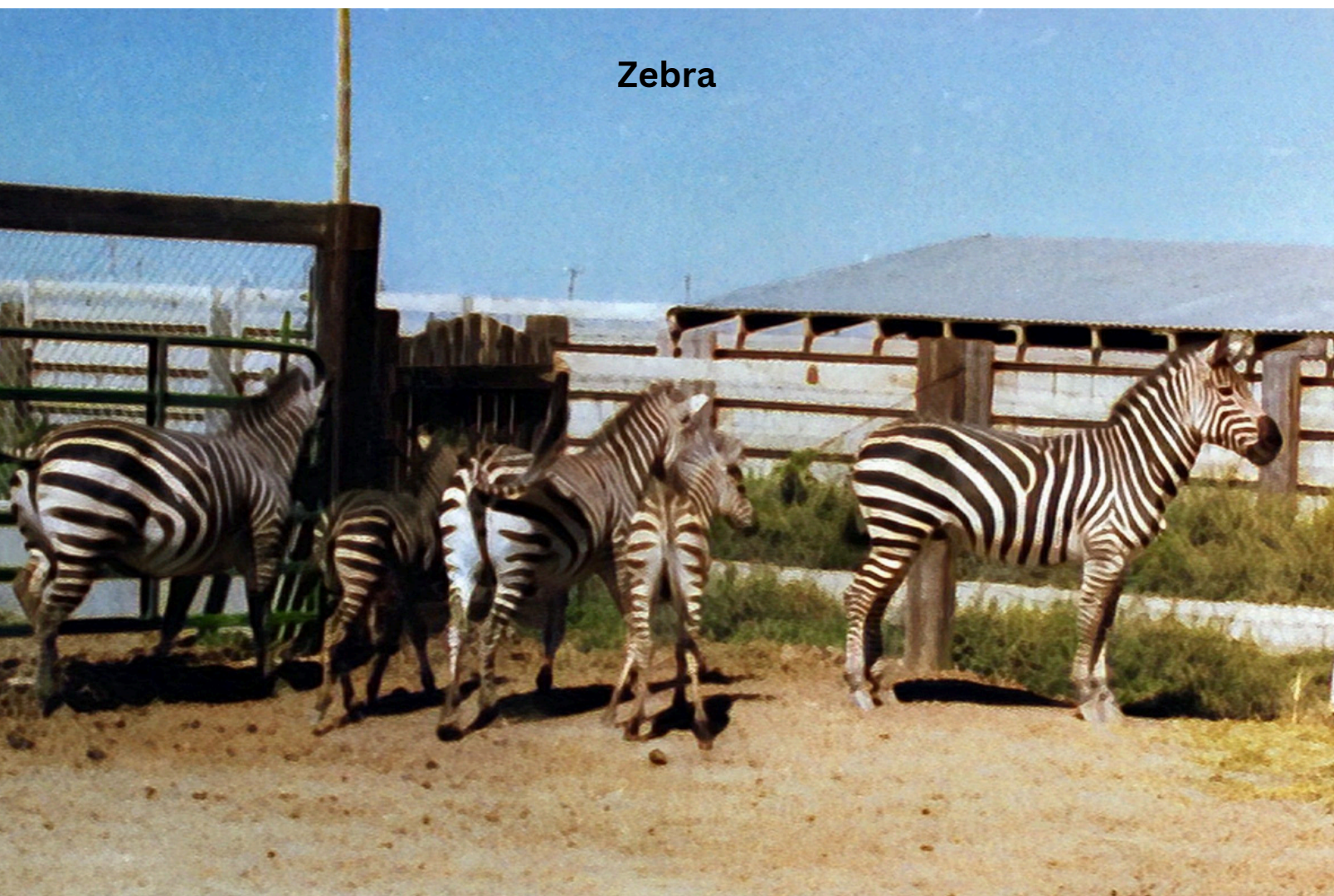


Giraffe Barn

We keep making a little progress on the giraffe barn. This Saturday should finish all the exterior chain link fence and the underground duct work. Then we'll pour the floor and that will finish the concrete. Howard, each Saturday I miss you more. I can't depend on anyone, like I did you.
[21 Jul 1978 - Woodrow's letter to Howard:]



Zebra



Zebra

by Woodrow

The first thing I learned about zebras is to have an appropriate facility ready. I bought my first pair of zebras twenty-five years ago. I just put them in a pen along side of my cattle. No one ever told me that they had to have shelter and that they couldn't take the cold. The first time it got cold, I lost one and I learned that if you're going to keep zebras you must have adequate facilities.

The next spring I built a deluxe place for them with precast concrete walls and a long barn with an alley down the center that was six foot wide. My chain link fences were seven foot high. I had sixteen pens twelve foot deep, cross fences and a two foot high concrete wall with chain link fence on top of that.

Between every pen there was an automatic drinking fountain electrically heated. Each one of the stalls opens out onto the runway. I was looking ahead and decided to have two herds of zebra so I could cross the daughters or sell a pair of foals that weren't related. Each of the two runs open into individual pastures.

The concrete floor was rough to help wear down their hoofs. The ceiling is eight foot high, all plywood lined, insulated above that. The whole thing is heated with hot air furnaces. It didn't take me long to find you can't keep more than one zebra in a stall over the winter. I have an associate that put his stallion and mare in a stall for the winter. In January, the mare had a foal and that night she killed the stallion.

I've lost my share of zebras and I've paid for a lot of experience that maybe I can give to you. I learned many things the hard way. Their skin is as thin as a sheet of paper and they can't take the cold. You can't herd them. They'll run into a fence and break their necks. Zebras will spook. Sometimes they'll just hit the fence and kill themselves. One of the secrets of zebra management is patience. You can't use just any kind of drugs on them. Rompun is a waste of time. It doesn't have any effect at all on them.

Throughout the years I have found many things about raising zebras. In my opinion, a filly will foal at eleven month intervals. When she gets a little older it's 12 months, and when she gets to be an old grandmother, it's thirteen months. Some of the zebras will not breed as long as they are nursing a colt, and others will breed back in a month. All my animals have ear tags so I can keep track of when they have their foals. Some of them

will have another colt thirteen months after they've given birth to the previous colt.

Zebras are African animals and can give birth any time of the year so you have to do the planning for them. I keep two herds and in the middle of summer I reverse the two stallions. I have found out that some mares will not have anything to do with the stallion that they've been kept with but will breed with the new stallion. I take the stallions away the 1st of November and put the females in stalls for the winter.

One of the biggest problems with Zebras is their feet. Their hoofs grow, even though I've got them on rough concrete. Every two or three years, we have to trim their feet. You can't trim a zebra's feet like you can a donkey or a horse. You have to put him down with drugs.

We check their teeth and I worm them all at the same time. Be forewarned. Do not tranquilize a pregnant zebra mare. She'll abort the fetus. I wait until her colt is four or five days old, then you can put her down and trim her feet. At the same time, I sex the colt and put an ear tag on it. When we tranquilize a zebra I always have one of my helpers hold his head in his lap for two reasons. One, I don't want the juices from his stomach to run back down into his lungs and the other is to keep his eyes out of the dirt.

There are two reasons why we don't like the zebra mares to have their babies out in the pasture. First of all there's always some other mare that may want to steal the baby. Second, the stallion may be quite mean. Stallions have been known to kill other baby animals too, not just zebra foals. We keep the expectant mother inside by herself until she has the colt. If she can be caught up a month in advance, she should be given a little extra boost of grain or rabbit pellets. Rabbit pellets have carbohydrates, fats, minerals and vitamins, plus grass and hay. You'll be surprised how that will give them a nice big heavy coat but still not put on a lot of fat. We have the nicest little colts because we pay attention to their mother's nutrition.

I think the high mortality rate is why there's such a market for zebras. Zebras bite and zebras kick, but I like zebras and I've raised a lot of them.

We don't try to herd zebras. We outsmart them. Once you realize you are smarter than a zebra, you can get along pretty well. Some people want a baby zebra when it's seven to ten days old. Some people want foals at four or five months. Two years ago I brought a little zebra colt that I

had just taken from his mother. He was about five months old. Poor little guy cried and whined and when I got him here (animal sale) he was a little car sick as well as homesick. I let him out of the crate and walked along side of him. I put my arm around his shoulder and walked him into a pen. The next couple of days I went in every day and talked to him and rubbed his head. We put a halter on him and he was just as gentle as he could be. Personally I think they tame down just as well as any younger animals without all the extra work and risks. I like the mother to raise them until they're four or five months old.

I've never seen a zebra buck. I've put a saddle on a four or five month old zebra and gentle him down just like a horse. I don't believe that you can do the same thing with an adult animal. An adult zebra will kill itself before it will submit to being handled. If you have plans to use them for parade work or movie work, you better start when they're young. It's easier on them and on you.

I'd encourage anyone with proper facilities and lots of pasture to try zebras but don't expect to get rich raising them.

Yak Delivery

I left rather early to meet an animal trader in Salt Lake who was bringing me a yak and zebra from Texas. On arrival home we found the yak mother had a baby en route from Salt Lake. Luckily she hadn't stepped on it and it's doing fine. She is plenty nervous, so we don't bother the pair at all. The Salt Lake zoo handler brought me a nice pair of bobcats from the Salt Lake zoo. We got our wolf pup from the Idaho Falls zoo, so have all our pens filled. More construction?

[14 Oct 1974 - Woodrow's letter to Howard]

Trimming Zebra Hooves

by Woodrow

Since we have a modest sized herd of zebras, occasionally they need their hooves trimmed. We have learned from experience, several things to do and not to do, so thought a few suggestions might be of interest to other zebra owners.

Zebras like to bite, strike and kick. At times, it seems like they can do all three simultaneously. Thus to control the animal while working on them, they have to be tranquilized if a good job is to be done on their hooves. Many drugs that will work on other animals, have no effect on zebras. We have found from trial and error that M99 is very effective. When used with Acepromazine, it is still better. We use 4½ cc of M99 plus ½ cc of Acepromazine. This combination is injected in the muscle in the hip, with a standard syringe.

From 12 to 20 minutes after the injection, the animal begins to stagger and in most cases, goes down. Sometimes they do not go down, but keep standing with their legs spread apart and braced. When this happens, we grab the animal around the neck to steady it. We then place a rope around the two front legs, and trip it. When the animal is on the ground, arrange to keep the head and neck higher than the body. This can be done by holding the head in the lap of one of the employees. By so doing, dirt is kept out of the eyes and the stomach liquids will not drain into the throat and lungs.

The animal is not unconscious, just helpless, so it is aware of what is going on. The muscular system seems to be disconnected from the nervous system. The hooves can be trimmed similar to trimming a horse or mule. A saw, nippers, rasp and knife will handle any problem. After the hoof is trimmed, rasped flat, and the frog cleaned, we insert a serial numbered button tag, known as the sheep or hog tag, in one of the ears. Thus we have all our zebras with the positive numbered identification for record keeping. An antidote drug, M5050, of 4½ cc is then injected in the same muscle as was the M99. We also worm every zebra using Tramisol paste, which is placed in their mouth. This soon dissolves, is swallowed, and not spit out.

In a few minutes, the zebra leaps to its feet and can be herded back to its pen. No grogginess is observed and no delay is encountered waiting for the drug to wear off, as is the case when Rompun is used on other animals.

Caution: Do not mainline the drug injection into an artery. Death can occur immediately. Do not tranquilize a bred mare. In most cases, she will abort the foal the next day. Wait until the colt is 4 to 6 days old, then trim her feet. At that time, a button tag can easily be placed in the ear of the colt for record purposes also. On the 9th day, we turn the mare and colt back with the main herd where the stallion is for rebreeding.

Due to severe winter temperatures, our zebras are kept in individual stalls in a heated barn from the middle of November to approximately April 1st. We have paved the floors of these barns with a rough finished concrete. This surface helps a lot in keeping the hooves worn down and thus keeping our trimming needs to a minimum. This hard level surface makes cleaning a lot simpler. We have had good results with the few colts born during the winter.

[Printed in 'Animal Finders Guide', 1 Mar 1989]



Sedated Zebra



Ankole Cattle



Peccary

Yak





Musk Ox

by Woodrow

Every large animal raiser should have a musk ox or two for a while so he will appreciate how nice it is to keep domesticated animals.

About twelve years ago we obtained our first musk ox from the Denver Zoo. It was a young male and our first problem was getting him unloaded from our truck when we got home. He wouldn't come out. We left the gate up and put feed and water at the bottom of the ramp. After a couple of days, he decided to eat, so came down. He was about two and half years old and full grown when we finally obtained a baby female from Canada. Naturally we kept them apart for her protection, until the female was grown at about two years of age.

Moving them to a larger pen that was 200 by 125 feet was something else. We used two pickups and all our farm help. It was a good thing they were both old pickups as a few more dents and a smashed headlight when the pickups got banged didn't do too much damage. Finally we got them to leave their pens and move to their new home. Years went by and no babies. Finally the male died. We were finally able to get another male adult from Jim Fouts, an animal dealer. He delivered the animal just before Christmas. It was quite cold and lots of snow on the ground. Jim was able to back part way into the entrance road.

We spent a lot of time getting the beast out of his trailer, but that was as far as he would go. Jim finally pulled out, we shut the gates and opened everything down to where the female was.

By morning the male had found her. She apparently was glad to see him, as she had the cutest little baby nine months later. It was a bundle of curly black wool. The birth was unexpected as we thought they would mate in August and have a baby in May as do their cousins, our buffalo.

The mother was so proud of her new daughter. Unfortunately the baby got it's head caught between the drinking fountain and the cross fence. It took several people to keep the mother away, as she was so protective. The baby died that evening from over exertion and stress. The mother really grieved. She wouldn't eat and just stood around. She couldn't figure out where her baby had gone.

The male was something else. He would delight in charging the drinking fountain that was in the cross fence. We finally put an empty barrel



in and lashed it to the fence so he had something to beat on. The cross fence was made of 2x6 and 2x8 ribbons which he delighted in smashing from time to time. The back fence was of similar construction, yet faced with one inch lumber that was six feet high.

Adjoining this pen was a ten acre pasture where we kept our llamas. The male decided one day to pay the llamas a visit, so he just knocked a hole through the one inch lumber, broke the ribbons and a post that happened to be in the way. He didn't bother the llamas. We got him back and boarded up the hole with solid two inch planks. The musk ox merely moved over ten or twelve feet and made a new hole. This time we made a permanent gate at the end with a nice gate that we fastened open.

One day the male didn't like the new gate and smashed it into kindling. Adjoining the llama pasture was a larger pasture where we kept buffalo. Connecting the two pastures was a pair of chain link gates, hung on railroad ties. One day the musk ox decide to visit his cousins and broke off one of the ties, thus laying down one of the gates.

We expected trouble, but the animals greeted each other as cousins do to each other at a reunion. After replacing the gate post and rehangng the gate, we decided we had enough of trying to keep musk ox. Jerry McRoberts of Gurley, Nebraska, had been wanting them, so we told him he could have them. The only catch was we had to deliver them to his ranch, which we agreed to do, since we wanted to get rid of them so bad.

Along the back of our corrals was an alley leading to a loading chute. We starting feeding the musk ox at the upper end. On the day of the loading, after feeding them, we placed two pickups in behind them, thus blocking the alley. We planned to haul the animals in a two compartment trailer so they couldn't hook each other. As soon as we got one animal in the trailer, we shut the cross gate, then the other one was loaded. We were hooked onto the trailer and left immediately. We never stopped until we pulled into Jerry's ranch as we didn't want that male to take our horse trailer apart.

When we got to the McRoberts ranch, Jerry said he wanted them at another ranch about 25 miles away. I said, 'No way. Just back your trailer up to mine and I'll put them in yours.' Believe it or not, but when he got his trailer in position, I said, 'get into his trailer' and they walked right in, not even a stick was needed. With his check in hand, we lost no time in leaving. I didn't want those musk ox to change their minds and decide they had ridden far enough.

I haven't heard from Jerry since, so if you want to terminate a friendship of many years, encourage your friends to try the musk ox business and your worries will be over.

Memories

I've been thinking about my many trips taken around the country to buy and sell animals. Memories are wonderful as a person gets older. [30 Oct 1981 - Woodrow's letter to Howard]



Musk Ox

Bear

by Woodrow

The Pocatello, Idaho, Ross Park Zoo had a pair of mountain lions (cougars) that we wanted. In order to buy them, we had to agree to take a pair of half grown black bears that they wanted to get rid of.

On Apr 13th, 1982, Larry Stark and I loaded four crates on our pickup and drove to Pocatello, about 50 miles away.

The pens for the cats and bears in the Pocatello zoo are built on a slope over a lava rock slide, with the dens at the top of the steep slope. We had no trouble driving the cougars into their dens, shutting the doors, transferring the cats into our crates, then packing them down the steep hill to our truck at the bottom.

The bear cubs, in an adjoining pen, were something else. They didn't want to move. Finally water hoses, long poles and shouting drove the bears into the dens at the top of their hillside runs. A small tunnel at the rear of the dens had been blasted out of the lava rock. To get down, we had to go down several steps to get into this narrow passage. The floor of the dens was about 3 feet

above the floor of the passageway - so we could stand up all right.

It was very difficult to get the bears to move. Our crates were too large or too heavy to get into this narrow space, so their employees got a 50 gallon barrel that was open on one end. This barrel was held up to the access back door of the den. Finally we were able to push a bear into the barrel, slip a piece of plywood between the end of the barrel and the pen, then we'd let the barrel down to the floor, tip it up on end. The bear wasn't too happy by now. Then we would manhandle the barrel up the narrow stairway to the outside where we'd transfer him to one of our crates.

It took over an hour to get each bear stuffed in a barrel, moved out of this narrow space and put into our crates. Fortunately no one got bit or clawed, as bears are well equipped to do both.

We got home with no trouble and put the bears in one of our empty lion pens. We proceeded to find another home for the bears and later on sold them to a drive-through park in Ronan, Montana. [24 June 1982, Sales Ledger]



Black Bear



Transferring a tranquilized zebra to Earl Tatum's truck.



Loading a Blackbuck Antelope into the Arrington van.



Springbok

Leopards

by Howard

Hogle Zoo Trip

In August, 1974, I went with Dad to Salt Lake City to exchange animals with Earl Tatum. I had just returned from an Air Force bootcamp, and not yet left for the University of Idaho. Dad had arranged with Earl to rendezvous at the Hogle Zoo. We were delivering a Springbok antelope and a zebra, and picking up a Blackbuck antelope.

The photos show the tranquilized zebra being moved to the Tatum truck, Earl carrying the Springbok antelope, and the Blackbuck antelope being loaded into the Arrington van.

After the exchanges had been made, the director of the Hogle zoo gave us a tour. Dad was particularly interested in seeing the facilities the zoo had for their big cats. As we were touring inside the cat house, Dad inquired why a young leopard was being kept inside. The director said that as a kitten, one eye was scratched by another kitten. The leopard's eye had turned milky white thus rendering it unfit for public display. Dad proposed a trade, that he would take this female leopard, breed it with leopards we already had, and the Hogle zoo would get pick of the litter. The proposal was accepted.

A zoo worker fetched a small crate with a wire mesh top. The leopard was caught with a dog lasso pole, and pushed into the crate. Then the crate was loaded into our animal van.

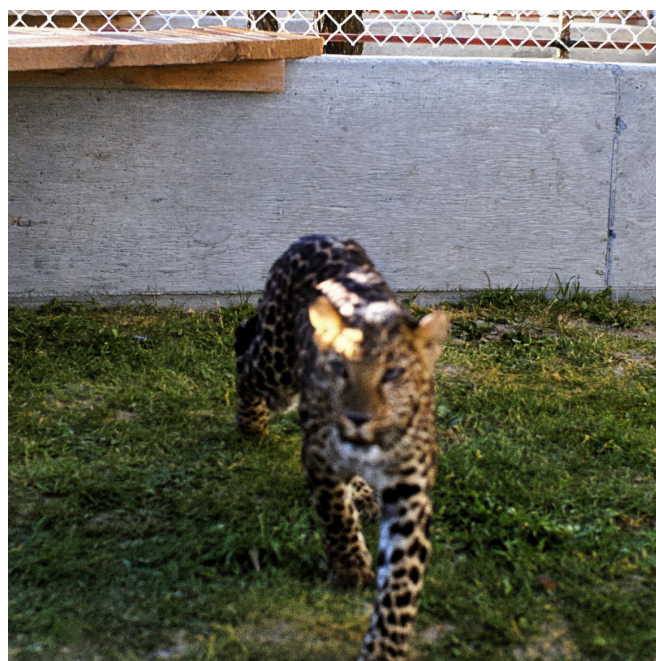
When we arrived at our farm, our truck was backed up to the loading chute, and the Blackbuck unloaded. In the process we could see in the corner of the van's dark interior, two eyes looking back. The leopard had busted out of its crate.

We closed the door of the van, pulled forward into the farmyard, and formulated a plan on how to catch the loose leopard. It was decided that we would put a large crate in the van. This crate was about 4 ft. long, 4 ft. high, and 2 ft. wide with a vertically sliding door on the end. I and a Mexican farmhand climbed into the van. Dad gave me a cane and told me to knock on the door when the leopard was caught. The van door was closed.

We raised the crate's door, and waited for our eyes to adjust to the dark interior. With the Mexican on the left side of the crate, and I on the right side, we pushed the crate forward to diagonally pin the leopard in the corner. The cat never moved. I had to poke the leopard with the cane until it darted forward into the crate and the door was dropped. Mission safely accomplished.



Blackbuck Antelope



Leopard

Lasso Luck

One Saturday morning, one of the leopards got out of the Lion House. We formed a human fence across the road by the Lion House on both sides of the leopard. We had a couple of farmhands, a couple of 30th Ward elders, Dad, and myself. Then Larry Stark got on the roof of the cattle shed with a lariat. The space between the shed and the road was filled with weeds. When the leopard raised up to look across the top of the weeds, Larry dropped his lariat loop and lassoed the leopard. A 2nd lariat was quickly added so the leopard could be controlled, and moved back into its pen in the Lion House. Lucky us!! We caught our loose leopard with a rope.



Lion

Lion

by Woodrow

Several years ago, the zoo in Detroit, Michigan, needed a bull elk and I agreed to sell them one of ours. Rather than pay the expenses for delivery, I agreed to take an adult female African lion as payment. Our shop mechanic and I built a steel crate to take back to haul the lioness back to Idaho Falls. Deverle Wattenbarger, who was working on our New Sweden farm, went with me to help drive. We arrived in Detroit without any problems and after unloading the elk, made ready to get the lioness.

The zoo employees were able to get the lioness into a large cage and she was plenty mad, snarling and leaping at us. Deverle and I both wondered what we'd gotten into. From their large cage, the lioness was finally forced into our smaller, narrow crate and we were able to load her into our animal van.

I had arranged to get a hand-raised, half-grown male lion at the Garden City Zoo in Kansas on our way back. As we got into Kansas, late at night, it was raining and the truck quit about two miles outside of a small town. I flagged down a car, rode into town, hired a wrecker, and we then got the truck towed into a shop that had a single mechanic on duty until midnight.

He diagnosed several small things wrong, but said he could have the truck ready by morning. After fixing the truck, he parked it outside, and all night the lioness was most unhappy. Her sounds were brought to the attention of the night patrolman, who was afraid she'd get out of the truck. He was relieved when we left town the next morning.

After picking up the tame male, we left for home, driving northwest to Colorado. It was still raining and quite late in the fall. Soon the rain turned to snow and was 8" deep when we stopped at a service station in Colorado. A little farther on, the highway patrol stopped us and said the road was closed and that a large truck was turned over. Since they had been stopping cars for some time, all the rooms in the motels were taken. Finally one said they had a room with no heat. We took it, borrowed extra blankets and spent a cold, sleepless night. I could visualize several days delay and with no food for two lions. We got up at 5 a.m., drove around the state police and got onto the highway.

As daylight began to appear, we were amazed at the number of cars and trucks that were off the

roadway and stuck in the snow. We kept going and finally got to Denver by noon. From Denver to Cheyenne, the road was plowed and we continued on to Idaho Falls, getting home the next day.

Because of the difference in size and temperament, we placed the two lions in adjoining pens. Years later, we found out why the Detroit Zoo gave me the female - she was barren and never had any kittens. Eventually, both lions were sold to a taxidermist in Butte, Montana, and we got a second pair from Earl Tatum. Both are beautiful cats.





'Tigger' the Tiger

Baby Tiger

I don't know if Dad ever told you about the baby tiger born out at the farm. Starks are raising it on a bottle. The Starks were gone for a week so Dad had it here in the construction shop. He built a special pen for it and had heat lamps to keep it warm. It was funny to watch him fix the formula and special baby food vitamins, etc., each day. He would not get up at night though and feed it like Mrs. Stark was doing. [Marjorie's Letter to Howard]

The baby tiger is nearly 5 months old and quite grown up. I want a veterinarian to remove the claws on his front feet. So far I've been clipping them off, which the kitten doesn't like. Otherwise, he could become dangerous. Now he stays in Stark's house and tears up newspapers just to have something to do. [10 Jan 1977 - Woodrow's letter to Howard]

'Tigger'

The tiger is named 'Tigger.' He is a 360 pound Siberian tiger who lives on the W. E. Arrington wild animal ranch. The Starks raised him from a baby, fed him from a bottle and now he occasionally sleeps in their bed. Mrs. Stark was quick to point out the kitchen door where 'Tigger' cut his baby teeth and the refrigerator door handle she tied him to when he was smaller - a lot smaller, in fact. "Couldn't do that now," Mrs. Stark laughed, "or we'd probably see 'Tigger' going down the road dragging a refrigerator behind." Instead of having pink elephants at your next party you might want to invite a tiger. The Starks rent 'Tigger' out for special occasions. [21 Jun 1978 - Post Register]

Kittens

The leopards, jaguars, and tigers all have had kittens so we are in business. I let the Idaho Falls zoo take 2 leopard kittens to raise. Both mother leopards had kittens. [12 May 1978 - Woodrow's letter to Howard]

Tiger Kittens

by John

On two different years I delivered tiger kittens to a circus show in Las Vegas. I arrived at the address in late afternoon and found a large compound about the size of a city block that was surrounded by a 6 ft. high concrete wall. The gate attendant directed me to their cat house which was just beautiful. Other attendants were getting the animals ready for the show that night. They were feeding the tigers human grade new T-bone steaks. He said they used a "ton" of steak each week. Another attendant was bathing some tigers in a swimming pool about 3 ft. deep. The cat house was fully air-conditioned. I could see zebras running in a corral in another part of the compound. This was truly an elegant facility for the circus animals.



Cougar top pen, Jaguar bottom pen



HOW WOULD you like to rent this loveable creature for your next party? No? Well, some folks would and have. He's "Tigger", a 360 pound Siberian tiger who lives on the W. E. Arrington wild animal

ranch. Raised from a cub and bottle-fed, "Tigger" cut his baby teeth on a kitchen door in the home of ranch manager Larry Stark. (Post-Register staff photo by Robert Bower)



Bill Hatch



'Tigger'

by John

House Pet

Larry Stark and his wife (Henrietta) raised a baby tiger in their house that was a real tame pet. Tigger liked to watch television. He liked football but did not like the news, no action. The UPS driver came to the house one day to deliver a package and when Henrietta opened the door the tiger ran out to see the man. UPS will not deliver to the farm any more.



Stealing gas

Larry caught 2 men stealing gas at the farm one night. He marched them in front of a shotgun down to the cat house and locked them in one of the pens. Larry told them "If you are here in the morning I will let you out". When the men turned around they could see a tiger laying in the straw and looking at them. A few hours later Larry went back and let the men out of the pen. Tigger had not moved but the men were petrified stiff with eyes wide open. I am sure they will not steal gas at the Arrington farm ever again.

Taken for Rides

I had Tigger in town one week and had his leash tied to a tree in my backyard. My dog was a full grown Alaskan Malamute that came over to sniff the small cat. Tigger jumped up to play and the dog ran away scared. My dog was 5 times larger than the cat. I took Tigger for a ride in my truck to go get the mail. You should see the looks you get from other people when they see Tigger just sitting in the passenger seat and enjoying the

ride. We went into the Post Office together and I remember the post office workers running for the back door.

I took Tigger to the country club one day and he was just laying on the floor under a rack of clothes in the pro shop. My friend reached down to pet and Tigger let out a mighty roar that scared everyone. The pro shop sent me home.

Football Mascot

Larry would take Tigger to the football and basketball games in Pocatello for the Idaho State University Bengals, and for the Idaho Falls High School Tigers. One night Larry and Tigger were at the Idaho Falls Tigers football game and were standing on the football field where the players would run by and pet Tigger on the head at the start of the game. The cheer leader from the Skyline Grizzlies was dressed in a grizzly bear costume and came across the field to taunt Tigger with a stuffed teddy bear. Instantly Tigger jumped up grabbed the teddy bear and shredded it. The crowd went WILD. The next day the school board called Dad and prohibited Tigger from coming to any more events. Tigger could easily have grabbed the cheer leader and shredded her.

Tigger did not go anywhere after this incident as we all realized he was basically a full grown dangerous wild animal and we were lucky to avoid a serious accident.



Idaho Falls Tigers Football Game - 1979

"Just a little note to let you know how much I appreciated your helping us out with the baby tiger. It really helped our enthusiasm. Its too bad we didn't win! Hope that maybe we can use her again before she gets too big. Thank you."

Debbie Chaffin, Cheer Queen



Jaguars



'Tigger'



Lion



Cougar



Leopard



\$10.00

STATE OF IDAHO
DEPARTMENT OF FISH AND GAME

1978

6-1

76-000071

COMMERCIAL WILDLIFE LICENSE

W. E. Arrington, Inc., Box 881, Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401, having first made satisfactory showing by proper application as required by law, is hereby permitted to establish, maintain and operate a game farm located on property situated in: County Jefferson

Township 4 N Range N 37 Section 35 & 36 Quarter Section SW 1/4 Lot 4 State of Idaho

Permission is further granted to permittee to sell and/or ship the kinds of game birds and/or animals listed below. As authority to make such shipments of game birds and/or animals the permittee shall exhibit this license to the common carrier. This license shall be valid only for the following kinds of game birds and/or animals:

- | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 6 Mule Deer | 1 Columbian Blacktail Deer | 27 Buffalo |
| 1. <u>8 White-Tail Deer</u> | 2. <u>21 Elk</u> | 3. <u>2 Black Bear</u> |
| 2 Pumas | 2 Siberian Tigers | 2 Jaguars |
| 4. <u>4 Leopards</u> | 5. <u>2 Bobcats</u> | 6. <u>236 other animals</u> |

The Idaho Department of Fish and Game will not be responsible for any property damage or personal injury which might be caused by any of the animals covered by this license.

This license is issued in accordance with the provisions of Chapter 36-703, Idaho Code, and is to take effect and be in force from the date of issuance until December 31, 1978 unless sooner revoked by the Director of the Department of Fish and Game.

Idaho Falls
Dated at ~~Boise~~, Idaho January 10, 19 78

Director, Department of Fish and Game
P.O. Box 25, Boise, Idaho 83707

By Ardith Ivey, Secretary

1/26	Howard Arrington	✓ 1 00			ok rettl	583	38
2/2	George Arrington	✓ 2 00			150 -	731	35
2/2	John Arrington	✓ 3 50				727	85

W.E. Arrington, Inc., Farm Check Register, 1959



Arrington Construction Office, Feb 1991

Lolli Livestock Market
Jim, Dominic, Tim, Frankie Lolli
Auctioneers
Phone 816-365-2516 (2450) (3383) (3655)

Name _____ PIN NO. _____
Address _____ Price _____
Head _____

1000

ALL DAY PASS

LOLLI BROS
MACON, MISSOURI

Name _____

Lolli Auction, always #100 and seat #66



White Rhino

Rhinos

by Woodrow

Acquisition

One day, I got a call from an animal dealer asking if I'd like to get a pair of white rhinos. It seems an importer had purchased three pair of rhinos in Africa and shipped them to the quarantine station in Clifton, New Jersey. His check had bounced, and the government in South Africa had tied up the rhinos until they were paid. After some details were explained, I agreed to buy a pair of them.

After being released from the quarantine period, they were moved to Virginia. Earl Tatum agreed to deliver them to Idaho for \$9000. He borrowed a 4-horse trailer, lined the inside with $\frac{3}{4}$ inch plywood and was able to put one rhino in the front and one in the rear part. The rhinos were end to end. He drove continuously from Virginia to Idaho, afraid they'd get restless and break out if he stopped. [29 Apr 77, Acquisition Record]

We backed the trailer into our corral and were able to get them unloaded without any problem. They were so large and ugly that they were fascinating to me. They were plenty big and mean looking with that large curved horn on their nose.

Herding

One Saturday, Howard went into their corral to rebuild the drinking fountain platform. After a while, he hunted me up and asked, 'Have you seen the rhinos?'

He had not chained the gate when he went in. They had pushed the gate open and were gone. I looked around and saw them down by the river, walking along single file on a freshly mown hay row. Howard and I we drove down to the pasture and got ahead of them. I got out and advanced toward them, waving a shovel. They stopped, eventually turned around, and I was able to herd them back through the field, buffalo pasture, and finally back into their pen. I could just see them jumping into the river and swimming to an island. Then what would I do?

Rhino Barn

We got busy that summer and built a really nice barn for them before winter set in as I knew they couldn't survive the cold weather. The barn had two pens, with a bath tub between the pens for drinking. We put in an oil furnace and outside runs at each end of the barn.

The fence for the outside run was built by planting posts adjacent to each other like a stockade. Each post was bolted to an angle iron near the top to strengthen the fence.

Baby Born

After a while, we could see the female was about to become a mother. So we separated them and kept them inside the heated barn. In September 1977, a baby was born. The baby was so homely it was cute, feet as large as dinner plates on legs the size of your wrists. No horn. The mother was so proud of her baby. We didn't dare go in the pen because the mother was so protective of her daughter. The baby would run and play. If the baby ran to the end of the pen, the mother would go right after her.

On one occasion, we wanted to move all three to a larger corral. The parents were fine, but the baby charged everything - people and pickups. Mrs. Stark took several pictures of the baby attacking a pickup. I even dived under a road grader to get away from the youngster. She was something else.



Look Mom, a Pickup for Me to Charge!



White Rhino

On the Loose

One Sunday morning in 1977, the sheriff's department called that the rhinos were at the neighbors and they were going to shoot them. They were scared to go out of the house. John got our mechanic, and they went out to the farm and picked up the two Mexicans who lived there. Between the four of them and three pickups, they herded the rhinos back home. Evidently our employees had not fastened the exterior gates the night before and out went the rhinos.

Rhinos weigh between 4500 and 5000 pounds. So when one is chasing the other, something has to give when they come to a fence. As a result they broke open all the doors and gates. The rhinos were always restless, didn't like to be together and thus continually pushed open the gates or broke down the sheds or fences. Finally, we decided we didn't have the proper facilities to be a rhino raiser, so decided to get rid of them.

Sold

The adults were sold to a park in Vancouver, Canada, and the baby was sold to a fellow in Wisconsin [Jul 78]. The Vancouver zoo sent down a homemade trailer box and we had quite a time getting them loaded, one at a time. He then made a second trip. To get home we put ropes and chains around the trailer, and I breathed a sigh of relief when the last load was gone. Getting them separated and loaded into trailers was something else, but finally it was accomplished and they were on their way. I hated to see them go. I heard later on that the rhinos had a baby for the zoo.

We had built a special barn and runs for them, naming it, the 'Rhino Barn.' We have several pictures of them and I've often thought maybe I should have fixed a better place for them and kept them.



8 Months Old - May 1978



Rhinos

by John

Dad purchased a pair of White Rhinos from Jurgen C. Schulz (an animal dealer in New York associated with the Catskill Game Farm). Jurgen had a brother in Africa that would trap animals and then Jurgen would import them into the USA. Jurgen had just imported 6 Rhinos that were in quarantine. Jurgen arranged with Earl Tatum to deliver a 6-year old pair to Idaho Falls for \$10,000 (\$9,000 for the animals and \$1,000 for delivery). Two other Rhinos went to New York and two went to Fidel Castro in Cuba.

Jurgen used our farm for quarantine of his animals going into Canada. Our veterinarian (Rhonda Aliah-Davis) could certify the paperwork going into Canada. Rhonda was also a veterinarian on the Iditarod Trail Sled Dog Race in Alaska.

I received a call on a Sunday morning about 8 a.m. from the Bonneville County Sheriff. He was trying to reach Dad but no answer. Dad was probably at church by then. He also called the farm but no answer so he called me to report that the rhinos were out. He said the rhinos were south of the farm at Marshals and they were mad. I asked who was mad and he said "both" so I better get up there quick.

I called Bob Witt and another foreman who also had a company pickup truck and we all headed for the farm. Upon arriving at Marshals we had to stop and laugh. The rhinos were in their garden and Mr. Marshal was trying to herd them with a tractor. Mrs. Marshal was hiding behind the curtains and watching from inside their house. The rhinos were just going round and round and now the garden was a complete loss. I told Mr. Marshal to park his tractor and let the rhinos just settle down a bit.

With 3 pickup trucks we were able to push the rhinos back out to the road and headed north back to our farm about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile away. The road was only a gravel road and the rhinos walked very slow as the gravel hurt the soft pads on the bottom of their feet. As we approached the farm I pulled ahead and put my pickup on the railroad tracks just above the farm entrance. When the rhinos got there the female turned right and headed straight for their corral. The male turned left and came face to face with my pickup truck. He tried to go in front of me so I pulled ahead to block. He tried to go behind me so I backed up to block. He tried to go in front again and I blocked again. The rhino had enough of this by now so he charged my pickup

truck and caved in the passenger side door. He turned around and headed down the alleyway back to his corral. I was just sitting there somewhat shaken and looking at my new pickup truck with a caved in door and happy I was not tipped over.

Next day I took my truck to a local body shop and they went to the auto salvage yard in Ucon, ID, and were able to get a new door. Couple of days later everything was new again.

After the baby rhino was born the male rhino would come over to sniff the baby and the mother rhino would butt him away from the baby. The male was covered in blood because the skin is very thin and the blood vessels are on the surface of the skin to help cool the animal in the hot African summer. The skin looks like a heavy leather but is actually paper thin.

Tipped Over

by Howard

One year when moving cattle from a pasture to a corral, they were herded down the alleyway in front of the corral where the rhinos were kept. In the bustle of the cattle being bunched up, one of the cows toppled over and landed upside down in the concrete manger. Look at the photo where Dad is standing in a manger scratching a rhino. Picture a cow upside down in this manger. The cow squirmed but could not get out.

After the cattle were moved into their corral Larry Stark got the front-end loader. The cow's four legs were tied together, and hooked with a chain to the loader's bucket. The loader lifted the cow out of the manger and set her down in the alleyway. The ropes on the cow's legs were removed. The cow was able to get up and rejoin the herd in their corral.



Dromedary Camel



Air Conditioned Barns

by John

Dad and I went to a cattle ranch south of Omaha and they had two very large fully air conditioned barns. The pens were immaculate with fresh sawdust and fresh straw every day. Texas oil money would ship their prized bulls and cows here for preparation for a show and sale. The temperature was held at 40 degrees so the animals would grow long hair. The attendants would comb, curl, and wave the hair each day and after six months the animals were just beautiful. The bulls were headed for a very high-end show and a very, very expensive sale. Dad and I were surprised and impressed with the facility and the occupation. We did not know this kind of facility even existed.

Dad had a box of ribbons he won at the Blackfoot Fair and he was lucky to brush his Hereford bulls just once before they went to the county fair.



Prize Winning Bull - 1960

Animal Food

by John

Dad had a standing order at the Idaho Falls stockyards to buy all cattle that could not be sold at the stockyards. This included sick animals, wounded animals, bad eyes etc. The auctioneers would automatically mark the animals for the Arrington farm and then call Dad to come get them. Dad would call the farm and send a truck. The farm manager would butcher a cow about every 2 weeks to feed the lions and tigers. We had a large walk-in freezer in the potato cellar to freeze and store the meat.

Dad would go to the Skyline Grocery market and Mr. Marler (owner) would give Dad the fruit and vegetables that were past the sale expiration date. Dad took this produce to the farm and would hand feed some of the tame animals. He loved to give the pets the apples, carrots, bananas, grapes, lettuce, etc. He said it worth all the pain, hard work, expense just to have animals that were pets. This love for animals came from his childhood days where his only friends were his pets.

by Marjorie

You should see all the leaves Dad has collected on the patio for the farm animals. Besides the ones that we have raked and bagged he has had some of the kids in the neighborhood bringing them to him, and we still have the willow tree leaves that have not fallen.

[5 Nov 1978 - Marjorie's letter to Howard]

Teton Dam Failure

by Marjorie

On June 5th, 1976, when the Teton Dam broke, it flooded our farm and we lost lots of animals and farm equipment. The dam broke on Saturday when Woody was up at the farm working. Jannet and I listened to the news on the radio as they described a 20-foot wall of water coming down through the valley. I was panicky as I tried to call up to the farm. They were all out helping Woody with the animals.

We filled the bathtubs with water at home and at Grandma Arrington's so we could keep going. We tried to send Richard up in the truck to warn Woody. The police stopped him at the end of Saturn Avenue and would not let him even get on the highway. Woody was okay and came home safely that afternoon. He said the animals were panicking and running loose. Many could not swim long enough to keep from drowning. We had a lot of water in the house at the farm. The mess was unbelievable.

I was able to help at Rexburg, in the Hibbard Ward, because I was the Stake Relief Society President. Many nights we met with the Stake President, Terry Crapo, and the high councilmen to get our instructions for the next day. By Sunday night, Pres. Crapo called a meeting and gave me a list of medicines to get and take to Rexburg the next day. I said I couldn't because it was Sunday and the pharmacies were closed. He told me, 'just do it. They need medicines.' I finally was able to get hold of pharmacists that were able to get the medicines that were needed. He gave me a special pass to allow me and my counselors, Verla Wilkes and Lucille Barnes, to go into Rexburg as police had sight-seers barred from entering the area.

by Jannet

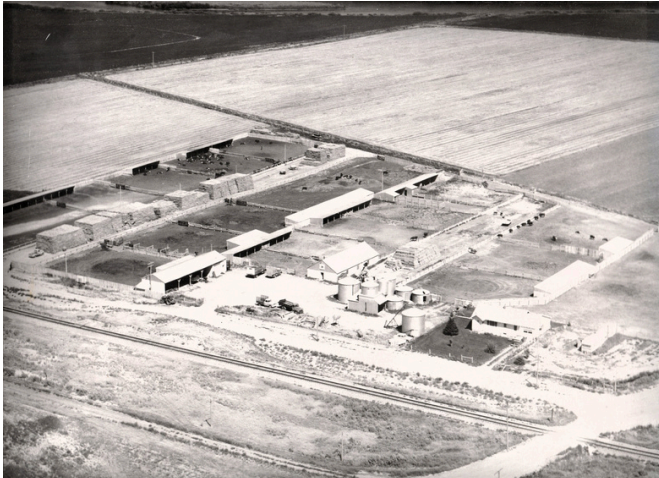
The police were already blocking off access to the freeway and roads in the area. But Mom told Richard to drive a pickup to the farm and find Dad. Somehow, Richard got through. When he found Dad, Dad's reply was, 'Well, then we've got some work to do.' John said they got in the truck and drove over to find the state police and get an accurate assessment of the situation as the wall of water was rushing down toward the farm. You can't move zoo animals up to higher ground and have them in your neighbor's farm with his cattle. Mom was sitting at home by the phone, just grief stricken as we listened to the radio. Finally Dad came home, and could do nothing but wait until morning to see if his animals survived. He lost several of the animals because they couldn't swim long enough for the water to recede.

The West Stake was to run an emergency babysitting shelter for children while their parents began to clean up the muddy mess. A church building in Rigby was designated as the childcare center. By Monday morning, Mom said she was astounded when she walked in at 7 a.m. to get things organized. The hallways of the church were already lined with stacks and stacks of donated boxes of pampers, formulas, food, and small toys for children. The local grocery stores had been delivering supplies all night. Even the Red Cross disaster response team was amazed at how quickly and thoroughly the LDS Church set up disaster relief efforts.

Teton Dam Flood

by John

This article is constructed from a lecture at Utah Tech University on April 2nd, 2024, by John Arrington for the "Colossal Engineering Failures" class regarding the June 5th, 1976, Teton Dam failure.



Arrington Farm

This is a picture of the Arrington Farm. We had roughly 400 acres right on the Snake River. Our farm is approximately one half a mile wide by 1 mile long. At the edge of the river at the top of the picture, we're about six feet above the river. Along the bottom of the picture is a railroad track. That is significant because it formed the western boundary of the flood.



Inundation Map

The Inundation Map shows where the water flooded over 200 square miles of surface area. Our farm is located just below Bassett siding next to the railroad tracks (see red arrow). The failed dam's peak flow rate was 2,300,000 cubic feet per second. That translates to 17 million gallons per second. That maximum flow continued for over an hour at the peak of the dam. The entire reservoir, which was 17 miles long, 270 feet deep, containing about 80 billion gallons of water, emptied in five to six hours. This was a tremendous flood headed downstream through the cities of Sugar City, Rexburg, and Idaho Falls.

The Bureau of Reclamation started seeing leakage on Thursday equivalent to a garden hose. They saw more leakage on Friday equivalent of another garden hose. They saw additional leakage on Saturday equivalent to a fire hose. At their 10 o'clock meeting on Saturday morning they decided not to notify the public because the Teton dam was a carbon copy of the Palisade dam. Palisade dam was built 18 years earlier and no Bureau of Reclamation dams had ever failed. Their design was unquestioned.

But, they continued to see problems with the dam worsen and erosion which turned muddy. Finally at 10:45 on Saturday morning, they notified the local sheriff of the potential of a dam failure. That information went out to the local news and as it went through all of the reporters, the magnitude of the problem became larger and larger. It was reported that the dam had failed before it failed.

That Saturday, I was at our farm with my dad working on buildings. My mother was in Idaho Falls listening to the radio. She envisioned a large wall of water washing us away. She dispatched my brother to go to the farm, find us and tell us to evacuate. We looked around and dad said, "there's no water, no need to panic." We finished what we were doing. Then we drove upstream to the city of Roberts, went over to the Snake river bridge and found the state police were there.

The highway was absolutely closed and the state police told us that the order had been given to evacuate Sugar City and Rexburg. They had their internal chatter going on the loudspeakers from the police car. We could hear all this radio chatter. We knew something was imminent. This was around 11:30. The actual collapse of the dam was at 11:55 so we were slightly ahead of the actual failure.

We went back to our farm and tried to anticipate how to get prepared for this thing. We met with our farm manager and all of our employees. We didn't know what to do. Were we going to be hit with a wall of water? Or was it going to be a slow rise of the river? We decided to move all of our farm machinery, tractors, trucks, and cars to higher ground 500 yards to the west. We put a zebra mare with a foal a few days old in a cattle truck and moved them to high ground. The farm is normally a feedlot operation. We didn't have very many cattle there at that time, and our cows were in summer pasture.

We decided to build islands in the pens with small animals. We built islands with hay bales, and thought the animals could get on top in case they were able to survive the flood. We pretty well felt that the flood was going to happen shortly. We didn't know whether it was in 10 minutes or an hour or two hours. It turns out that the flood arrived at the farm at 10 p.m., which is 10 hours after the dam failed. It took 10 hours for the flood to flow 50 miles from the dam to our farm.

We had time but we didn't know we had time. We did what we thought we could do and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we decided to go home. We told the farm manager to call us when he saw the water. At 10 p.m. he called my dad and said the water is here. It's a slow rise and not a tumbling wave. We just hoped for the best. I was watching live coverage on television with camera crews all over the place filming the flood, but there's nothing more we could do.

The next morning Martha and I were up at daylight and the city is calling for volunteers to build sandbag dikes to protect the hotel row on the west side of the river. The flood reached Idaho Falls at 1 a.m., so they had a chance during the night to bring in material, get volunteers, and start sandbagging. When we arrived at 6:30 a.m. there were more than 500 people sandbagging on the west side of the river.

We worked all morning filling sandbags, and then went to the farm around noon. This is a picture of our farm at 2:30 p.m. on Sunday. I'm standing on the railroad tracks looking at the entrance into our farm. The gate system in the photo indicates that the water is about two foot deep at the house. Our farm slopes toward the river. At the river the depth of the water was 6 to 8 feet, plus our land was 6 or 8 feet above the normal river elevation. The river had risen 16 feet.



June 6th, 1978, 2:30 p.m.

The inundation map shows where our farm is located just below Bassett siding and indicates that the river there was 2 miles wide. This is a significant chunk of water. We didn't know how wide the river was because we couldn't see the other side of the river. Normally, the river at our farm would be 300 feet wide. But now the flood is over 2 miles wide.

One comment I want to add is that 16,651 cattle were killed in this flood. The large Meyer Brothers feedlot in Sugar City probably lost 8,000 head of cattle within 15 minutes.

Just below Teton Dam was the small community of Wilford, just a wide spot on the road. Within eight minutes the flood removed 124 homes out of the 150 houses. A wall of water about 20 feet high just picked them up and they were gone. Those homes washed on down into Sugar City and became debris that contributed to more damage at Sugar City.

The next two pictures show the falls at Idaho Falls before the flood. Both photos are from the main bridge in Idaho Falls looking upstream. The bottom picture shows how water is diverted by a retaining wall to go through the bulb turbine generators in Idaho Falls. Idaho Falls has 4 in-line river power generation plants to provide power for the city. The natural channel is on the left. The elevation difference is probably 40 feet from the higher to the lower elevation. These natural falls are why the city is named Idaho Falls.



This picture below is taken from upstream looking downstream towards the main bridge in Idaho Falls.. The left side of the photo is the water going through the bulb turbine project. The natural channel is in the middle of the photo on the left side of the row of trees. When the flood hit, of course, it fills that entire channel. The water has totally filled the falls, filled the natural channel, and still had two to three feet yet to rise. The picture was taken before the peak flow, but it shows the flood that was occurring along the hotel row and a little bit of the sandbagging.

Sandbagging during the night was trying to divert the river before it flooded the restaurants. It was a little bit successful. The restaurants and the hotels end up with a foot of water, but had the sandbags not been there, the hotel's restaurants would have four feet of water or more. The sandbag dike held back at least three feet from flooding the hotels.



This picture shows the sandbag dike, and the Westbank hotel in the background. The water is about a foot deep.



The picture on the right shows people working on the flood in front of the Westbank hotel. Water is over 2 feet deep.

The picture below shows the falls have disappeared. The flood still had another two to three feet to rise because the man-made diversion dike totally disappeared.

The city officials were worried about losing the main four-lane bridge going through Idaho Falls. They feared the water pressure against the side of the bridge would move it. Therefore, a channel was dug around the end of the bridge, approximately 30 feet wide and six feet deep. Digging this channel severed all telephone communication lines serving the westside of Idaho Falls. Now everything is cut, and nobody knows what's going on.

The water stayed in Idaho Falls for two days. The picture on the right shows the aftermath two days after of flood went through. The flood continued for 5 days and then it was totally gone.

7,563 claims were filed for crop losses, animal deaths, and damages to properties and facilities. A total amount of \$322 million was reimbursed by the U.S. Government. Losses at the Arrington farm was one of those claims and reimbursements.



Farm Manager

by Larry Stark, 1982

Mr. Arrington has taught me a lot of things in the past years, whether he knows it or not. He is a person that is hard to know, but once you get to know him his impressions will be with you forever.

Since I have known him it has changed my outlook on life. He has said many times, 'What you put into life is what you get out of it.' People may not see him as I do, but I have high respect for him. We have talked a lot in the years we worked together on the farm. It seems like we have the same interest, world, political, sports and of course animals. We have spent many hours talking about different subjects while working together.

We'd talk about the animals and all the 'battle scars' we've acquired over the years. I have taught him a few things about the animals, but he has taught me a lot more about life.

I have picked up things from him like 'don't let your emotions influence your decisions', and 'not to dwell on things that you can't control.' These are just a few things that come to mind off hand.

He gave me a great opportunity, probably 'a once in a life time,' to work for him. I know he has given others the same opportunities but they have not appreciated it. One thing that stands out in my mind is a remark made one day. 'When the good Lord takes me away, I'll be forgotten by everyone in two days.' Well, I can tell him that he will always be with me in my mind and in my heart.

[Larry worked for 11 years, quitting in July 1980]



Mrs. Stark Bottle Feeding White Tail Fawns

Dad's Work Ethic

by George

If I learned one thing from Dad it was a work ethic. Dad is the hardest worker I have ever known. He never stops. I cannot remember a time when I was not expected to work. I mowed lawns, painted gates and fences, hauled hay at the farm, etc. When I graduated from high school, I started working on his construction jobs. Dad would buy me tools for Christmas and for my birthdays. He always made sure that I had transportation to my work. And he always paid me for the work I did. I also learned that I did not get paid if I did not work. And so I grew up working, and enjoying the benefits of work. I love to work, and I suppose I learned this from Dad. Now I can understand why he would rather work than go on vacation. He loves working.

Do the Job Right

When I was about 10 years old, I was working with Dad one Saturday afternoon building corrals at the farm. We were hanging a gate, and I was cutting a notch in a post for the gate latch. I was tired and was working quickly so we could go home. Dad stopped me, and asked me to take the time to do the job right. He said that after the job was done, no one would know how long I took to do the job, but that everyone would see how well done the job was. He said that every job reflects on the person who did it.

This is one of the few things I can remember Dad telling me, and I think about it often. Every time I write a memo, or prepare a talk, or paint a window frame, or whatever, I remember Dad's instruction. And so I take the extra time to do the job to the best that I can. Sometimes you can learn an important lesson in life in a dusty old corral on a hot Saturday afternoon.

Downsizing

I constantly have labor problems at the farm and have changed people several times. I've been getting rid of a lot of the animals that weren't self supporting and thus the animal park doesn't have the attraction it once had. But since it didn't produce an income, I'm better off.

[30 Oct 1981 - Woodrow's letter to Howard]

Dad's Influence

by Howard

Pets

I always had a pet of one kind or another, including a red cocker spaniel dog named Rusty, who stayed in the garage even during the cold winters. We fed him table scraps, and he lived until I was around 11. I had hamsters, turtles and parakeets in the house.

My grandfather Bruce Arrington had rabbit pens adjacent to the shop in the Arrington Construction yard. After grandpa died in 1963, I used the rabbit pens and chicken coop to raise chickens, pheasants, doves, pigeons, guinea pigs and rabbits. At one time I had six breeding does, two bucks, and over 35 white New Zealand rabbits which were raised for their meat. I was kept very busy feeding and caring for so many rabbits. We would load the pickup with grain and hay every Saturday to bring home for the rabbits, chickens, pheasants and pigeons.

Mrs. Womack was my 4th grade teacher. She lived on a farm in New Sweden a few miles south of town, and had boys a little older than me. During the summer following 4th grade, I came home from the Womack farm with 3 Banty chicks, which turned out to be 2 hens and a rooster. I had these chickens for many years, and would sell their small eggs to my mother for a dollar a dozen. She complained she could buy bigger eggs at the store for that price.

The Banty hens were also used to hatch the pheasant eggs. While at scout camp one year, the pheasant eggs hatched. The little chicks would get out through the large wire mesh of the outside pigeon run. My father would have to catch them and return them to the chicken coop.

After 8th grade, my dad and I tore down the rabbit pens and chicken coop, and remodeled the building to have four large lofts with outside runs, and four smaller inside pens. A significant upgrade was roofing the building with sheet metal to replace the leaky asphalt roof.

My father and I got into the pigeon business in a big way. We ordered fancy pigeons from catalogs which were shipped to us by air-freight, and we took trips to Salt Lake City to buy pigeons. We had over 300 pigeons in over 83 varieties which I raised until I left for college.

I also had more than 50 guinea pigs which were kept on the floor of the lofts. I had American (short hair), Abyssinian (rosette swirls), and Peruvian (long hair) guinea pigs.

Dependability

Dad and I enjoyed the partnership of raising pigeons, rabbits, and guinea pigs together. He had these pets as a boy, cherished his memories of them, and enjoyed supporting this cause for me. He taught me how to care for the birds and animals. I learned to be dependable because the rabbits, pigeons and guinea pigs had to be fed and watered every day. It was very typical to pack 4 gallons of water daily from the construction shop in warm weather, and from the house in winter weather. The cages had to be cleaned, and feed supplies of hay and grain stocked, etc.

This responsibility to care for the pigeons and guinea pigs is the primary reason I did not go out for school sports or other activities. I did not have the time to spare nor any transportation.

Late in life, Dad got a few pigeons and guinea pigs to raise again and experience his childhood love a third time.



Jacobin Pigeons



Abyssinian Guinea Pig

Opportunity to Work

Throughout my life, from childhood through college, we always worked on the farm on Saturdays. I remember working on all three of the farms: the one on the Hitt Road, the one in New Sweden and the one at Bassett. These memories include working with Grandpa Arrington and with Grandpa Sherwood. When I was eight, I had an accident of falling off scaffolding for one of the granaries that I and my brothers were building. At the time I was earning seven and a half cents per hour. Dad always paid us for our labors, whether it be for mowing the lawn, working at the farm, or working on construction jobs. The boys were always fortunate to have work and be able to learn useful skills.

College Savings

Rather than be supported by parents through college like many young people are, Dad was able to provide work for us and the encouragement to save for college. Early in our youth he encouraged us to save through buying savings bond stamps. Later, he opened a savings account for each of us and would match dollar for dollar the money we would to put away in the savings account. The goal was to have \$2500 saved before we went to college. Dad did not want any of his children to have to struggle financially like he did in order to go to college. This was a wise program and the fruits thereof were that all of his children had an opportunity to go to college.

Dad's Counsel

During my teenage years, Dad's counsel was to prepare and achieve five major goals:

- Learn a trade like carpentry or auto mechanic.
- Go on a church mission.
- Get a college education.
- Become an officer in the armed forces.
- Get married in the temple.

Dad never contended that one had to make an occupation of any one goal over the other. However, he strongly felt that any son who accomplished all of these would be well off. His counsel and support for these goals helped his sons attain many of these goals. I don't recall that any of my friends had these kinds of expectations in life, and they floundered for direction as a result of its absence.

Pigeons

by Woodrow

Years ago Howard and I had a bunch of pigeons. Sometimes we'd send our money away and buy more pigeons, and they'd come back on the airplane. Sometimes we'd get up early, put some boxes in the trunk of the car, and drive down to Salt Lake City and buy more pigeons. We had lots of them. When Howard planned to go to college, we decided to sell the pigeons.

Now [24 Feb 81] two boys from the neighborhood wanted to have pigeons and use the loft, so I said, 'OK.' Then I decided to get some pigeons for myself, so now I'm back in the pigeon business again. The boys come each day after school and feed and water the pigeons.

A month ago some boys broke into the shed where I keep the guinea pigs and took them. Two days later the guinea pigs were returned. I guess their mother didn't like the boys stealing the guinea pigs. Now each morning I feed both the pigeons and guinea pigs before I go to work. Last summer [1981] I raised a lot of pheasants and after keeping what I wanted, have been eating the rest. Not bad! Next year I plan to raise more.

In account with Book No. 3876-0

Howard or W.E. Arrington
Box 881 Idaho Falls Idaho

DATE	MEMO.	WITHDRAWALS	DEPOSITS	BALANCE
2-6-64	sk		1,000 00	1,000 00
3-31-64	Interest		5 17	1,005 17
7-1-64	Interest		8 77	1,013 94
SEP 2 1964			30 00	1,043 94
9-30-64	Interest pl		9 01	1,052 95
9-30-64	Interest pl		9 28	1,062 23
JAN 6 1965			15 00	1,077 23
1-1-65	Bonus Int		5 00	1,082 23
3-31-65	Int		10 60	1,092 83
10-1-65	Int		21 85	1,114 68
3-31-66	Int		22 29	1,136 97
7-1-66	Int		11 36	1,148 33
9-30-66	Int		11 48	1,159 81
OCT 10 1966			200 00	1,359 81
NOV 15 1966			50 -	1,409 81
NOV 15 1966			10 -	1,419 81
12-31-66	Int		13 69	1,433 50
3-31-67	Int		11 33	1,444 83
JUN 27 1967			100 00	1,544 83
6-30-67	Int		14 47	1,559 30
AUG 1 - 1967			200 00	1,759 30
SEP 5 - 1967			149 00	1,908 30

THE BANK OF COMMERCE
 IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO
 SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

It is a deed that this account is opened subject to the rules and regulations contained herein



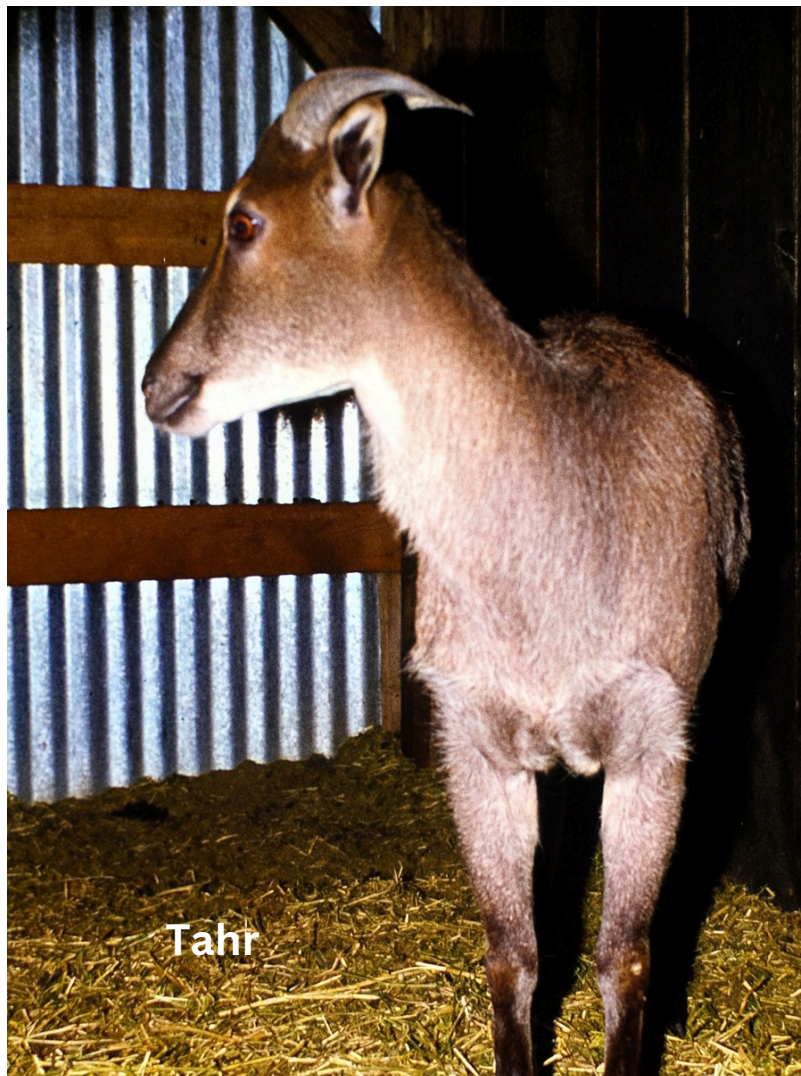
Nilgai



Cape Buffalo



Guanaco



Tahr

Richard Davis

by Woodrow

Out of Diesel

Several years ago I became invested with one Richard Davis, Provo, UT, in an animal partnership. As a result we've gone on many trips and to several exotic animal sales. Seems like every time we go on a trip something unusual happens. Nothing serious but different. I'd like to describe a few events.

On a trip to a sale in Chamberlain, SD, in February of 1991, we were traveling in South Dakota early in the morning when we ran out of diesel fuel in the pickup truck. We had a load of llama in the back. The wind was blowing and the radio said it was 20 degrees below zero. So Richard got out, flagged a car down, and took off for the next town. I had to stay behind. I got plenty cold - no heat and the wind blowing.

Eventually Richard got back. He had to buy a gas can in town, fill it with diesel, then he gave the fellow \$20 to bring him back. The batteries nearly exhausted before the engine fired as diesels fire on compression and all that was happening was compressing air but no diesel fumes. Eventually we were on our way. From then on I keep checking the fuel and see that we run on the top half of the tank, not the bottom half.

Gasoline

On another trip to the same sale a year later, we stayed in Billings, MT, filled up with fuel, so we could drive to Sturgis, SD, the next morning have breakfast and fill up with fuel. After breakfast Richard didn't pay any attention and filled the diesel tank with gasoline. We got out of town a ways then the truck quit. He could smell the gasoline fumes from the exhaust, so knew why the engine wouldn't run.

A state patrolman came along and took Richard to the next town. Richard got a wrecker to come and tow us into the little town. There was one, one-man garage, so we had to wait until he got a job finished before helping us. Eventually the tank was drained, a new fuel filter finally located, the tank refilled and we were on our way by 2:30 in the afternoon. It cost Richard over \$200 for the error.

I had a reservation for us that night. Generally if you aren't checked in by 6:00 o'clock, the room is given to someone else. We got to Chamberlain about 9:30. Lucky for us the room was still vacant. I had been there previously so they kept the room

for us. After checking in we went to get something to eat. Both cafes were closed and we finally find a bar that was open who sold us a sandwich and a soft drink about 10:30 at night.

Model T Ford

On another trip to Chamberlain, SD, Richard showed up at our farm pulling a trailer that was loaded with the oldest piece of junk, a Model T Ford, all rusted and I'd be ashamed I owned it. He had agreed to sell it when delivered to Chamberlain. When we finally got there, the buyer backed out, saying it was far too worse than he was led to believe.

An older fellow from Brady, NE, expressed interest in the old car, saying his grandson might like to tinker with it. So Richard agreed to trade it for a pygmy donkey, delivered to Brady, NE. We left after the sale on Saturday for Nebraska. Somewhere along the way we missed the turn in the road and kept going straight ahead. The small towns all shut down for the night. Soon we were low on fuel and luck. At one small town the only light was in a bar. It was 9:30 PM.

Richard went in and told the lady our problem. She made several phone calls and finally got her brother-in-law who was taking a shower to agree to come and let us have some diesel. We had to wait while he got dressed. He then came down, opened his station and filled our tank. We not only paid him for the fuel but gave him a \$10 bill. On our way back we stopped at the bar and gave the woman a \$10 bill also for helping us.

We got to Brady the next morning, made the exchange and Richard then bought another pygmy donkey that was to have a baby in three months, which she never did. [Sales receipt 6 Oct 84]

Naturally I was relieved to get the old car unloaded so we didn't have to drag it all the way back to Provo. Richard is something else when he comes to trading or buying.



Model T Ford

Eland Antelope



Brindled Gnu



Polygamist Colony

In the spring of 1995, Richard called and said he'd like to go down to Colorado City, which is a polygamous colony located on the state line between Arizona and Utah. He had some animals on a partnership with the zoo there. So I left early and got to Provo before noon. After lunch we drove to Saint George, UT, and stayed the night.

The next morning we drove to Colorado City, getting there in the middle of the morning. Colorado city is a city of 6,000 people. Not knowing where the zoo was located, I asked two men who were working on a car. They give me the directions, then said "They are expecting us." Later on I found out all people carry a portable phone and are kept abreast of all visitors. If law officials came, the polygamists cross the state line into the other state and nobody gets arrested.

Dee and Eldon Jessop, who are cousins, look after the FMJ Zoo. After we gave them some professional advice, free - the boys insisted we go to dinner as their guests. We had a very nice meal. Afterwards one of the boys signed the ticket. I found out everything in the city belongs to the TRUST. The boys are paid \$600 per month and everything like electricity, telephone, taxes, car, tools, etc. are furnished free.

After dinner they took us to meet their grandpa, Uncle Fred, who is the Bishop and has been for 63 years. He was real interested in me when he found out I was a former Bishop and had helped build the Idaho Falls Temple. Afterwards, Dee wanted me to meet his wife. When we drove into his house, two boys about 5 or 6 years old came running to meet us and held out their hands to shake mine. Dave went in and brought out his small slender wife with braided hair down her back and dress to her ankles. She had done the stuccoing in their house, and makes the clothes for their 6 children. Dee is 28 years old.

Eland

They only had a single male Eland and no money to buy a mate. After I got home I decided to buy them a female if they would come back to Macon and get it at the fall sale. The boys went before the Council and got approved as the Trust would have to finance the trip as well as furnish a truck to haul the Eland.

Colorado city has all types of buildings. Many homes were only partially built. When a young man wants to get married he is given a bare piece of ground. As he accumulates anything, others

help him put in a foundation. When he can buy lumber they help frame his house and so on. It takes years to get a home built on land he never owns.

The boy showed us two nice grade schools, a high school and a junior college where they teach office work, school teachers, and some trades. Many of the people work elsewhere and send money back to help support the family left behind.

Dee and Eldon showed up at the Macon sale, where we bought them a nice female Eland. [Oct 95] I told Richard he was my partner, he said OK, so paid his half. Richard is a good loser and never cheap. While there Marjorie and I took them to dinner at Kentucky Fried Chicken. It was buffet night and I've never seen two fellows keep going back for refills. They got all they could eat.

Dee told me he had never borrowed any money and did not have a credit card. There is no bank in Colorado City. The Trust banks in a small adjoining town. The parents help and approve all marriages so divorce is nonexistent.

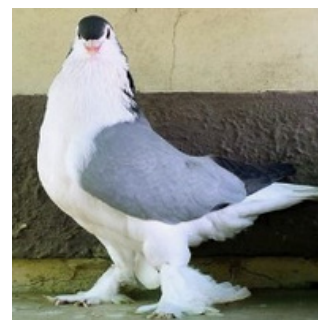
Mesquite Trip

Not too long ago Richard called and said he wanted to take some animals to a zoo in Mesquite, NV, and trade for some of theirs and wanted me to go. So again, I'd leave early, get to Provo for lunch and we'd be in Saint George, UT, by night. This time Sarah, his 14-year-old daughter, went with us. Next morning we were in Mesquite before the zoo opened as Mesquite is an hour earlier than our Mountain zone time.

So we all went over to the large gambling casino for breakfast. Sarah was amazed to see people who had been gambling all night. After breakfast we made the animal exchange. While there I got 2 pair of Indian Fantail pigeons and 2 pair of Lahore pigeons. The manager wouldn't take any money so I owe them some fancy pigeons from my flock.



Indian Fantail



Lahore Pigeon



Defassa Waterbuck



The Mesquite zoo is part of a large complex, a big golf course, trap shooting gun club, horses for riding, all owned by the Peppermill Co., the gambling enterprise. Upon returning, Sarah wanted to know if she could go with us again. I thought a moment, then told her since she didn't eat much, we'd take her again. She was so happy. She is a very nice young girl.

Lost Hogs

In April of 1996, there was advertised a large exotic animal sale in Cape Girardeau, MO. Richard wanted to go as they listed some wild European hogs for sale. He wanted some, so we went. Eventually three females and one male came in as a group. Richard kept bidding until he owned them all at \$900 apiece. Later on some special hogs came in that raised from 12 to 20 babies per litter. He had to have a pair of them. He had an order for some wild pigs called Javelins, so bought 5 of them.

Richard had a canopy over the bed of his pickup so we put all the pigs in there. I had bought five adult water buffalo so that filled the animal trailer we had.

We got loaded out on a Sunday morning and we headed down Interstate-55 as we wanted to go over to Arkansas and see Earl Tatum. We were speeding down the highway at 65 mph when a car pulled up beside us, flagged us down and told us our hogs were getting out. We stopped and sure enough two of the European wild hogs were gone. Richard repaired the opening. We turned around and headed back a mile or so but no hogs. If we had seen them we couldn't have handled them as they were adults and weighed between 200 and 300 pounds. How they survived hitting the pavement at that speed is a mystery.

En route home Richard would buy a sack of cantaloupes, smash them and feed the pigs. Eventually we got to Provo. I helped him put the two European hogs in a room in a shed on his farm. The next morning his hired man, not knowing the hogs were inside, opened the door and out they ran. He was able to corral one, but the other hog just disappeared. So Richard now has \$3600 invested in one hog and with no mate is helpless. Poor Richard.

Dave Stevenson

by Woodrow

A young fellow by the name of Dave Stevenson, who lived in Duncan, British Columbia, Canada, had a few animals and he heard about me. So over he came with his wife and two children to buy an animal or two.

Later on the city forced him to get rid of them. He sold some of them then asked me to board some until he found another place. So he brought over a pair of mountain lions and some big horn sheep. Later he hadn't found a place so decided to sell out. He then brought over the rest of his animals in a pickup and pulling a trailer. We put the lions in cages, loaded the sheep and he took off for the Lolli Bros. sale in Macon, Missouri.

En route the pickup engine developed trouble, yet he limped into Macon and got unloaded. Dave took the pickup to a garage and made a deal to trade in his trailer as part payment on the engine repair. When he got back to Idaho Falls, I cashed his \$100 check for \$70 in American money for the expense to go home.

At Mountain Home his truck blew up so he sold it for \$100 to a salvage yard. He then bought an airplane ticket home. When he got home he was broke, no trailer, no pickup, and no animals. He was a nice young fellow but I have not seen or heard from him since. Too bad.



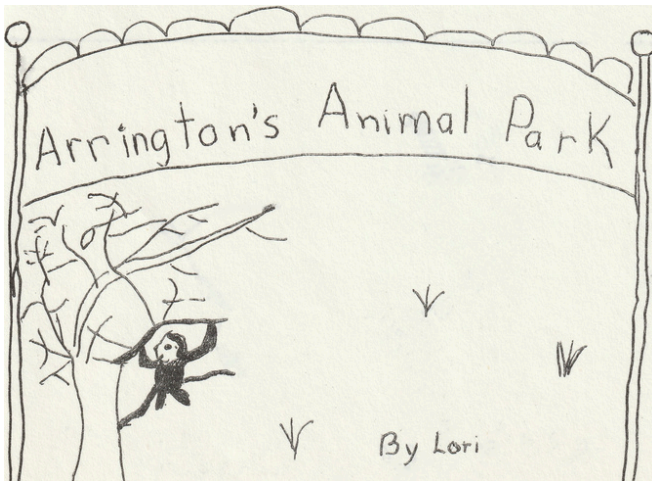
European Wild Hog

Elementary School Tours

by Howard

Each spring several elementary schools around the Snake River Valley would visit the farm for a field trip. Mrs. Stark would take the students around to see the animals, and answer their questions. Dad would often get a packet from the school with student drawings of the animals, and a letter of thanks.

The following is a thank you letter from the Principal of the Lincoln Elementary School, Bonneville District #93. Included are student interview questions answered by Dad, Larry and Henrietta Stark in April 1976.



Thank You Letter

I would like to express my thanks to Woodrow Arrington and Mr. and Mrs. Larry Stark on behalf of the children of Lincoln Elementary School and all the children of the community. In a world as busy as ours, it is not often that people will take the time and money to provide an opportunity for children to learn. As most educators know, the best way for children to learn is through experience, but opportunities for experience are hard to find. Seeing exotic animals, talking with knowledgeable people, actually participating in a research project are not every day happenings.

Thanks to Mr. Arrington and the Starks we have been able to give this type of experience to our students.

Thank you very much.

Dr. Thomas Campbell, Principal

Student's Interview with Mr. Arrington

- When did you start your animal farm? I've had animals for about 55 years. I've had some kind of animal most of my life.

- Why did you start your animal farm? I just like animals and enjoy working with them.
- How many acres do you have? I have 350 acres.
- What animals did you start with? I started with dogs, cats, rabbits, guinea pigs, and white rats.
- What is your favorite animal? I like them all.
- Where do you get the animals that are not found in America? Most of them had to be imported. Zoos and parks import them. I buy babies of animals from other zoos or trade the animals I have.
- Where do most of the animals come from? They come from zoos or parks all over the United States.
- Do you buy your own animals or have someone do it for you? I generally make the arrangements for buying or trading.
- What is the most expensive animal? The hartebeest, addax, eland, and gemsbok are the most expensive.
- Do you train any of your animals? No. I should train the chimpanzee but I don't spend enough time at the zoo.
- What is the largest animal? The camel.
- What are the meanest animals you have? The yaks.
- What are the tamest animals you have? The mule deer. They become pets easily and never revert back to wildness.
- What are the rarest animals? The hartebeest, addax, and blesbok.
- Do you control the birth of other animals? We have them bred for spring births.
- Which animals eat the most food? The lions eat the most meat and the buffalo eat the most hay.
- Which animal eats the least food? The kit fox.
- Does anyone else help you run your farm? Mr. and Mrs. Stark and the Johnson family. My own family doesn't enjoy animals as much as I.
- Do you buy your food or grow it? Both. I raise hay, grain and pasture. I buy a lot, also.
- How many animals do you own? 250 exotic animals and 350 cattle. 600 altogether.
- Would you like to spend more time with the animals? Yes, I could spend full time if I didn't have to support them.
- How much does it cost to keep the animals warm? We have some electric heat and some oil furnaces. It costs about \$500 a year.

- Do you like what you are doing on the farm? Yes. I go out every week and we build more facilities.
- Do you like people to visit your farm? Yes, but we've had a mule deer and an elk shot and sometimes people turn them out.
- Do you think that you will ever sell your farm? No.
- Are you getting new animals? Yes, all the time. I am going to New York for a brindle gnu and to Memphis, Tennessee, to get a blesbok. The Axis deer had a baby. They are hard to raise in captivity but they have a baby now that was born in December.
- If something happened to you what would happen to the farm? It would become a part of the estate. I have seven children.
- How much time do you spend with your animals? I spend Saturdays with them and during the summer I am able to be with them evenings.
- Which are most valuable to sell - babies or grownups? The grownups.

Student's Interview with Mr. & Mrs. Stark

- How many years have you worked at the farm? We have worked there six years.
- What is your favorite animal? We do not have any favorites.
- How much longer do you think you are going to work at the farm? We will work as long as possible.
- What is the biggest responsibility you have on the farm? Getting the animals fed and making sure they are well are our biggest responsibilities.
- Have you ever had anybody try to kill or take the animals? Yes, a man came and killed a deer and took it away.
- Have any animals ever attacked you? Yes, this has happened a lot.
- Do you like taking care of the animals? We surely do!
- Has the farm made you closer to animals and helped you care more about them? Oh yes, after you work with them you become attached to them.
- Have you ever had any other experience with animals before you started at the farm? No, none at all.
- What other animals would you like to have on the farm? We would like to have giraffes and bears.
- If you had to get rid of any of the animals which would it be? Probably it would be the sheep family because they have so many.
- What type of food do you feed the animals? We raise hay, alfalfa, oats and corn. We also use dog food and commercial feed.
- What animal eats the most? Lion and buffalo.
- How many more animals have you gotten since our visit in the fall of 1975? We now have foxes, a baboon, fawn, and brindle gnu.
- Have any of the animals died since the fall of 1975? Yes, Judy and a baby monkey that got out of his cage.
- Which animal would be a really good pet besides Pierre? A lamb or a goat.
- Have any of your animals ever escaped? Yes, many.
- Has an animal ever killed itself when in captivity? No.
- Has an animal ever killed another? Yes.
- Do the dogs ever get in the park and bark at the animals and upset them? Yes.
- Which animals cause the most trouble? It would probably be the monkeys.
- What animal is the quietest? The kit fox is shy but I think the skunk is the quietest.
- If one animal shows off does it make the others mad or attract them? No, they like to play along.
- Which animal is the most dangerous? They are all dangerous.
- Does Pierre live in the house most of the time? He lives in his own house.
- Has Pierre ever injured anybody? No, not at all.
- Does Pierre go to a special school? No.
- How old is Pierre? He is four years old.
- How long have you had Pierre? About a year.
- Has Pierre ever caused lot of trouble? He's a handful. He gets into mischief.
- Does Pierre cause any trouble among the animals? He did once. He let all the monkeys out.
- Is Pierre potty trained? No.
- Is Pierre unhappy about Judy's death? It didn't really bother him.
- Has Pierre ever run away? No.
- Do you think you are going to get another partner for Pierre? We hope so.
- Is Pierre hard to handle at times? Yes.
- How did Judy die? She couldn't take the cold winter and she was used to being around people instead of animals and it bothered her.



Addax Antelope



Blesbok Antelope

Round Table Club Tour

Post Register - 25 Sep 1974

"One of the purposes of this private animal farm is to propagate certain species which are in danger," explained Mrs. B. S. Arrington (Woodrow's mother) as she conducted fellow members and guests of Round Table Club on a tour recently of the Arrington Animal Farm near Roberts.

Prior to the field trip, Mrs. Arrington gave each member a list of the animals that they would see and told the group many interesting facts about them. "The animals have come from many places from all over the world, some are extremely rare.

"Each type of animal requires shelter, individual care and proper diet. At Present," Mrs. Arrington explained, "some are out in pastures but will be brought in during the winter, and some are in pens. The wild animals are in a special building. All the animals have an outdoor run where they can lie in the sun and exercise."

The wild animal building houses North American mountain lions, African leopards, South American jaguars, rare Siberian Tigers and others. These can be viewed through windows or in their exercise area.

In addition to the North American Mule Deer, the club saw red deer from England and Germany, black tail deer from the Pacific Coast,

spotted yellow deer from England, Sika deer from Japan, Axis deer from India, white fallow deer from the Mediterranean area, black fallow deer from Austria and reindeer from Alaska.

The chimpanzees from Africa provided entertainment, and it was noted that no one wanted to pet or milk the huge female Yak from Tibet. Also the gemsbok from mid-Africa were favorites.

Other animals viewed by the group included white elk from Siberia, wild boars from Russia, pigmy donkeys from Sicily, coati-mundi from South America and wallabies from Australia. There were wild sheep from Corsica, Hawaii, Algeria and the Middle East. There were goats from Ethiopia, Himalaya and the Middle East.

After viewing these and many others and also learning some things about each animal, all felt that the field trip compared to an animal field trip around the world.

Mrs. Arrington emphasized that the Round Table Club is primarily a study club, so all were encouraged to learn more about the unusual animals. Mrs. Larry Stark assisted with the conducted tour.

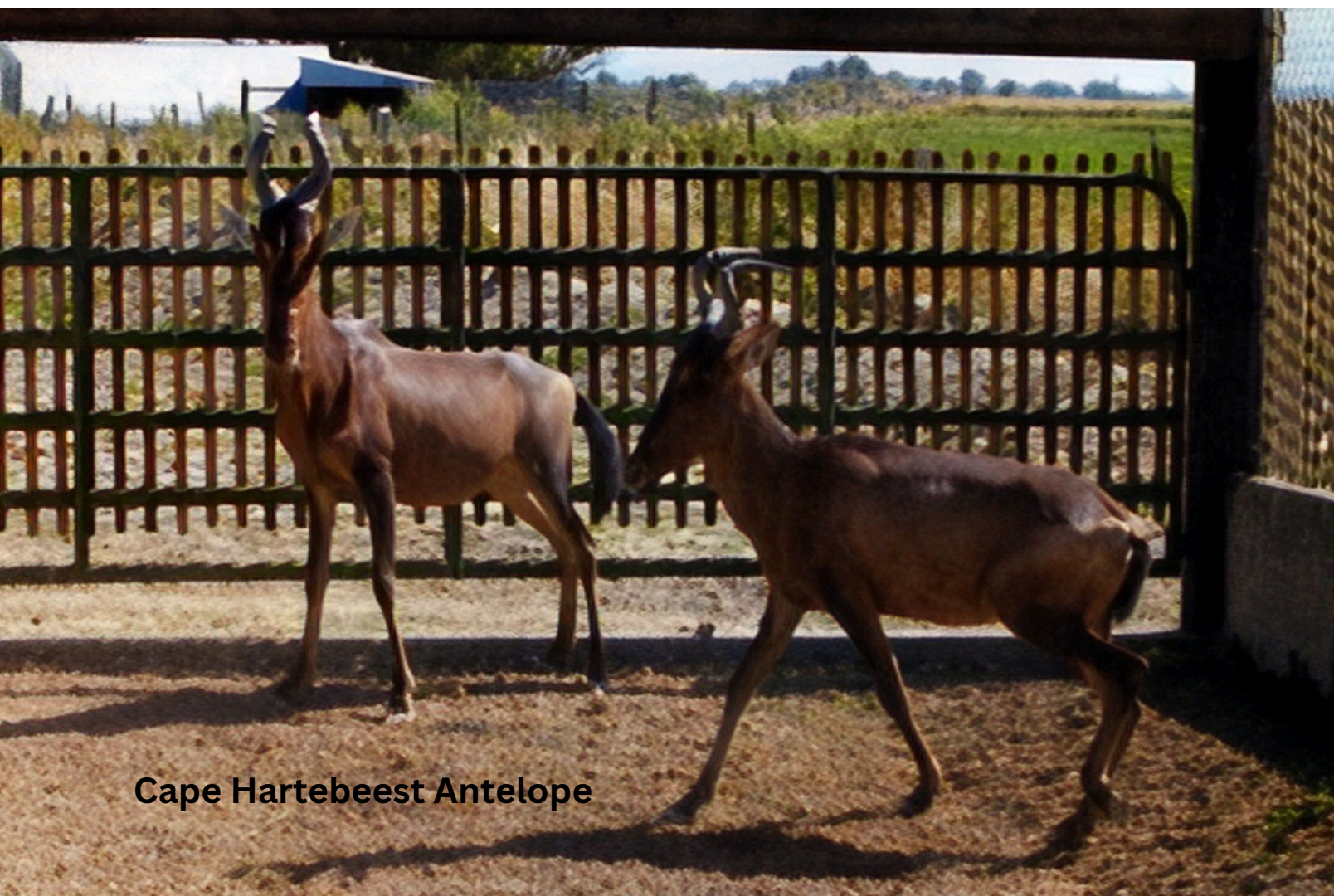
Seventeen members and four guests made the tour. The Round Table is a member of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.



Reindeer



Springbok Antelope



Cape Hartebeest Antelope



Gemsbok Antelope



Wallaby

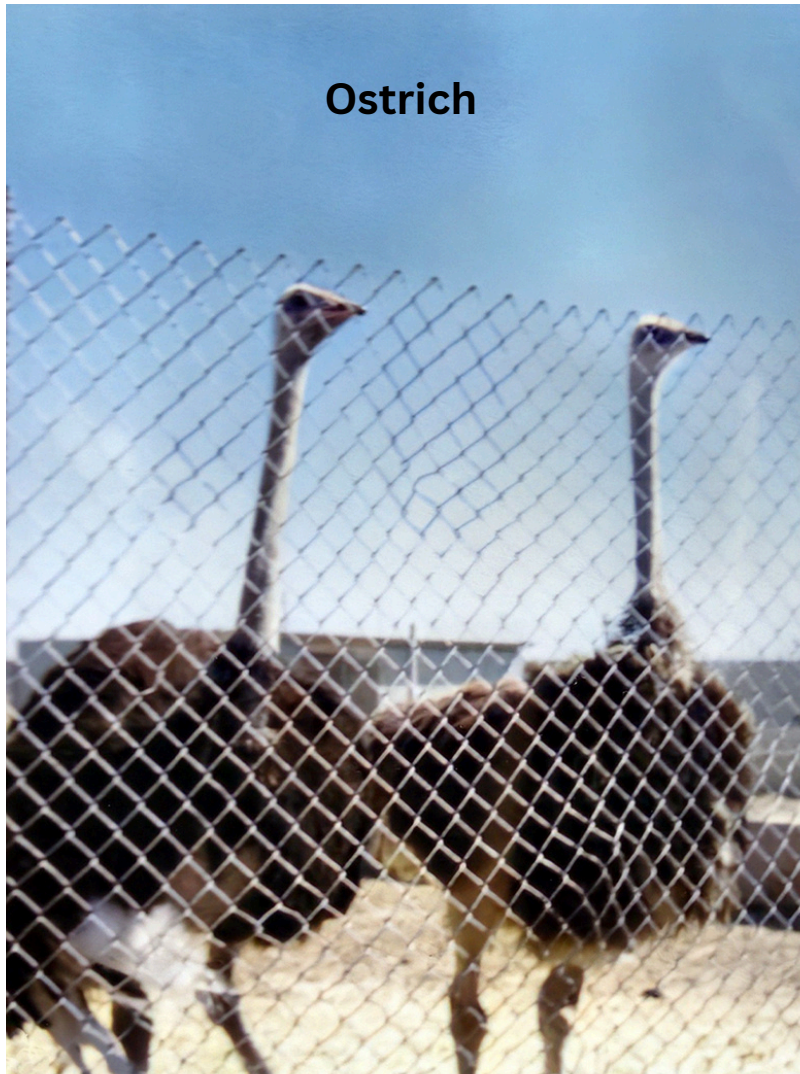


Wallaby with Joey

Baboon



Ostrich





Sable Antelope



Landlords

by Marjorie, Woodrow's wife

12 Dec 1983 - Woody and I went to the farm to check on the house that the renters had moved out of and we ended up in the borrow pit on the way home. Woody walked back a mile to get the loader to pull us back onto the road. I was glad that we ran off where we did and missed the canal by just a few feet.

5 Sep 1984 - The Mexicans that were in the one trailer and were working at the farm were picked up in a bar for fighting and ended up in jail. Woody had to get some help so we had to go out and move all the Mexicans things out and pack it up as they can't work there anymore (long story). We had to clean that trailer.

Woody said he needed two families to live out there and work for him so we asked the Blooms that were in the other trailer to move. We have problems with them since they moved in. WOW!!! What a filthy mess that place was to clean up. They called up and wanted their \$50 cleaning deposit back. I told them 'no-way' and that I wanted them to return the bed, mattress, and tables they took. They had completely ruined all the chairs we had put in just before they moved in, screens were broken - you name it - it was a disaster. The stove door was broken - the washer was broken - they had a cat and dog living in the house - anyway enough said.

Woody and Bill put carpet in the kitchen of the farmhouse and had enough left over, so I went up one day to help Woody put some in the bathroom also. It looks really nice. It is a rust kitchen carpet similar to what we have, and it blends really well with that which Woody had laid in the front room. Woody also put carpet, which we bought last week, into the bedroom of one of the trailers to replace that which the people ripped out and threw out in the yard.

9 Jan 1985 - While Woody was gone on his last animal trip, I painted the kitchen an off-white color and died the curtains a tangerine color. Woody lets me have some of the money from the rental of the farmhouse in exchange for doing some cleaning, etc., of the house and the trailers at the farm. I took some of the money and bought a new breakfast set. Our kitchen looks a lot different and I think better.

Woody and John have been really busy replacing plumbing, etc., in one of the trailers at

the farm because Woody bought a washer and dryer and they have let some of the pipes freeze.

12 Mar 1985 - A week ago Woody went to the farm to load buffalo, had the truck get stuck, Larry stuck, Thomas stuck, plus Woody ran off the road and got stuck in the medium of the freeway. He was lucky a couple of trucks came by and were able to get him back on the road.

28 Sep 1985 - John and Woody were going to leave last Wednesday to take some animals to Nebraska and Missouri to an animal sale. Monday they got word that they were low bidder on a job at the site which has to be done in 90 days (60 for their part) so they decided John had to stay here to get underway ordering materials and getting equipment in running condition. Woody had already made reservations and obligated himself to the sales, so he had one of the Mexicans that works for him on the farm go with him to Missouri.

Overstreets

18 Jun 1986 - Where were you when I needed you Ron? I have been getting an education lately on law procedures. Last October we had a family move into the place at the farm. They paid the \$300, but not the deposit. In December they paid \$150 and in March Woody gave them credit for \$844 for some work he did at the farm while Jamie was gone to Mexico to get married. Whenever, I have called the Overstreets about payment, they have said they would pay when they got some money, and she is always very rude to me. On May 20th I filed charges in the small claims court in Rigby and got a lawyer to serve an eviction notice. When the fellow went to serve the papers to her she would not identify herself, so they called me back to see what she looked like. Anyway Tuesday, we went to the court and the judge awarded us a judgment to the amount of \$935. Now I just have to wait and see when they pay. He works for Burgraff Construction Co. and she has been working at one of the potato houses, so I feel they could have paid something if they had wanted to.

The Overstreets have moved out and I have been busy scrubbing walls and ceilings and painting. Woody even had a Mexican helping me for a couple of days. I took down all the curtains throughout the house and had them all cleaned. It was a job to get the house ready to rent again. You are thinking - didn't you learn your lesson? Yes I

did to a certain extent, but I have once again rented the place.

About the same time the Overstreets moved, the people in the trailer moved also. I do not know how many trips I have made to the farm, but I have been going about 7:30 every morning, coming home for lunch and then going back out to the farm to work until supper time. I am finally finished with all the cleaning, and have rented the house, and have an ad in the paper starting tonight to rent the mobile home.

29 Nov 1986 - Would you believe??? We finally got all our money from the people that we had evicted from our house at the farm and that I went to the small claims court about. Woody bought a beautiful lamb rug at the last animal sale. It is tan and brown with a star in the middle and is round. It just fits under our round table in the front room.

Drowning

22 Oct 1991 - Woody has had so many interesting things take place at the farm I told him he should write a letter, I mean a book. The latest is that a Mexican who worked for Woody and his wife, and his wife's brother who works for Woody, took off in a boat one Sunday and went to the island out at the farm. Coming back the wife, according to the reports, started to rock the boat. The Mexican had his arm in a cast. The boat sank and the Mexican drowned. Now we have been informed that one of these ambulance chaser lawyers asked the police from Roberts who had investigated the drowning, to change his report. It seems all of the boat riders had been drinking. Woody never knows what each day will bring.



Ernie's Prize Winning Bird Dogs

Grandpa Sherwood

by Lorraine Wright, Marjorie's sister

Letter to Woody: I am grateful to you for all the many kindnesses you have extended to my parents, Ernie and Cecil Sherwood, and especially how you helped my father by giving him a place for his horses, his dogs, and space for a kennel where he could breed and train hunting dogs for others. He worked long and hard on that farm, but I knew you made him happy by giving him opportunities to do what he so much enjoyed doing. How proud he was when he came home and told of pouring concrete foundations, building fences, setting heavy railroad ties, and hanging big metal gates.



Ernie - Christmas 1970



Ernie with the Bonneville County Posse

Memories

by Associates

Gentle Rhinos

One of the things my children remember was the personal tours that Woody provided them of the Arrington Animal Farm. He was so willing and anxious to share this with us. I'll never forget him standing next to his rhino and scratching his leathery skin and saying they are very gentle and wouldn't knowingly hurt you. This was after the rhinos had walked through a corral fence made of 3x12s and the side of a building, he later told us. Woody wasn't upset at all. He just said, 'Well, when they decide to move, they move, but they mean no harm.' - Hal Monson

Cold and Rainy

One Thursday night while working on the farm, it was really raining. One man from the 30th Ward worked for the Post Register and was not used to the cold, damp weather. We were building forms for a pen and he was shaking so bad he couldn't hit the nails. He asked Woody if he could quit because it was cold and rainy. Woody told him it wasn't raining hard and then told him about when he was overseas in WWII and how hard it rained and they still had to work. I remember that every time I'm out in the rain. - J. D. Barnes

Do It Right

His attention to detail and his insistence that everything be done right left a lasting impression. On one occasion he had a man rebuild a platform by a watering trough because he had not followed instructions. That incident made all of us aware that even church farm welfare projects performed by volunteer labor needed to be done right. - LaVar Palmer

Stock Yard Sale

At the auction yard in Idaho Falls, Woody always sat in the same place, about the 4th row up on the east side of the old barn. After the fire and Woody rebuilt the auction, he sat by the step up to Joe McGrane's office where he had extra room for his long legs. He rarely missed a Wednesday sale in over 25 years. Woody and I had many good years as cattle partners and a better partner you couldn't find when it was time to borrow money. The bank never asked a lot of questions with his name on our note. - John Erb, Montana Rancher

Hard Work First

He would always like to do the hard work first. I can remember whenever we would have a truck to unload in the morning, then he would say, 'Let's unload the truck first so we won't have to tonight when we are tired.' - Arthur Saxton, Laborer

Forgiving Attitude

I'll never forget the time I borrowed your little Ford Tractor to go out to the church's welfare farm and excavate footings for the storage shed. We came so close to burning it up, when it caught fire while putting gas in it. Your good nature and forgiving attitude was really appreciated, for I was so embarrassed when it happened. - Jean C. Petersen, Heyrend Construction

Anything You Need

In 1968 I was Explorer Scout advisor and we were going to Yellowstone Park and hike from Lone Star geyser to Bechler Meadows, some 50 miles. We had some horses but no way to haul them. As we discussed the problem we decided to have Howard ask his dad if we could use one of his trucks to haul the horses. There was no hesitation. The next Sunday Woodrow came to me and said, 'I will have the truck greased, the oil changed, and filled with gas ready to go and will provide a driver to take it up and bring it back to the south entrance for you to come home in.' And then he said, 'Is there anything you need?' - Ray Bird, Motel West owner

Memories

by Woodrow's sons and daughters

Home Early

One night Dad came home from an animal trip a few days early. As he crawled into bed, Mom said 'Who are you?' He replied, 'Who were you expecting?'

Mom didn't like animals in the house. In fact, she didn't like dirt, and said she never would marry a farmer.

Pierced Wrist

When an elk pierced Dad's wrist with his antler, Dad just used a bandana as a bandage, and kept working. Later at home, he dumped Merthiolate into the hole and wrapped gauze around it. Mom was sure that he was going to lose his arm from infection.

Rhinos

The rhinos were an ongoing problem. On one occasion, the rhinos used their horns to lift the metal gates off the hinges and walk down the alleyway between the mangers. Dad gave Bill a shovel and told him to go get the rhinos out of the pasture by the bison. The bison then stampeded into Simplot's potato field. When they finally got the rhinos back home, they used the front-end loader to block the gate to the pen.

Soggy Luggage

In April 1987, Mom flew to Seattle to visit Jannet and Bill. The airlines lost one bag of her luggage. Two days later, they delivered a soggy suitcase, with blood dripping out the sides. Mom had brought a suitcase full of buffalo roasts!

Spending Money

Dad told Mom that she had \$300 for her inheritance from his mother's passing away. Then he'd ask if that hadn't run out yet.

She'd clean up after the renters at the farm. The farm house and trailers were always total messes. If a renter didn't pay, Mom had their wages garnished. Dad called that her spending money.

John's Memories

by John

I remember when we got stuck in the snow on the Ucon Hitt Road and Dad walked back a couple of miles to get a tractor at the farm.

Mom was sure worried when Dad let me ride the Palomino horse from town out to the Hitt Road farm when I was a boy. I was worried when the Palomino got cut quite bad on the rear hip from a barb wire fence.

I remember our cattle hauling trips to Twin Falls and to Montana each spring and fall. I enjoyed driving a cattle truck with our convoy of trucks with Chuck Gayman and George Smith.

Seems like Dad and I have been working at the farms forever - cinderblock barn at Hitt Road, new corrals at New Sweden, everything at the Bassett feedlot for over 25 years.

I remember my first 'CONTRACT' when Dad paid me \$100 to hire my friends and erect the big granaries at the farm. Howard walked off the scaffold plank and got knocked out.

I always looked for Dad's letters to arrive when I was in college. I wanted to know about the construction jobs and about the farms.



Gaur



Blackbuck Antelope



Aoudads

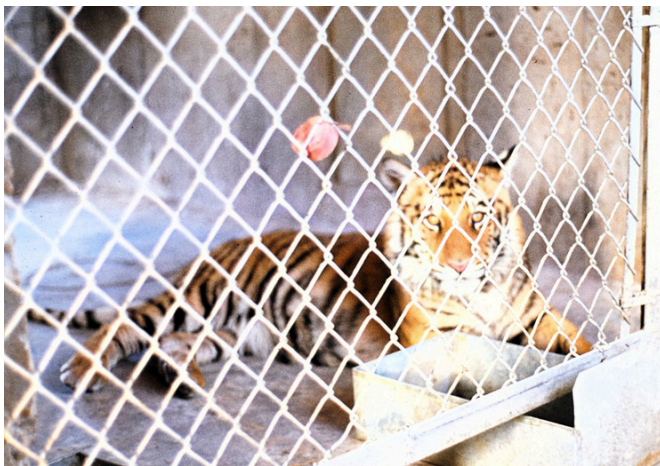
Deer

Dave's Memories

by David Harwood, Woodrow's son-in-law

Siberian Tiger

I worked for Woody the summer the Lion House needed some repairs. One of the repairs involved removing the female tiger from her cage and placing her in a small holding enclosure just inside the entryway. Each day I would cut meat from a side of beef and feed each of the cats. Each cat had a slot through which the meat was put into their cages. As I opened the door to enter the building I was met with a tremendous roar and the sight of this full grown tiger standing on her hind legs and leaning on the cage. To say the least she was not a happy camper. I had this same experience for several days until her cage was repaired.



Hungry Siberian Tiger

Aoudads

One Saturday, Woody told me we needed to catch the Aoudads so they could be vaccinated. I asked how we were to catch them. Woody said to catch them by one of their horns. It was quite an experience for me chasing the Aoudads and trying to catch them by a horn. We were eventually successful.

Feeding Pierre

One time the Starks were going somewhere and I was charged with feeding Pierre the Chimp. I was told that it was best to keep him in his pen, as he would get into everything. One day Pierre decided he was tired of being in his cage, and out he came. I tried several different ways to get him back inside his cage, but was not successful. Finally I grabbed a scoop shovel and after several attempts was able to herd Pierre back to his cage.

Herding Rhinos

Woody took delivery of two white rhinos at the farm in 1977. They were unloaded in the alley on the west end. Unfortunately, the pen for the rhinos was down the alley to a corral on the far end. Woody asked me to move the rhinos down to their pen. We discussed how to accomplish this without being injured. Woody told me to stand in a corral on the side of the alleyway, reach into the alleyway and tap a rhino on its horn with a 2x4.

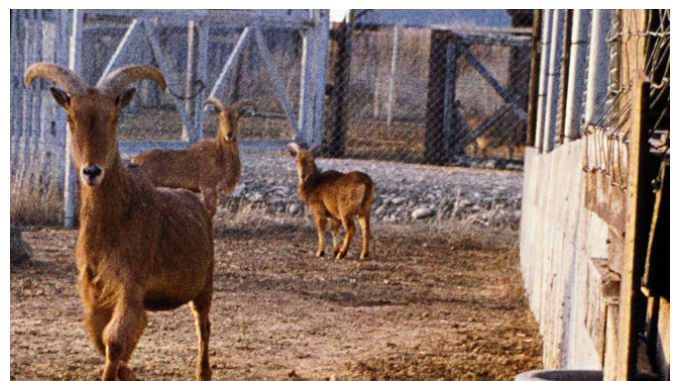
I was able to move the rhinos down to their pen using this method which was exciting. Later that day after the rhinos were in their corral, one of them lifted the gate off of its hinges. It became necessary to park a front-end loader in place of the gate. The rhinos made several attempts to move the loader but were unsuccessful.

Pygmy Goats

There was a herd of pygmy goats in a pasture with the llamas. Several days on some weeks were spent rounding up the goats who were very good at escaping the pasture, and fixing the fence.



Pygmy Goats



Aoudads

Ron's Memories

by Ronald

Barbed Wire

One Saturday afternoon, Dad indicated that we need to make certain repairs to a barbed wire fence. After stretching one strand of barbed wire, it snapped and the barbs sliced across the four fingers of my left hand down to the bone. All four fingers were bleeding quite a bit. Dad then wrapped his handkerchief around the fingers to stop the bleeding. Dad wanted to take me to the hospital, but I declined. This was the only time I can recall seeing tears in my father's eyes. He may have had a tough exterior, but he had a very kind, caring heart.

Art Saxton

On many Saturday mornings, Art Saxton, one of the laborers for the construction company, would join us at the farm. Art would often comment that "Everything he did was a work of Art".

30th Ward Elders

When Dad served on the Stake High Council, he was assigned to the Idaho Falls 30th Ward. Their Elders' Quorum was trying to raise funds to provide financial assistance to a missionary serving from the Ward. Dad offered to pay \$5 per hour for each of two of Elders to work at the farm each Saturday morning. The Elders Quorum consistently sent two elders every Saturday for several years to help brand cattle, herd animals, pour concrete, build animal pens or anything else that needed to be done. They often commented that they appreciated the opportunity to learn certain trade skills and work with exotic animals. Each Sunday morning before the lesson, the two Elders that worked at the farm the previous day would provide an update of what was accomplished and the status of the ongoing construction projects.

Buffalo Steak Dinner

When Dad served on the Stake High Council, he invited the entire Stake Presidency, Stake High Council and their wives to a buffalo steak dinner at the Westbank hotel restaurant. Dad provided the buffalo steaks and the restaurant cooked the steaks along with a baked potato and vegetables for all to enjoy. Most had never tasted buffalo meat before.

Corrugated Tin

As a teenager, I recall nailing corrugated tin roofing on several of the cattle sheds. The sun's reflection off of the galvanized metal was almost unbearable during the bright sun of the day. When the four corners of the roofing material would overlap, one would have to pound the ring shank nails as hard as they could to penetrate the layers of metal. On more than one occasion, I missed the head of the nail and hit my thumb. Instead of learning to hit the head of the nail instead of my thumb, I learned to hold the ring shank nail with a pair of pliers until it penetrated the metal. I am certain the cattle would have enjoyed a roof with asphalt shingles just as much as one with corrugated tin.

(All of the brother's experienced smashed thumbs, and blood under their left thumb nail.)

Subcontracting

Dad would have us bid for work that needed to be done around the house and the farm (e.g., mowing the lawn, cleaning out the garage, feeding baby llamas in the shop, etc.). I agreed to paint posts at the farm with used crankcase oil from the construction equipment, as a preservative, for 25 cents each. When Dad observed that Richard was painting the posts, Richard told him that I was paying him 5 cents to paint each of the posts. Dad was not amused and made his displeasure known to me. I argued with Dad that he subcontracted work all the time in the construction business and I was simply doing the same. Needless to say, I finished the project without Richard's further assistance.

Digging Post Holes

The ground at the farm consisted of very hard, clay soil. When attempting to dig post holes, it was almost impossible to do so. Using a very heavy steel bar, we would only manage to dig a hole 10-12" in depth after considerable effort. We would fill the shallow hole with water and wait for the following Saturday to dig another 10-12". One Saturday afternoon, Dad asked Richard and I to dig a number of post holes. Our lack of enthusiasm was evident and we indicated that we would use a post hole digger attached to an old tractor. Dad was not amused. With Richard's training as an auto mechanic, we were finally able to get the old tractor started after more than one hour. After attaching a 16 ft. pole to the top of the

post hole digger and using the pole for additional leverage, we were able to dig the required post holes after considerable effort, but more quickly. Dad was none too pleased with the result because he had no other work planned for us that day.

Soda Pop

Each Saturday after returning home from the farm, Dad would take us to the office of the construction company and allow us to choose a bottle of soda pop from the cooler. It always tasted so good after working in the heat of the day.

Straight Fence

Dad asked me to replace the white fence across the front of the homestead. Once completed, I was somewhat proud of my work. Dad was not pleased and indicated that he would have to take it all apart and redo the work. I had not done what he wanted and he did not want my poor workmanship to be a reflection on him. I had followed the contour of the ground when installing the new fence instead of stretching a string from one end of the fence to the other end to ensure that the top of the fence would be straight. Dad taught me an important lesson that day.

Roof Sheathing

Dad asked me to sheath a roof on one of the barns. He provided a pile of plywood scraps and a few sheets of new plywood. After attempting to carefully cut and use the scraps of plywood, I determined that it would be more cost effective to only use the full sheets. I could finish the job much more quickly and save Dad some money based on the hourly wage I was being paid. Dad did not see it the same way after he saw that I still had a considerable pile of plywood scraps left over after the project was completed.

No Fear

Dad never exhibited any fear of the animals. Unfortunately, this resulted in him being kicked, bitten, knocked down and trampled on many occasions. When Dad served as Bishop, he was severely injured one Saturday by a buffalo cow. He had several cracked ribs and a cracked tailbone. As he stood on the stand at Church the following week, it was evident that he was suffering severe pain. But nothing was going to keep Dad from his commitment to his church calling. Dad would often say that "His word was his bond".

Gambling

When I was a student at Brigham Young University, Dad invited me to join him on a trip to San Diego to pick up some animals. After stopping in Provo, we drove to Las Vegas for something to eat. Afterwards, Dad gave me a quarter to put into one of the slot machines. After I pulled the handle and lost the quarter, Dad said, "Now that you have gotten gambling out of your system, let's go."

Project Planning

Each week, as Dad sat in church in his regular seat in the back of the 17th Ward chapel for Sacrament Meeting, Dad would often pull out a sheet of paper and make a list of all the materials that would be needed for the various projects scheduled for the upcoming Saturday. Dad was a planner and very organized.

Pierre

Dad had a pet chimpanzee named Pierre. Mother would often pack a lunch for both Dad and Pierre. Dad and Pierre would then sit on the tailgate of the pickup truck and eat their lunches together. Pierre would open his can of soda pop and drink it. They were quite a pair.

Pigeons

Mom rarely went on an animal trip with Dad. But Mom and Dad drove back to Macon, MO, in Oct 1995 for the Lolli Brothers animal sale. They also visited animal dealers in Arkansas and Missouri. After the sale they drove to Cedar Rapids, IA, to visit me and Debbie. I said that the visit was the first time in 84 years that Dad had ever visited my home. Dad responded that he would not let such a frequent visit become a habit. (Woody humor)

Dad bought more pigeons at the animal show, but the cages would not fit in the trunk. So the pigeons cages were in the back seat of Mom's new Lincoln Continental car, and really made a mess. Dad has around 100 pigeons now.

Richard's Memories

by Richard

Teaching His Children to Work

Dad said he had the farm to teach us to work. My father had each of his five sons coming to the farm each Saturday morning, rain or shine, snow or heat. We rarely took a Saturday off. Even as an adult, if I was visiting over a Saturday, I was expected to come work at the farm Saturday morning. While I did learn to work from an early age I also learned several other lessons along the way.

I started "going to the farm" when I was just four years old. My "job" was getting tools and nails for the workers. I felt so important. I remember "Richard, go get the Crescent wrench" and "Richard, I need the fencing pliers." This was a wonderful way for me to become familiar with the proper name of many tools and their use. I am sure those early experiences finding tools for my dad, brothers and workers all those Saturday mornings shaped my particular affinity for tools. I now have a large workshop and tool collection.

Over the years, we poured concrete, dug post holes, set railroad ties as fence posts, nailed fence rails, built sheds and animal buildings in great variety. I learned how and developed the confidence to undertake large home remodeling projects for myself and my children and to construct sizable displays as a business.

Herding Animals

There was a lot of "herding" on the farm. Almost every Saturday, we would herd the animals from corrals and pastures to another. We would wave our arms and walk towards the animals to push them in the direction we wanted them to go. When I was little, I thought the animals would run over me. Dad would tell me the animals are more scared of me than I was of them. I was not always convinced. But, I was not afraid of the cattle because "there is nothing dumber than a cow." They would ignore the open gate and would try to bolt past us. I liked racing to head them off. I didn't mind herding most animals. But, I was never comfortable herding long-horn bulls, yaks, buffalo and elk. If Dad was scared of an animal, it never showed although he did make sure we were not directly exposed to animals with big teeth like the lions, tigers, jaguars and Rhesus monkeys. When I go to a zoo now, it feels strange not to herd animals and build fences.

Negotiation skills

On the farm, I also learned how to negotiate. I felt that I was pretty smart, but now recognize my Dad was pretty soft and proud of his sons when we demonstrated our willingness to work and save with a goal in mind.

When I was six years old, I earned \$0.15 for working an afternoon at the farm. I worked a deal with Dad to exchange an afternoon of work for a kite. He was amused when Mom and I came home from the store with a \$0.25 kite and \$0.15 of string. I was excited and proud that negotiating could turn \$0.15 worth of work in to \$0.40 of reward.

Following my successful negotiation of the kite, I decided to try my luck negotiating for cowboy boots -- six Saturdays for a pair of \$6 boots from JCPenney-- \$0.90 of work for \$6 of reward. I had negotiated a great deal! The boots were not comfortable at all. I didn't mind. Cowboy boots made me feel like a cowboy. I remember Dad saying he liked his boots because they felt so good when he took them off.

Of course, every real cowboy needs a horse. So, Dad and I settled on a horse for working twelve Saturdays. After accruing the twelve Saturdays, I remember coming home from school on a warm spring day for lunch. Dad usually "rested" his eyes after lunch. But on this day, he stood by the stove waiting for me to finish eating my baloney with mayonnaise and mustard on white Wonder Bread. Dad, Mom and I went to the construction yard and I was shocked to see my new Welsh pony. It was one of the happiest days of my life. Dad also gave me the saddle, blanket, and bridle. I still can't believe I went back to school that afternoon. I guess I could not wait to tell Mrs. Jensen, my second-grade teacher, all about my horse and that I was becoming a real cowboy. I am sure she thought I had quite the imagination. I loved that horse and named him Chaco. Rumor has it that Chaco got extra love and an apple whenever Ron was bucked off or kicked. Ron and Chaco were not on speaking terms.

Separating Buffalo

One time, I rode Chaco as we rounded up the buffalo from the pasture. I was a real cowboy now! It was all like I dreamed until a big old buffalo bull suddenly stopped and faced us. I saw the buffalo's tail rise. So, did Chaco. We bolted. I learned being a cowboy was not all fun and games and cowboys need to keep a good grip on the saddle horn when herding buffalo.



Richard's Pony - 'Chaco' - 1967

Separating the buffalo was extremely dangerous. They are very large, fast and would be very aggressive when we separated the cows from the calves. One time, a buffalo pinned Dad on the ground in a corner and was giving him the business. Fortunately, John was there to distract the buffalo by smacking her with a shovel long enough for Dad to crawl away. If it hadn't been for John, Dad would have been killed. If I remember correctly, this was the time that Dad had multiple ribs broken. Of course, notwithstanding the pain and seriousness of the injury, he didn't see a need for a doctor. Instead, he bound his chest with strips of a bedsheet and belts to try and keep the ribs from moving.

Dad sold an old buffalo to someone who wanted the head, hide and meat. The buyer took a shot about 25 yards away with a 30-06 and insisted he hit buffalo right between the eyes. Dad was sure the buyer missed because the buffalo did not flinch even from the sound of the gun. He dropped the buffalo with a second shot behind the ear. When they got closer, they could see the hide was torn between the eyes but the bullet did not

penetrate. I understood then how buffalo could run through the 2x10" plank fences and heavy custom-made steel gates like they were nothing.

Dressing for the Weather

I remember bundling up in layers of orange hoodies and old coats to go to the farm in the winter. The beat-up putty gray late 1950s Chevrolet Apache pickup truck was barely warm as we got to the farm. One time, it was so cold that when I opened the door, I felt frozen even before the door closed. It must have been below zero before taking into account the windchill, and the wind knifed through all my layers. Dad simply said, "It is a little chilly today." I realized before the truck door closed that cowboys can freeze-dry in a moment.

Learning to drive

I started driving the old Chevrolet pick-up when I was about 10 years old. There was a sharp turn off a steep embankment from the East feedlot area around the cattle loading chute. The truck didn't have power steering. Before I reached puberty, I couldn't see over the dashboard where I was relative to the drop off and it was all I could do to turn the wheels quickly enough at the right time. I always worried that I was going to crash into the fence at the bottom.

When I was 11 years old, I purchased a 1947 Dodge truck from Dad. I am pretty sure it was an old farm truck. It hadn't run for years and had been used for parts. Dad thought it would never run again and sold it to me for \$10. I would make Chuck Gayman, his mechanic, help me and tell me what to do. Every so often, Dad would get after Chuck to work on the construction equipment and stop working on my truck with me. I would have Chuck help me haul the old vehicle batteries scattered around the construction yard to McCarty's scrap metal business. I would use the money to buy parts from a car salvage yard to replace the ones that were missing from my truck. Eventually, we, mainly Chuck, got the truck running again. I would drive around-and-around the pasture behind the construction office. The neighbors called Dad a couple times about all the dust I would stir up. One time, the field was particularly muddy when the snow was melting. My truck got stuck. So, I borrowed one of the pick-up trucks from the construction yard to pull it out. Unfortunately, it also got stuck. Well, three more trucks got stuck out there before I conceded

defeat and went home to eat dinner. The next morning the workers were not happy when they had to wait for Bob Witt to use a big loader to pull trucks out of the mud. Dad simply asked why I didn't stop after the first truck was stuck. I had no answer. After a few years of practicing in the construction yard and at the farm, I took the drivers' education class sponsored through the high school. I was almost kicked out for driving way too fast around the little course in the school parking lot. When the teacher chastised me, I impertinently implied I could offer him and my fellow students some driving tips.

Inside Work

On another day at the farm, I was dead tired from the work. Dad observed that farmers need to love to work. I resolved then and there that my career goal instead of being a cowboy was "inside work and no heavy lifting." Often over the years, I have reminded myself things could be worse; i.e., I could have been a farmer or a cowboy. I have to smile to myself when others complain about their job. They have no idea what a miserable job is unless they put up insulation, probably asbestos, with no protection, in a giraffe barn on what surely was the hottest day ever recorded or experience being freeze-dried on a "little chilly" day. They are some lessons from the farm that will certainly never need to be relearned.

Bottled Water

We would drink water from ground spigots at the farm. We would joke the water was so good tasting that we could bottle and sell it like pop. Little did we know that bottled water would actually become a thing.

Being a Subcontractor

Ron contracted with Dad to paint fence posts for a set amount per post. By mid-morning, Ron subcontracted the job to me for a small fraction of what he was being paid. Dad came around and saw that I was painting the posts, instead of Ron. Dad was not happy that Ron was sitting in the shade, drinking pop and watching me work. Dad failed to see the situation as a win-win for Ron and me when I pointed out that I was making more money working for Ron than for him. Dad was further incensed when Ron pointed out that he was just subcontracting out his work as Dad did on his jobs. Ron finished the job without me.

Animal Trips

When I was about 13 years old, I went on a couple "animal trips" with Dad to transport animals for the farm and others. On one trip, we picked up some dingo dogs for the Idaho Falls City Zoo. Dad made sure to park the truck as far away from the motel as possible. The dogs barked and howled all night long. We didn't sleep and I don't think anyone else at the motel did either. Dad made sure we got out of there well before sunrise.

On another animal trip, we transported a male African lion in a heavy-duty steel "lion cage" that Bob Witt made. For ventilation, the cage was put right next to a 24"x10" hole / screen in the side of the truck just above the gas cap. While getting gas in the middle of Kansas, a young attendant heard something moving around in the truck and put his face up to the screen to see what was in the truck. The lion let out a thunderous roar. The Internet underestimates a lion roar to be 114db at three feet and can be heard five miles away. That poor kid jumped several feet off the ground. He was absolutely terrified and stammered over and over, "What was that?" Apparently, they don't have many lions in Kansas.

On one trip, Dad came home with Pierre, a chimpanzee. I didn't go on the trip; but, I came up the back stairs just as Dad was coming in the back door with Pierre. We knocked on the door of the kitchen, left Pierre standing there and hid around on the corner on the basement stairs. Mom opened the door and screamed "Woody" almost as loud as a lion can roar. Pierre invited himself into the kitchen. Mom exclaimed, "Good Heavens!" and invited Pierre to leave and made it clear that he was not welcome to return.

Ocean Souvenir

On another animal trip, Dad pulled off the highway on our way home from the San Diego Zoo as I had never seen an ocean before. Less than 10 minutes later, he said let's go. I didn't find any sea shells so I grabbed some rotting kelp. Even I understood why my fragrant souvenir had to ride in the back of the truck. After bringing it home, I kept the kelp in the garage and after a week or two, I never saw it again.

'Pierre' the Chimp

Pierre had four arms and hands that were stronger and outnumbered mine. He would grab on to gates and doors if he wanted or didn't want to go somewhere. He also knew that baring his

teeth was a very effective way to deal with me. On the other hand, Pierre quickly learned Dad was in control. When Pierre was out of his pen, we had to lock our lunches in the truck or Pierre would help himself. He would open the sandwich to eat the baloney and then throw away the Wonder Bread. He must have known there was no nutrition in that bread. He was smart too, learning how to pull the top on a pop can and guzzle the whole thing without stopping. He preferred grape soda.

One time, the Starks took Pierre with them when they went to Roberts to shop for groceries. They left Pierre in the truck one time and went inside the store. All of a sudden, they heard people screaming. Pierre was lonely and let himself out of the truck and into the store to find the Starks.

The monkey barn was round and had individual cages for each type of monkey on the inside that led to individual outside runs. The inside cages surrounded an area for the storage of food and bedding straw. Apparently, Larry Stark, the farm manager, was doing the rounds on night to check on the animals before turning in for the day. When he didn't come home on time, his wife found him in the monkey barn chasing monkeys. Somehow all the cages were open and the monkeys were running around the inside circle and climbing up and down the cages. Once the Starks got all the monkeys put away, they went home to find the Mrs. Pierre (Dad felt sorry for Pierre and got a companion for him) at their kitchen table eating their roast and Pierre upstairs in their bed, on his back, dropping grapes one by one into his mouth. Obviously, Pierre and Mrs. Pierre opened all the cages in the monkey barn as a diversion. The snap claps on the cages were replaced the next day with keyed Master Lock brand padlocks.

The Tiger

Dad had Siberian tigers and they had a kitten. Sadly, the mother abandoned the kitten. So, Dad asked Larry Stark to raise it on a bottle. They had the tiger declawed so that they would not get shredded. As the tiger grew, they put him on a chain in their backyard and in the back of the pickup when they went in to town. They didn't lock the pickup as he was more effective than any watchdog.

When I was in high school, our football team played our archrival, the Idaho Falls Tigers. All of a sudden, everyone started harassing me because our tiger was being paraded around by the Tiger

cheerleaders and Larry Stark. Fortunately, the tiger did not roar like a lion and we won the game. Later, I realized I missed the perfect opportunity to meet the Tiger cheerleaders and offer personal tours of the farm.

Larry tried to train a zebra colt to pull him in a cart. Apparently, zebras will not stoop to be beasts of burden. When he kept crashing with the cart, I suggested he switch to a cart pulled by the tiger and I would help the cheerleaders at the next Tiger football game. Larry had no imagination.

The first time I took Lynne into the building with the lions and tigers I cautioned that we needed to stand as far away from cages and close to the exterior wall as possible. She was thinking this was another of my pranks. We entered the building and it was dead quiet, like there wasn't anything living in there. As we rounded the corner of the lion cage, sure enough, one of the beasts swiped his paw under the bottom of the wall very close to us. We were not sure whether he was saying hello, expecting us to give him food or be the food. Lynne didn't seem to appreciate our "Cat House."

Do It Well

George told me of a particularly memorable experience he had working with Dad on the farm. George was eager to get home and was fairly sloppy chiseling a gate latch hole in a post. Dad told him that when the job is done, no one will know how long it took; they will only know how well it was done. George said it was a guideline he tried to remember every time he did something in both his personal and professional life.

Ramon

For several years, Ramon worked at the farm. His look was distinctive – tall and thin, wild curly hair and crossed front buck-teeth. His English was not very good. I did not understand his English and I am not sure he understood mine. There were a lot of hand motions and one-word questions / answers. He was always able to figure out what we were trying to say. He was eager and a hard worker. At the time the sheriff in Bonneville County, Blaine Skinner, would not arrest illegal immigrants unless he had another reason to do so. Apparently, the sheriff in Jefferson County was not as lenient. Every once in a while, he would disappear for two to three weeks until he could sneak back. Dad got a kick out of him and teased



Woodrow's Home



him about getting a free vacation trip home to Mexico. The last time, he got in a bar fight and pulled a knife. The judge gave Ramon a suspended jail sentence that would be immediately imposed if he came back.

Legacy

Yes, Dad taught us how to work on the farm. But the farm was just the vehicle for Dad to impart so many of life lessons. As I write these memories of the farm, I am reminded just how intertwined they are with memories of my dad. Dad, thank you! Your legacy has made all the difference in my life. I will get the Crescent wrench and fence pliers for you anytime.



W. E. Harrington
(Signature)

Barbara's Memories

by Barbara, Woodrow's daughter

Antelope Fawns

I am not a fan of animals and Dad tried to help me overcome my fears. First he got me a kitten from my teacher at school. After being scratched (still have the scars), the kitten was returned. Next he tried by giving me a goldfish. While trying to change the water in the fish bowl, the goldfish got away from me. All I could do was scream until Howard rescued the goldfish.

Finally, I was given the task of feeding twelve pronghorn antelope fawns kept in the pigeon aeries in the construction yard. I had to catch them individually and force them to drink from a baby bottle. After a few days, all I had to do was stick the bottle through the fence. All seemed to be going okay for awhile. One fawn wasn't doing very well so Dad had me add baby rice cereal to the formula. One day as I grabbed the box of rice cereal, a small mouse stuck its head out. I screamed and threw the box causing the fawns to freak out. Luckily the antelope were moved out to the farm and could feed themselves.



Pronghorn Antelope Fawns

Pronghorn Antelope

by Howard

Each spring a Wyoming rancher would catch new-born pronghorn fawns and bring them to Idaho Falls for Dad to buy. Dad would raise them on a bottle until they could feed themselves.

Unfortunately, pronghorn antelope would not stay in our pastures on the farm. They would escape and return to the open wild.

Rusty's Memories

by Rusty, Woodrow's Grandson

I have a few vague memories of visiting Grandpa Arrington's farm as a young child. One picture that always reminds me of that time is the picture of me with 'Rusty' the Giraffe in the background. I grew up knowing that my Grandpa Arrington had his very own zoo and I thought it was a pretty cool thing to tell my friends.



Rusty with 'Rusty' the Giraffe

Work

My personal memories of the farm really started to form about the time I was 12 years old. Around that time, we moved from Boise to Idaho Falls to be closer to Grandma and Grandpa Arrington. At some point after the move my dad started taking me out to the farm with him to work. I was never excited to go out to the farm. We got up early in the morning and did hard work until the afternoon. I wanted to stay home, sleep in, and watch TV. It seems that much of the work at the farm was dangerous and beyond my capabilities as a 12-year-old boy. I suspect that I did my best work by staying out of the way of dangerous animals and not distracting the hard-working men. However, I think that my years working out at the farm instilled an appreciation in me for honest

hard work and the joy of doing labor with my hands. More importantly, the time on the farm gave me a chance to get to know my grandfather in the place he loved most.

Over the years I have come to the realization that, in many ways, working on the farm has influenced my professional life. I knew early on that I didn't want to work at a job that required me to work outside, especially in the winter. I also learned that I liked working with my hands and on my feet. I think that my career as a chiropractor met all those requirements. The farm also influenced my decision to pursue a career in chiropractic instead of medicine because I never liked the blood associated with veterinary visits. I will never forget one day when we were working with the zebra herd. I was assigned to help the other men pin a zebra against a fence. Several grown men and I placed our bodies against the zebra and held it against the fence while the veterinarian did her work. I was assigned towards the head of the first zebra. I didn't really know what to expect, especially since I was doing my best to help pin the angry zebra. I will never forget the woozy feeling that came over me as I watched the vet produce a large vial and needle and then proceed to draw a blood sample from the zebra's neck right in front of me! I decided to re-assign myself to the tail end of the next zebra and was shocked to witness the vet, much to my disgust, don a shoulder length glove and perform a pregnancy check! I could not win that day. There were several other instances involving turning bulls into steers, removing horns, harvesting antlers from elk, and breeding llamas that made me think hard about what I did (and more importantly) did not want to do in the future. The farm definitely influenced my early career choices. Fortunately, I overcame my aversion to blood as I later advanced my career from chiropractic into medicine.

Buffalo

Growing up as an Arrington one story you always heard about was Grandpa Arrington's infamous run-in with a buffalo, especially if you didn't want to go to church. My parents would often tell the tale of how Grandpa Arrington was charged and gored by an angry buffalo. He suffered broken ribs and lost several teeth. However, he was tough. He gritted his remaining teeth, took some veterinary medicines, wrapped his broken ribs in a bandage and went to church

that Sunday. He then famously told his congregation that if they felt as bad as he did that day, they would be free to stay home from church. Otherwise, he expected to see them in their seats on Sunday. I've even heard that story as a young man from ward members who were in attendance that Sunday. That story probably influenced my church attendance for many years as a teenager. I've even told it to my own children on occasion.

The buffalo story, as inspirational as it was, also had another unintended effect. Every spring and fall, we would move the buffalo herd from one pasture to another. Grandpa Arrington, my dad, and I would help the other men herd the buffalo towards the proper gate by spreading out in a long line. Some would wave sticks and others would wave their hats to drive the buffalo towards the open gate. I remember on one occasion standing next to Grandpa Arrington as he waved his stick at the buffalo herd charging by. Suddenly I had the distinct thought that maybe standing next to grandpa was not the safest place to be. I realized that he was old, and I was young, and he already was notorious for getting run over by buffalo.

Grandpa's Legacy

My last memories of the farm were as a young adult. Grandpa hired me to work at the farm and help get it ready for sale. I worked at the farm after my first year of college prior to leaving for my mission in California in 1995. Grandpa gave me a

white Chevy Silverado pickup to use and a list of tasks to accomplish every morning. I would drive out to the farm and spend the day hauling old concrete slabs, old fencing material, and rubbish to the trash pits or burn piles. I also mended fences and fixed what I could while out at the farm. That work was a lot of fun. I took time to investigate the various nooks and crannies all over the farm. I also explored the various barns, pens, and other facilities that grandpa and my uncles had built over the preceding decades. Although I don't really remember the animals when I was young it was easy to imagine how magnificent the farm must've been back in its heyday.

I knew grandpa loved the farm. I'm not sure if my dad loved working on the farm as much as Grandpa Arrington, but I knew my dad loved helping his dad. I learned a valuable lesson about the importance of family, love, and service from watching my father serve his own father. Over the years I also grew to love working with grandpa. I wanted to be helpful and known as a hard worker. Growing up in Idaho Falls I often met people who loved grandpa too. They would share their fond memories with me about grandpa's farm, his influence on their life as a bishop, or his work with them as a banker. I was proud to be an Arrington because of who Grandpa Arrington was. I will always be grateful for the time I spent at the farm and for the cherished memories of working with my grandpa and my dad.

Buffalo



Work

by Howard

When I was eight, I helped John and George build granaries on the farm. I fell off the 2nd tier scaffolding and was knocked unconscious. I don't remember the fall. All I remember is seeing Mom looking at me through the car window after I had been driven to town. I spent a day or two in the hospital. I helped my father and brothers build fences on the farm. They would nail a board in a couple of places to keep it in place. My job was nailing a field of twelve 6 penny nails per board. I got pretty good swinging a hammer. Dad paid me around 50 cents for working a half day on Saturday morning.

Occasionally Dad would offer work which I and my brothers would bid on, such as painting farm gates that my dad had welded in the construction shop. A typical bid would be a dollar to paint a gate with black enamel paint.

When I was old enough to push a lawnmower, I began mowing the big yard around our home, for which I was paid \$1.75. I also mowed the neighbor's yard for \$1.25, grandpa Arrington's yard for \$0.75, and the construction office lawn for \$0.25. I was very good to save my money, and keep accurate accounting records in a ledger book.

When it was Christmas time, I would have money to buy presents for my family. I felt good about spending my own hard earned money for presents instead of being given money to buy them.

Dad raised cattle and I often went on the trips to haul cattle to summer pasture or brought back from Twin Falls. We would arise at 4:30 a.m., go the farm in New Sweden and load cattle to be taken to Uncle LeRoy in Twin Falls. Chuck Gayman, and George Smith would drive the semi-trucks, and I felt big to ride in the truck cabs with them. Later on, John drove the cattle trucks, and I'd ride with him. When these trips took us to pastures on Willow Creek, or to West Yellowstone, I'd hunt for rocks in the streams for my little rock collection.

When 14 years old, I began working summers in the construction yard unloading trucks, stacking lumber returned from the construction jobs, and cleaning concrete forms. I was paid \$1.25 per hour. During the summers of my college years, I worked on the following construction jobs as an apprentice carpenter: girl's dormitory at Rick's College, LDS stake center in Rigby, Northgate shopping mall, gymnasium at Rick's College, Science Center drive overpass, waste storage tank at the Chemical Plant

at the INEEL site, the Eagle Rock Junior High School [1974], and the Bonneville High School [1975]. With the wages earned, I was able to pay for my college education, a B.S. in Civil Engineering at the University of Idaho.

21 Dec 1985 - I went with Dad to the farm on Saturday to brand a few head of calves that he bought that week for fattening. It was minus 10 degrees Fahrenheit at the farm.

Nov 1988 - I moved from Boise to Idaho Falls in June. I have helped my father at the farm each Saturday morning that I could. We have sorted cattle, buffalo, zebras, repaired fences, and cleaned up the rental houses. I enjoy the change of pace and the exercise it gives. I try to take my 12-year-old son Rusty with me when he can go so he can learn to work.

3 Sep 1990 - Saturday Rusty and I went to the farm in the morning to work. We helped Dad with the llamas and zebra, and repaired the loading chute from the damage done by the Gaur bull the week before when they trimmed his hooves.

20 Sep 1990 - Last week Rusty and I worked at the farm. We trimmed zebra hooves, cut weeds, and took blood samples from the llamas going to a sale. The blood is drawn from an ear vein.

6 Aug 1991 - I have helped my father regularly each Saturday morning at the farm. He has had a host of employee problems and turnovers. We replaced the small 2-bedroom trailer this summer with a bigger 14x70 ft. 3-bedroom trailer. I photographed the llamas and will register them so they all have pedigree papers. Hopefully, this will increase their value.

24 May 1994 - Today, Rusty and I went to my father's farm 10 miles north of town. We helped clean up trash and fix a few fences. Dad has had in the past lots of exotic animals such as giraffe, rhinoceros, lions, tigers, cougars, bears, zebra, elk, buffalo, llamas, deer, antelope, etc. Everything has been sold except for 45 llamas. Dad is now 82, and the farm is for sale.

9 July 1995 - I helped Dad catch 11 wild pigeons he will use to raise chicks for his fancy pigeons. All the paper work has been signed for the sale of the farm, and the new owner took over July 1st.

Discouragement

from Marjorie's Letters

16 Mar 1987 - Dear Family, The Arringtons in Idaho Falls are still alive - well - and happy. On second thought, I should say I am still alive, well and happy. Woody is alive, well and depressed. He says, "Nothing has gone right this year. Animals die or have escaped during loading." Sometimes he seems to forget all of his blessings and his achievements and that everyone has problems or their turn is coming.

18 Aug 1987 - Woody is really feeling depressed and discouraged because of problems of some of the sub-contractors that have taken out bankruptcy and left bills that Woody has to take care of. He has lost many animals at the farm for unexplained reasons. He is thinking of selling all the animals and putting the farm up for sale in the spring. Too bad that he has not learned how to enjoy something besides work in his life. Now he is lost and I can't help him.

6 Jan 1988 - Woody has been really discouraged. Evidently at least one of the animals he and John brought back from the last auction sale they went to had some kind of disease. Woody would go to the farm on Saturday or on a day during the week and all the animals seemed to be fine. The next day Jamie would call and say one or two were dead. They were having autopsies made and the vet was making tests of all kinds plus tests were made in Boise and in Salt Lake.

We really are just fine. As Woody says, we have good health, plenty to eat and a place to sleep and that is more than a lot of people have.

9 Jan 1989 - Woody got his leg hurt a week ago at the farm and Saturday he got some ribs hurt, but he says he is fine. I am sure he will try to go to the farm again Saturday.

26 May 1993 - Woody has been really discouraged with problems at the farm so when a fellow came to see him about renting the farm, Woody decided to go ahead with it. Woody is having a hard time with the decision because he thinks of all the work that he, his dad, my dad, and each of the children have done over the years out there. But he also recognizes that he is no longer able to keep up with all the work out there. He says it is the same to him as if someone were to take my piano away from me. He also recognizes that he still needs

something to do, so he is going to try to see if he can keep a couple of the pastures and some elk and llamas so he can still have something to do.

11 July 1995 - Woody has sold the farm and just has a few animals near Provo with a friend of his. He just is not able to take care of things himself, and the farmers have just not had a good year for a long time.

6 Mar 1996 - Since he has sold the farm he is really lost. So he has bought lots of pigeons just to have something to do, and has fun trading with others. It gives him something to do. He really has some beautiful ones. It just sort of became my job to take care of the feeding and watering of them while he was gone. What fun???

by Richard and Ronald - 2024

Reading Mom's letters provides a deeper understanding and appreciation for Dad. There is no reason to hide what he was feeling. We all have those feelings, certainly some more than others. I think it is healthy for everyone to see that they are not alone in experiencing losses, depression, discouragement, and feeling lost. Knowing of Dad's struggles gives me confidence and resolve to confront my own.

We have all been discouraged at some point in our lives. His life was not always easy, but he persevered. Dad dealt with loss by saying,

"Only those who have can lose."

Rhonda's Memories

by Rhonda Aliah, Veterinarian

I opened Skyline Animal Clinic in January 1981. I was young and eager to prove myself as both a business owner and veterinarian. I had a mixed animal practice, meaning I worked on farm animals as well as companion pets. Woody came into the office in 1983 looking for the doctor. I introduced myself and Woody looked a bit surprised at seeing a woman but continued with his request for the doctor to visit Arrington Game Farm and look at a tiger, briefly meaning no sedation only a visual exam. I set up the appointment and was thrilled to be able to work with an exotic animal farm! I always had an interest in zoo and wildlife medicine and saw this as a chance to learn more about different species and to work with a knowledgeable owner.

Woody Arrington lived on the westside of Idaho Falls not far from my clinic. He owned both the game farm as his hobby, and Arrington Construction as his livelihood. At one time Arrington Game Farm was open to the public but that was before my time.

The appointment was set and I eagerly awaited the day I would get to go there. My assistant Diana accompanied me, and we were both in awe of the scope of the game farm. Such a diverse collection of animals from all over the world. The Amur tiger and sika deer from Asia, eland, zebra and chimpanzees from Africa, musk ox and elk from North America, and llamas from South America. This first visit started a great working relationship with Woody and Arrington Game Farm.

With Woody's help and guidance, I learned of the Wildlife Pharmaceutical company, Zoopharm, for my anesthesia medications. These exotic animals need very different sedation protocols compared to our companion animals. Larry Stark, the game farm manager, was very helpful with restraint and treatment protocols. These wild animals cannot be restrained or treated as companion animals and it was always a challenge to devise techniques that would work.

During my time working for Woody, I had many occasions to work with elk, testing for transport, sedation for treatment and managing the controlled medications used for sedation. Working with Zoopharm and Woody, I was part of the practical research to develop a reversal agent for the very potent sedative M-99 known as etorphine. The reversal agent at the time was M-30-30, not as potent and less reliable. A new drug,

naltrexone was being developed as the reversal agent for etorphine and later carfentanil. Both potent opioids, a very small amount when injected into the muscle, would sedate a 1000# bull elk in minutes. The reversal agent would recover the same animal in less than 5 minutes, the animal up and moving well. This is very important when dealing with wildlife and exotics, getting the animal up and moving as quickly and safely as possible.

Woody was selling many of his exotic animals as he was winding down his operation. I was asked to do much of the pre-shipment testing required by different states for the different animals. I first was called out to Brucellosis test and TB test most of his elk herd for shipment to Montana. This required each animal to be run into a chute and secured into a narrow pen for a blood draw from the jugular vein in the neck and a skin test in the skin of the neck for TB. The TB test needed to be read in 72 hours for a negative test. This is very similar to the TB skin test in humans. Because of this 72 reading, the entire capture procedure was repeated. Quite the experience especially since the animals now knew what the chute meant! The sides of the pens were 8' high to prevent the elk from jumping out though a few made it over the fence and had to be rounded back up! What a sight to see, one bound and a leap and over the fence they went! Remarkable! The bison were also very agile but also far more aggressive!

Brucellosis testing and TB testing was done from the tail; blood from tail vein and TB in tail skin fold. The neck is so thick that it was almost impossible to find the vein. These wily critters were very strong and often crashed into the chute rather than walk in. Others were not as difficult to handle. Llamas were hand restrained. Zebras were sedated for any testing which made for smooth testing and recovery. The Arabian oryx with their 3' spiral horns required only a visual exam. There was no way anyone could get near these beautiful animals with their defensive horns! Easiest pre-shipment exams I ever did!

When Woody sold out, I stopped doing large animal work. I had a growing family and a growing companion animal practice so the timing was right for me to quit my work at Arrington Game Farm. I will always remember his guidance, direct manner and remarkable knowledge of these animals. He had confidence in me and was willing to take a risk on a young female veterinarian to work on his game farm and I will be forever grateful. I have great memories of a wonderful man.

SKYLINE ANIMAL CLINIC

1378 Grizzly Ave.
Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401
Phone: 529-3244



January 18, 1988

Gerald Aquilina
Curator/Mammals and Fish
Buffalo Zoological Gardens
Buffalo, New York 14214

Dear Mr. Aquilina,

Woody Arrington asked that I respond to your letter of January 8.

On Nov. 17, 1987, two Markhor goats and one young Bighorn sheep were brought to our clinic for a necropsy. All three had pneumonia, lung abscesses, with the female Markhor having the most severe abscesses; and all three had a mild enteritis. The young bighorn had a mild case of scours. We cultured the abscesses from the Markhor and sent the sample to the Eastern Idaho Clinical Pathology Laboratory in Pocatello, Idaho. Dr. Kathleen Spiegel, director of the lab, has set up the lab to handle veterinary samples and does all of our hematology and microbiology.

The first results were called in to me on Nov. 20, 1987, after growth and identification. I had instructed Mr. Arrington to medicate the remaining animals after completing the necropsy and not to wait for the culture results. I advised him to use Penicillin or get a medicated feed with tetracycline or aureomycin. The initial results were a gram positive bacillus, a nonhemolytic streptococcus and a gram negative bacillus - Serratia marcescens. This bacteria was sensitive to any drug.

I called Dr. Spiegel for information as to the origin of S. marcescens, and what the gram positive bacillus was. I was informed that the laboratory would not perform further identification because of the possibility of anthrax. The sample was sent to Associated Regional and University Pathologists, Inc. in Salt Lake City. On Nov. 25, 1987, the report came back not Bacillus anthracis; and it would be two more days to identify and get the sensitivity of the organism. The organism was Bacillus mycoides with a "predictable susceptibility to penicillin". Mr. Arrington was informed to continue the treatment with penicillin. Dr. Spiegel explained that Serratia marcescens is an enteric bacteria and she did not know how it localized in the lungs.

While we were waiting for results, a pair of Bighorn sheep died and their lungs were full of abscesses. Both had bled from the nostrils. This led us to also suspect anthrax. Luckily it was not so.

If I can be of further assistance, please let me know.

Sincerely,


Rhonda Aliah-Davis DVM

RAD/jh

Purchases and Sales Ledger

Purchases 1972

May 25	1 Zebra 1 White Elk 1 Blackbuck	Earl Zatum
Sept 20	1 Buffalo 1 Elk	Russ Park Zoo
Nov 1-	2 Zebra 1 Lion 1 Wallaby 3 White tailed deer	Garden City Zoo
Nov 1-	1 Zebra 1 Lioness 1 Peccary	Detroit Zoo
Dec 4.	5 Blacktail deer.	Seattle Zoo
Dec 4	2 German Red deer	L. W. Hendricks
Dec 5	2 Reindeer	Vernon Hagen

Sales 1972

- April 10. 6 Buffalo - International Animal Exchange
- May 1. 7 head sheep. Idaho Livestock auction
- May 21. 2 goats. H.G. Walters
- May 23. 2 goats. S.F. Zoo
- May 25. 2 Springhead. Lion Safari Country
- May 25. 1 zebra. Earl Zatura
- 6 Fallow deer
- Sept 20. 1 deer. Ross Park zoo
- Oct 21. 4 Buffalo Calves }
4 Elk Calves. } Big Bell
8 Fallow deer } Ranch
3 Sika deer }
6 Hawaiian Sheep }
- Nov 9. 2 white tail deer. Ross Park zoo
- Nov. 9. 1 Peccary }
1 Wallaby } I.F. Zoo

Sales 1973

- Mar 28 - 1 - Aoudad male } Mammie Lee Smith
1 - Black tail male } Grady, New Mexico
- Aug 15 - 1 pr Springbok . can Sammie
- Oct. 30 9 deer - Ft. Clark Zoo farm
5 buffalo - - -
- Dec 15 2 Buffalo Calves. L.F. City Zoo

Purchases 1974

1	Female Wallaby	- Miami Pet Farm	3/5
#	Coati Mundi	Lewislu Zoo	2/15
1	Male Aardvark	I.F. City Zoo	3/10
1	Female Peccary	S.F. Zoo	3/28
1	Pair Bobcats	White Birch Farm	4/3
1	Pair Jaguars	Holiday Exotic Park	4/3
1	Pair Armadillos	ST. Anthony, Idaho	4/6
1	pr. Raccoons	I.F. Zoo	5/10
1	pr. Jaguars	East Satum	7
1	pr. Cougars	East Satum	5/11
1	Male Tiger	" -	5/11
1	Male Blackbear	" -	5/11
1	Female Opossum	" -	5/11
1	Female Cloud	" -	5/10
1	Male Nilghai	" -	5/11
1	Female Leopard	Albuquerque Zoo	5/10
1	Pr. Axis Deer	San Diego Wild Animal Park	6/5
1	Female Zebra	H. Clark Zoo Farm	10/16
1	Female Yak	H. Clark Zoo Farm	10/17
1	Pr Bobcats	SL City Zoo	10/17
1	Female Buffalo	Nebraska Refuge	10/12
1	Pr. Blebok	E. Satum	11/3
1	Adax	" -	11/3

Sales 1974

1. Female Nallaby -	I.F. Zoo	Mar. 5 th
4. Elk Calves.	Earl Jatum	May 11 th
2 Blackbuck Females	- -	May 11 th
1 Pr Blackbuck	Almi Johnson	July 30
1 Pr llamas	- -	July 30
1 Pr Spotted fallow	- -	- -
1 Trio White tail deer	- -	- -
1 pr Deer -	Steuematin -	Aug 1
1 pr guanaco.	John Ray	Sept 10
1 Trio Pygmy goats	- -	Sept 10
1. 4 horn sheep.	I.F. Zoo	Sept 21
24 - misc sheep.	I.F. Stockyards	Sept 25
2 pr. Pygmy goats	WR Christman	Oct 17
1 pr Black Hanoverian	"	"
1 pr 4 horned sheep	"	"
6 Elk	A. Johnson	Nov 1, 1974
2 Black fawn	- -	Nov 1, 1974
8 White Fallow	Earl Jatum	Nov 3 1974
1 " Elk	- -	Nov 3 1974
1 white tail buck.	Tracy Ammeris	Dec 31-1974

Purchases 1975

1-	Male Coyote	City of Idaho Falls	Jan 3 - 1975
4-	Red Foxes	Wildlife Unlimited	Jan 18 - 1975
1-	Jackal	-	-
2-	Baboons	Brookfield Zoo	Jan 29 - 1975
4-	Deer	L.A. Andrews	Feb 24 - 1975
2	Arctic Foxes	Wildlife Unlimited	Mar 1 - 1975
1	Grey Wolf	-	-
2	Badgers	-	-
1	Kinkajou	-	-
2	Lynx	-	-
1	Yak Bull	Wildlife Safari	✓ 19 1975
1	African Lemming	-	-
2	Hartebeests	Earl Zatum	June 4 1975
2	Owings	-	-
1	White tail deer	-	-
1	Chimpanzee	-	-
1	Hallshy	Lincoln Childrens Zoo	June 2, 1975
1	Spotted Deer	S.F. City Zoo	June 10, 1975
1	Rhesus Monkey	-	-
1	mongoose	Las Vegas Zoo	June 13 - 1975
1	Arctic fox	Hoagie Zoo	✓ ✓ ✓
1	Perupine	Changy Ralls	Aug 15 - 1975
1	zebra mare	Earl Zatum	Oct 7 - 1975
1	Adidas female	-	-
1	Sika Buck	-	-
1	Female Baboon	-	-
1	Female Chimpanzee	Joni's Zoo	Oct 9 - 1975
1	Pr Kit Foxes	Juni Dams	Oct 11 - 1975
6	Fallen deer	City of SF Zoo	Oct 18 - 1975
2	male deer	Belie Zoo	Nov 25 - 1975
1	Black fox	-	" " "

Sales 1975

- | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1- Bull Elk | City of Ida Falls | Jan 3-1975 |
| 3- goats | L.R. Hendricks | Feb 23-1975 |
| 1- Bob Cat | Wildlife Unlimited | Mar 1-1975 |
| 1 African Lemming | City Zoo IF | Mar 20-1975 |
| 2 Reindeer | Earl Zetrum | June 4, 1975 |
| 1 Gemabok | " " | " " |
| 1 Gahr | " " | " " |
| 2 Angora goats | L.F. City Zoo | June 10, 1975 |
| | | |
| 1 Sprungok | Philadelphia Zoo | Oct 9/29/75 |
| 1 yak bull | Choney Falls | Oct 4/1975 |
| 1 Spotted Fallow buck | " " | " " |
| 2 Llamas | Sally Taylor | Oct 6-1975 |
| 1 Pr Sprungok | Earl Zetrum | Oct 7-1975 |
| 1 Pr Blackbuck | | |
| 1 Pr Walrus | Jimi Ward | Oct 11-1975 |
| 11 Buffalo | James Wells | Oct 18-1975 |
| 1 Pr quonaces | L.F. City Zoo | Oct 18-1975 |
| 2 Sheep | Besse Zoo | Nov 25-1975 |

PURCHASES 1976

1. Pigmy Goat.	Pocatello Zoo	JAN 7, 1976
1 Blesbok	EARL Tatum	JAN 14, 1976
1. Brindle Gnu	BATON Rouge Zoo	JAN 14 1976
1- Leopard	Eagle Zoo	MAR 11, 1976
1- White tail deer	Lincoln Children's Zoo	MAR 12 1976
1- Zebra Stallion	Buffalo Zoo	MAR 15 1976
1. gnu	" "	" " "
2 Jackals	" "	" " "
2 Axis deer (deceased)	" "	" " "
1 Leopard	Mesker Park Zoo	MAR 16 - 1976
1 Capuchin Monkey	" "	" "
1 Blesbok	Oreston Park Zoo	MAR 17 1976
1 Zebra Stallion	Warm Waters.	MAR 31 - 1976
1 Black bear Sow	Jimi Strong	JUN 15 - 1976
3 Red Foxes	Pocatello Zoo	AUG 7 - 1976
1 Passum	" "	" " "
1 Silver Fox	Frank Gilbert	SEPT 10 - 1976
1 Black Bear	Jimi Strong	SEPT 15 1976
1 Pigmy goat	" "	- - -
1 Ankoli Bull	" "	- - -
1 Badger	Pocatello Zoo	SEPT 21 - 1976
1 Howley Monkey	Carol Johnson	SEPT 28 - 1976
1 Yak	Jimi Strong	OCT 7 - 1976
1 Ankoli heifer	" "	" " "
1 pr Setatunga	Natural Bridge Zoo	OCT 25 - 1976
1 female Eland	" "	- - -
1 Pr Oryx	Earl Tatum	Nov. 1 - 1976
1 Zebra mare	" "	- - -
1 Bull Elk	Jimi Strong	" " "

SALES 1976

1 pr European Red Deer-	Earl Tatum	JAN 15
2 Gemshk.	Don Waters.	Mar 31
2 White Elk	✓ ✓	Mar 31
2 Nilghai	Vernon Dayer	April 10.
1 llama	"	"
2 Anandade	"	"
1 Jackal	"	"
2 Black Mountain	"	"
5 Pygmy goats	"	"
2 Angora goats	"	"
4 Elk Calves.	Jimi Strong	May 7-
3 Buffalo Calves	✓ ✓	June 15
6 Sheep	Ronald Parker	June 21
3 Angora goats.	Chamney Koller	July 3
2 White tail deer fawns	" "	July 3
1 Buffalo calf.	R S Shanks	July 10
1 pr Dingoes	City of SF	Sept 18
1 pr. Angora goats	S. H. Howby	Sept 18
1 pr Pecanias.	D.F. Zoo.	Oct 2
1 quanna.	Dr. Paul Taylor	Oct 4
1 Zebra stallion	Jimi Strong	Oct 7
1 Elk Calf.	Chuck Strong	Nov. 6-1976
1 Elk Calf	Dec. Zoo	Nov. 8-1976
1 pr Buffalo	David Lemons	Dec 4-1976

Purchases 1977

Pr Bighorn Sheep	- Kansas City Zoo	Jan. 19 - 1977
Male Cape Buffalo	- Earl Zetton	Jan. 19, 1977
2 Female Fallow Deer	SL Zoo	Feb 17, 1977
1 Male Seminoe Horned Oryx	- San Diego Zoo	Feb 19, 1977
1 White tailed Deer.	Chamberlain SD.	Feb 26 -
2 Buffalo Reapers	" "	"
1 llama male	" "	"
5 Barbary apes.	Kansas City Zoo	Feb 28 - 1977
1 mule deer	Paratetta Zoo	Apr. 14 - 1977
1 pr. White Rhino	- Earl Zetton	May 2, 1977
1 pr Cape Buffalo	" "	June 15 1977
1 Female Black Leopard	" "	" "
1 Female Seminoe Oryx	" "	" "
1 Red fox.	Carol Ferdinand	Nov 25, 1977
1 Possum	" "	" "
1 pr badger	" "	" "
1 Female cougar	" "	" "
1 Female Leopard	" "	" "
2 Elk Calves	Zoo - City of D.F.	Dec 16 - 1977

Sales 1977

Mar 3 - 4 pigmy goats - Vernon Hazen
" 2 Kilghai " "
April 14 - 2 pigmy goats - Juni Strong
" 7 Hawaiian Sheep - " "
May 3 - 2/1 Angora goats - Earl Zetrum
40 Kilghai " "
1/0 Llama " "
Aug 13 - 1/0 Elk yearling - Carl Bird
Aug 15 1 pr Elk calves Dave
Aug 27 - 24 sheep - Ray Anderson
1 Fox " "
Sept 10 - 2 Zebras O. Hartig.
Oct 22 2 Zebu calves Robt. Johnson
" 3 Elk calves
Oct 20. 1 Cape Buffalo. Jürgen Schulz
Dec 3 - 4 Buffalo calves John Pilcher
Dec 3 - 3 Lions Jack Atcheson & Sons
Dec 3 - 4 pigmy goats. Chauncey Kalle, Jr.
Dec 16 - 1 pr Lakhs City of SF Zoo
" 1 pr 4 horn sheep " "
" 1 pr Arctic Foxes " "
" 1 Angora goat Billy " "
Dec 30 - 1 Elk calf - Carl Bird.

Purchases 1978

- JAN 4 - 1 Pr Ibex - Earl Tatum
- 1 Pr Lions - " "
- 1 female Defassa waterbuck "
- 1 pr Sitatunga Antelope "
- 1 female Springbok " "
- 1 female Leopards " "

- JAN. 4 1 Buffalo calf - City 2 Idaho Falls Zoo
- April 8 1 pr white headed goat - Animal World
- May 5 1 Pr Jopi Earl Tatum
- " 1 pr Sable antelope " "
- May 5 1 pr ~~goat~~ - San Diego Wild Animal Park
- " 1 male Eland " " " " "
- " ~~pr giraffe~~ " " " " "
- Oct. 1 1 male giraffe Earl Tatum
- 2 ostriches " "
- 1 female Sitatunga - Oklahoma Zoo
- Dec 7 3 Elk calves I.F. City Zoo
- 1 Acoudad Male " " "
- Dec 9 1/2 Buffalo Bull. D. Hale
- Dec 15 1 Buffalo Bull calf - Pasatello Zoo

SALES 1978

JAN 4-	1 Pr Lhamas -	Earl Tatum
	2 Pr Buffalo -	" "
April 8	1 pr pacaqui -	Animal World
"	3/2 male Axis deer	" "
"	2 pr Pygmy goats	" "
"	9 male fallow deer	" "
"	1 trio quameen	" "
May 5	1 male Ciudad -	Earl Tatum
" 5	1 pr Leopards -	City & I.F. Zoo
May 5	9 Four Horn sheep.	Clyde Fitzpatrick
May 10	1 pr Ciudad	Ray Anderson
"	3 Barbados sheep	" "
"	4 Black Hanamoi sheep	" "
"	1 mouflon sheep.	" "
"	1 pr. Zabra	" "
June 3	3 mouflon sheep.	Vernon Hazen
"	1 pr Zabra	" "
"	3 Pygmy goats	" "
"	2 Ciudad	" "
June 3	1 pr white tail deer	Sam Keeler
June 3	1 male yak	Dallas Rhone
June 3	1 Elk calf	David Keeler
Aug 5	1 pr Leopards.	Salwyn Hale
Oct 1-	1 pr Elk.	Earl Tatum
"	1 White Fallow deer	" "
"	1 Chimpanzee	" "
Dec. 7	1- Ciudad	I.F. City Zoo
	1- Zabra	" " "
	1- Artic Fox	" " "
Dec 15	1 mule deer	Pacatillo Zoo

Reservations: 1979

Llamas - Dr. Atwood (Preston)
" D. Anderson (Rexburg)
" (Nash.)

2 Buffalo John Fletcher (Kansas)

Blackback }
Fallow deer } Ray Anderson - Idaho
Female Fawn }

Sitatunga male }
2 male Addax } Nash.
Llama baby }
Eland female }

Leop Cub }
Coug " } Earl Jattun } Pr. Red deer
Leopard " } ~~Pr Cougar Katsna~~

Elk Calves - Paul Taylor - Dillon Montana

White Elk. Jerry McRoberts - Guley Neb.

Whitetail deer }
Springbok } Mr. Robert Hawkins
Llama female } Longmont Colo.

Fallow deer }
Sika Deer } Jeff Hatch (Spokane, WA)
Sheep }

Gemsbok - Dick Roland - Grand Junction, Colo.
Fallow Deer - Mary Harris " "

Frank Hochmayer - Elk calves - \$700
Llama females 1000

Int. Animal Exch. Elk calves \$600

Selwyn Haler. ~~Pr 2 gja Kittens~~
~~rapia sin car~~

Jerry Smith - white Elk
Rocky mtn Elk
Fallow deer

Bob Johnson - Elk
Fallow deer
Sika deer
Zebra

Purchases 1979

Jan 5 - 1 female Uganda Kob. Earl Tatum

Mar 14 - 1 Pr of Gau - Los Angeles Zoo.

Feb. 20 1 Female Wolf. (Lean) Bob Huskey

April 10 1 male Uganda Kob Earl Tatum

" 1 female Sepsii " "

" 1 male Kudu IF city zoo.

Dec 1 - 10 Fallow deer IF city zoo.

Dec. 10 6 head Elk IF city zoo.

Dec 25 - 2 Sepsii females. Thompson deerples

Sales 1979

JAN 4	5 fallow deer	Corbett's Exotic Animal Park
	3 Himalayan Tahr	✓ ✓
	2 Pigmy Donkey	✓ ✓
JAN 5	1 Gemsbok female	Earl Tatam
	1 Cougar Kitten	✓
Feb. 3	8 buffalo Calms	Rao M ^c Farlane
	1 Red deer fawn	" "
April 10	1 Pr Red Deer	Earl Tatam
April 28	1 Pr Sika Deer	Robt Hamkins
	1 male White tail	✓
	1 male Fallow	✓
May 16 -	1 Pr Jaguar Kitten	Gentle Jungle
May 17 -	1 zebra mare	Int. Animal Exchange
	1 Scimitar oryx male	✓
	2 Aoudad males	Vancouver game farm
May 20	1 Pr White Rhino	Vernon Hazen
MAY 18	2 Female Lion Cubs	Eldred, Olson
May 21	2 Bobcats	Idaho Livestock Auction
May 19	118 Ind Cattle	Vernon Hazen
Oct 10	1 Pr Lion Cubs	Chammy Kalls
Nov 10	13 Fallow deer	" "
	1 Pr Jackals	" "
Dec 10	1 Tiger female	I.F. city zoo
" "	1 zebra calf	" " "
Dec. 20	1 Scimitar oryx male	Shampson Zooplea

Purchases 1980

Feb, 19.	1 male Blesbok	Earl Jatum
"	1 male Waterbuck	" "
"	1 male Springbok	" "
"	1 male gazelle	" "
Apr. 15	1 pr Guanacoas.	✓ Anconour Game Farm
June 15.	1 Siberian Tiger (returned)	I.F. City Zoo
July 4	1 pr Reindeer	Bob Trumbly
Oct 11.	1 pr Longhorn Cows.	Gothenburg Auction
	1 pr Pigmy Donkeys	" "
	Trio of Rheas	" "
Dec. 5.	1 pr Elands -	Denver Zoo
	1 mush ox	" "
	1 Roan Antelope male	" "
Dec 15	1 female Roan Antelope	Earl Jatum
	1 female Uganda Kob	" "
	1 male Blesbok	" "
	1 male Grant's gazelle	" "

SALES 1980

Jan. 19	2 Pr Buffalo Calves.	John Pilcher
JAN 26	1 male llama	Chuck Atwood
JAN. 26	1 Pr. Ankole Cattle	Dean Drake
Feb. 10	1 Pr. Camels	Dean Drake
Feb 19.	2 pr Elk Calves -	EARL TATAM
"	1 Elands females	" "
"	1 Gemsbok "	" "
Mar 1 -	3 Prongy goats	John Smith
Apr: 15	1 White Elk male.	Thompson Teeple
" 15	8 Acudads.	" "
April 25	1 Pr. Ostriches	Dean Drake
April 30.	1 Cape Buffalo.	Peter Rang
"	1 Himalayan Tahr	"
"	1 Llama female	"
May 24.	1 Gemsbok male	Robert Hankins
"	1 Nilghai female	" "
"	1 Pr. Angama goats	" "
"	2 White tail deer fawn	" "
June 10	1 - Elk Fawn (lean)	Dave Kuber
June 24	2 Lion-Cubs -	Jerry Korn
July 4	2 Lion Cubs	D. Hales
Aug 1-	5 Deer fawns.	Ray Anderson
	4 Mountain Sheep	" "
Aug 1-	2 Barbary Apes.	Jerry Korn
	1 Red fox	" "
Aug 12 -	1 Elk male	J. Mc Grath
Aug 17	1 Artic Fox - Female -	Int. Animal Exchange
Aug 25	1 Pr Baboons	Berkshire Coys.
Sept 15-	2 female monkeys	" "
	2 male Elk.	Chas. Horn

Sales 1980

Sep 30 - 2	Himalayan Tarks -	Charles Harpole
1	Aoudad male	" "
Oct. 11 -	Trio Angorra Goats.	Gothenburg, Nebr. Sale
	Pair Peccarries	" "
	2 Pair Coati-Mundi-	" "
Oct 30	1 White tail deer	DAVE Kestler
Nov 1	1 Pr Black Bears	Dat Corbett
Nov 4	1 Pr Leopards.	Dean Lewis
	1 Tiger Kitten	" "
	1 Red fox	" "
Nov 22	1 white Elk Cows	Chaney Ralle Jr
	1 Pr Peccarrie	" "
	1 Pr Angorra goats	" "
	1 Pygmy goat female	" "
Dec. 2 - 6	Elk Calves.	David Kestler II
Dec 2 -	1 Pair Angorra goats	Eve Snider
Dec 16 -	2 female Buffalo	Ken Coburn

Purchases 1981

Jan 10	Arctic fox male.	Evansville Zoo
Mar 9	1 Pr. White tail qnq	Earl Tatum
		Larry Stark
Aug 27	1 Female goat	Dallas Rhene
Aug. 25	1 White Elk female	
Oct 1.	6 Fallow deer fawns	I.F. City Zoo
Oct 19.	1 zebra mare	5th Ranch
"	1 White Elk bull	"
"	1- Nilgai male	"
Oct, 21	4 Bighorn Shep.	Buffalo N.Y. Zoo
Dec 19	2 Blackback Antelope	Dick Nelson

SALES 1981

Feb. 13	6hd Buffalo calves	I.F. Livestock Auction
MAR. 4	2hd Red deer female	Geo. Toth
Mar 13	1 Pr Angorra goats	Pat Corbett
	1 Buffalo bull	" "
Mar 13	City Zoo tank truck	female tiger
Mar 18		
May 4	Peter Lang -	1 pair Kudu
May 15-	Jacksonville Zoo	1 pair Nyala
Aug 4	Larry Chu	1 pair Aoudads
		antlers
Aug 31	Ken Coburn	1 female Eland
Aug 31	Dallas Rhoro	1 White Elk male.
Sept 15	City IF Zoo	1 Zebra Colt
		2 Rheas
Oct. 5	PAT Corbett Corbett	5 Aoudads
		2 Himalayan Tahrs
		4 Red deer
Oct 8	Larry Chu.	21 msc Deer.
Oct 17	Uganda Cobs.	5 H Ranch:
Nov 14	1 Pr White tail qm	Richard Nelson
"	1 pr Defassa Waterbuck	" "
"	1 pr Antelope foxes (gift)	" "
"	1 pr Tiger Kitten (gift)	" "
Dec 3	1 Elk female	David Kesler
Dec 16	6 Elk calves	Pat Corbett
Dec 19	1 pr Cougar.	Juni Pope
Dec 19	1 Female Tiger (loan)	Dick Nelson

Purchases 1982

- 1 pr cougars - City of Pocatello apr. 13
- 2 Black Bears " " apr 13
- 1 male Nilghai - Earl Zatum apr. 23
- 1 male Blackbuck " " apr 23
- 1 male llama Levi Patton June 24
- 1 female " " " "
- 1 male European Red deer June 22
- 1 male European Deer Lewis
- 1 Female Cougar Stamped game Jan Aug 74

- Trio of White bearded gna - 5th Rank Oct 24
- 2 female llamas " "
- 1 Red dirgo " "
- 1 Nallaly " "
- 1 pr. White bearded gm. gorky Neb. Oct 25
- Denner Zoo. Nov 3

Sales 1988

1-	Roan Antelope	- Earl Fatur	April 23
1-	Bridle grou male	" "	" "
1-	Gemsbok baby	" "	" "
1-	Sable Antelope male	Bob Drumbly	May 15
1	Gemsbok baby "	" "	" "
1	Adax male	" "	" "
2-	African Lion Cub	Don Engesser	June 1
2	Digging goats - babies	Levi Britton	June 17
1	Guinea male	" "	" "
1	Praying donkey Colt	" "	" "
1	Black Bear male	" "	" "
1	Black Bear "	" "	June 24
1	male llama	" "	" "
1	White elk male	" "	" "
1	Eland, male (Loan)	S.L. Hoyle Zoo	July 3
2	Buffalo calves.	John Pilscher	July 27
2	Tiger Kittens	John Weinkant	July 20
1	White tail Buck	City of Prescott	July 29
1 pr	White Fallow Deer	Stampelle game farm	Aug 24
5	Longhorn Calves.	Kan Coburn	Aug 30
1	pr Addax	" "	" "
1	Female Eland	" "	" "
1	pr Reindeer	Dick Roland	Aug 30
11	Fallow Deer Fawns.	Fred Zirkle	Aug 30
one	Rabbits & goats	Ann Zimmerman	Sept 6
1	White tail Buck	City of Prescott	Aug 6
7	" " Deer	Dr. Chas Gress	Sept 13
1	pr. addax	" " "	" "
1	pr Black buck	" " "	" "
1	pr Fawn	" " "	" "
1	pr Reindeer	5 Ranch	Oct 24
1	Male Sitatunga	" "	" "
1	Male Red Angus	City Zoo	Oct 26
1	Male African Lion	" "	Nov 4
1	Male Wallaby	Levi Britton	Nov 5
2	Lion Cubs	John Weinkant	Nov 6

Purchases 1983

Jan 20 7 Elk Cows. Pat Corbett
Feb 25 1 Female llama - Longhorn Sale
" 1 male Cougar " "
" 2 pr Pheasants " "
Mar 27 1 zebra mare. Int. Animal Exchange

Sales 1983

Jan 20 2 female llamas - Pat Corbett
Mar 29 1 female llama Dr. G.W. Steward
Mar 30 1 female blesbok. Int. Animal Exchange

Purchaser 1985

Jan 20	1 zebra mare	Jungen Schuly
Feb. 23	2 Elands	Dale Fuller
April 15	2 Antelopes	Dick Noland (Returned)
Aug 13	5 Elk	Ray Malinski
Sept June 15	2 Zebras.	Dallas Rhene

~~Aug 13~~

Sept 26 - 1 White elk Eto Lelli Bos Sale
1 fallow buck.

Oct 16 - 1 zebra mare Dave Dale Sale
1 ostrich
3 pr duck (city zoo)

Oct 16. 1 Antelope male. Dick Noland

Sales 1985

Jan 22.	9 Elk	Joni Salton
Feb 22.	4 aoudads 2 Nilghai	Frank Shoppings sale
Mar 5.	7 Sunday Daks 2 llamas	Henry Hampton
Mar 8	8 Buffalo	Birk Jumbo Horse Sale
Mar 15.	14 Red deer	Jurgen Schulz
July 10	1 fallow deer	— ? — Salt Lake City
Aug 13	1 zebra 1 llama	Ray Milanowski
Sept 26.	1 zebra Colt 2 llamas 6 deer 4 aoudads	Lalli Bros. Sale
Oct 16.	10 deer 1 llama 1 white elk.	Dave Hale Sale
Nov 10	12 Ibex 10 aoudad	Bill York.

Sales 1986

Jan 14 - 14 Buffalo - Keith Fox
Feb 28 - 38 Deer - Jurgen Schulz
Feb 28 - 1 Elk bull. " "
Mar 15 - 3 Buffalo - John Ferguson
" 3 sheep - delivered to Bari Zoo driver
April 12 - 14 Elk Lelli Bros Auction Sale
" 1 Pitatunga " " " "
April 22 5 Buffalo Cows Dave Whittleby.
June 9 - 3 Scimitar Oryx - Mexico City Zoo
July 2 20 Cougars Bill York



White Rhino