

Bull by Bull

By Judy Bull
Columnist

• When I offered to help out the Anglea family — a clan of foodies — I was asked to provide dinner upon their arrival home from a cross-country U-Haul trip. For me, that about ended life as I knew it. After a sleepless night, I came up with a game plan, which included two of my favorite people contributing a smoked pork roast and a batch of the best home-made cookies in the world. I felt sure I could handle the side dishes and wine, and I wouldn't even need to take my printer out of the oven.

• I Googled '53 Dodge pickups the other night, looking to see what I remember about Red's gray six-windowed truck, lo those many years ago. When I saw photos of the cab, I realized I'd probably only ridden inside a couple of times. Rain or shine, we were always in the back feeding out.

• Some of the yummiest meals I eat, I eat standing at the kitchen sink: Costco chickens, oranges, just-made potato salad, PB&J sandwiches ... all with a big glass of ice cold milk. I can still see 10-year-old Jayson Berray sitting at my table, long years ago, oooooohing and ahhhhhhhhing over how cold Judy Bull's milk always is. One of the best cooking compliments this non-cook has ever received.

• Vernon always kept a pump-action shotgun next to his bed. And a machete. When he found out he couldn't have a firearm at Bend Vanilla, he bought one of those pump-action mops,

which sounds amazingly like a you-know-what.

• My 1946 Toastmaster toaster toasted its last two English muffins a few Sundays ago. Though the outside still shined as bright as new, upon examination, my friend John told me I was really lucky it hadn't burned down my house. As beautifully made as it was, it was too lightweight to serve as a door stop, so I planted daisies in it. It is the perfect centerpiece out on the picnic table.

• Either I can't read as fast as I used to or subtitles appear and disappear more quickly than ever. Some people — much younger than I — speak so fast that I cannot even begin to keep up with their conversations, let alone do I know of what they speak. Along these same lines — lost — I was in a high-end, glass-and-metal, new-car showroom the other day. I just don't know how people choose one car over another: gray, grayer or silver.

• One hundred and one elk moved in on my north fenceline last fall. Now, a practically invisible, 10-foot-high, elk-proof fence parallels my 28-year-old humble, somewhat sagging Montana X=X=X=X fences. It's been very entertaining watching the ways of these huge animals move through their lives. Not at all surprising, the bugling bulls have quite a repertoire, to be sure.

• I get TV reception the old-fashioned way: an antenna on my roof. I receive seven channels, including two PBS stations. Enough choices for one evening.

OREGON TRAIL: Connection is deep and personal

Continued from page 10

archaeology department of the University of Wyoming, after the road was moved to the east.

The identity of the boy was known immediately because he had been buried with a clay stone on his chest with the name "Jesse Cole" and the partially visible dates of his birth and death.

A variety of trail diaries helped to tentatively identify the women and indicated that possibly as many as 30 bodies were buried in this same area. Pioneers liked to choose as nice a spot as they could for burials and often buried several people together so they wouldn't be lonely.

Forensic study of the older woman's skeleton revealed that her pelvic bone had been sawed in half. That, and entries in the Scott trail diary, provided fairly conclusive evidence that the remains were those of Ann Scott, my great-great grandmother.

She had marked curvature of her sacrum, which would have made birth an extremely difficult process. The birth of her 12th child, who did not survive, had occurred only

seven months before their departure on April 2, 1852. Ann's pelvis had been sawed in an effort to extricate the baby and was not yet fully healed.

Custom dictates that skeletal remains found by archaeology departments are usually studied and then stored in labeled boxes somewhere within the university. But rancher Cundall and Patsy Parkin of the Platte County Historical Society were tireless advocates for reinterring the bones as close to the original site as possible.

With dogged determination, Parkin won out, possibly setting a precedent for other found remains of historical value. The skeletons were each placed in individual boxes and returned to the historical society for reburial. The society had prepared an historic marker for placement outside the barbed wire fence between the road and the gravesite, with cooperation and additional funding from the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Over 200 local landowners, University of Wyoming officials, historians, musicians, and others joined together on May 2, 2015 for Honoring the Pioneers, "to mark the site and pay respects to those who came before."

The remains were each



PHOTO BY SUE STAFFORD

Glendo rancher Larry Cundall on whose land the gravesite is located. He advocated for the return of the remains for reburial.

wrapped in a quilt, placed in a handcrafted wooden container, and laid to rest. Passages were read from Abigail's diary about the burial of her mother along the trail on June 21, 1852.

A bronze marker was created by the Oregon California Trails Association and placed flush with the ground near the three graves. On the plaque is a picture of Ann, a handsome woman, who died at the too-young age of 41.

At the time of the ceremony, the people planning it had been unable to locate any Scott descendants until I contacted them a year later. I was so sorry to have missed the event and knew that I wanted to visit the site — and so my trip this summer.



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