

The Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard

Each year after the Memorial Day holiday, I find myself prompted to share parts of our traditional trip to visit graves of family members. I am a little late this year.

A trip to the Price Cemetery in Price, Utah takes me down Memory Lane, as well as to family stories I have heard about relatives who passed away before I had the opportunity to know them.

When entering the cemetery from the south, the section immediately on the left is the spot where my family is buried. It is a section with headstones that lie flat to the ground and is traditionally decorated with mums. It resembles a sea of yellow as Memorial Day rolls around.

Mom and Dad are both buried there with a shared headstone. They both passed away from cancer, Mom in 1986 and Dad in 1998. I miss them so much!

Next to them is my younger brother George David, named after my dad. He died at the age of two and a half months when I was just four. I have a few memories of him and of the day he was laid to rest. It was a gloomy, gusty day and after the services the winds really turned wild, blowing the beautiful flowers all over. I remember well the screen at the drive-in theatre blowing over that day. The storm and the sadness were very frightening.

One other grave is there with my family – that of my mother's father. Marius Henry Bradak was killed in a mine explosion. A paragraph in Carbon County history reads:

“On May 9, 1945, while the world celebrated the end of World War II in Europe, the Sunnyside No. 1 Mine exploded when methane gas ignited at 3:12 p.m., just as the day shift was preparing to leave. Mine officials had taken safety

precautions in at the time, but the explosion occurred nevertheless, killing twenty-three men and injuring several others.”

Walking through the cemetery, I couldn't help think of all of the stories the people buried there could tell.

At the north end of the cemetery and a little to the east is a grave I have long been fascinated with, probably because of my interest in the tales of the Old West.

There is a large headstone there with more than one name on it. In fact, there were four men buried in that grave, not at the same time. They are not family members, but had something interesting in common. They were all four outlaws from the Butch Cassidy era.

Joe Walker was the first to be buried in this grave. He was born in the 1850's. He began his adult life as a cowboy in his home state of Texas and later turned into an outlaw. He died on Friday, May 13, 1898, at Hill Creek in Grand County, Utah, of wounds received in a gun battle with a posse.

The second man buried in this spot was John Herring, also know as Johnny Herring. His birth date was probably in the 1870's. He was killed in this same gun battle at Hill Creek by a posse. He was mistakenly identified as Butch Cassidy, so he was shot. He also was buried May 13, 1898.

The third man buried there was John Montis who was also known as Jack Swasey. He was an Indian cowboy and bronc rider, the foster son of the Charles Swasey family of Green River, Utah. He was born in the late 1880's. He died about 1907 from food or blood poisoning.

The fourth burial was that of C.J. Gunplay Maxwell also know as John C. Carter. He drifted into Green River in the early 1890's. He was hired as a mine guard during a strike in the Carbon County Coal Mines. He was killed after 1910 by Shoot-Em-Up Hatfield or a guard for the Castle Gate Mine.

Reading headstones brings the past back to life.



C. L. "GUNPLAY" MAXWELL
JOE WALKER
JOHN HERRING
JOHN MONTIS



Snider Memorials

