

EDWARD GROSECLOSE  
DIXIE BAUGH GROSECLOSE

Interview One

Interviewed by:

Sam Schragar

Oral History Project  
Latah County Museum Society

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# I. Index

EDWARD GROSECLOSE  
DIXIE BAUGH GROSECLOSE

Edward: Potlatch River, Juliaetta; b. 1893  
section man on railroad

Dixie: Potlatch River, Juliaetta; b. 1900  
homemaker

2 hours

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Edward Groseclose/ Dixie Baugh Groseclose

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with Sam Schrager

March 9, 1976

## II. Transcript

EDWARD GROSECLOSE  
DIXIE BAUGH GROSECLOSE

This conversation with EDWARD GROSECLOSE AND DIXIE GROSECLOSE took place at their home in Juliaetta, Idaho on March 9, 1976. The interviewer is SAM SCHRAGER.

DIXIE GROSECLOSE: -- little town, neighborhood. He was nine when he came and I was seven when I come, and I'm only seventy-six; he's seven years older than I. But his folks came West before mine did, and we <sup>kind of</sup> learned to know each other, <sup>and</sup> went to school together; ended up getting married. Been married fifty-nine years now.

SS: Did your folks come right to Arrow Junction too? Did you know each other from then?

EDWARD GROSECLOSE: Uh-huh.

SS: What were they figuring on when they came out: were they going to farm or what?

DG: Well, I don't know, your folks just came West because they were looking for more land, wasn't it Ed? Or what?

EG: Yes, there was homestead land in this country <sup>here</sup> then.

DG: Most all of 'em homesteaded.

SS: I wonder how they happened to pick Arrow Junction?

EG: Well, now, it wasn't Arrow Junction then, it was Potlatch. Potlatch Junction. And <sup>well</sup> to tell what caused them to be that way; my oldest brothers come to this country alookin' fer good cattle country, and they landed up here at Oaksdale. And they went to searchin' the country from there down and they come in <sup>come</sup> down <sup>in</sup> here in about 1900, the older brothers. And they went down the top of that hill there in January and there was two feet of snow up there, and they dropped down in the canyon and there wasn't no snow in there at all. And it was one of these years ~~that~~ it seemed to be that we had good early rain in the fall and the grass was great, big, clear to the top of their shoes down in there and wild horses, fat and nice. Homestead land, they figured that was the place they was lookin' for. Well,

you know, there's been about ten years since that that they's been good grass here in the fall. (Chuckles) And the rest of the time it's been pretty dry. Lots of times it didn't amount to any grass at all. Well, it'd ? up, you know, before anything grows. But this, right here now, is one spring that's <sup>awful bad</sup> holdin' things back. I believe it's one of the worst that we've had for being this fur in March, you know nothing has started to grow. The winter's been nice.

SS: Were your brothers out here then before your father was?

DG: Yes, they was <sup>here first</sup> Yeah, had three brothers here that had homesteads when we come out here.

SS: They told them about the--? Where did they take up their homesteads around here?

DG: Well, my brother, Will, took up a homestead in Catholic Gulch, where Margaret Smith lives. That was his homestead there. Smiths bought more land than what he had around there, but then he had 160, where Margaret lives where her house is, that's where his was. Then my oldest brother, his homestead was where that pile of junk is over there back of Slickapoo's. It's about three and a half miles below town here. Gene Groseclose, his youngest son has got part of the place there now. And he's got a house partly built over there on it. Well, Gene's got forty acres of the 160.

SS: So there was still homestead to be taken around here when they came out.

EG: Yes, at that time.

DG: Still wild horses runnin' on the range when they came here.

EG: Well, the Grosecloses kind of spoilt that. The horses run on the top of that Potlatch Rd <sup>ridge</sup> up there, and my brother, Albert, his homestead is down there where that great, big walnut tree is above the road, about six miles below here. There's a great, big walnut stand right above the road. Well he planted that there in 1903. That's when that tree was planted there.



And my brother, Marion, he come West with us and my sister. They was old enough to take claims. My brother went and looked at a place up on top of the Potlatch Ridge. Before he got around to homestead it, why, Old Tommy Summers took it. So, then, he took a place a mile long down there and he got that nice bench that's over across the Potlatch; he got that.

DG: You mean the Albrights?

EG: No, Albrights hasn't, that's what what Wilkes got over across, and then he had about sixty acres on this side of the river. It's down there where they got them trailer houses now set up above the road; <sup>there</sup> that is where his homestead house was, was right there.

SS: Then he came out with you and your parents?

EG: Yes. *He come.*

SS: This would have been what?

EG: 1902.

SS: I'm surprised that there was still homesteading to be had around here, I'm really surprised.

EG: Then my sister, she got <sup>the</sup> a place where ~~Albright~~ Albrights got down there. They was a little piece of ground showed up there-- well, the road at that time went right below that old house that's down there, went right below that <sup>over and</sup> around that hill; around that bluff, all the way around there.

DG: You know where the Albright place is?

SS: Yes, I do.

BG: Well, where the Albrights house is down there, that was on a place that Floyd Leach got. He took out, homestead <sup>ed</sup> all that bluff up there, but, <sup>that was</sup> where her house is ~~on~~ his, but it's just a few rods below <sup>where</sup> my sister's place went to there.

SS: So what about you? You were still a kid and lived with your folks?

EG: I was just a kid, I was too young for that.

- SS: Where did your folks move? Where did they take? Did they take a homestead?
- EG: Well, my dad he thought he would get a homestead down there where that bluff is across the river? All that long bluff from the Little Potlatch up there? Well, the Indians turned in and put their fences over this way, so it made it look like they was a lot of land over there next to <sup>the</sup> Potlatch. So, he took a claim in there, but when they surveyed it out, why, there was scarcely anything but the river and that bluff, so he turned it loose again.
- SS: Was this all land that got opened up after they opened up the reservation?
- EG: That was the reservation. Then he homesteaded again up in the hills, back up in the timber country, they got a wrong location for the corner, you know, and they thought they found a good piece of ground, and he homesteaded, and when they surveyed it out, it was another bluff as bad as that there, so he turned it loose again. He never kep' it. So he never--
- DG: He bought a place on Fix Ridge.
- EG: He bought a place up on the Fix Ridge, here, 120 acres, and kept that for quite a number of years.
- SS: You mean the Indians had turned it so that it didn't look like it was--
- EG: Yeah, they just run their fences on farther up the hill than what they was supposed to. And from where their fences was up against the hill, well the length of their place left a lot of land over there next to the Potlatch. But when they come and surveyed it out their place went close to the river so there wasn't nothing in there worth anything.
- SS: Well, where he bought on Fix Ridge, was that mostly cleared?
- EG: That was farm land.
- SS: Had that land on Fix Ridge, had that all been bunch grass to start with?
- EG: Oh, yes, long years ago that was.
- SS: Did he have much of that that he was growing a crop on?

- EG: That was all broke out long before he got the place.
- DG: The thing that really interested the brothers when they come, the first one, was they could have had land on top of the hill, that was farm land more--
- EG: No, they couldn't. That was took up, they'd a had to bought it then on top.
- DG: They saw the <sup>it was the</sup> good winter and there was apples, <sup>still</sup> hanging on the trees that weren't frozen and green grass, tall, and everything, so they thought that they'd come to the Garden of Eden, so they all settled down in the canyon.
- EG: Well, now then, they're havin' a lot of arguments now that makes me awful mad about protectin' these wild animals.
- DG: Maybe he doesn't want that. He wants something else.
- SS: Let's talk about the early days more.
- EG: That'll lead back to the early days. When Old Man Fix, he was the first man that come on the Fix Ridge up here, the prairie chickens, oh, they was by the thousands up there, and he went out there and made him a boxtrap with a trip board, and he put a sheaf of grain up there and the birds'd come out to get that on the end of that board, you know, and they'd drop 'em in the box. They come a little snow and Sam Tabor, stepson of his, he was along about fourteen at that time, he went out to see about the trap one morning come arunnin' back, he says, "Run out here quick, Pa, the birds are flyin' away with that trap!" It just git so full, you know, til they was just about to carry it off. So that's the way the thing was when the white man come here.
- SS: What happened to all those prairie chickens?
- EG: Well, <sup>now</sup> that's it! The white men killed out an awful lot of 'em, and then-- well they was a peculiar bird, when you scared 'em up, they'd just fly over the next hill and light, just out of sight. Well, a man could foller a bunch of 'em all day, if he wanted to. They wouldn't fly over a ha lf a

mile, you know, just over the top of one draw, on top of the other one, you could follow 'em. Well, there wasn't so very many up there-- oh, quite a lot, too, on the Ridge when we went up there in 1904. But then the squirrels got so bad that the farmers put out poison. And that cleaned the Prairie chickens up entirely.

SS: Oh, yeah. It was the poison, not so much the hunting that did them in?

EG: Yeah, they was an awful lot of 'em done in before they finished them up by poison.

SS: I think somebody has said something like that to me. I'm interested that you say that too.

EG: Yeah. Well, the first man-

DG: Them days, as well as now.

EG: - one of the oldest men in the country located over there on the Genesee, was Old Man Gibb. And you see these trails around these hills here on the rocks? We call them cayuse trails when we come here, but Gibb called 'em deer trails. Yeah, he says them was deer trails. And people when we come here said there wasn't no buzzards in this country. Gibb was the first man here and he said there was. But the white men, the first ones that come here in order to get rid of the coyotes, they poisoned dead horses and that's what a buzzard will eat, you know. Well, they killed all the buzzards. But the coyotes they got pretty wise, they finally got wise til they wouldn't eat poisoned horse. They learnt better'n that. And the magpie, he's another thing that's awful hard to poison. There were lots of 'em here and we learnt how to poison 'em. When you butcher, get the blood, considerable bucket of blood and let it clot, and then put strychnine in it and hang it up on a post on the fence, and them magpies'll rush to that, but don't let 'em stay there. Don't let 'em stay there five minutes, get down there and chase 'em away, and they'll keep comin' back. If you let

one git sick there, he'll get sick-- imitates magpie cry- you'll never git another magpie. They <sup>u</sup>nderstand what they're sayin', and you'll never git another magpie if one ever gits sick where your poison is. But if you keep 'em scared away, why you can just keep takin' 'em.

SS: They drink it right out of the bucket?

EG: Yes, that clotted blood, you know, they just eat that. But they was here, oh, they was here by the thousands when we come here.

SS: Did they do much damage?

EG: Oh, did they! They would steal the eggs out from under a settin' hen, and they'd steal the little chickens, and <sup>well</sup> they was just a terrible bird. And in order to get rid of 'em, they went every spring out and burnt all the nests you could find all over the country. Just about the time-- just before they hatched; burn 'em all up. And shoot <sup>thing</sup> any that close enough, but they're wise about that gun business. They give you plenty of room when they know you've got a gun out.

SS: Did all this cut down the size of the population very much? Did they cut the numbers?

EG: The magpies?

SS: Yeah.

EG: Oh, yes, there's very few in the country now.

SS: Compared to what there was then.

EG: Well, I've seen 'em light on a big thorn bush and they'd be enough on it, that they'd make it bend. They'd be a thousand magpies on a thorn bush. No<sup>w</sup> then, I don't suppose you could find twenty of em in a bunch anywhere in the country. There's scarcely any.

SS: Well, when you came into this canyon, was the kind of trees and the way it was growing on the land, was it pretty much the way it is now? Or was it very different?

EG: <sup>quite</sup> A lot the same as it is now. There wasn't much timber. Very little.

Little more along the Potlatch. That Potlatch has quit the cross there, it used to run right over by the railroad. And the railroad come in there and you see that made it stay on the other side of the railroad. Sometimes in a big flood it would come clear over it, spread all over that flat down through there. But when the railroad made it stay over there that started a cuttin', so instead of being over next to the railroad, now it's over against the other hill. It just worked that whole flat down there over. Well, right down **here below town**, where Sherman's barn is? There was a good nice pear orchard on the other side of the river there when we come here. Quite a bunch of trees in there in that flat. The Potlatch just kep' movin' over and took 'em all out and went clear over against the hill. Made 'em move the houses over there over further. They finally built a house way up on the hill and then they sold it out, there's nobody over there at all anymore.

DG: Well, there were quite a lot of orchards here.

SS: Were there a lot of orchards here right then?

EG: Yes, there was. There was more orchards.

DG: More in later years, too.

EG: Down here where Bill Cartan lives, that flat in there at his place was a big apple orchard. Large trees then, and over across that was all the same place- that was prunes and pears over there. But it's all been pulled out. Pulled the orchard out down there; apple orchard, and they've put it in cherries, and they growed up and they pulled them out and he's gardening it again now, since I come here.

SS: Well, it's got to be, compared to up on the ridges and over towards Troy, it must have been just great for growing fruit back then here.

EG: Well, every farm on the hill used to have an orchard. This Hutchison, Jim Hutchison's place up here, he had a forty acre prune orchard up there.

SS: Forty acre!

EG: Uh-huh. Well, it wasn't quite all prunes, he had apples and cherries and some other stuff in there, but he had a forty acre orchard in there and they had a prune dryer. And then there was another forty acre orchard over here on the Potlatch Ridge. I forget who had it. But it's all pulled out now, there's nothing there.

DG: But the seasons have changed enough that--

SS: How have they changed?

DG: They seem to be colder or something, and back then <sup>why</sup> you could plant garden in February and down in the canyon we could have garden, you know, like lettuce and onions and all the stuff like that big enough to eat before twenty-five back at ~~Tekin~~, we lived there for a while, we <sup>could</sup> mail garden stuff. Gather it, you know, one morning, fix it, and put it in the mail and they'd get it the next day. And we could send stuff up to them because it'd be so much earlier. But now, it's getting so that they can have it just about as quick as we can.

EG: Well, there was more timber up there then and that held the snow longer than now. They've got that cleared up in there and snow goes out lots quicker now than it did then.

DG: It's not often that you can <sup>plant</sup> anything down here in February any more. But there were lots of times way back then you planted your early stuff even in February.

SS: Well how often would you get snow here in the winter in the early days?

EG: Well, now that's-- let's see, in 1904 my brother, Will, went East and got married, in '04 and '05 my brother, Grover stayed down there at his place and went to school at Spalding. And they played snowball ~~two~~ mornings at recess all winter. That was all the snow they had. There was one winter they had a deep snow here that a fellow here in Juliaetta claimed they had

five feet of snow. Five feet of snowfall. He got it awful bare, you know and he'd clean it off every morning and then measure it <sup>in the morning</sup> and then clean it off. Well, five feet of snowfall is not five feet of packed snow, by a lot. It'll take anyway ten feet of snow to make five foot of packed snow. And that's what they used to have up there in the hills. That snow will pack clear over the top of fence posts so you could get out there and drive a team over the top of the fence. (Chuckles)

DG: We never have the snow down here like--

EG: No, they never had much. But the snow that winter-- I was feedin' some horses in Catholic Gulch and it was about thirty inches on the ground. And it was soft. I'd ride down there and you couldn't trust the snow to get right out and ride on it, your horse'd liable to break through; just too soft. you had to take it easy.

And the railroad here; we say the wagon road crossed the railroad eight times between here and Spalding, but it was really the other way. The road was there first. Down here where Bill Cartan lives it crossed twice there, went over next to the river, crossed the tracks next to the river and then come back down further down there, and then down there where that old schoolhouse is, it crossed up above that and then come out-- well, it come out first down there about where Johnson's barn is down there. But the river washed it out and <sup>then</sup> they'd change it back up and there was a little rock cliff down there, oh, it wasn't fifty feet through, but it run out there fifty or seventy-five feet; just that little narrow ridge of rock well, that's why the railroad is over where it is, because that little rock was there and in order to not blast that out, they just passed it up. Well, then the road got cut out so much, so far back, til they finally got in and the highway outfits cut that cliff off, and put the road up the other side of the railroad.



- SS: Did your folks; your father get involved there at all in that Arrow Junction at the depot or anything or was that just you that did that? I understand that you were- became a depot---
- DG: No he wasn't.
- EG: I worked on the railroad down there for twenty years.
- SS: When did you start working on the railroad? About when?
- EG: About '38.
- DG: He was twenty years on there.
- SS: You were already grown by then.
- EG: Oh, yes.
- DG: Had all <sup>of</sup> his family.
- EG: Yes, I was old enough that it was kind of a joke the way I got on there. They didn't want a man forty-five years old; they wanted him to get laid off or get rid of him some way <sup>that he didn't make rights.</sup> But that was right along about wartime, and they was a fella-- well, no, the first thing they made a relay and they wanted some men there for about ten days. Then when that was done there was a man got sick and I stayed on and worked til he come back and then there was another one went on a vacation and I worked his time while he was gone and then I thought I was done. I was off for about ten days and one of the other men fell over on the job and he died before they got him to the hospital. So I went back and worked til they cut the crew in the fall, and you're supposed to have a hundred and sixty-three days to make rights, and I had a hundred and fifty-three when I got laid off. And a car load of lumber, I think it was, jumped the track up there below Peck, and run about three quarters of a mile down on the ties, just cut the road all to pieces. So they got all the men that they could to go and straighten that track up and I got on that, and when they got that done I had a hundred and seventy-three days! (Chuckles)
- SS: So that means you were in.

EG: I had rights.

DG: He just barely made it though.

EG: When they increased the force why, I had to be called.

SS: You had to make it before a certain time?

EG: You had to make that in a year. Had to work a hundred and sixty-three days a year.

DG: Yeah, and then you had to make it before you was forty-five or in the year you were forty-five.

EG: Well, any time you made that, when they work you on the railroad, any time you made that, why, you had your rights, but they didn't want a man that old, for some reason or other they'd have him laid off or something so he wouldn't get on. But I just got through that. No, I worked with a young fellow after that; <sup>there</sup> he was a good young man and they took him on during tie season, that's when they put on a lot of men, you know, when they're putting in ties, and he worked for five years during tie season and then was laid off before he made rights. Then when the war come on, wages went to raising every place else, but the railroad wouldn't raise wages. So the good young men, <sup>that they had,</sup> they went for something else, see. They just jumped out of that and went for something else. The railroad company finally said, no, they wouldn't give 'em anymore per hour- per day- but they'd work ten hours and give 'em eleven hours pay. You know, that hurt me. I know that the men on there would have done more work in eight hours than they did in the ten if they'd a just raised their wages. But the company didn't do that. Then you had to go on--

DG: When he retired, he had worked by people quitting and changing around and d'ying and everything and he'd worked up from way down at the bottom til he was first man.

EG: I was first man at that time. Well, there was twelve laborers older than me on the section when I quit. There was three of 'em was young men and

the rest was old.

DG: That was on the whole division.

EG: The whole railroad division; twelve laborers that had more rights than me.

DG: But when <sup>he</sup> started out, I suppose they must have been fifty or sixty.

EG: Oh, there was a whole bunch of 'em. Anytime that you had - any of 'em had more rights, even half a day more rights than another fella anywhere on that line when you got laid off, cut <sup>force,</sup> it's your section, anywhere on that division you could bump and take the job away from any man that had a half a day's less time in than you did.

SS: Did that happen much?

EG: Oh, yes, it happened quite a lot.

DG: He even walked out a time or two when he got bumped, too.

SS: Was there a union at the time?

DG: Yes, oh, yes.

SS: Was the union pretty good?

EG: Yeah, it's good.

DG: Was there a union in '38? Or did that come in later?

EG: No, it was here in '38. Yes, I was always a union man.

DG: We were living in the section house below the depot when they had bad train wrecks, and Eddy Finn and engineers,

SS: What happened then?

EG: The loggin' train was going up the river and another train come-- well <sup>from Spaulding</sup> come up there's kind of a double curve there and this other train was a coming up there and this logger was stopped and this train went to come around there and was too close to stop, and it hit that logger- cut Eddy Finn...

DG: Hit the caboose.

EG: Hit the caboose. Feller across the river said that caboose just exploded. Went all to pieces. Well, it mashed about six cars up, too, just crushed

'em right up together and <sup>jumped,</sup> two diesel motors was throwed off the tracks, and then it caught afire. They had three pumps in the river before they got the fire out. Burnt Feehan awful bad, <sup>there</sup> his body, he was cut in two. And then there was two others killed and another one mashed up pretty bad there in that wreck.

DG: And that was just below where we were living. I wasn't home but he was the first one to the wreck.

EG: I was sittin' in the house. <sup>I heard,</sup> The train sounded like it was just a pullin' out and somebody come up and asked me if that was a depot and he said well, they had a wreck. Well, I said, "I'd better get down there, then, and see what about it." I was the only section-- railroadman there was along there, <sup>(End of Side A)</sup> you know. So, I went down and looked it over-- END OF REEL (645)

I worked for better than twenty-four hours straight on that job there without any sleep.

SS: Was everybody on the train hurt or killed?

EG: No, it was just the ones-- well the engineer outfit and the conductor. The conductor on the logging train he was killed and the engineer and the fireman, I guess, on the other one.

SS: Did you have to try to get any of the men out?

EG: No. The ones that was able to get out, got out. They didn't have to pick anybody up til--

SS: What caused that?

EG: Well, it was just that other train acomin' too fast round them turns and got so close that it couldn't stop; piled into that. But Feehan had told the fellows--there was some cars set out on the lower end of that siding down there, and Feehan had told his men two days before that, "Don't put any more cars, or any cars, down there because that's a trap. You get them cars down there and a train stops behind them and another train can't see it and they'll hit it." He told 'em that, but somebody else come and set

a bunch of cars down there and he was the man that got caught-- one of the men that caught in the trap that he had warned his men not to put cars down there any more.

SS: Did they have any cars down there that you couldn't see the train behind it?

EG: Yeah. You couldn't see the train behind it, it come around that turn.

DG: The section foreman laughed about-- of course there's lots of men <sup>that</sup> worked, you know straight through like he did, but he worked until they got the engines set up and he didn't say anything, ask the boss, "Can I go home?" The boss laughed about it, he said, ~~ED~~ threw down his shovel and said, "I'm a going' home!" " He took off up the track. Wasn't very far home. But twenty-four hours or so-- the rest of 'em was just as tired, I guess too, but he was about the first one that just throwed down and says, "I'm goin'!" <sup>And they</sup> fixed supper for the-- I was gone at the time, but our daughters heard about the wreck, and they went home, and one of 'em went up in the store and they fixed sandwiches and made coffee and had lunch for the men coming in all night long you know. They kept food there.

SS: I'm wondering about when that wreck did take place. About what year that would have been.

DG: What year was that? I've got the papers but I don't know exactly where they're at.

SS: It doesn't matter, but would it have been after the Second World War?

DG: Well, Johnny was big enough to drive the pickup, to haul the bosses around.

EG: Yes, I'm sure it was after the war.

DG: So, John would to have been about thirteen, fourteen, and he's thirty-nine. I'll look in that one book.

SS: That's Okay. It looks like '20- '25.

DG: He was out on the track the night that the engine went through the bridge down here, too.

SS: Engine went through the bridge?

EG: Oh, yes, that was another time. Potlatch got on the rampage and tore this railroad here all to pieces down through there, and there was a fellow, Skidmore, he was a fireman, and they had every man that they could get, the track was washed out and they was a puttin' in a dirt fill, and the river started a raisin' again and a cuttin' that fill, and so they got every man that they could find. And they had 'em down there fillin' sacks, sandbaggin' <sup>to</sup> to hold that fill, and this night train come down and this little creek there above Arrow took a little raise. And <sup>well</sup> the bridge had been washed out around there and I got a job with a crew down there and helped fill that in. There was just loose dirt at that bridge there- where that bridge is, down there at Wings just <sup>just</sup> above Arrow there, and that little creek raised again and cut this dirt out from under there so there wasn't nothing under there at all, just the dirt in the track. The engineer- they couldn't see that, you know and they drove right out on that, and the engine tipped over into the Potlatch and drowned this Skidmore. And I don't know for sure whether they ever did find his body or not. If they did, it was several years after that. But he passed by the crew up there, they'd stopped sandbaggin' right at the time they come along. The river'd started droppin' but they was still holdin' the crew there, and he come by and he was laughin' and talking with the men there, "Hello, boys, how do you like it? This is railroadin'" And he just went down there and went in the river. I wasn't there. Before it got dark I'd seen a new tie alayin' off over across there so as the train come down, I used the lights of the train to go get that tie to bring to put in the fire that we had there to stand by, and I was off over there when the train went through. I brought the tie back in the dark but I went over to it in the light of the train.

SS: You saw the train go through?

EG: The train went through where we was at. That was down here at Albrights,

was where we was working at night. But it was strange, they most generally inspected that bridge. There was an old fellow named Woodruff, he nearly always went down there and looked about that. And then the train men should a went and inspected that. But, nobody did, and nobody reported it, so the train went into it there.

SS: What was the main work that you did on the section? What was the work like the first year you worked on that? (Laughter)

EG: Well, they done it with pick and shovel and had a jack to raise the track with when it was down or anything like that. But <sup>th~~er~~</sup> the work was done with pick and shovel. It wasn't like it is now. They've got some kind of machinery to do pretty near everything.

SS: It sounds like the way it used to be done way back when they first started laying track.

EG: Yeah. The same way.

SS: Did you see it? (picture)

DG: No, somewhere else in among my papers.

SS: Was it real hard work? Was it the kind of work that would really tire a man out?

EG: Yes, it was tiring work, most of the time. And yet, they kinda made fun of railroad men. And said they took it easy because they nooned at eleven o'clock.

SS: They nooned at eleven o'clock?

EG: Yeah, <sup>we</sup> went to work at seven and worked four hours and lay off at eleven and then went to work at twelve again. And they'd be laying around, you know, and fellows going along, "Them railroad men they don't do nothing." And then at another time you'd be out there and there'd be a train acomin', well, you had to <sup>section men had to</sup> keep out of the way of that. They couldn't get on and go somewhere when that train was comin'. Well, they might have to wait an

hour or two someplace, and people see the <sup>railroad</sup> men doing nothin'. So some young fellas come in and went to work on the railroad, thought it was awful easy. And our old boss that we had there, when they got new men, he'd say, "Now men, break 'em in right. Just go right to work and <sup>just keep going</sup> don't stop." He says, "Just break 'em in right." This one young fella-- two young fellas went to work there. One worked quite a while and the other worked three or four days and he throwed down his shovel, "Nobody but a dirty so-and-so would work on the railroad." The boss, it tickled him <sup>big</sup>, 'cause he was that way, you know, and he told the young fella's dad about it. Well, the old man, it made him mad, he says, "Why didn't you beat hell out of him?" Says, "Here you've worked on the railroad all your life and then some little wart like that come along and make such a crack as that. I'd a beat hell out of him!" (Chuckles) Now sometimes the work didn't seem to be hard. They had to clean the track of weeds a lot of times, you know. Fellow'd slide along the rail there and pick all the weeds, and then the bridges, they had to be weeded. That run into work when you sit there four hours humped up on the railroad track just pulling weeds along. And then they had to cut fire guard along the hills to keep the fire from gettin' the train, you know, going up the hill.

SS: What's a fire guard?

EG: They cut a place about that wide; cut all the grass off so the fire'd burn up to that and most likely'd stop.

SS: About how many feet would you have to have away from the rail?

EG: Well, we'd be out there fifty feet, lots of time.

SS: That's pretty far.

EG: Clear out to the edge of the right-of-way. And one day I was cuttin' guard there, and there was a rocky place there, you had to pull it, you couldn't cut it, and I pulled up something and throwed dirt in my eyes. Boy, my eyes



watered there for a little while til I couldn't see. And I got so I could see again and I went and pulled at the upper side of the place I was pullin'; started down the lower side to pull again and I looked over in the grass, about that far from the edge of the grass and there laid a rattlesnake, just a good, big handful in there. I looked over there and seen him. My brother-in-law seen me, he's working there, he says, "You sure hit him quick when you seen him." Rattlesnakes is snakes, and if any comes along, why, if I've got anything and see it, I hit it before I think. I don't stop to look at it and think, well, I better hit it; I hit it. But that don't unnerve a bunch of men like pullin' weeds and finding one of these little fellas, about like your finger, about that long in the grass. Now, that takes all the nerve out of a crew, now, believe me. Run on one of them little ones. Generally the boss picks the man up and takes him somewhere else til their nerves settle again. Them little things, you know, you could put almost-- well, they could be in a little bunch of grass and you'd take 'em right in your fingers, they was so little.

SS: It really shook a crew up. Would they be afraid the big ones were around too?

EG: Just unnerves 'em to think about them little ones, there might be other little ones there. They big ones, they didn't bother a fella much, he killed one of them.

SS: The little ones were hard to see.

EG: They're hard to see, and they's likely be right in a little bunch of grass right where you'd practically pick 'em up.

SS: What was the railroad? Was it the NP?

EG: The CP. That was a part of the Northern Pacific and the UP, they had a track partnership and they took that and organized, and called it a Camas Prairie. The two pieces of roadbed made a different company out of it, and

they had the headquarters here ~~at~~ Lewiston.

DG: Camas Prairie went up to Headquarters then.

EG: Camas Prairie, that one line went up to Headquarters, and then it went down the river to around *Reperia* somewhere, that way, and then another line went up to Grangeville. That was a Camas Prairie road.

SS: What was the management of the railroads like? Did they care very much about the men? Did they do much for the men, or was it mostly all the union that did?

EG: Yeah, well, we was treated pretty good there. Worst we was ever treated was the time they wouldn't give us any hourly raise when other wages did, and give us eleven hours time for ten hours work.

DG: Afterwards, though <sup>they</sup> got--- (both talk together)

EG: When I went to work I only got three and a half. Three and a half a day.

SS: Well, they were just coming out of the Depression. Right? The '30's.

EG: Yeah.

SS: I want to ask you a little bit more about when you were growing up. All of a sudden we went up to the '30's, which is pretty recent. When you were growing up-- you grew up up on Fix Ridge? Is that where you grew up?

EG: (Laughter) No. When we come here there was no schools down in the canyon here, and my brother was at teachin' school at Lapwai.

DG: Brother Albert.

EG: My brother, Albert, he had eighty or ninety pupils over there. He was the one teacher; eight grades. And he got sixty-five dollars a month. So, he rented a place over there. My sister and I went from down the Catholic Gulch to Spalding a little while to school, and then my brother rented a place up there at Lapwai and took my sister and myself and two brothers and two cousins up there and we stayed there and went to school to him ~~at~~ Lapwai.

DG: For one winter.

EG: For one winter. That was in '02; the fall of '02 and the spring of '03.

SS: What was that like? Were they mostly Indian kids?

EG: No, they had an Indian school there. They had an Indian school there and there were three Indians went to the white school there. They had the Indian school around the other side, and they didn't have much-- Well, we didn't really have much to do. Only the funny thing was, having <sup>the</sup> separate schools that <sup>the</sup> way, anytime that two, three whites, or just a few whites was out and a bunch of Indians come along, "Hello, you want to fight?" Well, of course, there more of them they wouldn't say nothing. <sup>if there was less</sup> But they wanted to fight if there was more of them than there was the whites. Pretty near anybody that way. There was a fellow, Mc Intyre, his folks run a mill over there at that time, and he was out working on millrace and it was dark, he come by and a whole bunch of, there must have been about twenty, great, big, Indians, come out of there. He 's coming along alone, and they says, "Hello, you want to fight?" "No," he said, "I don't think so." They says, "Come over here." And he went over there and they formed a ring around him and some of 'em jerked out their knives and says, "You gotta fight!" "Well," he said, "if you're gonna do that, I guess I can too." And he pulled a gun. He said you ought to see 'em scatter when he pulled that gun!. (Chuckles)

DG: Then he went to school at Arrow and down here at <sup>the</sup> Pilot Rock and some on Fix Ridge.

EG: Then I went to school - The next year they got this school built down here where this ? has a wooden house. But I went to school there that year and then we bought the place on the Fix Ridge and I went up there then on to the Fix Ridge School.

SS: I just want to ask you: You went to school at Lapwai, now there was eighty kids or so in the-

EG: One teacher! Eight grades and one teacher.

SS: Was it in one room there?

- EG: One room school. *Yeah.*
- SS: Could you learn anything with eighty kids in the same room?
- EG: Oh, yes.
- SS: It got pretty rough on your brother, too, I imagine.
- EG: Well, it was and there was some big boys there that took a notion they'd whip the teacher a time or two. *(Chuckles) But he never made it all work out.*
- DG: But he went and grew up, you know, just from his nine years at Lapwai and Spalding in schooling.
- EG: We lived on the Fix Ridge all one year and my mother got awful sick up there. So after that we'd go up there and take the stock up there and stay til about Christmas, and after Christmas we'd come back down to my sister's place. I most always went to school about half a year up there and then come back down here in the canyon. And then Arrow school down there was closest and I went down there.
- SS: What was she sick with?
- EG: Oh, I don't know. Too cold for her up there.
- SS: Just kind of too rough to live up there?
- EG: Oh, it was quite a little colder; damper up there than it was down here.
- DG: She lived to be eighty-four and Dad eighty-six.
- EG: Yeah, they both died here in this house.
- DG: This was their house. The place they lived.
- EG: Yes, this used to be their place here.
- SS: Was it kind of rough to get up and down Fix Ridge?
- EG: Well, it used to be, in the good old muddy days, just mud roads. Take four horses on a hack or a two-wheeled cart <sup>or anything that a way.</sup> Lots of times them ranchers stayed here in town, it'd be stormy weather and they'd stay in a hotel here in town rather than to try to go home in the evening, late evening.
- DG: And a lot of them <sup>led</sup> travel horseback. They'd bring their eggs to town in a big

basket on their arm.

EG: Yeah, I used to carry eggs from up there to town. I had a big horse of my brother's one time and a basket of eggs on my arm and riding along slow, and come by a bunch of buckbrush and just <sup>crashing</sup> up there and there was a calf stuck its head out. Skeered that horse and, boy, she started, right now! Well, I had them eggs against the saddle, that way, you know, and I threw my arm out this way, - I only broke eighteen out of the basketful, til I got <sup>up</sup> her stopped. Then I used to have a spotted pony of my own. I used to carry eggs from up there to town on her, and she never would stand still to get on. I always get on her on the run. <sup>And I'd</sup> Take a bucket of eggs, set 'em on a fence post and <sup>put the bail</sup> make <sup>a bucket of</sup> bail stand up; go back down the road a rod or two, and grab the saddle, <sup>horn</sup> in one hand and catch the stirrup as high as her head and swing into the saddle **with her on the run** and come by and pick up my eggs and be gone to town.

DG: They had the ferryboat in down below the Spalding bridge; most people traveled across on the railroad bridge there to get across the Clearwater River. The bridge that's still there; the railroad bridge there.

EG: They had a **Ross** span in that old bridge there at that time there. They had it fixed so they could come up the river with boats, but there never was a boat come up there after the railroad was put in.

SS: What about the ferry? Did that have much traffic going across the river on it? Did they use it quite a bit?

EG: Yes, quite a bit. We never went over very many times.

DH: But, well, they would go over- well, there was the doctor in Lapwai and there was quite a bit of business, you know, you could get grain and all and there was quite a few that would take their teams and rigs, you know, and go across on the ferry.

SS: Was it rough for the farmers to get their crops down here from the Ridge?

Was that pretty steep with a wagon and all?

EG: Well, yes, it was pretty steep; and the wagon and horses, it made 'em get up and go if they ever made-- three miles away, our place was three miles away and they used to make two loads one day and three the next from there. And Clark and Hall, they lived just two miles up, they'd make three loads a day to town. But the others only made two if they was back any further.

DG: Juliaetta has changed so much that-- I came out here in 1907, and gee, why, you know, there was three or four stores and butcher shops and a jewelry shop and doctors' offices, and a dentist. You just can't imagine the change that's been in Juliaetta since 1907.

EG: Yeah, jewelry store and barber shop.

SS: Was there a lot more people living in the town and around the town back then? Or was it about the same population?

EG: I don't know as they was much more population. And then they had a flour mill here, too.

DG: But the farmers all came in with their teams, you know, from on the Ridge. And they all hauled their grain and shipped out from down here at the railroad.

SS: Was it one person owned the warehouse, that shipped the grain?

DG: Well, it was kind of a company, I think, that had the warehouse. There was one farmer come down one time off ~~of~~ that Fix Ridge up there with a load of grain and they had a warehouse right down here at-- right down next to the railroad down there, and he stopped down there and unloaded his load of grain; started up his team to go out and the tongue fell out of his wagon! Queen pin had broke in two somewhere along, but it held in there until he stopped and slacked off of it, and then stayed there til he started to move again.

DG: Have you ever talked to Otto Schiffer?

SS: I'm planning to. We did talk to Herman Schuffer, while he was still living.

DG: Otto could tell a whole lot about Juliaetta-

EG: Yeah, he knows more about Juliaetta than I did; just the town in here.

SS: Did you folks come to town, to this town much when you were growing up, or when you were just young adults? Did you get to town much?

EG: Well, quite often. This was the main tradingpost. Well at one time they had a store down there at Arrow that a fellow could get flour and sugar and things like that there a long time, and that kept a fellow from coming' to Juliaetta a lot of times.

DG: We had to come to Juliaetta or Spalding.

EG: Yeah, at Spalding they come down that Arrow way from down thataway, they went to Spalding, but from up above Arrow, why, they come to Juliaetta here. Or else traded there with Cress at Arrow. One time I took my cream down there to Arrow and George Cress come out and tole me, he says, "What <sup>you</sup> got to do after you put your cream on?" I told him, nothing. "Well," he says, "I got a phone message here for Walter Mc Canty." I asked how far it is. About a quarter of a mile. "Well," he says, "I'll put your cream on the train if you'll take this phone message up to Walter." I says, "Alright." So I set my can of cream in the shade of a little building that was there, and when the train come in- Cress ran a lunch counter there, but he hikes out there, you know, to put my cream on the train and he looked around and he didn't see it, and they says the trainmen set it on. And he wasn't out there for three days again, and he come back and he looked right behind that little building and there set my can of cream! And I went down that day with another can, and he told me, says, "I'll bet you'll get mad at me because I left that set there." He says, "You send it on in and I'll pay you whatever the difference is." Well, I put the two cans on the train and sent 'em in, and they both went in at the same price. There wasn't any

differ~~ance~~ance. And that one had set there in the hot sun for three days! It's a wonder that it hadn't got hot enough to blowed the lid off of it! I don't know, maybe them three days wasn't especially hot, I <sup>never</sup> paid any attention. We had good water, it wasn't cold water, but we had a spring house on the place, and we just set a ten gallon can clear down to the handles in the water; is the way we kept our cream at the place there. Yeah, it used to be quite a business; that dairying. Everybody had some cows. And that's the biggest laugh. They had their cows, and they put 'em, most of 'em, some of 'em had water in the corral but a lot of 'em had dry corrals. No barns to milk in; most of 'em didn't have; some few did. Well, up on the ridges they had places they could milk 'em in the barn when it was nasty in the winter, but they'd milk in the corral in the summertime. Walk out there and milk your cows anywhere. And then they didn't feed the cows, they went out into dry pasture and picked their feed, and then sit in the dry corral all night and then was turned out the next morning and had to go pick in the hot part of the day. I don't know how they ever give any milk at all!

SS: That's rougher than I thought it used to be.

EG: Yeah, I think about that now. The dairy cow she's fed while she's being milked and she's fed all the time after that and they're just fed good all the time. But them days, them cows they milked they--

DG: It was kinda rough to raise the hay even, you know just little clear places along on the hills and so on and dragged the hay down on a homemade sled.

EG: Yeah, maybe you couldn't drag it down at all, you had to take the cows up to it.

SS: Well, the idea that they wanted to have as many different things as they could; orchards and cows as well as the crops, a lot of diverse crops--

EG: Oh, yes, they all kep a few chickens and hogs.

DG: And they kind of trade work back and forth, you know, there wasn't much



money.

EG: And trade your eggs at the store for what you got outta the store.

DG: Eggs used to be about ten cents a dozen.

EG: Eggs generally stayed about two bits in this country here.

DG: Well, we've sold 'em down at Cresses for fifteen.

EG: Well, sometimes they got down to fifteen, they generally stayed--

DG: You could buy a loaf of bread for five cents.

EG: Yes, A great big sack of tobacco for five cents.

(End of side B)

EG: -- Trapped 'em and then they killed so much sheep and stuff they had two and a half bounty on 'em. Well, if you could kill a coyote and get two and a half for the bounty, well, six bits would buy you a fifty pound of flour. And I don't know. Old man over here the other day told me that he used to buy- that he had bought sugar for three and a half a hundred, but you could buy a little sack of sugar, I don't know, five or six pounds, for two bits. Well, there take up a dollar and you could get a pair of overalls for fifty cents and a shirt for fifty cents. (Chuckles) Some coffee.

DG: --- family. They did trapping, you know and sold furs; one of his brothers and my dad, in order to support the family<sup>5</sup>, and I wouldn't say that there was anybody that really, you know, had any extra money at all, and it was a struggle for their taxes. And most of 'em had a mortgage or something that they were paying on. And they'd get a little road work.

EG: Well, it was more than a hang on to your teeth<sup>h</sup> kind of a proposition.

SS: How did that road work work? You worked off your poll tax by working on the road?

EG: At one time they did, yes. But then finally-- you know they got that poll tax, they'd get a bunch of farmers go out there to work out their poll tax, two or three of 'em and they hadn't seen each other for quite a while and

they'd go out there to work (Chuckles) and they didn't turn out very much work. So they finally got it around so they paid the poll tax and the road man hired a man to work.

SS: You mean they sat around and talk: catch up on what was going on?

EG: ~~What~~ was goin' on a whole lot that <sup>o</sup>way. But I worked the poll tax out one time, and I was cuttin' hay at the time, and I had a team across the river, was working right close to the place there. At noon, I went over to water my horses. I kep' 'em across the river, it was a long ways to come around by the house and I just left 'em over there and bring 'em to the creek and ~~take~~ 'em back and feed 'em in the brush <sup>over</sup> there. So this day happened that I was working on the roads. And I was over there after-noon; I went over there to water my horses, and I ought to knowed better, but I got on one and rode him out to the water and the neighbor boy was there in swimmin', well I stopped and scooted him out, and he said, 'I'll lead 'em in up to water'-- well, I ought to have had sense enough to knowed that that's what they was scared of, that naked man, you know. But he come up a little closer and one of them horses went each way. And one of my halter chains had a snap; this way; and this one horse went thataway and when he stopped that snap was punched through, right here, and it just-  
DG: tore a place-

EG: this here hand, right here, you know. The end of it was punched through. It didn't tear that piece out, that was all. Well then, I had my hay all down to put up and had to go back and work with a shovel that afternoon and that hand tore up like that! But then-

DG: We were cradling grain, you know, with a cradle-

SS: Were they still?

DG: in 1907. Maybe not so much, but my dad used a cradle, you know, for smaller fields, and if they were going to mow, they'd cradle around the outside,

about 1907.

SS: How old were you when your folks came out here?

DG: I was seven.

SS: So you were just of school age, huh?

DG: Yes. All my education I got right down there at Arrow. The schoolhouse isn't there any more, but *Joe Ings* got a house settin' there. And I just went through the eighth grade<sup>?</sup>, and all eight grades was right there. *At Arrow.*

SS: What do you mean? The school being like that? You went to the same school all those years?

DG: Yeah, I was in the same school, but with different teachers. But there was all eight grades. All teachers then have all eight grades.

EG: I went to the first school down there at Arrow, and there was seven Indians and seven or eight whites. About half and half. Half Indian and half White<sup>?</sup>. This upper school had a few Indians at it, but not many. And then when they started to want to consolidate schools, this Juliaetta town here killed theirselves dead. They come down to the upper school and met the directors said they'd like to have 'em consolidate with 'em, but, he said, "We don't want your Indians." "Well," the director down there said, "that let's us out. What are we going to do with 'em? We got to have them." Well, that <sup>took</sup> them two schools all the way to Lapwai and all that railroad track to Lapwai, because a few fellers had *corn flakes* for brains, didn't want the Indian kids in the school up here.

DG: Taxes; school taxes.

SS: You mean, if they had consolidated they would have got taxes?

EG: The railroad pays more taxes than these little old ranches around. <sup>through here</sup>

SS: Well, what was the idea? They didn't like Indians around very much, at the time?

EG: I don't know. They didn't want 'em. One of 'em was a school teacher and

after that he went over and went to teaching at Lapwai. At that time the Indians and Whites <sup>were</sup> all went to the same school, but he went over there.

DG: There wasn't never any particular trouble with the Indians.

EG: They never had no trouble with 'em after they all went to the same school, they got along fine. But when they went to-- well, back at that time, you know, that <sup>wasn't seen</sup> a long time after the Indian War and they had a little hatred for the White man, too. <sup>in there</sup> But after they put 'em all in one school, why, they got along fine.

DG: There were some pretty good Indians.

EG: There were some awful good Indians.

DG: Tell him about the Waters.

EG: They was some-- down here was old Jonas Waters. They've still got his place ~~there~~-- down here at the Little Potlatch, the road turns off just before you get to the bridge and goes up to the place. Old Jonas, he was an awful religious-- he was a preacher, and he was a long ways from Spalding, but there never was a Sunday that he didn't get to Spalding to church while he had his family. And then after his wife was dead, why he went horseback til he got to be an awful <sup>ly</sup> old man. And then he moved down to Spalding. And Sam Waters; they called him Old Sam, down there, he's down there at Spalding, he went to school to my brother down here at this Pilot Rock school. He was about six and I was about eleven- no, ten-

DG: I want <sup>ed</sup> to tell about Jonas atradin' my lard.

EG: Huh?

DG: Tell him about the honest Indian. Jonas--

EG: Oh, yes. Jonas, one time he come up here to <sup>Juliaetta to</sup> get a pail of lard at the-

DG: Alexander store.

EG: No. It was, I believe it was <sup>Fieldses</sup> meat market. And Fields had took his mon-  
ey- had three hundred dollars he had put in a five gallon lard pail, and

set it in the lard. Well, he wasn't there and his wife come and was waitin' on the store and Jonas come in there and bought a bucket of lard. Well, when Fields come home his three hundred dollars was gone. So Waters come back <sup>up</sup> with the bucket of lard, he says, "This lard's no good." Says, "What's the matter with it?" "No fry taters." And there was the <sup>money</sup>, he'd brought every bit back to him. And then they put that piece in the paper about that and I was workin' up on the road up at Helmer, and we was out there at work one day, and here Jonas had been up huckleberrying and he drove through the crowd with his buggy, and I told the crew, "There's the honest injun that brought back that money." He showed <sup>him</sup> to the crew up there.

DG: We had to go to Spalding for several years to get our mail. <sup>The post office was at Spalding.</sup> You'd go down and walk that railroad bridge and sometimes you might be able to ride the train down and get your mail, and it was, Oh, I don't know, about 1912 I think before they put the mail route, you know, got the mail come to Julia-etta and put a mail route down in there.

SS: Were there many Indians at Spalding then?

DG: Quite a lot.

EG: There was Indians down in here, down this canyon here where this first concrete house is, you go down there where Bernie White's living now, that was Peopeo Mox Mox.

SS: Oh, I've heard of him. Did you know him?

EG: Peopeo? Yes, I knowed Peopeo well. He was chief. And then the next one below him was Pete Mox Mox, and then Jack Sevens, and then-- there was another little place come in there, Johnny Moses come in there and built a house, and stayed there. Put another little house in there. And then the next place down there was George and Tom Mox Mox. Their names wasn't really Mox Mox. Their mother was a chief's sister and when a man married the chief's sister why he changed his name to her name; she didn't change her name, why he

changed.

SS: Well, what was Peopeo Mox Mox like? The guy that was chief.

EG: He was an awful fine fellow. He was really nice. Well, he was a good fellow and the railroad had a camp just across from his place, over next to the river, and he went over there early one morning and he told 'em, "Move out. Move out now. Big water come, now." Every sentence he made, he always said now. "Big water come, now." "Oh," they says, "You damned Indian, you. We wanted this palce from you, you want us to get out so you can get more money off of it. We're not agoin' out." Well, he went on back home. He'd done all he could. But before two o'clock that day they drowned the best team they had trying to get out of there. Yeah, he knew what was acomin'. He was tryin' to be friends to 'em, and they wouldn't listen to him.

SS: What was coming? What kind of flooding was that?

EG: Flash flood. Flash flood acomin' down and he knowed it was comin'.

SS: He could tell?

EG: Yeah, he'd been here, and he knowed that there'd been a big storm up above, and he knowed that that Potlatch was comin' fast and they'd better get out.

DG: It's rough<sup>so</sup> when it comes. It's rough when this Potlatch get comining.

EG: Oh, that's a dirty creek when it gets up.

SS: Can you remember that much from the early days? It flooding out? It sounds like you did.

EG: I wasn't here at that time. I wasn't here when he told them that.

SS: Oh, I don't mean that particular time, but it does flood now and then.

EG: I've been through three of them washouts.

SS: Really?

EG: Yeah. Down there at Albrights, it's been washing through there three times. My sister had the place there the first time. But then Mox Mox, they thought that Potlatch didn't amount much and they went down there where George John-

sons live and instead of turning where the road swings back over the hill, they just went down there and they went right straight through that flat and hit the other road way down there by the old Cisco place, way down there. So Mox Mox he told 'em when they put that in there he says, "Thataway that no time good, thisaway all time good." So they had it that one year and it washed out, and the officials come down and look<sup>ing</sup> now whether they should put it back there or over the other way. And there was a homesteader in there name of Hall- Lee Hall- and he walked up, "Gentlemen, remember what the old Indian told you. He told you, 'Thataway no time good, thisaway all time good.'" And they put the road around the hill and they've had a little trouble, but not much. It's never been washed out. But it's an awful curve in there to go around that hill.

SS: Would Peopeo Mox Mox used to camp up near Bovill? In the early days? Somebody told me that there was a Mox Mox that used to come up with this--

EG: Chances are it was, Peopeo or Pete.

SS: Was Pete a relation of Peopeo?

EG: He's a brother, he's a brother to Peopoe.

DG: There used to be a Peopeo at PtalkT., <sup>around</sup> too.

SS: Oh, I've heard of him, too.

EG: Peopeo <sup>PtalkT</sup>, He lived down there below Spalding. Well, there's some Indians there yet, but he was on this side of the Clearwater down in there where them Indians lived, down there below Spalding. That's where Peopeo <sup>PtalkT</sup> lived. He was a mighty fine old fellow <sup>too</sup>.

DG: And there was one Indian that lived down at the mouth of Catholic Gulch name of Jake that claimed he had scalps.

EG: Yeah, he had three scalps in his house.

SS: Did he ever take 'em out to show people?

EG: Her brothers claimed they'd seen 'em. I never did see 'em.

DH: But, I was so scared of him, you know, after I heard that.

EG: They told such terrible stories about the Indians aburnin' you at the stake and all the things that they done. Well, since I've lived among the Indians a long time, I don't know what-- possibly the men that they done that way deserved it. (Chuckles) I don't know what they done to the Indian that caused the Indian to do that to 'em. Now the causes of Custer's War, him a being killed, partly his ~~own~~ foolishness, but the Sioux Indians was very proud of their women. If you molested a Sioux woman <sup>now,</sup> <sup>there</sup> you was a signin' your death warrant. That's about all you might say to it. One Indian told an old neighbor down here, an educated Sioux Indian, he says, "If any man mistreat a woman, he take her and he take care of her all her life, treat her good or else they take him over the hill and they kill him with rocks." That's what they thought of their women. Well, there was three drunken cowboys caught two Sioux women and kept 'em out in the brush overnight, and let 'em go back. The next night there was three white men hung. Then the Indians had attacked the Whites, and Old Custer to make a big name for himself run in ahead there and-- well, the Indians was awful mad and they didn't have sense enough to surrender, <sup>when</sup> <sub>A</sub> he had five to ten thousand Indians surrounded him and then he didn't know nothing but fight, well, they killed him and all his men.

SS: Oh, the Nez Perce seemed to be very careful about not getting in---

EG: They were a wonderful, they were a wonderful people, yeah, you bet they was. These Nez Perces. They had it in their treaty that there would be no intoxicating liquor<sub>s</sub> on their reservation. The Indian had that wrote in there. But, it was a penitentiary offense to bring booze on the reservation. But the White man did it. First settler in the Catholic Gulch down here was a bootlegger. They sent him to the pen. But Old J. P. Vollmer claims that he come on the reservation with a barrel of whiskey in his wagaon and went clear across the reservation pouring that whiskey and pouring in water, and



never did get caught.

SS: Somebody told me that it used to be said that that was the way he got started.

EG: That was one thing. And he had a flour mill up here, and Old Man Lackey told me that he would put a bottle in a sack of flour. The Indians would buy the flour, and go up on the hill and throw the flour out to git the bottle. Yeah, he was a crooked--

DG: Lots of ways to get rich<sub>1</sub>--*I guess, if you want to bad enough.*

EG: Just lucky that he never went to the pen over it.

SS: Vollmer, seems like he controlled all kinds of land around this country.

EG: Yes, he got a little homestead, they tell me, and he mortgaged it; borrowed the money at six percent and come back out here and loaned it to these fellers here for eighteen! And just as soon as a place was- they couldn't pay the mortgage one year, why, bang, he took it. Oh, he had a lot of good land around on these ridges here where he'd foreclosed mortgages.

SS: I get the idea that nobody liked him either, or at least around in this country, because of him doing that kind of thing. Genesee I heard-- About 1918

DG: Ed went to Tekon~~on~~, and he lived up there for about ten years. So, he wasn't down around in here.

EG: That's back of Cavendish.

DG: In the timber. It's about twenty-five, thirty miles back of Cavendish.

SS: Is that what you did? You worked in the timber?

EG: Well, I had a few cattle, I run cattle<sup>there</sup> two, three years in there. Then-- I went up there, you know, and I didn't know a thing about timber. That's wuite a thing to go somewhere and go to work in the timber, or go to work at something you never seen done. I went to work on the railroad the same way. I didn't know nothin' about that, and that made awful hard work while alearnin' to do something you know nothing about. Then cuttin' timber and

things like that that you know nothin' about, you didn't know how to file a saw; it's pretty rough til you learn something.

DG: On that railroad, of course, the job came first and we lived at the section house right close to the Clearwater River, and high water came and the water got to raisin' so fast and so much trash running on the river, and so he and my brother and him and well the rest of the crew were up by the depot tryin' to push brush and stuff, logs you know, from the bridge- they were tryin' to save the railroad bridge, and so the water kept coming and got to raising so fast, and my brother's wife, he'd brought her down to our place, and they had just a real tiny baby, and we had some hogs penned down on the bank where our barn was and we had hay stacked out. And <sup>so</sup> the water kept raisin' and kept raisin' and so, I thought, "Well, I don't know what to do. I guess I'll just have to turn <sup>the</sup> hogs out." Keep them from getting drowned, and I turned 'em out. But then, there was a man, Sampson, lived up on the hill, and he came down and we got some grain for the hogs to follow him, and he took 'em up and penned 'em up in a building that he had. So that took care of the hogs. Well, I didn't know how I was gonna do about the hay. <sup>We</sup> Got some of that moved back and some was stacked where it didn't get to it. Well then, the water was gettin' fairly close to the house, and it got up into the cellar; we had an underground cellar. And then, where we had to drive out to get up to the <sup>main</sup> road, well it was gettin' across the road, between us and the railroad crossing where we had to go out, so my brother had a stepson, about six, seven years old- seven I guess- and so I thought well, "I can't leave here." And it was just arainin' like everything, and I was awadin' around trying to keep track of the stock, and so I wrote a note to give to Gordon and I told him <sup>you</sup> go up there where the men are working and tell 'em that if this water keeps comin' as fast as it is, we're gonna have to get outta here in sight of a half an hour. And we

were gettin' pretty scared, you know, and so Gordon went aflyin' up there and he came back and he said-- And I said, "Are they gonna come to help us get out?" And he said they said, "Well, go out and climb the hill; just get out. We can't leave here." Well, of course, that was their job to save that bridge. And I thought, "Oh dear, what are we goin' to do?" And then one of the neighbors come down with a wagon and a team and kinda watched to see if we really would have to take anything out. Well then, the water quit, it kinda reached its climax and began to drop just a little. But he about wrecked his <sup>health</sup> over trying to dig things outta the cellar. We had an underground cellar and had shelves up and our fruit and everything down there. And he baled, I don't know, five hundred gallon of water, I think he counted by the buckets, out of that cellar. And we started trying to dig out fruit. Well, there was some of <sup>it</sup> that was still alright, but they give up on it. And there was quite a bit of the canned stuff, you know, <sup>and stuff that was in the cellar</sup> that's buried in the mud. So, it come pretty close to the house.

SS: Oh, boy! How many feet of water would you say was in that cellar?

DG: Well, wasn't it five hundred gallon?

EG: I <sup>took</sup> out five hundred gallon. It was better than ~~Six~~ foot of water in there, or pretty well full.

DG: It was a fairly good size cellar. Oh, about like this room.

SS: How far away from the river was your house?

DG: Well, when the river was down it was quite a little ways, but when it was up to the top of the bank--

EG: Oh, that was only a couple of rods from the river when it was just at the top of the bank. But when it got over the bank, why then, it got close.

SS: So, you would have let your house go?

DG: It was a sectionhouse.

SS: Oh, it was the sectionhouse?

- DG: Yeah, we had it rented. We were living in it but the foreman had a home over in Catholic Gulch.
- SS: Would you have been able to save most of your stuff if it had come in- if it had taken the house?
- DG: Well, all we would have been able to ~~do~~<sup>did</sup> if the neighbor had been there with the team, would have been, you know, just a thrown on clothes and a little bit of stuff like that.
- EG: Oh, they coulda took most of the stuff over across the railroad, against the hill there, right across the railroad.
- SS: You must have really been scared?
- DG: If we could have walked out; we kept watchin', and we could walk across the railroad and take up a bank, like ~~that~~<sup>that</sup>, and go up the hill, we, you know, were safe enough ourselves. We was watchin' it. I'd go down stick sticks up and just do all that watching and the neighbor up on the hill was kinda helpin' us watch it. This one neighbor did come with a team and wagon.
- SS: When you say stick sticks up, what do you mean?
- DG: To see if the water was coming back. I'd go down to the water's edge and then we'd look and see what time it was and then maybe fifteen minutes later I'd go down to see if the water was back, and every little bit I was movin' my stick back and just every few minites until it began to just get a little too close for comfort. (Chuckles)
- SS: Boy, that really must just be treacherous when it gets going like that. I can imagine.
- DG: One of his railroad experiences ~~that~~<sup>id</sup> I never quite got outta my mind-- of course they<sub>^</sub> start out from the tool house ~~right~~<sup>was</sup> right by the sectionhouse and the foreman would drive from his ranch over there to start out, and usually when the motorcar left with the men on, I'd wonder, well, if they're going down the river, going up the river. I'd <sup>generally</sup> notice which way the car went, you

know, when it left, was it down towards Spalding or up to Orofino. And so, that one morning I noticed the car, you know, that they were going down. I thought, "Well, they're working down--

EG: It was cold and we took a few ties down so we could have a fire down there you know, keep warm by, part of the time.

DG: They all got on the car and it left, and pretty soon I heard the car and I thought, "Well, gee, I guess they're going back up." And I looked out; here went the motorcar, but there was no men on it! Here was this tie laying along the side and a red flag out on the end of the tie and not a man in sight. Not a sole on the motorcar and here it was going <sup>just</sup> sailing right on up towards the depot. Give me an awful funny feelin'. I thought, "What in the world had happened to all of the men." And I ran out and looked down the track and at first I didn't see anyone. And I went back in and put my coat on and I thought, "Well, I guess I'll walk up to the depot and see if they figure out what's happened." And then when I come back out I saw one fellow coming running up the track, and so I waited until he got there, and I said, "Jim, what in the world's happened?" And, he said, "Oh, CP 2 hit us down there." And he jumped in his car that he had drove to work in, and took out up the road. Well, then pretty soon I could see the bunch of 'em come awalkin', you know. So I went back in, but the CP 2 was the official car out of Lewiston, and it was coming up early in the morning there, and of course, they didn't know it was comin' and there was a big curve down there-

EG: There's a kind of a double curve, the road come out this way, and in here and then out here, you know. And you come out of this curve here and he was comin' on that other one, and, Bang! we got it!

SS: It hit the--?

DG: Well, they seen him in time.

EG: We got slowed up and all jumped clear of ours.

- DG: Tools went everywhere, and dinner pails mashed up.
- EG: Our motorcar hit his outfit and locked to it, and he tried to stop and our outfit got knocked in reverse. It was goin' down but it knocked it in reverse, so he had to throw his car in reverse to tear loose fom ours, well the, when he done that this outfit of ours went right on up the track.
- DG: And they had a little can about so long and about so big around that they kept their flags and their torpedos in, and the collision knocked the lid off of that can and someway knocked the flags out and just so happened that that one red flag caught right on the end- of that tie. And after you've lived on the railroad, to see one of the motor cars <sup>to go sailing along</sup> with a red flag and no men and no nothin'.
- EG: That red flag, that's for dangers. <sup>S top.</sup>
- DG: And there was a train settin on the track, main track, up <sup>by</sup> the other side of the depot, and the motorcar run into the back end of that and stopped. But this fellow that had run to get his car, well he was going to try to come on up toward Juliaetta <sup>to get</sup> gas enough in it to go to Kendrick, or some where you know, and he was going to try to <sup>get</sup> ahead of it and throw something on the track to get it off before it hit something. But that sure gave me an awful thrill.
- SS: The car wasn't so badly damaged that it couldn't still be driven?
- EG: Well, it sprung an axle when it hit the CP 2 and then it sprung an axle on the other end when it hit the train, so it was pretty badly crippled up motorcar. They had to send it in and get it straightened out.
- DG: The men, if they couldn't have jumped- because the tools just went everywhere and dinner pails and everything. They just left the car. They hopped down over the bank and everything, it's a wonder some of them wasn't hurt.
- SS: Oh, boy.
- EG: Well, there was four men; two on each side and two jumped off and took up the

bank, and two run down the side towards-- down towards the river.

(SIDE D-)

EG: Peopeo Mox Mox and Pete-- Peopeo had a bunch of cattle and Peopeo went away somewhere, and Pete made a big eat while he was gone.

SS: A big what?

EG: What they called a big eat. <sup>They had</sup> A big powwow, a big eat. And he butchered some of Peopeo's cattle and had this big eat. Peopeo come back and he was pretty mad. He says, "Jesus up there- maybe no Jesus up there now, maybe me kill Pete." (Chuckles) Jack Sevens, he was an awful good, jolly Indian and he was honest, but, if you made a mistake in dealing with him, he wouldn't come and make it right, it was your mistake. So her stepdad had never seen a lynx cat nor a lynx. So he was abuyin' fur and these lynx cats just has a few long hairs; grow straight up on top of their ears. I <sup>seen</sup> never <sup>up there</sup> a lynx but they're supposed to have some kind of a tassel <sup>up there</sup> some way, so Jack, he brought out this fur out here, and her stepdad says, "Jack, you got a lynx?" "Yes," he says, <sup>I get</sup> "a lynx." And lynx were five dollars and a bobcat was three and a half. So Wilson, he paid him five dollars for it, and when the returns come, they paid him for a bobcat; three and a half. He lost a dollar and a quarter on the deal. My dad he seen Jack a while after that and he said, "Jack," he said, " you sold Wilson a bobcat for a lynx?" "Yea," Jack says, "little one, too. Wilson ought to knowed better." Well <sup>he</sup> ~~the~~ was a fur buyer and bought a bobcat- a lynx cat hide for a lynx. So, the Indian he got a lot of fun ought of beatin' him out of a dollar and a quarter.

DG: Well Peopeo Ptalkt, we liked him pretty well. We had some cattle up in the timber one year. To feed cattle on pasture.

EG: Yeah, ~~w~~e took in pasture. He had some cattle up there.

DG: He come up to help ride in the fall and he stayed at our cabin and we fed his horse, you know. Fed him. And also, we fed the other riders, too.

But they didn't consider it anything but what we should do, I guess. And when Peopoe left, why he come to me and he handed me some money. And of course, they'd <sup>be</sup> settle with the ~~in~~ for the pasture. I said, "Why? What's that for?" Oh, he said, "Good eat, good sleep. I go to town today. I give more, but I've got to get to town." And anyway, he didn't have too much money. But anyway, he thanked us. And the rest of 'em never even said thank you.

EG: I seen Peopoe, I seen him several times and he always had a lot of tear things on his coat, you know, and a ~~bottle~~ of beads around his neck, and the way he dressed I thought he was a kind of a crazy old boy. But when he come up there and stayed at our place, why, I found out that he was a mighty smart fellow. He wouldn't use no tobacco, no booze, no coffee. He says, "Me be old man lots of years." He lived to be old, too. He was-- well, he was a nice old fella when you got acquainted with him. The younger Mox Moxes, the ones that had their mother, well, they wasn't really, but they was George and Tom-- George, he was a educated, highly educated ~~Carlyle~~ graduate.

SS: What graduate?

DG: ~~Carlyle~~ College.

EG: Yeah. ~~Carlyle~~ College. He was well educated. But he got to be an alcoholic. And when he got drunk, oh, he was mean. He beat up on his wife and throwed her in the river and he chased his mother off the place. Then he was in the pen when we come to the country. But he come out. And George, George tied up with his wife while he was gone and he had two children and George and her had two when he got back. And he asked Lee Hall, he says, "What relation", he said, "would my children be to George's from the same mother?" Two brothers, and the same woman, the same mother. Lee says, "I don't really know, Tom." "Well," he says, "I guess it's alright, but I don't like it very damn well!" But he got to drinking again after he come back



and he burnt up one house; burnt a dog up. Built another one, and he got drunk and got in that and he burnt himself up in that house. But an Indian wouldn't tell where they got booze. They'd die before they'd tell a white man sold it to 'em. Old Man Kimberling, he lived up the draw there and he seen George a comin' one day and he knowed he was drunk, so he stopped to see him. George come up and he went to talkin' to him you know, and he drank with him, and he give him a drink and he was gettin' pretty drunk and Kimberling said he'd get him to talkin' <sup>big</sup> and he'd think, now is about the time to ask him where he got that. Says, that it seemed like George could just read his mind. When he'd think now, I'm gonna ask him where he got that, he'd laugh and say, "You White man, no catchem." No, he never did get to ask him where he got that booze.

SS: I wonder why they figured that way? 'Cause, maybe they didn't want to-- they were afraid that the guy'd get caught?

EG: Yeah, yeah, he'd get pinched, you know if they squealed on him.

DG: And they wouldn't get any more booze from him, either.

EG: He never would tell. He died, burnt up from drinking booze. And he was a nice well educated fellow and when he wasn't drunk he was a nice man to talk to and everything. Just well educated, you know.

SS: I've heard that that when you can handle booze or whether or not it would turn you into an alcoholic, has something to do with how long the people have been exposed to it. And that a lot of the European people, especially, they've had real long-- they've had it in Europe for so long and all that, but the Indian people, having never relly had it before, they've never built up a tolerance to it.

EG: Yes, that was a whole lot of it, that they couldn't handle it as well as a white man. Well, there's a lot of white men went wild with it, too, but then most generally, <sup>two of 'em and</sup> too drunk, get in a fight, one of 'em kill the other

and they was an awful lot of white men that got too much booze and got killed.

SS: I've heard that Indians, if they were your friend, it really meant something.

EG: Oh, they was, they was fine people. They was honest. You know the White man that pulled them down to his level and ruined 'em.

DG: He <sup>is</sup> the only one left of his family, and there was eleven in the family. Two of 'em was just infants when they died and there was one about eighteen months old. Eight lived to be grown, and he was the baby in the family and he is the only one left now, every one of his folks are gone. So, it seems kind of lonesome when you think about it, you know, and all these years.

And they was a big family and we were all around together, and now then, the last four years, I think, that <sup>Hugh's</sup> ~~since~~ <sup>^</sup> went, and he's the only one left. His folks bought this place, in I don't know what, about 1912 or something like that. '14. No, they didn't have it til later than that. After we went to Tekean, then they bought it, wasn't it? About '20. '18, '20, I think that they got this place.

EG: Must have been about '20 or '21, somewhere along there.

DG: So they lived here and passed away here. And <sup>then</sup> <sup>^</sup> it finally worked around that we got the place. To have a place to come to when he retired from the railroad. His dad was quite a hand to kind of keep things in the family and he kinda worried when he bought the place and didn't know whether he'd done right or not. And then he had a granddaughter that was staying <sup>with</sup> <sup>^</sup> him, and he said, well, maybe she could go to school from here; which she did. And then, of course, there was other grandchildren that come after his time and went to school. And he even had great grandchildren that went to school from here. And, if he could know all about that, why, he'd be happy he had the place because that was <sup>just</sup> <sup>^</sup> the kind of person he was, you know, if it was a going on through the family and all. The family's been here, <sup>now</sup> <sup>^</sup> some of 'em

for years. We've been here about eighteen.

SS: Was he really dedicated to helping the family? You know, the family, as compared to, let's say, to people, just neighbors? Some people really like to help the family and don't care so much about the neighbors. Some people don't seem to help their families, very much, but care more about their neighbors.

DG: He always do what he could for the family, when he raised 'em, but practically didn't do so well when the in-laws all come in and practically what was one was the others. If you needed a plow or you needed a harness and the brother wasn't using it, why, it was alright for you to go get it. He wasn't there to ask him, why you just used it anyway. Like that. They was raised just practically that what was one's was the others. And he was a good neighbor, though, too.

SS: Well, I didn't mean that you had to be one or the other.

DG: He was this kind of a type of a man; he'd had a hard struggle coming up and raising his family, and he had a mortgage on Hosington, Hosington on it now? Hosington at that time.

EG: Yeah, when he sold his place on the Ridge, he took two mortgages. One-- see \$7000, yeah, \$7000 on Hosington and \$2000 on the Cochrane place here in town. He only got \$3000 cash.

DG: He put the money out on interest.

EG: And times was hard and when the mortgage was due on Hosington, why, Hosington didn't have the money to pay it. And my older brother talked something about foreclosing, and well, in them days you coulda. So, I asked my dad what about it? "You gonna foreclose?" He says, "I never made my money thataway, and I'm not agoin' to start in now." So, I don't know what they done, they made some kind of a deal with Hosington. Hosington kept his place.

DG: Hosington eventually paid it. But if it'd a been like a lot of 'em, why, they woulda lost that place.

EG: Well, them Hosingtons was worth, I don't know, pretty well towards a million dollars, I guess.

DG: You don't know what they're worth.

EG: They're worth a lot.

DG: But that land, today, woulda been worth a lot.

EG: Yes, if my dad had of foreclosed on it then like Old Vollmer did on the other fellows in the early days, well, I would a <sup>been</sup> man with a lot of money and Hosington'd a been working on the railroad, I guess.

DG: But then I admire that in Dad, you know, but he considered the other fellow you know. No use to take advantage of him just because he's where he could.

--- break in conversation---

DG: ---- have a <sup>say</sup> in my name.

SS: She was just four or five years old?

DG: Yeah. And she got talking about the baby and she said if they called me Dixie, why, she'd give me a little dress that she had, someway like that. And so, she suggested the name <sup>Dixie</sup> so they called me Dixie Gray.

SS: Dixie Gray?

DG: Yeah. She sang songs to me about the darling Dixie Gray instead of Nellie Gray. (Chuckles)

(Pause) Of course, I can remember cradling the grain some, and then the mowing machine came along and some of the neighbors would get together and they'd get to talkin' and they'd talk about the good old days! And I, <sup>id think</sup> kid, I'd think what was good about it? When we had - phone rings loudly cutting out the voice) and had to go out and work and cradle their grain and now they have the mowing machine, and they had a hay baler. And now, I would like to go back to the good old days. I'd like to go back about fifty years!

- EG: There was a fellow give me a book on wheat; raising wheat here in the North-west. And I always thought of this country here as in the beginning <sup>that</sup> they had headers here. Well, I was surprised to think that the reaper and the header wasn't invented for many years after they first come here, and the sickle and- the mowing scythe and the sickle and the cradle was all they had until-- well that book that's got the picture-- well, there's two books here with a picture of the first reaper. They pulled it with one horse and you had a reel that made the grain fall over on a platform, well a man walked along the side and raked it off with a fork. That was the first reaper. Then they got one with a canvas on there that made it roll off and then they invented the header and the binder and things like that, but you know them is young things, they're not very old.
- DG: We made our own lye, I can remember when they had the ash hoppers, you know, and they'd take the clean ashes from the stove, charcoal , and put it in a big rainbarrel, they called it, and it'd rain down through that and they'd have spouts come out from the bottom of the barrel with a kind of a container set under that, and that rain would go down through these ashes and that water would come out, you know, and be real dark brown and they used that lye and made the soap.
- EG: Well that's the way they got the lye before they got the manufactured in the store. That's the way the old-timers got it, out of the ashes.
- DG: Got the barrels, made molasses, you know in the winter and had the maple sugar and go out and take the maple <sup>the</sup> water from the maple trees.
- SS: Where would this be?
- DG: That was back in Virginia.
- SS: I'm surprised that when you were a kid, they used to talk about the good old days. I guess it makes sense, since we--
- DG: When I hear 'em talk about the good old days, is when I was about ten or

twelve, after we come out here. Some of the neighbors get together, and there was so many conveniences began to come in then, you know, maybe a washingmachine that you could rock back and forth or turn by hand. And, gracious, now, I've seen so many things happen in the last fifty years.

Gee, we lived in cabins and hauled water for a mile and carried drinking water for a mile and all these things. Milk twelve cows by myself, and went over a hundred acres and herded 'em in. And I never thought I'd see the day when I'd have running water in the house. And now, then, while we don't have anything, I think Oh, gee, <sup>here</sup> we got water in the house. We got a television, oil stove and oh, dear, when we think back, sometimes you think maybe you're kind of a millionaire or something! (Chuckles)

EG: You know, what the kids had to do when I was seventeen, I was up there in the hills and my sister took toothache and had to come-- she thought she'd get a tooth pulled in Southwick and she had to come to Kendrick, and a brother, a preacher brother, he was up there and he had to come out to preach and she come on out and then for some reason she didn't come back for two weeks. So I was up there with eleven cows to milk and ten calves to feed and a separator to take care of and do my own cookin', and round up the cows and the water that I had to cook with and finish up working, I had to carry three quarters of a mile in buckets. For two weeks I was there that way. And then you started the cows north; you went north to look for 'em but there was no fences in the country. If they wanted to circle around and go south, you went north after 'em and didn't find 'em that day you had to start out and circle the country til you did find 'em. Sometimes some of 'em be gone for a week.

SS: Was this at <sup>Tekean</sup>?

BG: Yeah. Well, it was back of <sup>Tekean</sup> there. It was really Cedarville. The first post office in that country was Cedarville. And it was on the E. A. Patterson place.

DG: And that was just two or three log houses.

EG: Well, the country there-- they surveyed out the Indian Reservation and then they had the state land, and there was a strip of land there from Cavendish, run back in there about ten miles that was just a mile and a half wide. And that was all took up in preemptory claims. Old Man Choate was the first going in there, said he didn't think nobody else would ever come. He found a meadow that he got in on, but this other was heavy timber there. He'd tell about the sun never shined down through that timber, oh, it was heavy and nice timber. But these fellows all went in there.

SS: Was it long after he got in there?

EG: Not very long after he got there til it was all settled up in there, --

SS: There was all this ten mile long strip?

EG: Yeah, ten and a mile and a half wide. They had a schoolhouse in there. Then E. A. Patterson, he had the post office first. And then Stonacher-- Doc Stonacher got it after that. But Patterson was telling about he had it in 1893, and he got a voucher for taking care of the post office for eighteen dollars. And he got a man to bring in his supplies for the winter, and he give him that voucher, and I don't know, maybe he got a few dollars back, but there was very few dollars to be had in '93 but <sup>he said</sup> about two months after that he was down at Kendrick and they had a little house there they called a bank; fellow says, "Come in here, I want to show you something." Says he went in there and there was that voucher with a sheet of tablet paper pinned on it and it was wrote full of names on both sides where that check had went to. He said he bet that thing had paid \$2000 <sup>round</sup> through the country. Told the feller, "You ought to keep that fer a souvenir." He says, "I'd sure like to, but I've got to send that to New York, I got a little money in it; I got to send it back there to get it out."

DG: Quite a few years after that, he was <sup>first</sup> up to ~~take~~ when I went up, and we was married, and they put up some timber poles or trees, laid up a kind of a rail fence kinda around a hundred acre border in there and eight hundred acres in there that had this fence kinda around the outside, so that's where you'd have to hunt your cows. And sometimes, when I'd go for the cows and he wouldn't be home, and there was a big field up on top of the hill and I'd go up there and maybe I'd find the cows and I'd get 'em started for home; well, when they'd start, why they'd bunch-- go that way-- and then a bunch go this way, instead of going on down. There was one old cow that was usually the leader and I'd think, "Well, I don't have the ~~horse~~, now what am I going to do? Maybe some of 'em'll go on home. But this bunch that's following Dolly, she won't." So I sit down on a log and wonderin' just what I was gonna do, and it was gettin' late enough I didn't want to go two directions. So I thought, "Well, what would Ed do?" Well, Ed- this one old cow he used some pretty rough language, you know, I wasn't any hand to use it, you know. So I sat there and I thought if I could make ~~her~~ think it, <sup>So I changed my voice, And</sup> Ed ~~to~~ I yelled out at her and she stopped and turned and went right home.

SS: You finish your story.

DG: You mean, you got that on?

SS: Yeah.

DG: Oh, I didn't know that. (Laughter)

EG: She had to cuss the old cow to get her to come home!

DG: I thought you had it off!

SS: I did, but then I put it back on again.

DE: Well, I sat there on the log, and I thought, "Well, now, what'll I do?" So I said, "Dolly, you old S-B, now you get in there." And she stopped,



and turned her head and <sup>looked,</sup> turned and went right for home! (Chuckles)  
 And then I felt real foolish because I <sup>tried to</sup> mimicked him, but it worked.

SS: It did?

EG: Well, I never was much to talk to my stock, I always kept quiet til they got to making some trouble, and then I went atalkin'! She would do that, that cow would take off the wrong way a lotta times. And when I bawled her out she knowed that the next thing was acomin', I was gonna get her corner-- <sup>there logs fell in all directions.</sup> She knowed the next thing that was acomin', I was gonna take-- get on the log with a club and I was gonna give her a good workin' over. She knowed when that time come it was time to turn for home or she'd get a good workin' over with a ~~good~~ big club! That's why she'd turn when she heard some talkin'!

SS Well, I'm just about to leave so--

END

Transcribed by Frances Rawlins 11-1-76