

GLEN GILDER
and
AGNES CLARK GILDER
Seventh Interview

Interviewed by:
Sam Schrager

Oral History Project
Latah County Museum Society

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GLEN GILDER
with AGNES CLARK GILDER

Harvard, Spring Valley; b. 1903
Farmer, laborer

1 hour

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with Sam Schrager
August 10(?), 1978

II. Transcript

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Harvard, Spring Valley; b. 1903
Farmer, laborer

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with Sam Schragger
August 10(?), 1978

Glen Gilder: Well, that's the first cow my brother and I ever owned and we kept her 'til she was quite old, and she wouldn't breed again so we decided to ^{get a few re} stock^{ed}, so we were going to butcher her and sell her. So I made a deal with Harry Larkins to take her down on a certain day at a certain time, and I took her in there and he took one look at her and he said, "My God," he says, "I can't handle that." She weighed 1,700 pounds standing up. Too big. And I said, "Oh, you can sell it, you can get rid of it." No, he wouldn't. So we went back out- had it in a wagon and a team deal. "What in the world are we going to do with this?" I says, "I think we're going to sell it. Let's go in the store and buy a meat saw and butcher knife and let's take the day off and peddle that meat here in town." We did. ^{W/C} Sold every pound of it.

SS: Off the back of your truck?

GG: Off the back of a wagon!

AGNES GILDER: They wouldn't let 'em do that now.

GG: No, have us in jail for life if ^{we} done that now. (Chuckles) But we found out while we were in there talking to him, we looked in the counter and steak is worth so much, and boils is worth so much, you know, so we just averaged it all up and sold it by so much a pound. I imagine it was about twenty-five or thirty cents a pound; and we sold every pound of that. Up one street and down the next, and up one street and down the next, go rap on the door and ask 'em if they would like to buy meat, and they would, pretty near every house we stopped at bought; enough for a meal or two. (Chuckles)

Unknown Voice: That's how Marvin's dad's brother sold corn. They had extra corn and they wanted to get rid of it, his brother took over selling it and he sold ^{every one of it}.

SS: He was a better salesman than Marvin was?

- AG: Yes, uh-huh. *Probably* looked more appealing.
- SS: How old were you? Just a kid at the time?
- GG: Oh, ^{*might have been*} about fourteen, fifteen. And she was a big one.
- SS: Your first cow, huh?
- GG: Yeah, and it was the first year we were up there and I think it was 1909-1910- (To Agnes- You going to tell it, or me?)
- AG: You couldn't do it when you were eight or nine, could you? You were born in 1901, and you said you went up there in 1908 or '09?
- GG: Well, when you get over your fit, I'll go ahead and tell it! (Laughter) We were just snout nosed kids and we were out in the woods playin' around and we found a calf, probably 200-300 pounds, she was down and she couldn't get up, and she couldn't get to feed nor water so we packed feed and water to the thing for a week or ten days and finally got her up and walkin' and she lived. So when the owner come after 'em that fall, somebody told him what we'd done and he give her to us. That's the first one we ever had. And from that day to this I don't think I've ever been out of the cow business 100 percent, I don't believe I have. (*pause*)
- SS: What your recollections of him are (? I don't know of anybody else- well, I know a couple up on Elk River that knew of him. But hardly anybody around here did, and he was a man with quite a reputation.
- GG: Well, I don't know. I guess he did this alright. He used to write letters to the foremen, to the superintendent, to the really top brass in the Potlatch Lumber Company and criticizing. And it'd make 'em mad. And he made a lifelong enemy out of this Ralph Face (?) and Ralph Face finally got him alright. He got him in the insane asylum- *in the long run.* I think there was lot of things- I know there was a lot of things weighed on the man, but some of these jokers around Elk River and in those camps used to lay on him- they'd steal things and lay it on him.

I'd heard all of the stories and that. I had ^{my} one camp was just as far up the road as I could get- I'd unload my horses there and I had a tent up so I could kind of make that headquarters. Then I had to jump on by his cabin and go to get my hunters back up in the woods. And they used to say he stole everything ^{that} he could get his hands on and my camps were right there by him. I'd cache my groceries by putting 'em in the tent and pulling a tarp over 'em and he never bothered so much as a pack ^{age} of cigarettes. I don't know, maybe I just got in good with him right off the start, I'd meet him and "Howdy." And he'd always pull his pipe out and I'd furnish tobacco so he could have a smoke. And I used to give him a can of tobacco now and then; I got along with him fine. But I got a kick out of a lot of things he did. And if I had a bunch of hunters back in the woods I'd try and get him to come into the ^{ir} camp and tell 'em stories. There was no limit to the stories he could tell. I never believed only about one word out of a thousand, but he'd tell some good ones. And I had a bunch up there on Gold Ridge, about as far back as you could get and had a big tent and it was tight and it was cold nights and Old George was laying along the trail there, he'd ^{had his supper and} gone to bed when I come into camp and it was only about five o'clock, I guess, and I said to him, "George, come over after while and we'll have a drink." "By, the great Gods, I'll do it!" So after while he come over and he never threw away a pair of overalls, if they wore down 'til they was too cold to exist in, he'd pull another old pair over 'em! And I got him in and set him pretty close to the stove and then built up a pretty good fire; got about two glasses of drinks down him and he began to steam and smoke and I was trying to get somewheres to get the front door open to get some fresh air in there. He told us that

night, he says, "What kind of wine is this?" Glen *Nets* says, "That's elderberry." He says, "By the great Gods," he says, "I've made barrels of that stuff, " but he never could wait 'til it got that good! (Chuckles) I went ^{by} his cabin one time and he had a big fireplace and had a tin over the chimney, and I never thought much about it; went on by, and I met him up the road a couple of miles and he asked me, "Any smoke coming out of the cabin?" And I said, "No." He said, "I got an elk last week and I'm smoking it," he says, "got it hung all hung on the rafters all around in there and I built up a big fire and plugged the chimney and took off up in the woods for a week." That was the way he smoked his meat. One time I went by his cabin and he was there, I could see smoke coming out of the chimney and all over the yard he had little fires and little kind of fireplaces built and he had a five gallon oilcan with the side cut out of it and he had these fruit jars and he was- what do they call it? Coldpacking meat. He'd put that elk meat in a fruit jar and sealed it up just like the women would on the kitchen stove here, only he built a fire out in the yard, and he was coldpacking that whole elk. And it didn't hurt him because he was still alive the next year. (are looking at pictures)

SS: Where did he get the name of Ridge Runner from?

GG: Golly, I don't know where he did get it from. Some of those boys at Camp X, I guess.

AG: They used to say that he was scrounging around the garbage places. I don't know.

GG: I doubt that. I think he went right in the cooling tent and took him a ham or whatever he wanted. I don't think he went to the garbage cans. They laid it on the bears. You know, they had quite a habit up there in those camps; those guys would take out enough

bacon to last a month or a ham or canned goods or anything else they wanted, and then when the cook reported it to headquarters, why, there'd been a bear in there and destroyed all that stuff. So, I imagine ^{that} the Old Ridge Runner took enough stuff that they'd notice it that's the explanation that they'd give- the bears'd been at it.

SS: Did he just manage to exist out there for years on the game that he could kill and what he could take?

GG: Yes, that's true. He'd go to town about once a year, he told me, and he trapped a little and he placer mined a little. Now whether he ever got any gold or not, I don't know, but I bet he did; gold country. And he trapped and hunted. Yes, he just lived back there a hermit from one year's end to the next. And outside of in hunting season, once in a while in fishing season, he never seen anybody from one year's end to the next. He didn't want to. But he did tell me that he went out to Pierce about once a year and get the few things that he needed, salt and coffee and such if he couldn't hook it. I imagine he walked to Potlatch, probably hooked quite a lot. And ^{then} they claim that he used to go into these ranger stations after the rangers had pulled out, there'd be things, and he'd go in and get all that and take it with him. Well, maybe he did. I know some of his neighbors doing the same thing. I know that.

SS: His neighbors?

GG: Yeah, fellows ^{on} down the road, some of 'em had a few horses.

Heck, I've known 'em go in there and take out a pretty good load on a horse, I don't know what they had in it, but I know the horse was loaded. It was sweatin' when he met me!

SS: So, he made a convenient scapegoat?

GG: Yeah, that's right. There was a lot of that. They put him in the insane asylum. I imagine that in a big town like Chicago or some-

place like that, they'd said he's crazy, they'd put him in right now, but back there he didn't bother anybody.

Laura Schragger:

Why was he crazy?

GG: Oh, he was, why, I don't know, he was- had a form of insanity, alright. And on the other hand, he was smarter than a whip. He'd have to be, you know, to live off the land back there like that.

SS: It was the way he acted that was strange?

GG: The way he talked more than anything. The things he'd tell you. He had a good garden, strawberry patch and raised carrots and cabbage and onions. Irrigated it. Oh, just a crazy old fellow that didn't bother anybody, but I think the north end of the state had a lot of fun out of telling about chasing him and this and that. Hell, they didn't need to chase him or hunt for him, he had his cabin and he went there quite often. He'd leave though, he'd be gone from it a week or such a matter.

SS: Did he take a horse or travel on foot?

GG: Oh, he never had a horse, no. I did. He never was interested in them he didn't pay any attention to 'em. Just a little bit of a guy, but he'd pack some pretty heavy packs.

SS: Face- was he part of the Forest Service, or was he a Potlatch man?

GG: Yeah, he was kind of under Bert Curtis- ^{he} was kind of a woods foreman for the Potlatch Timber Protective Association.

SS: And he set out to try to get rid of the guy?

GG: Well, he did, he finally got rid of him. I think ^{the old fella} give him a bad time because he was everlastingly writing letters and criticizing Bates and Bradbury and Henderson and all the people that were involved in there working, and he'd always go after the big shots, he never went down the line to the little working man, he didn't pay any attention to him, but the big shots, he really criticized.

Possibly some

truth in it and then others, were just pure fabrication.

- SS: Writing like to the newspapers or just to the Potlatch?
- GG: No, he'd write the letters and leave 'em around where they'd get 'em.
- SS: Oh, I see, leave 'em around.
- GG: Stick 'em under the door in their office, or park 'em where they'd get their letters alright. And if he was criticizing Bradbury, why, he'd leave the note on the face of the door or pinned on the gate or something. And if he was after somebody else, why, he'd never leave it-^{where it'd be directed,} he always had another man involved so that he knew that the story wouldn't stop with one person it'd go on to more. There was method in his madness.

Laura Schragger: What did he complain about?

- GG: Oh, about the management and about how they logged and about how they spent their money and about who they favored and there was just no limit. Whatever he could imagine.
- SS: Would that be the sort of stuff he'd talk about, too, to you or somebody- what you called the craziness?
- GG: I would have to prime him to get him to say anything about any of 'em, but I've had him pan all of 'em. Oh, ^{he had} a form of insanity alright.
- AG: ~~The~~ other guys had a different kind, I think, the ones that panned him.
- SS: The ones that canned him?
- AG: Panned him.
- SS: Oh, panned him. How ^{did} you wind up getting in there and becoming a packer anyway?
- GG: I have no idea.
- SS: You!
- GG: Oh, me!

SS: Yeah.

GG: Well, we were just in there hunting, six or seven of us and one morning there was three guys come to camp and wanted me to haul some elk out of the woods, and I was a little leery about it, because I didn't know whether there was a licensed packer in the area or not, and if there was a licensed packer in there, why, I'd told him to go find him if there was such a thing and they come back that night and said there isn't any. So, I went then and took the elk out; they each had an elk, the three of 'em. And they said to me, "Get a license and we'll send you all the hunters you want." So the next fall I did, I got a license and bought three or four more horses, I don't know how many I had, I had seven or eight though when I wound up in there. And on the fifteenth of September when that back country opened up those fellows were there and there was thirteen of 'em. And, Lord, I couldn't take care of that many, but I did, I scattered 'em around here and there and told 'em if they get an elk come to the trail and catch me because I'll be going up and down that trail every little while and most of them got some game. They didn't all of 'em, but most of 'em. And then they went back to California and sent up three more right away. That made sixteen. And these three more, they wanted me to take 'em clear back- I took 'em back to Goat Ridge and they come out of there with an elk apiece, a deer apiece, two of 'em had bear, and they had their limit of birds and fish and I'd been working my head off getting it into Troy here to get it cut up and froze. And if I'd a settled for it, I could a had the entire state of California up here the next week! They just mobbed me. Good hunters, good clean sportsmen; 99 percent of 'em. The only rough ones I ever got were some fellows from Portland. They worked in a printing shop down there and they tried to- well,

they began to kick; "The ferns are so high you couldn't see an elk in here." And it rained from the time they got there until they got ready to go out; just poured. And I'd tell 'em, "Stay in the camp there the weather'll get good and you'll ^{kill} an elk right out there in front of the tents before you're done with it." So, I went out hunting and came back in and they had taken part of the horses, loaded their camp gear and took off. Well, I thought now, if I ^{cut} right down over this hill, the trail made a lot of switchbacks, if I cut down right over this hill I'll get there ahead of 'em. And I did. And I was standing above the trail there with my rifle over my lap, sopping wet and madder'n a hornet and those guys come ariding up there, you know. And I said, "You guys forgot to pay me." "Well, we didn't get any service from you." And I said, "You can get the service from me if you'll stay the whole time, this week in here, but I packed you in and ^{I'm} evidently packing you out, so before you guys go any further, why, if you just stop and pay me, why, I'll let you go on." And, you know, they looked at that old rifle and they paid me and-

SS: They what?

GG: They went on out. (Chuckles) But they paid me before they went back. And I'm sure if I didn't have my friend with me, they wouldn't a done it. That's the only time I ever held anybody up in my life. They had it coming, though. ^{learned me a lesson} After that, when somebody come in that I didn't know, he paid me in advance, he didn't wait until he got ready to go out, I got my pay in advance. Then, if he wanted to leave camp before the time was up, fine, I didn't care.

UV: They didn't usually do that though, did they?

GG: No, that's the only ones that ever did it.

SS: So you'd go up there pretty much just for the hunting season, huh?

GG: Uh-huh. Went there the fifteenth of September and always had a party

or two lined up to start with and then they just kept acomin'. And it was a good thing, little money in it. I liked to do it. But, oh, man, it was hard work at times. ^{What wasn't?} You know, you take a packstring of horses twenty-five miles and it's raining and you've got elk on most of 'em and you get into camp about ten o'clock and then you gotta unload them horses, put the meat in your pickup, ^{or car or something} feed your horses, turn 'em loose and take off and come to Troy with that meat, get it froze before it spoils, and that'd take all night. And, it wasn't a snap; you earned most of your money.

END SIDE A There is a long blank before the interview resumes --

GG: = what they call Larkin Landing, and then I went up to Morris Saddle that was, I thought a little more convenient; it was if the roads were good.

SS: In Elk River?

GG: Yeah. Thirty-five miles east of there.

SS: Had you been hunting in that country for a very long time before that?

GG: Quite a few years, yeah. Not exactly there, I think I'd been in there two or three years in that country, but we hunted down that Kelly Creek back in over the swinging bridge there and went back to Twin Peaks and hunted in there two or three years but this was more convenient and actually it was- there's just endless game in there. So far back that nobody could get in there to hunt and you had to have horses. And if ^{they} didn't have ^{their} own horses there was just no use going. Have you ever been up in that country? Bertha Hill or ~~Smith~~ Ridge?

SS: Yeah, we've been right up in the high country there around Larkins Lake and Larkins Peak and ^l~~Malar~~^d Peak and Black Mountain.

GG: Oh, boy, you covered it pretty good.

SS: Yeah, it's a really beautiful country.

GG: Isn't? And rugged. Yeah, the only goat I ever seen in my life was up in that Black Mountain country, and elk was- well, you've seen the tracks, you know what they're like.

SS: Did you kill enough game in those years that you were hunting to make- to be a big part of your meat supply?

GG: For my own supply?

SS: Um-huh.

GG: I should say. I'd get one every year and Allen would get one maybe or some of the boys. We always had at least a couple for ourselves, until I got so tired of it I wouldn't care whether I ate it or not. I still feel that I don't like it. But, these hunters, if I'd tell 'em to come back and go hunting with me today, I guess a phone call would just bring a whole mob of 'em!

SS: Were you hunting when you were a boy?

GG: Oh, sure. I've hunted since I was so small the folks wouldn't let two of us go out together- just one of us had to go alone, then there's no danger of shooting your pardner. That's the way they figured it. Had a .22 singleshot and a 12 gauge muzzle loader. And we used to get a lot of game. Even little kids, you know. Go out in the evening, we wouldn't have to walk out over a half a mile to get a rabbit or two. When the birds got big enough to be fryers, why, in a mile we generally had a meal or two of pheasants. They were thick. But had a little dog, he'd just - he could zag around in that brush, you know, and he'd put them pheasants all up on limbs and they'd just sit there and look at you and we'd get 'em and try to hit 'em in the head and most of the time we did with that .22. One time- I got the first shot and I got my bird and my brother says, "That ain't shootin'." He messed around there 'til he lined

up two of them damn things and he got two of 'em with one bullet! That's a fact! Sounds like impossible, I never could do it; I've tried. I could shoot their heads off with my .06 but I never got two of 'em together.

SS: You said that you used to go on hunting parties with the wives and friends.

GG: Yeah. We did. Agnes went with us a year or two and different ones. Yeah, we used to hunt, the whole family; just for fun. Generally got some game; sometimes quite a lot.

SS: One time you told me a story, too, about when the Depression- when the banks closed- about this local fellow; was his name Ball?

GG: Elmer Ball? Yeah.

SS: What was the deal with him and the banks?

GG: Well, I don't remember what he'd sold, he'd sold something that amounted to something in the neighborhood of a couple of thousand dollars, and the bank holiday come on the day after he deposited this money and he wanted to use that money, he had something to pay and Cahill was in the bank and somehow Elmer got in there and said, "You knew this was going to happen." And Cahill said, "Yes." Said, "You didn't tell me, did you?" "No," he says, "I couldn't have dared to tell you." Elmer says, "I put that money in good faith," he says, "I'm going to take it out in good faith." He reached in his pocket and laid a pistol on the counter and Cahill give him his money. Now, he didn't threaten to use that pistol or nothin', he just laid it on there and Cahill give him his money and he walked out of there. They're both friends yet, if they were alive. Man, that was tough! You could have money in the bank; I didn't have very much, but I had enough to pay my feed bills and such. People were hounding me for the feed bill, the bank wouldn't let me have the money to pay it.

Bad. But, it straightened the country out, I guess, financially from that day ahead, we went right along day by day the conditions got better.

AG: That was '23, wasn't it? '23 or '24?

GG: No, that was-

SS: '32. '31 or '32.

GG: Franklin D. Roosevelt called a bank holiday.

AG: That was '33.

SS: That's right, it was '33.

GG: Well, the banks had no choice, I guess they just had to do it, but a man says he's going to pay a bill, they'd expected ^{him} pay it. Put the money in the bank and expected to be able to write a check on it. ^{tomorrow morning} Everything involved in it was against the law, but then, there was never anybody on the face of the earth any more honest than old Elmer and Corey Ball- either one of 'em; perfect. But he wouldn't be taken advantage of. He was an old Tennessean.

SS: There is one story that I can't for the life of me remember that you told me. It sounded like a good, dirty story! (Chuckles) That was about Judge Kincaid and the ^{Madame} in Palouse, and I can't remember what that story was, but I know you told it to me, because I wrote it down once that you had. Is it something you can tell in mixed company here? We're all adults.

GG: I think so. (Giggles)

SS: You don't have to listen! (Chuckles)

GG: Old Madam Palouse had that house up on the hill there and somebody come in and took some of her jewelry and had 'em changed. So, they were having a trial and Judge Kincaid was asking her, "Now this fellow took that jewelry?" "Yes." "Where was it?" "It was in that stand right by my bed, in the top drawer." "And where was this stand?"

- "Right by the head of my bed, right by the window." "What else did you have in there?" And she told him. And he says, "Where was that stand?" She says, "Judge, Goddam you, you know just exactly where that stand is!" And she says, "You know just exactly what was in it."
- AG: You never told me that one. (Chuckles) I heard another one though.
- SS: That's all? Is that the end of the story?
- GG: That's the end of that one.
- SS: -- Agnes's one--
- AG: No, it was something about- I'd better not name names.
- LS: Well, tell it.
- AG: Well, they was going to raid the place and some way ^{or other,} one of the guys threw a chamber pot down and it happened to hit this guy that was doing ^{to} arrest ^{1em} on the head, and it wasn't empty either! (Laughs)
- GG: And then they went out the back door and they never did get 'em.
- SS: This Palouse, too?
- GG: Yeah. It was my uncle, and I heard the story and I asked him about it and he wouldn't deny it or admit ^{it} or anything, but he sure laughed. Oh, he did it, alright!
- SS: Of course then, there's that famous neighborhood in the county that had a reputation known as Clap Creek.
- GG: Mannigan Creek. Yeah, Hale Price named that.
- LS: What did they call it?
- GG: Clap Creek.
- UN: I can't believe you're recharged. (Laughter)
- AG: You don't suppose it goes on now?
- UN: That's why I can't believe you.
- AG: You just haven't heard about it.
- GG: Oh, this country had funny things happen here and there, some of 'em remembered, some of 'em forgotten.

- GG: I got a kick out of Frank last night telling stories that I'd heard when I was a kid, about people I knew, shooting, different things.
- SS: Caricos?
- GG: Um-huh.
- AG: ^{was out of work} My brother- he worked for Carico on that, up in the *Gold Hill* ^{mine}, about 1920 to '21 somewhere in there. He was a mail clerk and he couldn't get back on right away after he got out of the army so he took what he could get. I don't think he ever got anything more than his board and room out of it.
- SS: Did the Caricos have that reputation for being as wild and woolly as Frank remembers them?
- GG: I guess they lived up to some of it. That young feller shot Old Adam in the face, he must have been kind of tough. I guess he thought that Adam had been robbing his sluice box.
- SS: Is that the way you heard it before?
- GG: And if he had of, why, dammit, he was justified in it. But many tales about that old mine.
- SS: Do you really know really know what the phrase, "sucking eggs" means?
- GG: What?
- SS: "Sucking eggs". You sure broke him from sucking eggs.
- GG: Yeah, well, that's a bad habit, that's all, and maybe he wasn't sucking ^{you} eggs, but ^{you} broke him of a bad habit.
- SS: Was that a bad habit some people had?
- GG: Sucking eggs? No, they wasn't involved in sucking eggs, but maybe they did something that was out of line, out of reason, and they said they broke him of a bad habit, they broke him of sucking eggs, or any other way you want to put it.
- SS: The way I've heard that- I've heard that said, you know and it always struck me as strange; the expression, I never heard it -

- AG: Well, you know, cats and dogs, they will eat eggs.
- GG: Well, dammit, *hired men used to...*
- AG: People did, too if they were hungry enough, I guess.
- GG: Well-
- AG: Had to be awful hungry, for me to do it, anyway.
- GG: Well, August Mann says "I worked for a place where they didn't feed very good, and," he says, "When we come in with the horses at noon the hens had all laid eggs in the feed boxes," he says, "we'd lay them up and when we went back out to plow," he says, "we put them in our pockets or someplace so we could carry 'em along with us and in the middle of the afternoon, and when we got hungry, we'd eat three or four eggs." Just suck 'em raw. And they were good. I liked 'em.
- AG: I used to like eggnog, and there was raw eggs in that, but you didn't taste 'em.
- SS: Who was it that you- that Glen and Agnes were really fine dancers?
- GG: Oh, I think it was Emma.
- SS: I've heard.
- GG: Any of us old guys is liable to use that expression.
- AG: What?
- GG: [^] Broke him of Sucking eggs.
- SS: I was *talking* about dancing, I just changed the subject. Laura told me that you and Agnes used to really cut a fine figure on the dance floor. That's what she told me.
- GG: I don't know what kind of a figure we cut, but we sure cut a lot of 'em and we liked to dance. We didn't miss any. Hell, we used to drive from Harvard to Kennedy Ford with a sleigh or they'd drive from Kennedy Ford to Harvard, all over the country. Used to drive into town, Harvard, on Friday night with a four-horse team and a *big* old California rack ^{on it} full of hay and just stick around a little bit and

have it full and then go up to Carl Lancaster's mother's and have a dance or go up to Roy Corey's folks and have a dance. And maybe they knew we was coming; maybe they didn't, it didn't make any difference.

AG: That was a little before my time. *I went to grange dances.*

GG: Well, you went up there in a sled, didn't you, one time? No, we used to like to dance, but, gee, if you didn't dance there wasn't much else to do. There was a dance someplace. Every Saturday night.

AG: They had streaks of having- what did they call it? Oh, everybody- well, they'd have a program, and everybody was supposed to do something for the program, you know, we'd take turns at it, didn't have to do it every time. What did we call that?

GG: Literary.

SS: Where would this be at?

AG: Usually the schoolhouse.

GG: Oh, schoolhouse.

SS: And then have a dance after the program?

AG: No.

SS: Just Literary?

GG: Yeah.

AG: Usually during the week some time-

GG: The literary program would take up the whole evening.

SS: Did the people that came would put on the program, or just the kids would do it?

GG: No, they generally had ^a kind of a committee and they'd say, "Glen, you are going to argue with, or debate, with Homer Canfield on some subject, that the two of you want to argue about." And maybe there'd be two of us on each side ^{or} maybe three. And they always had some musicians around, they had some music and some of 'em could sing a little

and some of 'em quite a lot and they'd do quite a lot of singing and sometimes they'd put on a play.

SS: This was really for the grownups and not the kids, these literaries?

GG: Everybody. Kids, big and little and indifferent. Kids from ten to eighty!

AG: I never went to many of 'em. Over in East Cove they used to have 'em and I ^{had to} go with the kids around, girls, used to get me to go once in a while. My folks never took me.

GG: I'd been going to school over at Pullman, I'd been taking a course in English and about once a week we'd have to get up in front of the class and make a speech and it give me a little bit of lead, but they put me up against Homer Canfield one night and I knew that I had to prepare for it if I was going to do anything, so I did a whole week figuring and writing notes and come up against him. He was a State Representative to Congress and, heck, I snowed him under! He didn't make any preparation, you know, he just walked up there and started talkin'.

LS: What was the subject? Do you remember?

GG: Pardon?

LS: Do you remember what it was about?

GG: I don't remember, I don't know what we were talkin' about.

SS: Well, what's the story you told me about the horses that were sold and came back after you sold 'em? Do you remember that?

GG: Oh, Lloyd May? I had a horse that opened the gate and doors, so I sold him to Lloyd May, not ^{an account} of the opening of doors and gates but because I needed some money and I had an extra horse. So I sold him to Lloyd and he come over and got him and took him home and a couple of days later here was old Spike down here in the barnyard!

He come home, opened the gate and come in the barnyard. And I called Lloyd up and asked him if he wanted to buy a good black horse. "Oh," he says, "is that where he is?" "I missed him." (Chuckles) He says, "He opened the gate and got out, I had him shut up." I forgot to tell him that horse opened gates.

LS: That's pretty smart.

GG: Used to be a fellow over at Potlatch, pretty sharp trader, he was really sharp. And he came over to my place four or five times and tried to trade off a horse that he had and I thought he'd come again so I had a cow that sucked herself, she'd just lay down and suck herself dry, I put her ^{Next} to the door, she was a beautiful cow. And Paul come in and wanted me to trade, and no, I didn't want to get in on it, I really didn't have anything to trade, well, he wanted that one next to the door. "Oh," I said, "Gee, I don't want to let her go, ^Y don't think you'd like her." And he kept on, and I think he give me five dollars to boot, so that closed the deal. So, I met him in Palouse on the street there and here- "Goddam crook," he says, "why didn't you tell me that cow sucked herself?" I said, "You didn't ask me," And, I said, "Why didn't you tell me that horse you traded me was stifled and couldn't back up?" He said, "I didn't know that." And I said, "Paul there's only one way to settle this thing, let's sit down on the curb and have a good cry, both of us!"

END SIDE B

END OF TRANSCRIPT

Transcribed by Frances Rawlins, November 7, 1978