

FRANK ROWAN  
and  
LOTTIE JOHNSON ROWAN

First Interview

Interviewed by:  
Sam Schrager

Oral History Project  
Latah County Museum Society

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# I. Index

FRANK ROWAN  
LOTTIE JOHNSON ROWAN

Frank Rowan: Troy; b. 1885  
road foreman, brickyard worker

Lottie Johnson Rowan: Troy, Grangeville; b. 1898

1.7 hours

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## Side A

01	1	Mrs. McKeon threatened Gabriel Anderson with a butcher knife when he climbed the telephone pole to cut off their line; Anna Marie Oslund wrote in the newspaper that it was Mr. Rowan's father (not her father) who was stuck up the pole. If a party didn't pay his bill on the line and nobody else paid for him, the whole line would be cut off.
06	4	Near Avon, a schoolteacher brought a wife back home after she had quarrelled with her husband, and as she stood up to get out of the wagon, the husband shot her dead.
09	5	The snow plow slipped into the pond at Ken Wilkin's place, and one of the men on it died before he could be saved.
10	6	The Rowans were accused of turning in a moonshiner, because Mrs. Rowan unknowingly directed the county police to their place. Jordan makes an arrest. While the officers went to find John Calene in the woods, his wife hid the moonshine under clothes in their washing machine. Training a boy to sit on a chamberpot with moonshine hidden inside. Sam McKeon tells how he's too old to get caught. Moonshiners were usually turned in by neighbors; a brother-in-law was responsible for one getting arrested because he talked too much. Booze handled in Carl Olson's garage.
24	12	Pat Malone was good in Bovill's tough town. A lawsuit filed against him by the madame, for a joke.
30	15	Working in the woods, from 1906 to 1918.

## Side B

00	16	A man tried to homestead on Potlatch right-of-way. McGary bilked father by locating him on a different homestead than the one he showed him. Mary Jane Lamphear wasn't afraid of men, homesteading on her own; she hated the Klan. A man's claim was jumped because he wouldn't cooperate to build roads and telephone into the country.
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Side B (continued)

- 12                    21            During the 1910 fire work was available everywhere; Frank came down from Canada to Elk River, which was just starting; then it rained and all the men were stuck in Spokane again. His partner resists firefighting. Meal tickets at Elk River, before the boarding house. Deary's son-in-law took some company money.
- 17                    24            T.P. Jones said of the railroad right-of-way, "If you don't cooperate with us, we'll make the grass grow in your streets." Jones was often hard on able-bodied men, but was very kind to injured or crippled men, giving them work whether they could do much or not. Flasher good naturedly disagrees with Jones' wrong ideas about dynamiting.
- 26                    28            High lead logging isn't practical now, because it was hard then. In a 1919 fire, his crew didn't do anything, but were ready. Big Gil comes back for a second shave two hours later. He was so quiet that you never knew he had a jagon unless he told you. According to Mrs. Rowan, Frank likes to talk.

Side C

- 00                    30            (continued) Frank is outtalked by Dragsted, a bigger talker. An abundance of jugs in a barn. Frank gets teased by his wife and daughter, who flap their hands as he and another man talk. Frank tosses a firecracker as he shoots his pistol, scaring his wife.
- 07                    34            Rumor of the Wild Man on Burnt Ridge. One day a man pounds on the porch and Mrs. Rowan looks and is sure it's the wild man. It turns out to be Joe Carlson.
- 12                    36            A woman slapped a man who swears at her grandchild at a dance. Frank's father and Mrs. McKeon fight over a tiny piece of land; he breaks her gun, and people say she'll shoot him around a corner with it.
- 17                    38            Sam McKeon remembered the Rowan's daughter crossing his place, saying she was safe at night because she was with her dog. The dog ate coyote poison and died.
- 20                    40            Mrs. Johnson (Butcher's wife) saves her poisoned chickens by swabbing their throats out with grease. She gives the Rowans her own shivaree. Butcher Johnson complains when he gets his money back after a farm union breaks up. He drove to town, and she walked in an hour later; on the way back she rode in the back seat. She cut the wood

Frank Rowan  
Lottie Johnson Rowan

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Side C (continued)

while he took it into town. Women often did this heavy work: while Hickman was working harvest, he said his wife cut forty cords of wood.

26                      42            Mrs. Hendricks was stationed by her husband to shoot a deer if it went by, but she was lighting a cigarette when it did.

27                      43            Searching for old man Kines, killed by a falling snag, in the snow. Haverburg found him, after borrowing the Rowan's skis.

Side D

00                      46            Mrs. Rowan dreamed that Frank was standing over her, laughing, as she ate.

01                      47            Elmer Johnson gets angry when he finds the horses weren't fed and hitched by five in the morning. Clarence Johnson works a horse to death on a sultry day. A withdrawn woman.

07                      50            Loftus dares his wife to shoot him, holding a lantern to his face, during a fight, and she does. Charlie Hickman, who saw the killing, told Frank what happened. By the time they got the authorities she'd calmed down and cleaned some of the shot out of his face.

11                      51            Mrs. Butcher Johnson asked Frank to take her to a dance, although her only white dress was her nightgown. No one liked the cheese she made.

(13 minutes)

with Sam Schrager  
January 14, 1975

## II. Transcript

FRANK ROWAN: If you didn't pay up, why they<sup>i</sup> cut you off the line. So her father, he was secretary there, he climbed the pole and cut her off and the old lady come out with a butcher knife.

SAM SCHRAGER: This is Mrs. McKeon?

F R: Yea. (chuckles) She ~~was~~ <sup>gettin in a little</sup> a woman that enjoyed ~~general~~ <sup>'y'know</sup> scrapin'.  
~~Just~~, it ~~was~~ just like old Gabriel Anderson or my dad.

LOTTIE JOHNSON ROWAN: Well, she wouldn't pick anything, but she wouldn't take anything either.

F R: <sup>now</sup> Well, Anna Marie writes this article about this ~~deal~~, and the darn fool, instead of putting her dad in that did do it, she says it was Mr. Rowan, my dad that done it. He called her on it.

L R: 'Cause they lived right across the road, and he and his dad were batching right across the road from them at that time.

SAM: Well <sup>but</sup> so what really happened was Gabriel Anderson went; . .

F R: Her father was the man.  
 What ~~happened~~,

SAM: he climbed up the pole to cut it off?

F R: Yea. And she come out with a butcher knife.

SAM: What'd she do? What'd she say?

F R: Oh, she just scared the devil out of ~~him~~, but she was harmless. . .

L R: Oh, well. Sam must have <sup>got after her</sup> or somebody. I don't think we ever heard how he got down, but she had him up the telephone pole.

F R: I suppose she just made him come down without cuttin the wire.

L R: Long enough to tell him all about it.

F R: Well, <sup>now</sup> you know that wasn't a lapse of memory or anything.

That was intentional, she just didn't want her father mixed up in it.

SAM: I think Glen told me that story and said you'd told it to him, Glen Gilder, you know, he told me that, I think the way he told it was that. ~~She~~ Gabriel Anderson wanted to come down and she said, "You stay up there for a while."

F R: (chuckles)

L R: Yea, yea that would be it, you betcha.

F R: Could be.

L R: You bet she'd keep him up there ~~for~~ a while

F R: Well that was a kind of a nasty trick. If she wanted to do that she could ask us about it first. She just goes and puts it in . . . SO if she's inclined to stretch things, make sure of her story.

L R: I called her up after that, and I said, "Anna Marie, what did you wanta put that in the paper about Frank's dad being held up, ~~in~~ Mrs. McKeon runnin' <sup>him</sup> up the telephone pole, hold' <sup>in</sup> him up there with a butcher knife? What did you want to put that in there?" She says, "Well, ~~why~~ <sup>by</sup> Lottie? Wasn't that right?" And I said, "Well why didn't you put it that it was your dad instead of Franks dad--that's who it was" "It was? Well I ~~tought~~ it was Frank's dad."

F R: She didn't think no such a thing.

SAM: How long ago. . . (Break)

F R: Went up to the woods, you know, they got paid pretty good money up there. We stayed ~~for~~ eighteen months, and this happened when we was gone.

L R: Yea, we wasn't there, at least I can't remember. No, your dad was still batching over there alone at the time. We was in Helmer. And she asked me, well she says, "What shall I do? Do you want me to write in and retract that?" And I said, "Oh no, you better let it go as it is, you've got it ~~and~~ out in the paper around now, and if people's goin to believe it, why that's it. It's hard to tell what mess you'd make out of it if you went at it again

now.

SAM: Well that's not the way that, I heard it the same way that you're telling it--that it was Gabriel Anderson.

L R: Yes, it was, uh huh.  
well

F R: Yea, everybody knows it was Gabriel Anderson, even her. But she just didn't want her father mixed into it.

L R: Well, there was a woman, a neighbor there, and the McKeons wouldn't pay their telephone dues, you know, and if somebody didn't do something about it comin' off why then the phone company would cut the whole line out. And in order not to have the line cut off, why there was, probably you know of the people named Hoar down there. He's changed his name now to 'Horton'; Ray Horton, it is now. It'd be his grandmother, she paid McKeon's phone bill for years in order to keep the phone from being cut off. And then Gabriel, he decided that he was going to do something about it, and he was going to go down there and cut her off.

F R: (chuckles) He wasn't going to attack her. (chuckles)

SAM: Well, now you mean if they'd have cut off the McKeon line, it would have been cut off down the road too then?

L R: Yea. They was going to cut the whole line off.

SAM: I see.

F R: Central would take the whole line. So you kept you own line clean. He didn't have that trouble.

SAM: Well now, did your dad work on the lines too?

F R: No, we were on another line. Yep, that was, let's see what the two. . .

L R: Well, let's see.  
oh it was,

F R: Bought a bunch, three or four miles of line that this fella had, and it was down. We bought it, and we strung in another line of our own--the other lines were loaded so we put in a line of our own there in 1919, no

no, 1917 we put it in.

SAM: Like it is now, you had to take care of your own line, I suppose.

F R: Yes, <sup>on</sup> yea.

SAM: You own the line.

F R: <sup>Yea,</sup> and somebody on the line, the secretary, or whatever his job was, he had to collect for everybody or else <sup>cut 'em off or else</sup> the whole line would be cut off. you see, Walt Olson paid Gord's fees on the line there a coupla years, he thought he'd get it, but they were wealthy, you know, and he was hard up, poor devil. He didn't get it either.

There's another deal I thought of telling you about--it's pretty hard for me to trace it too, but there was a man died here this summer lived over <sup>the pink</sup> by house. His grandfather was a schoolteacher there and was teaching in there back of Avon someplace. So there was a man and <sup>man</sup> woman who had a disagreement among themselves, you know, the woman left home. This old fella, a teacher, thought he'd take her over there and patch things up for them. And by God they got over there and she stood up to get out of the car and the guy just plugged her with a rifle right there. So then he <sup>out</sup> barricaded the house--he was going to make a stand of it, but they <sup>now</sup> talked him out of it. Now I don't know his name, but I suppose she'd <sup>oughta</sup> know, she was married to this man's grandson for 40 years, they musta talked about it.

SAM: Probably. So he took her over to the house and. . .

F R: He <sup>just</sup> took her back, was gonna get them rigged up

SAM: Did he kill her?

F R: Oh God, he killed her right there.

L R: It was her husband <sup>that</sup> killed her.

F R: She <sup>got</sup> up in the buggy and he just plugged her.

L R: See when the woman left home, she went over to this neighbor, and so he took her back over there and he thought he'd talk them into gettin along,

you know. So when they get over there, <sup>why</sup> her husband come to the door, and when she got out he shot her.

SAM: Was there ever any say what the scrap was about? Just a domestic squabble?

L R: Yea.

F R: Well, I don't know. All I knew about it was what I read in the paper, you see. And I wasn't very well acquainted. . .

L R: It might have been just a husband and wife quarelling, fighting, because nobody else seemed in it, only this neighbor thought he was going to do something, you know, help them out, and get them back together, talk to both of them, you know. So instead of that he, in other words he took her over to her own funeral. (chuckles)

F R: Now this woman might possibly know all about the story or some old timer in the Avon country could tell you.

SAM: Yea, that could be.

F R: I don't know who to see there, now.

SAM: There's a few guys left <sup>that've</sup> been there for a long time, guys that I've been meaning to talk to too. Kenneth Wilkins has been there for quite a few years.

F R: Yes. Wilkins has lived there, and before that, well he was born in Troy and grew up in Helmer, and was married and moved down there into that country. He had quite an experfnce there. A few years ago the snowplow was goin down the road, just goin by his pond, why some obstruction in the road caught the blade, away she went up, the truck went in with two men in it.

SAM: In the pond?

F R: Yea, in the pond. So he yelled up to his wife to bring a rope and he went out there, and he got one of them out,--one of the men drowned, but he had that icy water and he got on of them out of that darned truck.

Now if you see Wilkins, there's somethin that would be worth. . .

SAM: I'm going to ask him.

F R: Just <sup>that</sup> you happened to mention that name.

SAM: Well, would Sam McKeon, he really was one of the only moonshiners that made alot and didn't get caught, eh?

F R: Practically the only one that I know of. There was a couple, but they didn't operated as big as he did. (chuckles)

L R: There was a good one on us, though. There was a coupla guys moonshinin down to Troy, and we didn't know anything about it. But when they caught them, we was the first ones accused of turnin them in. Now isn't that something.

F R: (Chuckles) Well, one thing <sup>i</sup> that. . .

L R: And we didn't even know it.

F R: No, one thing that egged them on a little was the police, See that car drove into our place and went down there and went chargin around?

L R: Yea.

SAM: Went down there doin what?

F R: They left their car at our place--this place wasn't on the road, you see. So they left their car at our place and didn't say a thing about what they was doin or anything, probably figured she ~~they~~ knew who they was. ~~she did.~~ Then she seed em pokin around, and she kinda figured that's ~~what~~ was going on. And we didn't know they was bootleggers.

L R: Well, I seen em go in the house and come out, and round the house, <sup>and</sup> out to the woodshed, and then they'd be in the house again and around so then I figured who they were. But when they come up there and asked me where this guy lived and how to get down to him, well I went out there and showed em how to go down, you know, and how to get into the house. I thought they was mining men down there, kind of a <sup>clay</sup> outfit like that, mining for that, you know,

and drilling around.

SAM: Is that why they suspected that you turned em in, because they were going through your place to get to their operation?

L R: Well no, I don't think so because I told the woman, I said, "After we found out about it, and we turned them in, well after <sup>they</sup> got down there and I watched what they did, they didn't state their business, but these three or four men who was goin around this mining business, you know, I'd never seen the men, I didn't know them, but I'd always heard of a man, Big Handy was his name." Handy, wasn't that his name?

F R: Who?

SAM: Big Handy. Was one of the guys <sup>named</sup> Big Handy, she's asking

F R: Well, it'd be Charlie Sommerfield and Jordan.

L R: Yea, but of those. . .

SAM: You're talkin about the bootleggers, right?

L R: Yea, and these men that come up to our house, and I showed em how to get down there, there was a big guy with them, and of course I didn't know the sheriff or anybody, but there was a real big man in there, and <sup>I</sup> thought well now that's Big Handy, and they'd been kind of mining and testing around, so I thought that's who it was.

SAM: Oh, I see, but it was the cops from here.

L R: Yea, but I didn't know it. And then after <sup>wards</sup> I was talkin to the woman about it, she was up and we was talkin about it, and she said how they was, they even, they had to get her out of the bed to get into a hole in the ceiling to get up into the attic to look. And they even went up into the attic and looked.. And I forget what was said about it, and I said, "Well I sent em down there; I told them how to get in there, but I didn't know who they were. I'd heard of Big Handy all the time with his mining men, and I just supposed that's who it was. If it hadn't a been, <sup>that's who</sup> if I thought it was

why I wouldn't ~~be~~ be doing the right thing to tell em I didn't know how to get em in to it, where they lived or anything, I'd be <sup>a</sup> <sup>en</sup> right out tellin em a lie. So afterwards, when they did take em up, then I guess probably that might be why they accused us.

F R: Yea, because they left the car at our place.

SAM: Who were the guys that the guys arrested, do you remember, who those guys were?

L R: One was John C u l e n e, wasn't it?

F R: Yea, John C u l e n e. The sheriif went up there and this Jordan posed as a or something. lumberjack, I suppose, And he went up there and got to talkin to John and got familiar with him and got a drink, then bought a jug of liquor, and he handed to John his star upside down. (chuckles)

L R: There were several guys, but this C u l e n e, we knew him well--he was one of them.

SAM: That sounds like Hap Moody--I've talked to him, you know, about his <sup>old</sup> time as a deputy sheriff. It sounds to me from what he said like he did that a lot. He'd go out and impersonate a lumberjack or somethin, Moody would.

L R: (chuckles) And there's another case, well it was John C u l e n e, wasn't it? He told the guys how to go back to the house, and he had to go out and get his ax or something so that he could take a short-cut and beat em to the house. They were moonshining, and they had it bottled and setting in the house, you know, to keep warm so it'd work, and a blanket or somethin thrown over it right there in their home. And they come there and want to see John. So she knew them, I guess, and anyway she knew that's what their business was--well, she had to know them. So she knew that's what they were up to. So she told em where to go out to her husband, out in the woods--he was out making wood or something. And she was washing clothes

that day, and they had babies, and she was washing baby clothes. So she told em how to go out there and find him. Soon as they started out she watched them, and boy did she get busy with those bottles there. What did you think she done with em? She put em down in the washer, under the clothes, and there stood her washer with clothes in it. So then when they went out there and talked to John, and they come back to the house, he says, "Well, I tell you, you fellas just go on back to the house, and I got to go out here and get an ax or a saw or something, and I'll go through a trail or something, and I'll meet you at the house!" So he knew a pretty short-cut to the house and of course he made it short, but when he got to the house his wife had it all taken care of. So when they come to the house and went searching around, they didn't find anything. But she did some quick work there--she figured they wouldn't go into that washer--they'd never think about bottles being in that washer, you know. When he got there he was sure pleased that there was no evidence.

F R: That wasn't as slick a job as that lumberman from Elk River told Jim back in Florida, they were <sup>salesmen</sup> for Potlatch Lumber Company, you know. They was talkin about times here, and somethin was said about Troy, Idaho, and Jim, my son-in-law, says hiswife comes from there. Another fella that knew this section of the country said, "No, there wasn't any Troy." But this guy was an Italian raised in Elk River, he says, "Oh, yes, <sup>I think</sup> there is, I know it!" Then he went to tell an experience they had. They had some moon; <sup>some way</sup> they got the word that the officials were out on the road, <sup>at Elk River</sup> lookin around, and they had a few bottles, they might have seen em comin, put these few bottles in a chamber pot and set a kid on it. (chuckles) Whether that happened or not, I don't know, but that's what this salesman told about it.

L R: Well, they had to have that kid trained to mind, and if they say, "Now sit here until I tell you to get up," that they could depend on that kid

to do it, but after a while that kid mighta got up and said, " Oh,

Mom or Dad, see what I did?" (chuckles) They're bottles in the chamber."

F R: Well then they could just slip the kid off and the lid on.

SAM: Yea; Carl Olson told me one story about a guy who was--I can't remember who--but they were comin up, and he just had a bunch of moon sittin on his front porch, and he just had a big crate, a big box, and he just put it right over the top <sup>of it</sup> and sat on it. They looked all around; he was sittin on it all the time.

L R: Oh for heaven's sake--that was luck.

SAM: Well, how could Sam McKeon run a big operation and not have the police discover it?

F R: He was just simply too darn smart for the rest of them.

L R: Well he surely couldn't do it alone, but he musta had guys he could depend on, that wouldn't let it out.

F R: Well he played pretty much a lone game.

L R: Well, of course he had boys that would help him.

SAM: Did he hide it pretty far away from his house, or do you know. . .

F R: He must, he must have made it quite a way. . .

L R: Now I'll tell you the way he like booze, and he says he must of, I don't know, he doesn't know where it was or he'd a been there. (chuckles)

F R: One time <sup>I went up with Alec Oslund</sup> went up there, I had the colt and got that jug. He lived in that house, that place he had rented.

Then another time Charlie Ayers, you know, had a contract on that road east from Troy, and I met him one day, and he <sup>wanted to know</sup> wondered where he could get a jug, so he jumped in a rig and went up there with Charlie, that's all I know about it. Well, I heard him talkin about it one time and " Rowan, he said, by God (he was an old North Carolina guy, good natured and jolly) I ain't saying that I'm bootleggin and I'm not saying that I'm not, but by God, I'm sayin this much--I'm too old to get caught." (chuckles)

And he was.

L R: Oh boy, I don't see how he could take a chance on that and even say it because, goodness, you're goin in and out there, you know, you don't know <sup>around</sup> who's back of that tree or that bush or anything, and they might get a lead on ya.

SAM: It was really pretty bad as far as them trying to arrest these guys, then?

F R: Oh yea. They were getting so many reports, you know, if it was left to the officers finding it themselves, they'd never get any. But it was the neighbors reporting in, that's the way it goes.

SAM: Well, I thought it was stool pigeons. I thought they hired people to. . .

F R: But then the neighbors is the ones that done it, you know. Stool pigeons wouldn't get--how would he--how would you go about finding anything about bootleggers here?

SAM: No, pretty much I guess it'd have to be people who lived there, pretty much.

F R: Yea.

SAM: But were there many people who <sup>really</sup> didn't like it? And was there many neighbors who would do it?

F R: A whole lot of people. He wasn't a popular man in the neighborhood--he was friendly and good natured, but if he got a little money ahead of somebody he stayed there, you know. But <sup>then</sup> there's any amount of people that, I don't care who it is that goes to bootleggin, you know, it'll be alot that thinks it's fun to talk about it and to turn it in. I know one guy that turned in his two brothers-in-law. Oh he didn't turn em in, but he made so much noise about it, it was no trouble of them gettin em. No, if a fella goes in that business, he wants to keep it pretty much to himself. But Sam was smooth. He done it. Ben was picked up and Rob was picked up.

And by the way, Carl Olson was picked up one time. Did he say anything about that? I don't know just how he done it or what it cost him, but they turned him loose.

SAM: Yea, the way he told it was he was just taking a guy home who happened to be a bootlegger or was bootleggin, and he really was innocent, I mean he was driving the guy home, is what he said, and he got picked up by Moody.

F R: But just between you and I, there was a hell of a lot of booze handled in that garage that Carl had in them days. (chuckles)

SAM: Yea, I've heard that too. I've heard it too.

F R: Another thing between ourselves is this man Bill Dahmen, you know him?

SAM: Dahmen?

F R: The real estate man.

SAM: Oh yea, right.

F R: He was a trucker in there in them days, and he brought some of it in too. Who'saled it.

SAM: Well, those days are so far gone now, and when they discovered it was a big mistake to have the prohibition, I don't think anybody cares anymore, but it's really interesting--it's funny--it's amusing stuff.

F R: Yea, that was a law that the people didn't care for so you couldn't enforce it.

SAM: What about old Pat Malone's attitude about this business?

F R: Well, he was the marshall for, lord I don't know, twenty-six, seven years in Bovill. But Pat was all right. Some of them would give Pat a bad name because he had to pick em up or somethin, but given half a chance, Pat was all right. And he'd take a drink too. But then he wasn't nosey or mean about it. In the bunch here--Jordan was the guy that was sneaky about it. More so than Charlie Summerfield was. And of course, they had to earn their money. There was that much about an officer. Yea, Malone wore a star in Duluth before he come here. Pat Malone, he was an old time, . .

SAM: Did he have a pretty tough reputation from Duluth?

F R: No, I never heard that un, I don't believe he did, as long as we knew him here he was on the square, so I don't think he was crooked there.

SAM: Well what I mean is, someplace I heard that he had been a pretty, he had been a big, <sup>he had been</sup> and a very strong man in his early days.

F R: Could have been--he was big enough--he could have been, yes. (He was pretty old by the time he was out here, I guess.)

SAM: He was pretty old by the time he was out here, I guess.

F R: Well, not too old. You understand he had a darn tough town in Bovill as busy as it was in them days--it wasn't like it is now. You take nowadays, they're most all married men up there, you see, and there isn't one man workin in Bovill now where there used to be five before. And there was lots of liquor come in there. You see, oh that town over there, Fernwood, was the last town to go dry in the country. Well, I guess Santa went down and then Fernwood, way up in the summer, and they hauled it in by the wagon-load--booze from that country there. And the sheriff or the policeman had something to do in a town like that. No, I'd never believe anything crooked about old. . .

SAM: Oh, all I've heard about Pat's been good. Everybody that's ever said anything about Pat has <sup>told</sup> me he was the man for that. . .

F R: It's just like a fella could tell a story and let it go at that, but they closed down a madame, Mrs. Mox, I believe was her name, at that square house just as you cross the track on the right. Maybe that burnt down on Lewis a few years ago. But anyway, it was closed down, and bunches<sup>a</sup> of them there in Bovill, you know, got together to have her sue old Pat for \$1700 <sup>d</sup>boy service, you know, Well, they never expected that to go any farther, just give old Pat a black eye.

SAM: 1700 bucks just for what?

F R: Just for body service.

SAM: Oh, I see.

F R: No, they just done that fer a joke on him.

SAM: Well now, was it you that was tellin me the story about the madame that they brought down to the station in Bovill? Did you tell me that?

F R: No.

SAM Gee, I've heard a story, I think it was that they brought the lady down to Bovill and she was sick--she had somethin wrong with her, and Pat saw her at the station, and she said, "Why Pat, many is the time you and me have been together." And he says, "Poor lady, she must be out of her head."

F R: No, I never heard that un. Course there could be lots, you know, I never was around Bovill.

SAM: Oh, I've heard so many stories that sometimes I get em confused. But now I've heard that with Pat you had to watch your bottle because if he got the bottle, he might finish it from what I've heard.

F R: Let's see, who's marshall there now? Some of the Halls, I suppose, huh?

SAM: I don't know.

F R: No, there used to be some pretty tough guys from Bovill back fifty, sixty years ago.

SAM: The other thing about Pat I've heard is that they used to like to make jokes about him--that he was funny.

F R: Yea, just like suing that lawsuit on him. That didn't cost much, you know, three or four men get together, it was practically no cost to it, you know.  
have

L R: They'd felt funny if he'd a jumped in and cleaned all of them.

F R: Anybody can sue anybody, y'know the conviction is another thing, but in entering a suit there's nothing to that.

Did you get any ground on that fella that died of gas in the Minneapolis Hotel?

SAM: No, I haven't. The only guy I talked to was Elmer Flodin, and I forgot to ask him about that.

F R: I think Carl would know about that.

SAM: What's the story about that now, the way you heard it? This guy was goin. . .

F R: Well, I read it in the local paper. [redacted] The money was found here, oh not too long before we came here to Moscow, maybe the last fifteen years or so ago. This fella went to the old country, and he told somebody here, he said, "Well, when I come back, I won't be broke--I'll have some money, too." And he goes and gets as far as Minneapolis and he stopped there, and instead of turning the gas out, he blew it out, you see, so he woke up dead the next morning. And then in tearing the cabin down there, it was some years back, they found a hundred dollars in gold shoved into the crack, and of course muddled over he had the money all right.

SAM: Well, did you first start to work in the woods there in 1918? Is that when you first went to the woods?

F R: No, that's about the time I quit the woods. I worked there, went up to '18 because we bought this place when there were no buildings on it or anything, and lived there and wages was big. We went up there [redacted] twenty-two months. No I work<sup>ed</sup> from 1906 and on up to that in the woods.

SAM: And who was it that you worked for? You work for. . .

F R: Potlatch.

SAM: Yea, but you were tellin me there was a guy that you were the assistant foreman for. Was that Flasher?

F R: Yea, Henry Flasher was one at Park and then Marion Malison<sup>n</sup> at Bovill before that, at Camp 10.

SAM: What was the first camp that you worked for?

F R: Camp 10.

(End of Side A)

F R: There was another deal there. Potlatch had run <sup>to</sup> a spur out, Spur 19

they called it, and they had different things on it, maybe snowplows in the summertime, you know, and stuff like that, maybe cars with railroad steel loaded on it, <sup>would be</sup> shoved off in there on the way. This old man Ross, he thought he was gonna get some money out of Potlatch, he went in there and homesteaded it. And he didn't make any money at it too. Potlatch knew what they was doin when they was doing that, even if it was government land. No, it wasn't Ross, it was that Swede that lived beside Lawrence's store in them days. What was his name?

L R: Compo Poe?

F R: No, that was a Frenchman, that was on the other side. Back--sort of in the draw.

L R: Liner?

F R: No, Liner was way out, this was right beside them.

L R: Right beside what now?

SAM: Right beside Lawrence's store.

F R: The woman brought that cheese up there and give em the sample round, and the more she heard, that homemade cheese she made, the more she chewed the bigger it got (chuckles) What was their names?

L R: I don't remember.

F R: He come down and worked at Troy a while afterwards.

L R: I can't picture anybody beside Lawrence's store.

SAM: Well, anyway, what did Potlatch do? Did they just go to court?

F R: I don't know how they made it, but I don't believe he even finished homesteading it. They let him out up there at a camp, and he come down and worked a while, and then he went back. They let him go ahead and go to work. They didn't pay him and things like that, you know.

SAM: Well, when you first went out there, I mean 1906, now that was about the time that ~~alot~~ of people were taking out homesteads over towards the Clearwater and Marble Creek and back in there.

F R: I was one of them. (chuckles)

SAM: Did you? Oh, tell me about that.

F R: Well, this, what was Florence Desmore's name?

L R: Before she <sup>was</sup> married?

F R: Yea.

L R: Oh, McGary or somethin like that.

F R: McGary, yep. This McGary, he bought alot of timber from Potlatch ~~around~~ the country before they come in here. And I think as that deal played out that I think he bought a bunch of land over in the Weippe country for them too. ~~That deal played out, he went to locating.~~ So my dad and another fella down there, they thought, by God, there was a pretty good thing in there--they'd better go in a take a look at it, take it over. There was \$125 location fees. So they went in, and he located em. He showed em some swell timber, but the description he gave them, you know, was some other stuff. So they went and they filed; they paid him \$25 down, each one of them on the land, and then they said for me to hurry up and come out in 1906. Well then he went in with another fella who wanted to homestead. <sup>and he</sup> And they got a-ridin' along goin in and this McGary says to Dad, "Well, he won't need to go in there. We can go in <sup>there</sup> <sup>nd</sup> a pick it out." That made my old man kinda suspicious. ~~He said,~~ "Oh, hell, he's gotta go in there and see it." So then they went out. This other fella didn't file--didn't give em no money, but they got investigating. This one fella, Sam, that went in with Dad in the first place, said he didn't have anything on his <sup>damn</sup> 160, but <sup>he says,</sup> "Your dad has about forty acres of good timber on it." So they

let it go--they relinquished their homesteads, but they found that out before I got out, so I didn't go in there homesteadin. That was kinda southeast from Helmer, there, or in towards Elk River, to the right of the Elk River road in there. I'm not sure if it's on the McGary Meadows or not, it was adjacent to it.

SAM: So your father, he gave up his homestead.

F R: Oh, yea, he had about 40 acres of timber, this other fella said, and then said he oughta go ahead with it, but this country was too big then, you know, too much of it.

SAM: Had he done anything to improve it by then or did he just give it up?

F R: There was no chance, you couldn't have done anything.

SAM: So McGary was just pullin one on him.

F R: Yea. He'd showed ya, you know, a nice piece of timber and give ya the description of something else, yea. There was quite alot of that done. It was new, y' know, a new game.

SAM: One thing I've heard was that alot of women homesteaded out in the country out there.

F R: Oh, I knew of two in Orofino--I never heard of any others up in there.

But Mrs., Uncle Josh. . .

L R: Lamphear?

F R: Yea, his sister homesteaded at Orofino. . .

L R: Blanche?

SAM: Mary, wasn't it Mary Jean?

F R: Lampere.

SAM: Mary somethin Lamphear, yea.

L R: Oh, it wasn't Blanche.

F R: She never married--his sister--did she?

L R: No.

F R: Yea, she lived in a cabin, but Christ, you know, it was

just the same as no place. We went in, Frank Weeks and me went in to look at a place over across the river, and we went into this fellow's cabin, well it was a long way off, a coupla miles, there was a fella named Tucker had a cabin. He saved us from starvin<sup>to</sup> death comin in that next night out of the river, but then this old girl, she had her homestead, and there was another woman about a mile from there--that was the only one I ever heard of. And this place where we stopped overnight going in there and comin out too. This woman, I was askin her, "Why, ain't you afraid to live down there alone?" "What would I be afraid of?" she said. I said, "A man?" "I ain't afraid of no God damn man." (chuckles) The last time I seen her was in Troy. The Klan was set off across on the hill there, across the track in Troy. And she was pretty worked up about it.

"They ought to be drawn and gibbeted," she says.

SAM: Who? What?

F R: Mrs. Lamphear, here.

SAM: For what?

F R: The Klan had been settin up this cross.

SAM: Oh, she said that.

F R: Yea. Oh she was walkin up and down the street there pretty well worked up.

SAM: Well now, what's this about you almost starvin' to death? You just kiddin' me or were you really low on food or. . .

F R: Well, we went down on to the river and crossed over, and climbed up our and over to that place, and when we got back to his place we were pretty darn hungry. All in a day, of course.

SAM: What were you doin in there?

F R: We was goin in and lookin at a claim--there was a friend of ours in there--he took up the homestead. I didn't know of the story then like I knew it afterwards, but he was a marshall here in Troy, and he took up homesteadin'

And they jumped em--alot of people jumped him and took the land away from him Well, hell when I got to hear the story of it, they wanted to put in a phone line, they wanted co-operation out of them, and they wanted to work a road in there, and they wanted some co-operation out of them which they was <sup>sure as hell</sup> entitled to expect, but they didn't get it, so naturally the household goods was taken out of his shack and <sup>found it</sup> cached behind a log, and bedding and stuff. The shack burned, y' see they just simply wasn't <sup>in</sup> a part of the community at all--he wouldn't help em out. That made them sore.

SAM: 'Cause this fella wouldn't go along with puttin in a phone line and that sort of stuff?

F R: And roads, yea.

SAM: Oh, I see.

F R: Naturally a person would resent that--it was a big job, you know.

SAM: Did these other guys have homesteads around there, these claim jumpers?

F R: Oh yea, they brought in fellas, y'know that jumped the claims. It's understandable. I went in there and filed a contest on it.

We had it out in the land office in Lewiston, and I learned alot more about it afterwards. Cost me a little money, but I didn't get to form it.

SAM: Now I'm not sure I got it straight. They jumped the claim because this guy wasn't helpin build up the country.

F R: That was what, there was an animosity between them, see, and that was just about the way you could figure it out.

SAM: Whereabouts was this at?

F R: Oh, it was up in the north fork of the Clearwater.

SAM: Well, I've heard there was lots of claim jumpin'.

F R: Oh, yea, it was big business, y' know, claim jumpin, but that's the only one that I ever got interested in--that was enough fer me. I think it was like that in Minnesota too.

SAM: Carl Olson told me, he thinks that there's one place out of Clarkia that, you know, he thinks they killed a claim jumper--buried him right on the trail, the people did that had claims there. He was jumpin' the claims for the logging company, is the way that he's heard it.

F R: Well, some company might do that. You wouldn't a had a job like that for Potlatch.

SAM: But that's another thing that I've heard, that I've never known much about, is that a lot of these claims that people had, the idea was that after they proved up on it, then Potlatch or the other, I mean there's lots of lumber companies, they would buy it and then take the timber. Is that the way you've heard it too?

F R: Well, you take all that big white pine timber back, you know, individuals homesteaded and sold that to the companies, yes, but Lord, they wasn't stingy about it. . .

L R: What have you got that turned to?

F R: The man that had a drugstore in Troy sold out, Johnson. He got about 17,000 out of his so they wasn't exactly niggardly about it. No, I don't think there was anything like that went on.

SAM: Hey, do you remember anything about that big fire they had in 1910, up north?

F R: I was in British Columbia at the time, you bet. That was bad.

L R: Where was that?

F R: Oh, all through here, 1910 but principally in the big timber. Well, I got

one the train in Calgary, but from the time we got to Pincher, now Pincher would be in northeast a little ways of Libby, over the hill, of course, but from there clear in till we got into Mead, you could see forest fires that way all along. The train would stop anywhere and let off a bunch of men or take on a bunch of men. And it went into, that was the Elk River mill was burnt. I And another fella went into Spokane, and so we thought 'well, we'll go over to Elk River, a new mill goin on up there.' When we went out of Spokane, you couldn't find hardly an idle man in there, and jobs--you could have anything you wanted to do, you know, the billboards in them days was on Main Avenue, the big blackboards up, you know, jobs here and there, so much money and everything. And we went out to Elk River--we worked a half a day there. It set in rainin--I probably would have stayed longer, but he didn't have any blankets, and I had, and they had spring beds there and no mattresses or anything. And I didn't want to work the next morning, I quit. The rains started then, and by gosh, you know, Spokane, oh Lord, them streets below there, Main and Front, they was just black with men in there all the time. And you couldn't get a job no place. I went on out to Dover, y' see, I scaled there until they shut down that shift. Then I went back into British Columbia. But that was the fire.

SAM: That put the fire out then, that rain did, eh?

F R: Oh yea. That's what crowded the men into the town. And we got off the train at Elk River, there, she was a brand new raw town then y'know, and a guy comes up to us with a star on and he says, "Are you fire fighters?" And this fella with me says, "No, by God, we're booze fighters." (chuckles)

SAM: What was Elk River then? Was there anything there but tents?

F R: Oh yea. There were rough buildings all over--lots of em, building around that mill. The Potlatch didn't have their own boarding house up yet.

It's funny too because the mill was pretty well up, there was no machinery installed. But we got a ticket on a railroad boarding house or something. You'd check your ticket as you come in the door, they'd check to see if you had a ticket, then as you went out a guy punched your ticket. They got you both ways. So it was George Lowden was bookkeeper there then. He married Deary's son-in-law, I think it was. It was cold and wet, and we had this room, just a log cabin there, a lot of hot water in it and wash basins, y'know, and it had a shower or two in it. He come in there and said, "What's the matter? Aren't ya gonna go to work tomorrow?" I give him some grouchy answer y'know. I says, "You want these tickets?" "No," he says, "what the hell do I want with them?" All right, I gived the tickets to some other guy that hadn't a job yet. It'd be good for a meal, y' know, there was no name or anything on it. So over at the depot, he come over and says, "I'd like to have them tickets." I say, "I ain't got the tickets, why in the hell would I want to be packin em around?" Lowden, he was bookkeeper of the company and in-law I think of Deary's, and postmaster, and he come out short quite a few hundred dollars in his time in there, and they done shipped him out of there. Then he went to Boise, of course.

SAM: He came out short keepin his time, you mean he lost money?

F R: Yea, well he appropriated money that didn't belong to him.

SAM: This meal ticket stuff didn't last very long, I take it.

F R: Oh, I imagine they must have got a boarding house up pretty soon and handled their own/ They had put up a, I seen afterwards a great big one there, a two or three story boarding house. But why <sup>they</sup> didn't have it long before that I can't figure out.

SAM: What about old Deary? Did you ever know him?

F R: Never knew him at all, no.

SAM: Did they talk about him in the woods? I mean I've heard stories about him.

F R: Oh not, you knever heard anything that he wasn't all right..

SAM: Well, the big story I've heard about Deary is the story about him discouragin<sup>u</sup> puttin the mill here in Moscow and deciding to put it in Potlatch. Have you heard that story?

F R: Oh, yes. They had a survey ~~that ran through~~ Troy in there, in the early days there, instead of going the way it went. And old T. P. Jones, in Troy, he says, "Well, by God if you don't co-operated with us, we'll make the grass grow in your streets." Now there was a fellow, you'll hear quite a lot of talk to discredit him. But now you take an able-bodied man, if T. P. Jones didn't like the way he was doin things, he could sure as thunder bawl you out and give it to you. But let somebody get hurt, and by God, he took care of em.

SAM: What are the run ins, the deals between him and Flasher that you remember? You were tellin me that they. . .

F R: Well, they were raised together. He was a walker, y' see, what they call the superintendant . . .

SAM: Who? Jones was?

F R: Yea. And Flasher was a push, a camp foreman. And they were raised together in Wisconsin. "Yea, why don't you tell him to go to Hell?" But a man wouldn't make a Goddamn cent tellin him to go to hell!" I said, "No, but he'd feel a whole lot better. The old devil--he never ate bread. He'd sit down at the table, he'd take a piece of cake or somethin, but he'd never eat<sup>any</sup> bread.

SAM: Who was this now, Jones?

F R: Flasher.

SAM: Flasher, oh.

F R: Yea, Jones died. He was an invalid there at Troy. Some people was taken in. . . Who was it?

L R: Right back of Erickson's store, y'know, right on the corner, no not right on the corner, but, you mean the nursing home there?

F R: No, there was somebody in the country that he was staying with, though.

L R: Oh, I don't know about that.

F R: Up in around. . .

SAM: He had some relation in Troy, is what I've heard.

F R: Well, yea, he's got a brother there. That little. . .

L R: T. P. Jones?

F R: Yea, what's that little devil's name?

F R: He lives right, well you know where Jimmy Arnot's is?

SAM: Yea.

F R: And the big house on the corner Mrs. Roush lives in, well that little house back there, his brother lives there.

L R: Oh, you mean Shepard's father-in-law?

F R: Yea, what's his first name?

L R: He's related to T. P.?

F R: Brother of T. P. Jones.

L R: Oh for gosh sakes.

SAM: Well, what's his name? Wonder what his first name, what's his last name? Jones?

F R: Yea. Let's see. There was Bob Jones and Tom--T. P. and. . .

L R: I don't know what this Jones is.

F R: Well, I believe this is Bob's son.

L R: He was in the hospital up here--same operation as Frank.

F R: Yep.

L R: Last June, wasn't it?

F R: Yea.

L R: This Mr. Jones.

F R: Yea.

L R: What is his name? I don't know. . . Guy, Guy Jones.

F R: Yea, that's the guy, a little fella.

SAM: Would he be his brother or his nephew?

F R: Brother, no it'd be a nephew, that's right, Bob's son, yea. It was T. P. and Bob, and it seems to me there was another one of them older fellas.

Maybe it was just the two, but this guy is Bob's boy.

Well,

SAM: What was it about T. P., <sup>though</sup> ~~that~~ would get pushes goin? You know, would make em argue with him? Would he like to tell guys to do things that they didn't seem to want to do. Would that be it?

F R: Oh, well, you're talkin about the. . .

SAM: The time with Flasher, that you told Flasher to. . .

F R: Oh, that was over, just because it delayed him on the road. He was impatient, y'know, he had a pretty short fuse on him, and he was impatient about it. He ordered <sup>him</sup> not to blow "a God damn thing over thirty, forty feet away from the hole," he said. "This woods is full of these people's horses and cattles and them, and you're liable to do damage right away." Of course, he forgot that ~~before~~ he got back to Bovill, y'know. So a Swede said to him after her left, "And now, Flasher, what about this ~~shotin~~ now?" "Blow <sup>the hell</sup> ~~them~~ to hell," he said, "Blow ~~em~~ to hell." He was mad. (chuckles) Yeah, he'd give the Swede kind of a goin over, <sup>he said,</sup> "Now I'm not blamin you, I'm blamin your foreman."

SAM: Now the rule was that you were supposed to have everybody cleared away, out for more than thirty, forty feet?

F R: Yea. But of course, as Jones said, "There could be somebody back a little ways in the timber and that fella could get it. Then he come in, and I guess he thought things wasn't goin fast enough, he wanted water holes in in his school section--he was makin holes all over in <sup>it</sup> different

convenient places to get water for those horses and machines they had in there, so he'd go to work and he was talkin to him about it. And he said, "By God, and I want you to do it right away. Dig down and get four boxes of powder, set em down inside. Cover them up and set em off." Well, it was wastin three boxes of powder at least doin that, y'know. Of course, it was Potlatch money, and they had lots of it. Then Flasher told me to take the powder out, and I said, "You know the way to do it, you heard him say it." He said, "Yea." I said, "We could dig down five or six feet and do it with one box more than what we'd get with these four. 'Yea, but God damn it, that's what he wants, and we'll give it to him!'"

And we did. Well, it went 'puff' y'know, blew out and a hell of a lot of mud run back in. It made holes, all right, that caught water.

But that wasn't no way to do it. But it suited him all right. It was what he ordered--if you'd do it the way he told you, why it was all right.

SAM: Well, what did the guys have against T. P. Jones? Why is it that a lot of guys didn't like him? Was it because he was short fused? Would that be it?

F R: Well, I don't know, I couldn't. . .

SAM: Maybe just 'cause he was the boss.

F R: Yea, I think it was more that he was boss than anything, and wanting

favours that they didn't get, you know. But I've seen lots of cripples

around there that he'd send em out to a camp and put them out there, go to work, get a check and the push in camp would send em into town, he'd send em out to another camp. One fella,

one time, he met him, he got injured, he met him in Bovill, and he said,

"What's the matter? I don't see you down around Camp 8 anymore." "No," he says,

"I don't feel good." "Well, Goddamn it, you're able to pack a dinner

bucket, ain't ya? Get your bucket and get out there."

SAM: So he was good to guys that were in bad shape.

F R: You're damn right he was, yea, he couldn't a been better. So I don't

condemn the man all around on that. A man that'll do that, y' know  
 What he does to a well man is one thing, but what you do to an invalid,  
 that's somethin else again. No, he was good. He could fly off a little  
 easy, but not too bad. We put that high line in at, we got a forest  
 ranger over here, now y' know, that wants things done different--he wants  
 to put in a high line. Well, now on these little shirttails full of timber  
 that we've got here and there that they logged, and you consider the price  
 of them, they put that high line in from, oh I wouldn't know where  
 to say it was put in from, up around on that meadow where they clay company's  
 got the lake now, up in there someplace. . .

SAM: Yea.

F R: They run it back in over the hills and through good timber. I worked on  
 that and so did T. P.--he worked like hell too. Y' see some places you'd  
 have to dig into a hill over a high spot to let the logs go through and  
 more places they were ninety feet above the ground. Well, now when it was  
 too expensive a deal for Potlatch in good timber, what's a gyppo  
 goin to do with these little patches of timber, that kind of stuff. It  
 isn't practical, leave it there, burnt it down, you couldn't afford to buy  
 the lumber out of that for what the price would bring.

SAM: Were you workin out there when that big fire came off of Beale's Butte  
 and almost burnt down Bovill? Were you around then?

F R: Well, that would be the fire of '10--it must be.

SAM: No, there was one--it was '14, as I remember it. There was a, Beale's  
 Butte fire, they call it.

F R: Yea, I remember that son-of-a-gun, too, yea. They got scared in that too.

SAM: Were you out workin in the woods then?

F R: I was workin then. I don't remember much about it, must not a done much  
 about it. It was other men than us fellas at the camp, I was in Joe Pippin's

camp then. It was a rag camp--it was tents. There was a donkey guy got sore  
 and threw him into a tent there.  
 at the scaler I guess Must have been Big Gil's camp.

I wasn't in there too long, but I was in there for that fire, all right.  
 But that was nothing compared to the fire of '10, y'know. Y' see in  
 1919 they called us all out and took us up to Bovill on a fire there.  
 Hell, they cleaned all the camps around Helmer--three or four big camps  
 there. We got out there and we had to wait to get down to the main line  
 in Bovill a couple hours. And then we got out--we hiked around for about  
 over an hour or so, <sup>and then</sup> had to wait a devil of a while to get on the main  
 line again. And then we got in there and after a while when they got us  
 back home they gave us, I don't know, time or time and a half for all that  
 stuff, but we didn't do an hour's work. The big job was walkin from the  
 camp out to Helmer. But it was all right in case <sup>we</sup> was needed.

SAM: What do you remember Big Gil being like?

F R: Oh, he was a big, quiet, decent Frenchman. Yea. I was tellin you about how  
 he was come back <sup>for</sup> the second shave.

SAM: Oh, tell me that one again.

F R: Well, let's see, Verdun was his name, wasn't it, that had that restaurant and  
 pool hall, some rooms upstairs. Wasn't their names Verduns?

~~And~~ And he had a woman who was pretty handy. She could cook, she could  
 tend the front end, she had an old barber chair in there. So Gil come  
 in there and he got a shave. And in a couple of hours after, he come back in  
 there to get another shave. So she thought maybe his memory was a little  
 short. Of course now, this could be a darn lie on Gil, I don't know, I  
 didn't see it, y' know. And she said, "Now Mr. Gil, I shaved you a  
 couple of hours ago." "Yea," he says, "but I like the feel of your little  
 hand on my face." (chuckles) That'd be a big conversation for Gil, y'know.

L R: I bet that was just a story made up on him.

F R: It could be, yea. <sup>as I say</sup> But I wasn't there <sup>and heard it.</sup> I knew Gil, I knew her.

No, Gil could take a drink of liquor and keep his mouth shut; take another one and keep his mouth shut--he never got noisy or anything. You couldn't hardly tell he had a jag on unless he told you.

L R: Why won't it work that way on you?

F R: (chuckles)

SAM: Well, different folks is different.

F R: I'm not a Frenchman. (chuckles)

L R: His is so used to goin that way all the time (Flaps had open and shut) he can't do anything else.

SAM: Well, I don't know, but I sure like him.

L R: Him?

SAM: Yea, and I sure like <sup>to hear his</sup> stories too.

L R: You don't know. . .

SAM: Well, sure I don't know him like you.

L R: Well, y'know, he wants to do all the talking. When our kids were just kids at home, y'know, anybody come over, Frank, he was gonna do all the talking. Somebody's gonna say something, when Frank gets started. So the kids and I got it on him, y' see, we have two girls, and the oldest one, I think it was her. And <sup>out</sup> on Burnt Ridge there was a guy named Iser Dragstead, boy he was a talker. And he called up one time, and I don't know whether this was <sup>(End of Side B)</sup> . . . We lived out there where these Blooms live, y' know, and so we got Frank in there and Dragstead was an awful big talker and Frank couldn't get a word in. And pretty soon <sup>when</sup> why, Frank said, "Well, yea, good bye." And he turned around, why whichever

girl it was, I don't know which it was says, "Daddy, why didn't you do some of the talkin?" (Frank chuckles) He can't talk without swearin, he says, or "He wouldn't let me." (chuckles) She says, "That's what Mom and I know." and he couldn't We sat back of Frank there, and Frank was tryin to say somethin, and she'd just go that way. (She makes her hands flap open and closed, like mouths talking) And then when Iver got through talkin Frank didn't get to say nearly anything. And he turned around and she said, "Daddy, why didn't you do some of the talkin?" He said, "Well the damn fool wouldn't let me." (chuckles)

F R: I'll give you a story on Dragstead, though not for publication. Well, I was road supervisor down there, no, this was before I was the road supervisor, I was a grader man in there. And we had a service wagon and Dragstead, he was out with us. He was a road boss, At that time they had nine districts; they consolidated a year or two afterwards into one district and turned it over to me. So he was pretty much with the grader when it was out on the ridge there. And we went down into this Camp's Canyon, and our rig was parked up on top there, so we left the thing in the canyon and came out, and got in our rig. So he said he'd get out down at the corner below the cemetery and walk home, well he was way down--let's see, who lives there now in that <sup>Aller</sup> place?

L R: I don't know if there's anybody there.

F R: Anyways, you go straight down Burnt Ridge and you made that turn by the house, right at the corner--that's where he lived. So we said we'd take him home. "Well," he says, "much obliged, I'm tired all right enough." But he went down there, <sup>he said,</sup> "Let's go into the barn and have a drink." Now he never <sup>but</sup> bootlegged himself, you know <sup>re</sup> they had to be customers or they wouldn't have been bootleggers. (chuckles) They were in the barn there doing something. He was lookin in a manger there for a jug.

and this Paul Carlson, what was his first name--his father-in-law?

L R: Joe?

F R: He was lookin around. . .

L R: Joe Carlson?

F R: No, Martin, old Martin Carlson, y'know.

L R: Oh, his father-in-law, yea.

F R: He said, "What are you lookin fer?" "I'm lookin for that goddamn jug, Pa."

And he was scratchin around, and he said, "Well, I think I can get one,

and he went off to another manger. "Never mind the jug, Pa, I got one."

That's the way that barn was fixed up. (Laughs) And we had a few snorts

there goin home with us, Joe Matson was the brother-in-law of Axel

Bowman<sup>2</sup> was driving. He says, "This reminds me of that advertisement:

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

L R: Another thing about Frank doin all the talkin, his mouth'd go like that y'know, and the hands

and arms goin, talking. And some fella come over to our house there out

ridge, I don't remember who it was. He was standin out there in front of

the little garage talkin and one would talk some and his mouth would just go like

that (Flaps her hands open and shut) and the other was goin like that. So. . .

F R: She was jealous because she wasn't there to do most the. . .

L R: And this was our youngest daughter now that lives in Spokane, just a girl goin to grade school. So we'd look out there and watch that and their mouths just goin like that, y' know. (Flaps her hands open and shut) And we got so tickled at it for some reason Frank looked toward the house, and we was leaning over anyway, a little davenport--loveseat, we called it--across the window facing the front of the house, and we was either kneeling on it or leaning over it there. And when Frank looked up at the house we had our hands goin like that, y'know. (Flaps her hands open and shut) And he knew

what that meant. And he couldn't hardly talk for lookin back to the house. And when he'd start to look, we'd get our hands going. So after a while the guy left, and Frank come back in, and we got our hands to goin and he said, "Oh, you goddamn fools!"(laughs) He wasn't mad about it--it sure got his goat that we had our hands goin. . .

SAM: Well, I'll tell ya, as far as I'm concerned, y'know, they're a lot of guys that don't remember much about the old times, or they don't talk about 'em at all. Well, guys that remember and talk about 'em, to me, you just can't beat 'em. Y'know, really, I think it's wonderful because it means that, well, you've got a terrific memory about the old days, and you know how to tell a story.

L R: He remembers things way back like that, a lot of things that I've forgotten about and just seems like I never knew about 'em, but. . .

F R: Right now. . .

L R: Right now I tell home something yesterday or the day before, and he <sup>will</sup> just declare that I didn't tell him, he didn't know anything about it.

SAM: Well, it's not so interesting, what's goin on these days--it was better what was goin on back then I think.

E R: Well now, she's gonna tell a joke on me, first. It was at my expense.

L R: Look out now, look out now.

F R: I'm gonna tell one on her.

L R: There's too many on you.

F R: I was sittin <sup>down</sup> readin the paper one evening in the living room there.

She come in and they'd set off a firecracker. So they were gonna scare me with it, y' know ; they jumped instead of me jumpin. So, I said, "You got any more firecrackers?" Yea, yea they had another one. So just to the left of the ~~door~~ I had a 45 Colt six-shooter hangin up there, of course

I never had one around, but never had it empty. I just picked it up and carried it behind me, <sup>lit the firecracker,</sup> threw it out and fired the <sup>six-shooter</sup>.

L R: Anything he had an excuse to shoot a gun. He was crazy to shoot that gun y'know. And he didn't like it when I wouldn't allow it hangin' <sup>our</sup> in the front room. I let him hang it up in the, I think I put the <sup>nail</sup> way up myself so that it'd keep warm and dry, y'know and everything, in the kitchen. And he didn't like it because it didn't hang in the front room. And the oldest daughter is like this--she likes guns out in the front room. She likes a rack of guns out. And I wouldn't allow that--I just would not have a gun out in the front.

SAM: Would you tell me the story again about the wild man of Burnt Ridge?

L R: (laughs)

F R: Joe Carlson, eh?

SAM: That's such a good story.

L R: Well, it actually happened. I was wondering here the other day--I don't know how that ever got started. The story was there was a wild man on Burnt Ridge and down in the canyon, y'know, and he was seen all over in there--the wild man on Burnt Ridge. But I didn't take much stock in that or anything, y'know, and he was over on Burnt Ridge and I was over here, and I wasn't afraid of him or anything--he'd probably stay over there. And I said to Ted Sundell and his wife, they was the ones who was tellin me about it, I said, "Oh, that's just a story." They was then living or had lived on Burnt Ridge awhile, Ted and Emma. And I said, "Oh, that's just somebody's story. These days there couldn't be a wild man livin like that, where would he live? He'd have to come out and have groceries or somebody who'd bring his groceries to him. How does he live?" Well, they didn't know but there sure was a wild man out there, she was so sure <sup>of it.</sup> And so, well

it went on like that. So long after I'd been hearing about the wild man on Burnt Ridge, one day the girl's was in school and Frank was off to work, and I was in the kitchen, and everything was quiet, and just me washing dishes or whatever I was doing. And all of a sudden an awful pounding out the front way, the front of the house. Well, I come out of the kitchen, and I couldn't imagine what ~~was~~ a regular pounding, y'know. It wasn't like anybody knocking, and what in the world was that? I was just a little bit afraid to go to the door, y'know, but still I had to go see. So I come out of the kitchen and out through the front room, and I got to the door there, screen door, walked right up to the screen like that one out there--we didn't have any hallway there, and I walked up there. Well, as I come to the door, I didn't see anyone, and I walked right up there and I didn't see anyone--as much as I could see without opening the door, I couldn't see anybody. So I thought, 'Well my goodness, what made that noise?' So I opened the screen and I was goin to look out and around a little. And when I looked out, there he stood over just about like that tree is out there from the house. We had <sup>quite a little</sup> porch built on another door there on that same side. And <sup>the old</sup> dickens, he hadn't come up and knocked at <sup>the</sup> door; he walked and he stood up there and pounded his, it wasn't a cane, it was a. . .

F R: <sup>Jacob's stuff</sup>  
Jacob's stuff.

L R: Big stick he had for a walking cane, y'know. And well, the wild man on Burnt Ridge, y'know, and he had big heavy eyebrows, and he had a big mustache, and he had. . .

F R: Eyes stuck out, probably <sup>with</sup> goiter.

L R: And he had big buggy eyes. And boy, (chuckles) I tell you I was scared when I seen him! Boy, there's the wild man <sup>off of</sup> on Burnt Ridge--What am I going to do? So I spoke to him to see if <sup>the</sup> wild man could talk. <sup>So</sup> he asked me if Frank was home, and I told him where he was, <sup>He'd come over to</sup> He'd come over to

~~go and~~ see somethin about road work, y'know. And then he told me who he was. He said he lived over on Burnt Ridge, he was Joe Carlson. Boy, I tell you I about fainted then when I found out who it was--he scared me so bad. (Laughs)

F R: Let's see, his place would be the Wallner place, down there today.

L R: But now i sn't it funny that he wouldn't have come up to one door--like up there at the garage would be one door, and here would be the other door because the house was built in an L-shape and it was long. Well, why din't he come up and knock with his hand or just tap with his car<sup>f</sup>, but instead of that he come up there at that porch and just really pounded it y'know. Welll

SAM: Do you think he knew that you were scared to death?

L R: I don't think so.

SAM: You didn't scream when you saw him.

L R: No, I didnt--I didn't want to get that wild man excited! (laughs) I was just in hopes that he'd say his business and what it was all about and--no, I don't think he knew he scared me.

F R: And I had another story there--it wouldn't be for publication. They had a, oh I don't know, I guess it was a dance, maybe they didn't, but they used to have quite a time about getting a chance to dance in the Spring Valley <sup>There was</sup> schoolhouse. A bunch of people there, <sup>that</sup> was <sup>that</sup> opposed to it all the time. But anyway, they had a party there, and there were a coupla Olson boys on the ridge there, and they were drunk, and there were a coupla other guys with them--the Olsons and Carl Cox, and who else was it? It doesn't make any difference. This Mrs. S. Sancer, she had one of her grandchildren in her arms, carrying it around--the kid was crying, y'know. This Olson walked by, he was pretty drunk, "Shut up you little son-of-a-bitch!" he said. The old lady hauled off and slapped him. (laughs)

L R: You couldn't expect anything else. She was an old woman, and she was just, as they say, 'good as gold', and she was religious. She didn't go to church or anything, but she had her own ideas about religion and goodness and everything. You couldn't find a person goin' to church that was any more sincere and good, y'know. And he called that kid that name, and Frank had talked to her about it afterwards, ~~and so she said~~, and she just laughed and she said, "Wasn't that awful that I'd do a thing like that?"

F R: Her husband bawled her out for disturbing things at the party.

L R: She put her hand over her mouth and ~~she~~ said, "Wasn't that awful what I done?" (laughs) "But he just made me so mad," she said, "I just did it before I knew what I was doing." (laughs)

F R: This Mrs. McKeon, she and my dad had a set-to about something. The place was all one farm at one time y'know, and Dad bought part of it but split off and left a corner about like that, across the road. That's along where Gabriel got into trouble, too. Well, I didn't know but they were chewing the rag about it after we got to wanting it. I asked her, I said, "Have you got your deed here, Mrs. McKeon?" She said, "Yes." I said, "Let me see it." Well, I read her deed--it called for selling a certain point around and to the county road. Well, y'see that meant that was her land over there. So the old man, he thought it was his, maybe. . .

L R: Now the old man--he's ~~dad~~ y' see.

F R: He liked a shootin' match anyhow.

L R: They fought over that little piece there for years. He claimed it and she claimed it.

SAM: Well how big was it?

F R: Well it was a matter of probably half, three-quarters of an acre there. And straight up the hill, besides. But I got her deed and seen where it was sold off of it y'know--that showed the amount it was. But I don't know

what it was, but she came out there with a shotgun. If Anna Marie had put that in the paper, we wouldn't have given a damn, we wouldn't have said anything. She come out with a shotgun, the old man grabbed the shotgun and he broke it in two, (laughter) and threw it down there. Well that went on fine. We heard about it as soon as we lived in Helmer, and we moved down the spring of '19, wasn't it?

L R: Yea, it must have been.

F R: So we <sup>left the outfit there,</sup> ~~went~~ at the house just above the neighbors, we stopped and put our horses in there, <sup>well</sup> we ~~were~~ goin to town, we stopped in to see her. She got up and was walkin over and I said, "Now, Mrs. McKeon, you and the old man got all the trouble you wanta--I don't want anything to do with it." It kinda got her goat that way! Then she laughed and she said, "Well, when he gets mad he'd a mean lookin old devil!" (laughs)

L R: <sup>People to</sup> ~~People to~~ <sup>terse</sup> ~~terse~~, his dad, <sup>said</sup> ~~said~~, "Well now you know you damned old fool what you done?" You went over there and you took the gun away from her and bent it over your knee, and now you go over there and you can't get away from her. She could shoot around the tree or bush or anything and get ya. (laughter)

SAM: He said that?

L R: No, other people that heard about it, they'd say, "Well, he bent the gun on her and now she could shoot around things and get ya!"

F R: Crooked barrel y'see.

SAM: Yea, right.

L R: Oh my, they had some times.

F R: The gun wasn't even loaded.

L R: Our oldest daughter, she wasn't in school then, she was about oh five or six, I imagine--well she might have been about seven at this time because she didn't got to school till she was about eight, and she'd go across the hill

from over where we lived on Burnt Ridge, y'know, where Blooms are. And she'd go kitty-cornered across the valley and the hill over to McKeon's <sup>then</sup> place y'know, and right across the road was where his dad lived. So she'd take her dog and go over there--she'd stay overnight with grandpa sometimes. So one night Mr. McKeon was out, <sup>he</sup> well it was just gettin almost dark. And he studied it out--he could see somebody and he didn't know for sure who it was, and he figured out, well now that's Florence and her dog, and she was going home. And he says, "Is that you, Florence?" And she says, "Yes." And he says, "What are you doin out this time of night, out after it's dark. You shouldn't be out like this after it's dark." "Oh, that's all right, I got my dog with me!" And I don't know whether it was that trip or not--now she stayed over there and the dog was coming home. But she had her dog with her all right. Well, I was wondering if she had the dog with her, ~~she isn't~~, well she wasn't afraid anyway, I don't think. <sup>So,</sup> "Aw," ~~she says~~, "He'd always tell that and laugh," he says, "By gosh, <sup>shy</sup> that's pretty good, she said, 'Oh I'm not afraid, I've got my dog with me!'" But one night she and the dog went over there, and I guess the dog thought she had gone home--she stayed overnight with grandpa. Anyway, the dog decided to go home, and on his way over, why Mr. McKeon had put some poison out there someplace along where the dog got it, for coyotes, and the dog got some of it and it got him. So he always felt bad about that. But he'd always laugh to tell that, <sup>why</sup> Well as long as she had her dog, nothing could happen to her.

SAM: Was that Mrs. Johnson that saved the chickens that had eaten the poison?

F R: Yea, Butcher Johnson's, yea.

SAM: Was that Butcher Johnson's wife?

F R: Yea.

SAM: What was the story about that?

L R: Well, I don't remember it myself.

SAM: <sup>t</sup>It was you that told me.

F R: We were batching there, and it was kinda dirty, y'know, and mice got in the cellar. So I had some grain treated for squirrels, y'know, and it was in the cellar too, so I just set the bucket down and took the lid off it so the mice would get in it. Well of course, she come along then, she was cleaning things up around there y'see, and she left the door open for it to air out and the chickens got in there. Then Mrs Johnson, she come down and <sup>come</sup> walkin in with a chicken or two, wanted to know what happened to her chickens. So then she got busy and swabbed 'em out, with grease was it <sup>n't</sup> in their throats?

L R: I don't know--I don't remember a thing about that.

F R: She saved quite a few of them--she did lose some though.

SAM: She swabbed out their throats?

F R: I think that'd be what she done, taken 'em and swabbed 'em.

L R: I don't remember, but she probably had me melt some lard or butter or something y'know, then pour it in their mouth and hold it so it run down their throat, y'know.

2 3 But I don't remember that at all.

that was  
F R: Yea, the first time she come down to see ya.

SAM: And she's the one that gave you a shivaree too?

L R: Yea, <sup>but you know</sup> we went up workin on the garden and all of a sudden, pound, pound, bang, bang, <sup>bang</sup> and I said to Frank, "What in the world is that? What's she doin?" Well he says, "She's shivareein us." (laughs) Afterwards she asked how we liked the shivaree she give us. And she says, "Well, I didn't get to go to the shivaree with the rest of 'em, but I just thought <sup>I'd get one of my own</sup> I'd get one of my on ya." She had an old boiler, cans and stuff out there, y'know, pound, <sup>ed</sup> the dickens out of 'em, she made quite a racket, all right. We was over on the hill and workin' in the garden.

SAM: He figured at the time that she was shivareein?

Yea. He said, "Oh, that's grandma shivaree in us." (laughs) I hadn't seen her yet--this was when we were first married. See we were married the second of April, and then along the last of May or somewhere along there we'd be plantin some of the early garden, y'know. But we had to go up on the hill, down in there where McKeon's live and where our house was, why it was too frosty to raise any garden down there. We had to go up on the hill, and that was just a little ways across from where grandma, where the Johnsons lived.

F R: The old man, he was in one of many farmer's unions they organized in Troy in the early days, y'know. Finally they broke up, paying out to each man so much. They handed <sup>him</sup> his share, y'know. "Well," he says, "Where is the principal? This here's the interest--where's the principal?" He says, "That's the whole thing." "Well, evidently there's no principle to the son of a bitch!" (laughs) They fixed that up, this new one that they formed now--Grain Growers, now.

L R: They were a funny couple. He'd go downtown in the car and oh, maybe a half hour or an hour or so, <sup>you'd see Grandma</sup> you'd see ~~Grandma~~ walk into town. And so after a while, I might see him, I didn't always see them come back, but she'd be with him, but she'd always be in the back seat. I don't know how many times that I'd see him go to town in the car and then I'd see grandma come down, and I'd see her goin around the hillside, the road up there. She'd walk to town.

F R: Well, y' see he'd go down early to his store and she'd have chores to do. <sup>the</sup> When she was tell <sup>the</sup> in about old days there, she said, "I cut cutwood and Johnson, he hauled in to Moscow, <sup>for</sup> two dollars a cord." She cut the wood there. That was when <sup>they</sup> was homesteading, y' see. She cut the cordwood at home, and Johnson, he got it to Moscow at two dollars a cord.

SAM: I guess she was expected to do allot of the heavy work?

F R: Oh, and did, yea.

L R: Oh there was women <sup>down</sup> there in my time that they made wood for the next load while their husband took the wood that they'd already made into town.

F R: Well, you take Mrs. . . .

L R: with the men, y'know. (chuckles)

F R: Mrs. Hickman, up here, and she was a small woman, but as Charlie said, "While we was out in harvest by <sup>god</sup> she cut forty cord of wood.

L R: Who was that-- a man and a boy or two, they had several kids, would take a load into town and her and some of the other kids, they'd go ahead and makin another load while they were gone. By the time they'd get back, <sup>why</sup> they'd either have or pretty near have another load ready to go. Who was that? Would that be Sleds, or who was that?

F R: Tom Hendricks, most likely.

L R: No, they lived more down on Randall Flat.  
do

F R: Yea, where those people live?

L R: I always thought they lived more down on Randall Flat.

F R: Well, Hendricks' did too.

L R: Oh Hendricks--up there where Tom died?

F R: No, god no, Tom lived for years down on the flat y'know.

L R: Well, that must be who it was then.

F R: Yea, that's about who it was. Tom lived for years. . .

L R: (laughs) There's a good story about Mrs. Hendricks, She was a hunter--she'd go out hunting with her husband and the men. So "Well," he said, "you stay up here in the open," and I guess kinda hidout, and he'd go down around and flush out the deer up on top. So he did, and what was she doin'? The deer come up and she didn't get it.

F R: She sat down on a stump and got her cigarettes out, and looked at the stump, and she was sittin' there, and zip the deer went by her.

L R: *The darned old fool,* she was sittin there, got her smoke ready to smoke. *Down there in all that brush they ran the deer out,* and the deer got away. (laughs)

F R: He ~~said~~, "What made me mad, she didn't even have the goddamn gun loaded. (laughs) Yea, she was a woman <sup>that</sup> ~~who~~ never smoked until she got to be forty years of age, and then she wanted her two packs a day. ~~She~~ went after it right.

SAM: Did you ever hear of old man <sup>Kimes</sup> Kimes, his name was, <sup>was a guy who</sup> he disappeared?

F R: Yea, oh yea.

L R: Well, they found him, though. Yea.

F R: He died on the trail goin home.

Yea, he's got a son here in town, dhasn't he?

L R: Yea, I think it must be his son, Jerry <sup>Kimes</sup> Kimes here in town.

F R: Yea, Jerry Kimes.

L R: It was his father. And his daughter, Glen Piersons, they lived <sup>out on</sup> the ridge at the time, and I don't know whether he had been out there to his daughter's or whether he just come into town.

F R: Been to town, had a gallon of coal oil with him.

L R: Come in to town for groceries and something, y'know, and then as he's goin back, why he got tired, and ~~he~~ what did he do? He built a fire, wasn't it?

F R: Yea, he was <sup>born</sup> tired.

L R: And he sit down to rest awhile and warm up that fire, and it burnt the tree off and it fell over. . .

F R: I was an old snag, a piece of it.

L R: It fell over on him--it killed him.

SAM: A snag off the tree. Or was it the whole tree?

F R: No, I don't suppose it was, it was <sup>a chunk</sup> off it. . .

SAM: Yea, probably a big branch or limb.

L R: I have an idea, what I always thought it was, I believe that they said so--it was a snag itself, a tree that didn't get very big and <sup>then</sup> it got snagged off, you know, and it was just a . . .

F R: He had this gallon of coal oil can along with him and started a fire there, and maybe went to sleep--anyway, he didn't wake up. Yea, he was lost for a helluva while.

EAR: They didn't find him for quite awhile.

SAM: Oh really? Did they search for him?

L R and F R: Oh yes. Yea.

L R: Somebody borrowed our snowshoes to<sup>e</sup>--it was awful deep snow then. They figured he was somewhere on the trail, had got overcome, y'know, had a heart attack or something, and they were out on snowshoes and skiis and everything lookin for him. So I don't know who it was now, somebody got snowshoes from us and was helpin look for him. And they found him all right.

SAM: I had heard that somebody'd had a dream about that time, to point to where to find him. I don't know if there's any truth to that.

F R: Let's see, the man that found him lives out there out of Troy today. <sup>He'd</sup>

~~be his son-in-law or grandson-in-law, hell, stepson, what was his name?~~

Haverburg .

L R: Haverburg?

F R: Haverburg up the Big Meadow is the man who found him. He come and got our skiis, y'know, and he was doin some more lookin. . .

L R: On skiis, huh?

F R: Yea, you could see Haverburg, it's about three miles out of Troy.

SAM: He lives out between Troy and Deary?

L R: No. . .

F R: On the back road.

L R: Big Meadow.

SAM: Oh, Big Meadow, oh O. K.

L R: Yea. F R: Uh huh.

F R: Tubby Haverburg.

SAM: What's his first name?

L R: You said Tubby. I don't know whether that's, let's see. . .

F R: He's the only Haverburg there, anyhow.

SAM: Was Thorwall his first name? I seem to remember the name Thorvall or Thorwall?

L R: Yea, I think that's his name, Thorwald, or something like that.

F R: Thorwall?

L R: Tubby would only be a nickname, y'know.

F R: Yea, it's easier to say.

L R: I think that's what it is.

F R: That could be--Thorwall. There was three of them.

L R: Well, what become of that one that married Susie Shepard?

F R: I guess he's still workin at it.

L R: There in town?

F R: Yea.

L R: Oh, well there's another Haverburg, but <sup>anyway</sup> this is the Haverburg . . .

L R: . . . out in the country.

F R: She lived in the second house on the corner straight back of Jimmy Arnott's there. And he lives there, but y'know. . .

L R: I don't know what his name is. What is his name?

F R: I can't say what his name is. It might have been him, by god, that found

him, not the guy on the farm.

SAM: I think I've heard that this Haverburg guy did find him. That it was him.

F R: Yea, he come up to me and wanted to get our skiis--we had a pair of these Canadian webs, y'know. And I asked him about it, and he said he wanted to hunt for the old fellow--we let him take it. But I'm not sure which one, whether it was Tubby or Thorvall that done it.

L R: Well, I don't know what their names are, which is which. There was one of them named Thor. . .

(End of Side C)

L R: <sup>He</sup> hadn't and I said, "Well, before you laugh too much at somebody else you better look at yourself." (laughs)

F R: Well, now you know well it was a dream <sup>for</sup> me, laughing at you eating, <sup>when</sup> we have to pay the grocery bill. There's nothing funny about that, the way you eat.

SAM: You really dreamt that he was lookin at you. . .

L R: Yea.

F R: She lost her appetite, and found a heart.

L R: I was sittin there at the table eating, and he'd got through eating and he was standing there, out from the table a little ways, just standin there lookin at me eating, laughin. "Oh," I said, "What's so funny?" "Oh," he said, "just the way you eat." So he kept laughin, and I said, "Say, did you ever, with all the lookin glasses around <sup>here</sup>, did you ever look at yourself when you eat? You'd better take a look!" (laughs)

F R: Does Clarence Johnson batch on the farm out there?

SAM: I don't know. Clarence Johnson, y' mean? Oh, he's still there, oh yea.

F R: He's there alone then.

SAM: Yea, he's there alone, but his son, y'know, he's not very far.

F R: Just half a mile away.

SAM: In fact, the other morn<sup>g</sup> when we came down the canyon there, the road was just full of snow and ice and junk until from Calvin Johnson's place down to Clarence's place, it was nice, level, plowed out. I'm sure he just plowed down and plowed out his father's driveway.

L R: Yea, there's a nice boy. He's just like his dad--there's not a lazy bone in him, y'know. Just all business and not lazy. That Calvin is an awful nice boy. He's just like his dad.

F R: I went over there one morning-- he was one of the highway commissioners, and I wanted to see him about some business on the road. And I got over there, oh, before five o'clock, I wanted to get over there and they just get home get breakfast, and get out, and I'd get to work at seven. And by god he wasn't up yet out there, and pretty soon his brother drove in, and he said, "I wonder what's goin on with these horses? They ain't fed nor harnessed!" (laughs) He'd come in, <sup>they</sup> and worked together all the time, y'see.

SAM: This was Clarence?

F R: Yea, Clarence and his brother Elmer.

L R: It was Elmer that come in and wanted to know what was going on.

F R: He wanted to know why the horses wasn't fed yet, five o'clock in the morning--before five.

L R: Clarence's wife, she told me one time, she was tellin me how ~~that~~ he killed a horse--workin the horse in the field, how he ~~to~~ killed ~~it~~. She was just awful disgusted and mad at him for it. She'd been trying to get him to take care of his stock and slow down, and she says, "Aw, him and Elmer both, they're just crazy workers. They don't know when enough's enough. Clarence is bad enough, but that Elmer, he is impossible!"

F R: And they're small men too.

L R: Clarence was working over in the field, ~~up~~ like you'd be up there at <sup>then</sup> the house where we lived, and I'd look out across over ~~on the~~ down toward the canyon. And oh, it was an awful hot and sultry day, <sup>And</sup> y'know there's a difference between a day of bein just real hot and a day that's hot and . . .

F R: Humid.

L R: And you just can't hardly breathe. And he always had a whip-~~the~~ was farming with horses at that time. ~~And~~ They were still with horses, anyway. And he was goin with the whip, and hollerin at em and whippin em. And so he was goin around the fields like that. I thought, 'My goodness, the way you're crowdin those horses, if you don't kill em it's going to be funny, a day like this.' So about a half an hour or so, I looked over there and I seen a big smoke over ~~in the~~, just out of the plowed field and over in the brush there--a big fire going, smoke coming out of there. And of course I didn't know what was happening, I didn't see the horse fall or didn't know what it was. Found out afterwards that he just <sup>crowded</sup> the horses and this horse just couldn't take it, and he just dropped dead. So I suppose he went to the house then, <sup>or maybe</sup> his brother, just come down for some reason, but they drug that horse over into the brush and burned it. <sup>over there</sup> And oh, was his wife mad at him. "Oh," she says, "I am so mad at Clarence ~~that~~ I don't know what I could do to him. That poor horse! He just crowded and <sup>crowded</sup> him and I just always fought him about the way he treated his animals--crowdin em in the hot weather. This ought to be a lesson to him, but oh, I don't suppose it will be." (laughs) But they didn't farm with horses very long after that, they got a tractor.

F R: Yea, Mrs. Ogden here could probably give you the name of the man and her victim that was shot at Avon years ago.

SAM: Ogden.

F R: That family quarrel.

SAM: Now where does she live?

F R: Right up the street here, about half a block, a pink house. And on that Loftus murder-- Charlie Hickman, <sup>and</sup> Loftus was married <sup>to</sup> ~~his~~ sisters. And his second wife lives up here on the corner.

L R: No, his first wife. . .

F R: Huh?

L R: No, Gertie is his second wife, isn't she?

F R: Yea. Mrs. Hickman, she lived in that house, but ~~he~~ lived there for ~~some~~ well, see Loftus owned it.

L R: Now I tell you, I don't think Mrs. Hickman would thank you for that from what I've heard about it. She seems to kind of stay back--she doesn't want to talk.

SAM: Well, I won't speak to her then--I don't have to.

L R: Well, I'll tell you why, what it is. A friend of ours said that one time, well she knows this woman and <sup>knew</sup> her mother and everything, and the mailman left at least one letter up at this woman's house--made a mistake and left it there. And she loooked at it and she said, "And I knew her name was on there, and there was a letter there from her mother. I knew that she would like to have that letter soon as she could get it, and should have it. So it's just a very short walk down." Why she took the letter down, and she went up to the door and ~~she~~ knocked and she said, "Gertie, the mailman left a letter from your mother at my place, so I brought it down to you. " She said, "She just reached out and took it and just opened the door a little bit," and never asked her to come in, or I don't know if she even said she thanked her for it, but she said, " She just acted like that she was afraid."

F R: I doubt if she'd know much.

SAM: What I was goin to do was just ask you for that story that you heard about the Loftus killing. What was it? And that was right by where Glen lives now, right in the old house.

F R: And I think the old house is still there, above it, back <sup>there</sup>. I think Glen's still got it. And if it is, we could come in the front door like there, <sup>then</sup> a door to another room there and this room, this door there was the one that was there when the old fellow was shot. And <sup>her husband</sup> her husband said, "There <sup>is</sup> a shot that old Bill didn't stop in the door." But they <sup>d</sup> turned it and had this shot portion down.

SAM: Well, how did you hear that it happened?

F R: Well, I get it from her husband--he was there--he was batching at his house. And her and old Jimmy, she called him, she had a shack to herself over there--they were separated. And he come home from town, he was drunk and he was at Charlie's, and they come over and they had some argument. She said, "I'll get my gun, you son-of-a-bitch, and I'll shoot you!" And she went out and got the goddamn gun. And she come back and hollered she was comin, ~~he~~ took the light and walked over to the door and said, "Shoot, you old son-of-a-bitch," and added a few more names to it. "Is this a good enough target for you?" and he held the light for her, And by god, she let him have it. So then they brought him in, I think Charlie said they spread him out on a door. And he went to town, had to walk in y'know, <sup>to</sup> to tell the authorities. And he said, "By god, when we come back she'd cooled down, she'd washed him all up, <sup>picked</sup> picked ~~he~~ shot out of his face."

L R: Yea, can you imagine that?

F R: Now I know that's <sup>straight</sup> straight good because he was right there. And he was a man that would either keep his mouth shut or he wouldn't tell you a lie, he'd keep his mouth shut.

SAM: Did this guy drink alot? Did they fight alot? Did they have a history of fighting?

F R: I don't know, I imagine they did, yea.

L R: Yea, it's almost sure that they did, y'know, when it turns out like that, it's almost sure that it isn't the first time.

SAM: Yea.

F R: A few years after that I was working up at Kamiah, we was building a mill at Caravell, and I had a house rented there. Another man here from Troy, <sup>this Peterson,</sup> he was raised here at Troy, Peterson, this kid come to town, and he was sort of a minister and an insurance man to boot. So he sent this kid up there and he says, "You look up Frank Rowan and he'll furnish a bed for you." He knew I had bed room up there. The kid come into the store that night, "You Frank Rowan?" "Yea." "You know me?" "No, I don't know. . ." "Old Bill Loftus is my dad, <sup>remember?</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>My ma</sup> ~~My ma~~ shot him here <sup>a</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>or so</sup> ago." (laughs)

L R: ~~Get out a here.~~ Say, turn that up to seventy and then keep your little fingers off of it. Thank you, that ought to do it. It gets <sup>us</sup> so hot in here, and the <sup>we have to</sup> ~~n~~ turn it down and it gets cold. It isn't working right, ~~or~~ I don't think it'd be like that--just haven't called the guy to do something about it.

F R: It cost \$550, but boy I'd give a couple hundred more if it was a Price like the old one we had. Price, isn't that the name of the old one we had?

L R: Little?

F R: Yea, J. C. Little, that was a dandy. J.C. Little furnace. . .

L R: The tank sprung a leak in it.

F R: They burned out and nobody ever took up the business again.

SAM: There was one more story about Mrs. Johnson that I remembered you tellin, I think it was about Mrs. Johnson--she was the one that you were going to take to the dance that time?

F R: Yea. She was goin home, I was workin on the field <sup>above</sup> up the road, she was goin home and talkin about something, I don't how the mention about the dance come up. "Well," she says, "won't you take me to the dance? Johnson won't." "Why sure, I'd be g<sup>l</sup>ad to take you." "Well, I suppose I should wear a white dress--the only one I got is my nightgown!" she says. (laughs) Yea, she was jolly.

L R: She made some kind of a chesse. And right off I said it was horrible. And I guess it wasn't bothered by the taste, the first time I was every up to her house, why she give me some cheese--she wanted me to taste that cheese. And so she could tell the way that I eat it, she watched me so close. ~~that~~, I wished she hadn't of, but oh, I tried to eat it and say nothing about it. ~~and~~ She began to laugh, she said, "Yea, you don't like it either. Nobody likes that cheese! It's a Scandinavian cheese--I didn't think you'd like it." I imagine it's your wife.

SAM: Could well be my wife. She's probably tellin me, boy we better get home before the roads freeze up on us, maybe is what she's sayin.

F R: Well, it isn't so mushy today, is it?

SAM: Bad.

L R: ~~Yes~~, it's for you.

(End of Side D)

Transcribed and typed by Kathy Blanton