

DICK BENGE  
and  
ELLA MAY ARDEN BENGE  
Second Interview

Interviewed by:  
Sam Schragar

Oral History Project  
Latah County Museum Society

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# I. Index

DICK BENGE  
 ELLA MAY ARDEN BENGE  
 (with Art Farley)

Dick: Hatter Creek, Princeton; b. 1894  
 lumberjack

Ella May: Hatter Creek, Princeton; b. 1901  
 homemaker, sawmill worker

1.9 hours

minute page

## Side A

- |    |   |  |
|----|---|--|
| 01 | 1 | Brush taking over the country since it was logged. Thinning helps the timber grow back. Once cleared, the land went into crop instead of grazing. Wherever yellow pine grows is good farm land. In winter there's hardly any snow on the ground anymore.   |
| 10 | 4 | Fertilizer is taking the life from the soil, just like too much medicine can kill a person. Continuous farming makes the ground hard and lifeless. When Dick farmed in Nebraska, manure and straw kept the ground loose. Because people selfishly try to make the most money today, they won't leave much land in good condition for future generations. |
| 20 | 7 | More about the change of winter weather. You used to get deer whenever you wanted one. Treating of wheat has killed off pheasants.   |
| 26 | 9 | Showers; getting hit with cold water in the logging camp; girls got showers in camp; a method for outdoor showers.   |
| 28 | 9 | Water witching. Using a forked willow or peach. Two witches trace a water vein better than the professionals. Dick's driller stops when he hits water, instead of going deeper.<br>(continued)   |

## Side B

- |    |    |   |
|----|----|---|
| 00 | 11 | Wells and water witching (continued). A well that was dug too deep lost the water. Dynamiting may bring water or lose it. The witcher follows the vein, holding the stick as tight as he can; when he gets on the water, the stick dips over for each foot that must be dug. Dick doesn't know where the ability to witch comes from, but suspects it could be electricity in the body. An artesian well. |
| 14 | 17 | Dances. Dick takes care of a guy who's making trouble at a dance, but gets slapped by his girl, whose father makes her go home. May and her sister get hauled home by their father for doing the shimmy. Stopping a fight at Onaway. Fights caused by whiskey. The boys got free passes because they keep the peace. May describes Dick putting on a bender at a party.                                   |

Dick Benge/Ella May Arden Benge

minute	page	
Side B		
24	22	Dick got mad when somebody mistook him for his cousin, Sam Crumley. Crumley once insulted his sister. Crumley and his brothers beat a neighbor with a board with a nail in it. Dick threatened to get them with a gun if they beat him. Sam helps his son beat another boy, and the boy's father nearly kills him. (continued)
Side C		
00	25	Sam Crumley (continued). Art Farley tells of scaring him off with a gun. All communities have such a man.
04	26	Emmett Utt got torn up from riding the carriage in the mill.
09	28	Chicken stealing for fun and feed. Dick steals Charlie Hawkins' chickens (himself a chicken thief) and confesses twenty years later. Dick and his friends trick some novice chicken stealers, and help bust up an election meeting.
14	30	Shivarees. A bridegroom is tricked into stealing Dick's chickens (May). A gunnysack in newlyweds' stovepipe (May). Timing.
21	33	More "jobbing" people. The gang tricks Kelly into believing a bear is after him. Art tells how they tried to job him. A logger who thinks he's tricking a guy into snipe hunting loses his new mackinaw.
Side D		
00	36	May tells how she and Art's sister-in-law chased Art down and got his candy.
04	38	The Benges tell how they were shivareed, and how they met. May was misled to believe Dick was somebody else.
08	39	Dick explains his nickname, Dick. Stealing Maude Thrasher's chickens for a feed at her place. May tells "an old wive's tale" - when old people are likely to die.
11	41	Dick's fights. Art and May describe them. Dick tells of a mean fight with Glen Ross who shot his dog.
19	44	Stealing. Sugar and canning jars disappear. Dick fixes gas thieves with some diesel.
(24 min.)		

with Sam Schragar

May 3, 1974

## II. Transcript

side A

Sam Schragger: It was how the country used to look before they logged it?

Dick Benge: It was beautiful, beautiful country. You know, there was a fire went through here in 1910. And when I come here in '13, we could drive a buggy practically over any of these hills. No rush, just through timber, see?

SS: Was that what the fire did to it?

DB: That's what the fire, killed all our under brush and everything see. This big red fir and white fir and yellow pine astanding. Yeah, boy it was beautiful. Go out here deer hunting and you see a deer a quarter of a mile or simetime a half a mile, right out through the trees. Yeah, that was when it was nice. So they cut the big stuff off, you know, and then they started going up the brush. Been going to brush ever since. I don't know how they'd stop it. I just don't know how they would go about it. Where I think the Forest Service get at it and thin it out. They're going to have to if they ever have much more timber. It'll, naturally nature will thin it, but it takes so long ...

Art Farley: It takes a long time adoin it, boy.

DB: takes so long for nature to thin it, you know. For the larger ones, the diseased trees to rotten out and decay and pest of 'em live through it. But if you just like her go, why boy, you can go up there places right now where there's no brush but a log trail, and now you can't hardly walk through it. It's growed up directly but little trees like that, some of them as big as a cup, why I don't know what the Forest Service means. But the don't seem to be doing much about. They's many of 'em you know, Forest Service boys. There's a few (laughter).

SS: What kind of brush is it that's growing up now mostly?

DB: Oh, white fir, red fir, principally, and black pine. And there's lots of chapparal brush in here, and buck brush. Any kind of brush you'd want to name it's in there. Right out in the timber now. It's taken over. If we ever get a fire in here and clean it off, we won't have nothing, will it?

SS: You mean it will just burn all the timber too?

DB: It'll burn everything now. Course, before you know, that big yellow pine, why so big, so large, course it burnt it at the stumps some. Scarred it quite a bit, it's at the stumps, but it never fell any of it. Never burnt any of it down. And that's one thing... like you can look right over <sup>there</sup> on that hill now and see how bare that is. But you can see the brush through there, see? All that green stuff is brush. Chaveral, <sup>buck</sup> brush, sargus, all such as that. No timber.

SS: Did that stuff just shoot up as soon as they cut the timber down?

DB: Yeah, just as quick, it just grows right up, it's kind of a second growth. That's what takes over next.

SS: Well, if you let the stuff go long enough would it get to be big timber like the other stuff did?

DB: Well, here's the idea. You know it's going to take several years for that to happen. It'll take a couple of generations for that to get around. 'Cause we cut lots of trees in here and skidded 'em out was three or four hundred year old. Well, just how long is it going to take for them to get back to that size again? None of us will never see it, will we? (laughs). But they thin it out, it'd grow a lot faster. I thinned some of mine up here. Took the dozer and went right through and got all the small stuff out. <sup>went</sup> Loaded it up and left all the stuff that big and some of it like that at the ground. Well, been here last two years ago I took off three hundred and some thousand, <sup>where</sup> I did that. Let it growed just for a few years, see.

SS: Is the brush that's so big now, was that brush there before the timber was cut the same brush just in smaller amounts or is it all new brush that just moved in?

DB: Well, it got the second growth, you see, after they timbered all out. Nature yeah, well you know they used to be they used to pasture this whole country. Land from, well, he had a place down below Potlatch and then he had a place down at Hayes, Washington down on the river. He had about 500 head



of cattle in here. <sup>Well</sup> You could go see them cattle any place you wanted to. So cattle could eat, sheep, grain is all through here. Now I don't suppose sheep could get through here at all. Yeah, the under brush is getting so thick that cattle can't get through it.

SS: Well, back in the old days, this country was used more for cattle than it was for growing crop?

DB: Oh yeah, well this is all timber, none of it you know. Well down here about two mile and a half, why the closest place there was up here was any farm land at all.

SS: Til when?

DB: Til, oh, I moved up here in the fall of '25 and then we started clearing up and cleaning up and clearing up and bought it off the company you see this land and so you can see what happened now. Well, I got the dozurs in here now it don't take long to clean it. But we used to blow the big stumps you know, dymanite, burn 'em, yeah.

SS: Then when you got it cleared did you use it for grazing or growing mostly?

DB: ~~Used~~ it all for growing grain.

SS: So once it was cleared it went into growing?

DB: It was good land after you get<sup>+</sup> cleared. All that pine ground is good, good land. That is, the yellow pine, but not the white pine and black pine. B ut the yellow pine and anyplace it grows it's good ground.

AF: I've hauled more wood off these places in here than Carter's got pills.

SS: Than what?

AF: Carter's got pills

SS: Than Carter's got pills(laughs). Do you think that the weather has changed a lot in this country since you first came?

DB: It's changed lot<sup>s</sup>. You know, we first come here now '13 and the spring of '14, spring of '14, we started<sup>+</sup> here next morning after Christmas. Sleigh hauling and put in 90 days on a sleigh, hauling logs. Well, if you go out it now and you could get ten days per sleigh hauling for logs, you'd be

doing good. Wouldn't you? It takes lots of snow for sleigh for logs, you know. Yeah, well... yeah, it's oh, I don't know what the country going to come to, do you?

SS: I don't know. You've seen a lot more of it than I have, so you got a better idea than I do.

DB: Well, I don't know just <sup>can't</sup> figure the way it's, I'll tell you. Right now what they're doing with these tractors and this fertilizer and <sup>on</sup> thing and another, they're putting on it, they're killing the ground.

SS: How is that?

DB: Well, just killed it. All right, you know according to the Bible, you <sup>are</sup> supposed to rest your ground ever seven years. Well, you staying here you know they only raise a crop every other year, see. Summer fall half of it one year <sup>that</sup> fall they'd put it in wheat or wheat and put part of of it in barley an oats next spring. Just farmed it every other years but now they use fertilizer and farm it all. So I don't go for it.

SS: What does that do to the ground?

AF: Lays it out so it can't grow no more.

DB: It just...all right, there was Jap down there at the mill, he had a bunch of ground he raised, garden <sup>where</sup> Potlatch the whole town. So we was decking logs and the man couldn't keep up so they sent up to Bovill and got <sup>a half</sup> track <sup>come down. Well, a half track is, they got tracks</sup> behind like cat, and rubber wheels in front and they're heavy. Well, they'd pull three and four sleds with 'em see. And they'd brung one down and we wondered how we...the Jap the second year after the war, he left. Well this is the next spring and it hadn't been farmed the year before, well, we figured <sup>he farmed it for years, he raised his crop on it, we figured</sup> we couldn't get across that flat at all with that rig, water was that deep in places. We drove right across there and never made a track in it. Just like driving it on cement. And they've never been able to plow it or get <sup>any</sup> crop out of it since. <sup>They started</sup> here three years ago. Hardly coundn't plow it. The ground just all run together like cement. So I don't go for what they're doing. <sup>It</sup> might be alright. They're making the money now. But how long's it

going to last? I just can't figure it.

SS: You think it's going to take the richness out of the soil?

DB: It does. Well, you know, we'll take a human body. You can give him enough medicine to kill him, can't ya? Just take his life. That's all they're doing to the ground. Just taking the life right out of it, just to get a crop. Well, boy, crop say you ready, you know. 100-110 bushels of wheat to the acre, well, it's all right, I guess. But the crops, the ground can't stand that. My notion, maybe I'm wrong I make lots of mistakes, but I can't see where they're going to get by with it.

SS: Yeah, I wonder too.

DB: You know, I'll tell you, you see lots of these hills right now. You just stop and look 'em over. Look how yellow it is and it's not much grain on 'em. Except where they've been afertilizing heavy lat<sup>2</sup> ten, twelve years. There's nothing on some of them this year, I've noticed. We got some of it right between here and Potlatch.

AF: It ain't worth a damn.

DB: I don't suppose there'll be ten bushels to the acre on it. They pulled all the shrinks out of the ground.

SS: What did it used to be like before they started using the fertilizer as compared to this?

DB: Well, they used to get good crops, that is, they didn't get the good crop, but they would get well over around Joel there, I hauled wheat over there for three years off of one feller, <sup>off of</sup> Cliff Olson. He got sixty-two bushels an acre on the average the three years. Wheat. Didn't put no fertilizer on it, see. All he done was summer fall it. Plow<sup>d</sup> half of it one year and half the next. And you can get down through<sup>h</sup> that ground now then and you take out through where he plowed it and I'll tell 'em you couldn't get through there with an empty truck. Just that loc's e. You go across the ground, now you can take any wheat field you can go right out across a truck any place.

SS: I guess they would say the people that believe in it that you could just keep putting more and more fertilizer on it. The longer you keep putting more

fertilizer...they got to keep doing it. I don't think they believe they can stop.

DB: Well, it's idea right now it's costing them forty dollars an acre for fertilizer. Well, I can't see where they're gaining much. Have to put that much medicine on it to get that much out of it. Can you?

SS: Not in the long run.

DB: No I make lots of mistakes, maybe I'd made one there but getting that in my head, but well, I was raised on a farm in Nebraska and I'll tell you what. They farmed there every year over and over. Over and over, round and round. Well, then's lot of that ground right there right now they turned back over to rattle snakes and jack rabbits and ground squirrels, farming<sup>†</sup> every year. Course, the didn't use... the only thing used there was manure for fertilizer, you know. We didn't know what fertilizing was then. But I know we, one year we moved a a place there, we hauled manure there for six weeks, with four horses. Boy, we raised a crop. That's all we put on it. We raised crop after several years right on that same ground. But the ground never got hard. It stayed moist, loose. And we hauled all the old straw stack bottoms out spread that on the ground...

SS: All the old what?

DB: Straw stack bottoms. Where we thrashed you see. There you know, they didn't have combines they all use stationary. Ground the grain and bundle and set the machine and held all the grain into it. Well, that left a big stove pile there. Well, they let their stock run to it a couple of years and tromp it down and<sup>then</sup> they got hauled out and put on the ground.

SS: So you think straw and ma<sup>u</sup>re was the better?

DB: Why sure. That keeps the ground loose. Yeah, it keeps your ground loose. But I don't know. I don't seem like, let's put it this way: Lots of people looking out for theirselves today and don't look for the generations coming up. That's my way of looking at it. Course they keep that up what'll be for the younger generation? What are they going to take ahold and go ahead at<sup>?</sup> There won't be anything left for 'em to do, will it? No ground to farm. That's alright,

that's the way I look at it. *Maybe I'm wrong.*

SS: No, sounds right to me. I wonder why it's that way though?

DB: Money. These fellers that's renting this ground and paying high rentage for it and they're souping the ground...and they don't care what they do to the ground. They're paying cash rent. When they quit paying cash rent, they're done with it, they don't care. So they just put the                    up and watch it grow. The generation that's coming on, what are they going to have? Nothing. The way I am, I make lots of mistakes <sup>AND</sup> that might be one of 'em, but I don't think there will be much left for 'em to go ahead and farm.

SS: Yeah, I wonder it doesn't seem like there's much they can do about it does there? The way they're going. Does it to you?

DB: No. Well, I'll tell you what to do in lots of it see, big co-op companies doing it. We got one right down here. I doubt it if he could tell us just how much land he's afarming. And like that, well, he's souping the ground up and boy, he's getting the crop. But how long are they going to last? Course, as you say, I think they're putting on a little more each year. But if they keep on keep farming that one piece of ground, it's going to cost him more than they'll make out of it directly to buy the stuff to put on.

SS: Why do you think the weather's changed? You got any ideas on that?

DB: Oh yeah, the weather...well now when we first come here it frosted every month in the year. Yeah.

AF: That's right, he ain't joking.

DB: You couldn't plant very few places around here you could plant stubs. Well ~~now~~ where this timbers being cut off, let the frost protect the wind and let it come in and keeps it dry or what. I don't know. I've often thought about that, could be. But frost, oh boy, she used to be...well, here used to be you know, in the early days, we mostly have four or five feet of snow and here on a road going to Moscow, wouldn't be any. Now it's the other way around. There's more snow in Moscow than there is here right now. In the winter time. Well, now what's causing it, I don't know.

SS: There's a lot more snow around Troy than there is in Moscow too.

DB: Yeah, yeah. I bet. So

SS: You haven't heard other people say anything about what they think caused it?

DB: Well, they tried to talk here a few years back that what changed it was a Japanese current changed some. You know, these airplanes flying back and forth they get in that Jap current, they can make good time going east. A lot better time than they can coming back. Now what does it why...I never got that far along.

SS: What about the game now compared to the way the game used to be?

DB: Boy, we used to have deer in there and deer in here you know. When I come here why now course that game warden got away with quite a bunch of them in '42 or '43. But used to be, we just go out here, well the way it was, why we wanted a deer we went and got it. When I come here. Everybody did. Nobody said much. But now the game wardens right here on us. All the time I wouldn't go out and kill one out of season now under no circumstances. No, but game, boy, there's lots of game. All kinds of deer.

AF: You couldn't help it if he run into a stump and broke his neck.

DB: Or run into a...

SS: You couldn't help it if he run into something below his neck?

AF: I said he couldn't help it if a deer run into a stump and broke his neck.

SS: Oh, run into a stump.

DB: If a feller found him while he was still kicking it would be his wouldn't it?  
(laughter)

SS: Do you think there was a lot more game then than there is now?

DB: Oh yeah. Well we, I first come here, we lived down here about two mile and a half. Pheasants. I'd come up the road oh probably half a mile or more, evening just before sunset, with a rifle and I'd get six or eight pheasants, natives. Take back I'd probably see a hundred of 'em. But I didn't pay any attention to it. Just got what I wanted and went on back. But now I don't know when I've seen a native pheasant. It used to be alive here was chink pheasants but there's none of them any more. They're treatin' <sup>the</sup> wheat. It's killing the birds. Now they here, I believe it was a year ago the game warden I think, fenced up a bunch and turned loose. Down here about a mile.

And I think I've seen two chinks down there last fall. Oh, I seen so I think they're getting that wheat that they're treating and one area you know. Darned if the wouldn't slip around and turn the hot water off on us. Boy, that cold water hit you, you wanted to get out of the bath(laughs). They taken right then.(Note. here in these last2 lines, subject has changed on the tape .)

May Arden Bengé: I worked down at Camp 1 before Dick and I was married. The tank that held the water was out in the sun. It was some place where the sun shone on it.

DB: Oh no.

MAB: And the bull cook come and told us that if we wanted to come over before the men come in and take a shower that the water wasn't hot, but that it was warm just luke warm and we used to go every afternoon before we come back to work before the men come in. And take the shower. Just right.

DB: Yeah, but there they had a cast iron boiler there. The water hardly ever cooled off. In that.

MAB: Yeah, it was just warm.

DB: It was all in the house, honey.

MAB: All just warm. A person, if you want to, you know, you're friendly, but you want a shower, you could take in like a box stall outside in a fifty gallon drum that's open at the top and fill it full of water. Then have your shower down below, where you can turn it on. And it sets in the sun all day and boy it's just real nice. Go in there and just shower like nobody's business.(Laughs)

SS: Yeah, my wife used to do that on a lookout. They used to bring and fill up a tank for her and she used to run down on the rocks, water would run down and get a shower.

Now, I wanted to ask you, going back to where we sorta leaving off I wanted to ask you about water witching. You started to tell me a little bit when we was walking. I wanted to know about it.

DB: Yeah, well, I don't know. I tried it and it worked for me but the way they do it, they cut 'em a willow or a peach. A fork you see, they get two forks about that long and then they'll leave a snag

down below here right here. Just like a nigger shooter.

SS: A nigger shooter?

DB: Yeah. Just like a nigger shooter is you know.

SS: What's that?

DB: Well that's where they put rubbers on and shoot rocks through a fork. See, boy, we had lots of them when I was kids.

MAB: A slingshot.

DB: No, not like a slingshot. No. A slingshot goes on a cord and you hang your rock, you take your slingshot and put it on and drop your rock in it. It's <sup>get a little hole your rock won't go through, and it would hold it</sup> AND IT'S <sub>A</sub> got two strings on it. Well, you got one tied around you wrist and the other you hold in your hand. And you hold it over your head or this way, whichever you want to go and directly you let loose that one you got in your hand and boy, you can throw a rock from here over to that timber. Of course they won't go very straight but you can throw one from here to that tank.

SS: What did you use it for?

DB: Oh kids use 'em, you know. But a witch, well, I'll show you. You take a fork like this and they kept these two prongs here and hold this in the hand and the butt sticks up here. And when ever you walk across water, if you're a good witcher, that'll turn in you hand and fight all you can do.

MAB: Take the bark right off...

DB: Take the bark right off. I've seen that boy of mine, I've seen him peel bark right off a willow. Peach or an apple tree. Just hold it there and just grip it so tight and she would go down and by golly, that's all he could do when he struck water. And now I'll tell you what happened. It was up here on Herman's place, they got'em to come over from Moscow and witch it and so my boy and Oscar Slater up here, he'd be a good water witcher, he was up there one Sunday and Herman was telling about they come over from Moscow and where they told him to put the well, well Oscar, he said, "Well Johnny, come on." he said, "let's go and witch it out for him." So we went over one of 'em went on hill this way and the other one, he went that way and they come in together. They both come in on the same vein, you see. And Oscar said to Herman, he said,



"How long a post hole digger you got?" Oh Herman, he said, "I think it's about four feet and a half, maybe five feet." He said, "Go get her." He went and got it and he went down you know, went down four feet and struck water. But he was, oh, half a third from here to that pickup before the fellers from Moscow told him to dig. And John and him said, "No, don't dig there, dig here. That water is going to come clear<sup>cut</sup> over the top of that hole if he ain't careful." Now there's where the two veins cross, see. Right there. Them fellers from Moscow was all right, they was only about ten, twelve feet from, they wasn't in the right place, was they? Now he witched, <sup>they</sup> both witched this way and I got out here and one of 'em, I think Oscar, struck water at 28 feet and when Johnny come in from over the hill he said, "You have to go, "I think it was, what was, was it, "74 feet to water." And I knowed the feller that told his wife long before they was married. I knowed the feller that drill the well for 'em. So he went down to the first vein and went on down to the lower vein. I'd told him what they done. So the drill was just sitting there and him and Herb was just sitting there atalking. They knowed I'd be home Friday evening and he said, "Dick, we got water we can pump her dry in 20 minutes. Wait twenty minutes and the waters up in three feet of the top of the ground." And he said...

sideB

"I think that's enough." So I told him, tear her down and get out of here and he said, "I wanted to find out about it before I drilled anymore." he said, "I've done it and I've lost all the water". I know he was telling the truth because I had a fella working for me here in, he was a well driller, in fact he was an oil driller too. And he drilled all over Montana in that dry country. So the fella had him drilling a well and he come in one day at noon and he said, "I got water." Said, "I got water up within about four feet of the top of the ground." He said, "You know," he said, "What are you going to do?" He said, "Go on down deeper and maybe get an artesian well,

"Now," I said, "just let me tell you something. I might drill," he said, "not go down four feet <sup>there</sup> and loose every drop of water you got." He said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, I was to get your water you may pay me for what water for the well now quit then and I'll move her out. Other words," he said, "I might loose your water." Well, he paid him, give him six for it. Well <sup>they</sup> didn't drill three hours til they lost every drop of water he had.

MAB: That was Blackwell, wasn't it?

DB: Blackie, yeah. So he come in and he said, "Well, you ain't got no water in your well." "What's the matter?" "Well," he said, "I told you," said, "it happened." He said, "Can you bring her back?" He said, "I have." yeah. What do you do to get it? He said, "You send and get me a carload of crushed rock and I'll pound the hole full and maybe I can plug her and maybe I can't, I don't know, I've done her." So he put the most of that carload of that rock in that well and finally he brung the water back. Sealed her, see. So he told him, he said, "You better get that out of here before I burn her down." He said, (laughs), not going any deeper." Sure that's the way it goes, you know.

SS: What happens when you go too deep, all the water goes down the hole?

DB: Well, the water <sup>you</sup> strike another stronger vein and the water takes off on it, see.

SS: A dry vein.

DB: Now that's what happened in Montana. See, that water that he had struck a stronger vein, he went into a stronger vein the water took down it. Well, when he put that rock in there, well, it dammed it up see, and he pounded her in with the well drill. And pounded in and pounded in and pounded in, you know and finally got her sealed up. Water come back up.

SS: That happened here? That happened on you place?

DB: No it happened in Montana.

SS: Montana.

DB: In that dry country. By god, he was down 280 feet.

MAB: Well, I got a better story than that. I dug a well, we dug it about 100 feet deep and not a drop of water. I don't know where it was, in Nebraska, or some-

place. And he was so mad because there wasn't any water in that well and he said, "I'll fix that s of b", and oh, he just went in the house and got him about ten sticks of dynamite and he just lit 'em and threw 'em down in there. Said, "That's one easy way to fill it up." And boy the water raised clear to the top of the well. (Laughter) Yeah. And grandpa said that was the truth I don't know.

DB: Let me tell you somethin'. That spring down here at the old camp, the first camp that they had, water run clear to the creek the year round of that spring. And, course, a new boss come in there and they was building a ground camp. Art Kristie was his name, and Art said, "I'll..." they wanted to dig the well out and Art said, "I'll do her" Just take a box of powder up and he buried a box of powder in it and I lost all the water.

MAB: But he's back now, quite a little.

DB: Not like it used to be, it never will be back. Yeah, he buried a whole box of powder and set her off. Boy, he blowed a nice hole out back. That's all he had was a hole. (laughs) I had to go down and dig a well down on next creek. Water for the tank.

SS: When this guy dug up on your place here and the guys come together with the sticks, did it hit 'em both at the same time or...?

DB: Yeah, they crossed them water veins cross, you know. There's one down in Sweeter Bull Park, it goes right up over the hill. Goes right out across the road over there <sup>AND</sup> right out by that back pine tree and they followed it clear around the hill under the creek.

SS: You mean they follow along with their willow...

DB: With the willow, yeah. It'll lead him right...

MAB: Did you ever see anybody witch?

SS: No, never seen it done, no.

DB: You never see <sup>N</sup> it done?

SS: No, never seen it done.

DB: Well, they just walk along this way and that stick'll lead 'em. Go this way

or this way.

SS: Did he hold onto the fork?

DB: Yeah, just hold the fork...

MAB: They hold it this way.

DB: No this a way, honey.

SS: They hold it with the knuckles up.

DB: With the knuckles up. So your stick can turn your hand this way or that way, see.

SS: How is it that it works?

DB: I don't know. You've asked me a question I cannot answer.

SS: You've done it yourself?

DB: Oh, I've done it myself, yeah.

MAB: Will it work for you?

DB: Oh yeah, it'll work. I won't say it works as good for me as it does for John.

Or Fleeger. But I have done it. So there you go.

MAB: Suppose Johnny'll ever use that talent any?

DB: Might. Might be when he quits working he might use it a lot.

SS: So when did you do it...

DB: Just playing around, see. Usually you know, we play around, well...Oscar and the boy, I'd let them do it and I'd go up where they've been. And see it work for me and it worked for me alright, yeah. Then when you get to where it's right strong, your stick will go down and you get clear down, your stick'll get to going this way. And every time it goes down, you count and that's how many feet it is to water. Now what does it, I don't know.

MAB: It's awful handy for people in the desert, anyhow.

DB: I've watched that stick when Oscar and Fleeger just stand there and go that way.

SS: Goes up and down.

DB: Just up and down. Not very much but <sup>that</sup> enough you can count it. Why, if you just count, why that's just how many it suppose to take every foot. So...

SS: Do they bark t he stick that they use or is it...

DB: No, they just leave the bark right on it. And I've seen it strip the bark

right off where they gripped it so tight, you know. Yeah, it...

SS: You mean, they grip it hard, huh?

DB: Oh, they grip it as tight as they can and especially it starts turning and then they start gripping it tighter. And then when it start <sup>to go</sup> 'er<sub>A</sub> well, the closer you are to water. If she starts down on you, why you<sup>'re</sup> pretty much might over your water. Boy, you know, there's lots of funny things to happen. I'll tell you, the older people had ways of doing things that they didn't use machinery. Now that they got machinery the do with a lot of that. You know...

MAB: Yeah, lot of it was old wives tales too.

DB: Well...

MAB: Oh, some of'em worked, yeah.

DB: A lot of'em made good money witching water.

SS: Just depend on the person, would he have the talent or...

DB: I, no, it's something in the body. I don't know where it's electricity you know, these human beings got so much electricity in their body, now where it's electricity or what doew it, I couldn't tell you. I don't know. I've never had it explained to me and I don't know. But now, you take these universities, they don't believe in it.

MAB: Oh I think they do, really.

SS: I don't know if they do or not.

DB: Well, if they do, they sure messed it up there at Hermans'. (laughs) About twelve, fifteen feet.

SS: Seems like a guy knows whether he's got the talent or not, doesn't he?

DB: Well it looked like if he, you know...

MAB: If he ever tried it he could tell.

DB: Never seen any of it done. Then, lots of fellas that have done it that can do it. Then watch 'em drill a well... now there's a fella there in Potlatch witches wells. Well down here at this first trailer house, my grandson lives in there, he give him fifty dollars to witch that well out. He went up over

the hill and run that vein right down there he got an artesian well.

MAB: Yeah, our grandson.

DB: Our grandson lives down here in this first trailer house.

MAB: Not really very artesian, but they can't cap it. It just caused an awful lot... they couldn't cap it last summer I guess they got it capped now. But it just caused him an awful lot of trouble. They put just a little cap on it and it would sprue out to the side and just run clear across the road and people were hollering 'cause he made us a mud puddle and everything.

SS: Does it follow the contours of the land very much or does it just work independent of it?

DB: Just like going any place. Just like I showed you this one here comes right over the hill and right just the other side of the barn down across under the creek and over on that hill clear over there. I don't know how much further they got, because over there on that hill there on the middle of the road, there's a spring broke. And this water vein went right straight to it. So I don't know, must be something to it.

MAB: We got a little...

SS: When they hit the water did it just <sup>place here</sup> they got down about four feet and it just sprung up...

DB: Well, I don't know. Now some, how deep did Jimmy go? Jimmy went 80 feet, didn't he? 70 or 80 feet before you found an artesian well. They were drill<sup>ing</sup> right along and pretty soon here come the water right over the top. So they put her in their casing and pulled out. And it's been <sup>over</sup> flowing ever since.

SS: Would you say in a whole in this country I mean, it's not that hard to get water right around here is it?

MAB: No, no.

DB: They get awful good water right on top of these high hills. I know lots of good wells. Oh, some of 'em now, there's one over there on Rock Creek, he got all kinds of good water, but he went down 200, I think 248 feet, before

he got water spurring.

MAB: The worst trouble of water around all over this country is that it has a settling in it, rust.

DB: Sediment.

MAB: Sediment. You know, ours has. You can drop some water and let it set overnight and there's film<sup>all</sup> around the bottom. In spite of everything you can do I...

DB: Well it ain't that, it's the rust.

MAB: Rust, that's what it is. Oh, boy, that water in Moscow, Wow. You know, I...

DB: You like the water in Moscow?

MAB: Turn the water...

DB: I don't care for it.

MAB: Up there at the house and it just stunk. And they said it's all right, it passes inspection. And I'd come home and turn the pond water on which I wouldn't a put a mouthfull or a spoonful in my mouth for anything and it smelt just like that water did. Just stinks.

SS: I want to start talking to you ab out the old dances, 'cause that's what we started talking about the last time. We didn't get far because the old machine wouldn't work.

DB: Yeah, oh, we used to have some great times. You tell him about some of the dances we used to have here.

MAB: He's talking to you.

SS: I'm thinking more about the mix ups. You know, about things around Princeton and that.

DB: Yeah. You kind of watch one another. There was about three different outfits. There's one down aways down at Princeton, one at Harvard. Well, they travelled in a bunch from each place.

MAB: Tell him about the one at Harvard where that guy <sup>crawling</sup> through your leg.

DB: (laughs) Where he what?

MAB: When he tried to get down on you, you brought him out and was keeping him out there and he tried to <sup>get down on the floor and</sup> crawl between your legs to get back in the ball.

DB: I'd took him out of the hall anyhow.

SS: Why did you do that?

DB: Oh, I tell you, we wasn't suppose to go to dance, they'd give us orders not to come up and they was eight of us that went up in two cars. So we went up anyhow. One of our bunch, he see, it wasn't nothing going to start so started it, I guess. I went to him and I told him, "Look here, Johnny," I said, "let's not start nothing, let's let them start it." He didn't pay much attention and pretty soon he was back at it again.

SS: He was what?

DB: He was back at it again, you know, trying to start it and I said, "Listen if you don't shut your damn mouth, I'm going to take you out of here." And he said, "You can't do it." And I said, "You've said too much right now!" So I caught him around this leg over here and got this arm around his neck and brung 'em right together. He couldn't do nothing. I packed him out through the door. Got out there, then he said, "If you turn me loose, I'll give you my next month's paycheck." And I said, "I don't want your check, I didn't carry you out for that. I just carried you out to save trouble." So (laughs) he got... then I got my face slapped, that was the best. There was a girl there, she talks quite a bit of him. I went back in the hall and oh boy, she, by my ear, I could feel that ringing yet where she slapped me. And her dad had to be standing right there close to door to it and her dad and I are pretty good friends ans so Eddie, he's the father, Eddie said, "What did you do that for?" He said, "You ain't got no business up here in the first place," and he said, "all right, he's got as much business as you have here," he said, "you and you sister get your clothes. I'm taking you home." So they went home and Eddie was back in about 20 minutes. He danced the rest of the night. The girl wasn't there. (laughs)

MAB: Oh, boy.

DB: Oh, boy, (laughs)

MAB: Turn off your... and I'll tell you something that happened down at the White Bird.



SS: Go ahead, you don't have to worry about it.

DB: Go ahead.

MAB: Yeah, but we went to the dance and I never was, oh, I got on the floor but I never was a very very very good dancer. But Thelma was. She was just a real little kitten on the floor, I'm telling you. And it was when the Shimmy come in you know, and you take what they called the Elephant Walk. You know, you come like this, you know, foxtrot, and get at the end and <sup>then</sup> just stand and shimmy. You know and then whirl around and come back over here and they'd stop and shimmy. And boy, she could really shimmy. And Papa told her, "If you shimmy anymore. I don't like that." So he just happened to come in the door and here she coming down you know and just walked right down there you know, and they stopped and shimmied. And Papa just waled <sup>her</sup> right over and got her by the ear and waltzed her. (laughs). And he said, "You might as well just come and go with me too." He said, "I'm taking you home, I'm taking you both home, let's shimmy out. So we went home. (laughter) W-e-e-e

SS: I guess that's a...

MAB: That was more fun... (laughs) Oh...

SS: Well this guy that you got in a little bit of a tangle <sup>g</sup> with, was he from Princeton?

DB: Yeah, him and I was working together right down here in the logging camp. We're both lumberjacks.

SS: Yeah.

MAB: Who was it honey?

DB: Johnny Olson.

MAB: What?

DB: Johnny Olson, he was a Swede.

SS: So, tell some of the other stuff that happened. It sounds like that stuff happened fairly often.

DB: Oh, I'll tell you, watch one another, you know, yeah.

SS: What do you mean, watch?

DB: Well, several cliques. And 'fraid, you know... well they'd give 'em orders that bunch not to come and that bunch not to come. When they done that, they'd go anyhow. Let's put it that way. Yep. Just want to show 'em they could, I guess. (laughs)

MAB: Onaway used to be quite the place for a dance too.

DB: Oh, Onaway. They got into it <sup>there</sup> one night there at the Onaway and Carl Lancaster and I...that's when they had the new hall there. And boy, one feller <sup>he</sup> shot off his mouth and one feller, he hauled off and hit him so that fella, he hit him. He didn't hurt him at all. He turned around and hit the floor manager and boy, he floored him. So Jack took this Swede out and Jack Owens and Carl Lancaster and I followed 'em right out and when we got out, the door had a big banister up about that high. Well, we thought we'd stop all the trouble we could, so Carl and I got our feet agin the door and the door swung out and our backs agin that banister and they couldn't open the door on us. Just as well had four by fours sitting in there you know. Just right for a ledge.

MAB: They did try to goet out didn't they?

DB: Oh boy, I thought a while there they were going to push that banister off. But they never got the door open. So directly, they quit and went on down and Jack and this other fella, they was trying to fight down below, I don't know why, they couldn't get at it or something. So...

SS: What was it caused...

DB: Oh whiskey, whiskey a lot. You know, one of them fellers get a drink or two of whiskey and then they, oh boy, they're sittin' pretty, they owned her.

SS: Sittin' pretty what?

DB: They owned the whole thing. Get a drink or two of whiskey see, everybody had to look at 'em and listen at 'em and it won't always worked, you know. Some feller down there, he ain't even going to stand for that. (laughs)

Well, they had it out down there at Onaway's that time when we did that. Well I think there was eight of us, nine of us down there that night from camp. Johnny wasn't along, we got so we didn't take him. That was the feller

me and him got into it up there at Harvard and so the floor feller's a running the dances, he sent a man up there during the week at camp and we was all there and he brung it in and he said, "Evans Gurnsey just sent me up." Yeah. He said, "You fellers all come down to the dance from now on the rest of the winter." He never charged us a cent to dance. (laughs) We just have to scream for that piece, that's all the trouble we ever did have up...I don't know. (laughs)

MAB: Well, was Jack Owens much of a hand at fight?

DB: Well, he thought he was bout he couldn't fight. Jack...

MAB: I've seen where he stands on his hands and knees and crawl to the house.

DB: Yeah, but <sup>there's</sup> nobody after me. (laughs) I was still...

MAB: Dick drinks like so many of the other men. He would go on a bender, boy, and he'd just het drunker than a hoot owl. Then maybe not again for six months. Now, isn't that right?

DB: I suppose.

MAB: I think the last time I saw my husband really drunk was down at Princeton at Peggy's silver wedding anniversary and all the punch was spiked, but then, Dick was out in the back room where he was a doing the spiking, him and his brother-in-law, Hershiel Tribble. And then...

DB: No, it wasn't Hershiel. Hershiel got drunk. (laughs)

MAB: And Hershiel got so he wanted to go home, but he wouldn't even come out through the middle of the hall, but Dick, he was, oh boy, was he higher than a kite. And he's just all over the place when he is. And he got out there. They were dancing and there was a whole bunch of young people there, you know, oh, like you are and younger. Jerry was there. Just dancing around and Dick got out and he said, "I can do that." He did, you know, and he'd wiggle his arms and he'd clap for 'em and he'd dance right around 'em. Oh, those kids had a ball. And there was a hump in the floor there. And Dick would get around too fast and fall down and "OOps," he said, "this floor's got holes in it." And he'd right bounce up just like a rubber ball. Oh boy.

SS: Could you tell me what it was like to put on a bender in the old days?

DB: Oh boy, they did get pretty full. I never got that I couldn't get it where I was a going on my own power. I'd get awful full, but I always got home.

SS: Would that be part of the dance pretty much for once a year?

DB: Yeah, oh, yeah. They did, you know. Yeah. Well, lot of that fighting was nothing but whiskey that done it. That was all. But I can tell you for one thing, with all the drinking I ever done, I only got mad but once. Boy, I was mad enough I'd killed the crew. (laughs)

SS: What was that time?

DB: Well...

MAB: It hasn't been too long ago.

DB: A feller called me and I didn't like him and I...

SS: Called you what?

DB: Called a neighbor down here, he called me... I come in and he called me...

MAB: It was Sam

DB: Sam Crumbly. He said, "Hello Sam," and walked up and shake hands with me. And I wouldn't shake hands with him.

MAB: He was already pretty full then.

DB: I was getting fuller. Only time I ever got mad when I was drinking.

SS: I don't understand. What did he do to get you mad?

DB: Well...

MAB: He called him Sam Crumbly. To begin with, he mistaken<sup>ed</sup> him for Sam Crumbly because he didn't know him very well. And he lived right down here.

SS: Oh, I see.

DB: Sam was my cousin and him and I never did get along, couldn't get along, never got along.

MAB: Well, tell him why you didn't get along.

DB: Well, I'm going to lay the law right down. When we used his mother's place one night at a dance and my sister, she's, I was 21 and he was about 17 and my sister was there. I heard the whole set up. I was standing right there, and he wanted to dance and she said, "No, I can't." Said, "I've got this dance."

He hauled off and give her a cussin'. Well, I come pretty ~~near~~ curling his hair pretty much then and I said, "Well, listen, he's not of age and I am. And I hadn't better." So I didn't, see. Well, I never did like him after that. He done so much more than that afterwards, but not to me. He...I don't know what's the matter, why he did it. So it went on 'til I was riding that fella and he was awful good friends with Sam, he said, "What'll you if they don't waylay you some night?" They did three of the boys and the old man, they'd waylay one, just knock the dickens out of ye, see.

SS: Out of sombody else?

DB: Yeah. And I said to Ray, I said, he said, "What would you do to 'em?" I said, "Ray, if they ever do, they want to kill me." All right. "What would you do?" I said, "I'd go home as quick as I can and get me an equalizer and go back and hunt 'em up." I said, "I'd just even myself up with 'em at something." And they never did jump on to me. I don't know why. I suppose he went and told 'em.

MAB: You met Utts or know of 'em down here?

SS: I don't know 'em

MAB: Emmett Utt was...

SS: Oh Emmett, Emmett, I know Emmett.

MAB: Working at the mill and he waylaid him and got him to come out and he had a board with a nail in the end of it, you know, and went to fighting with that. Laid Emmett up for a while.

SS: Whe did they do that for?

MAB: Oh because he doesn't have any better sense.

DB: He didn't know any better. That was all.

SS: Why did they pick on Emmett?

DB: Oh, probably something happened at school see. They didn't like him. That's where...

MAB: Here's another thing this particular Sam Crumbly did this Harold boy. Harold not really too bad a kid for that matter. But you know how kids will fight

sometimes from school? They had to come by Crumbly's <sup>and</sup> this boy and Harold

~~there~~  
 and the boys was down in the road just a flying at her, kids. And the kid had Harold down on top of him and was just apounding him good and Harold <sup>WAS</sup> trying to pound back and fight back and so Sam just stepped in and grabbed this kid and threw him on the ground and put Harold up on top of him. Well, it wasn't very long 'til the kid was back on top and he done it three times. And Sam pret'near got killed that time too.

SS: Who almost got killed?

MAB: Sam, pret'near.

DB: Pret'near died.

SS: Why was that?

DB: The kid that died lived...

MAB: He had a brother that was there and he wore glasses and the third time he done it to him he said, "Well, you know that insn't right." Said, "you're not doing right." So Sam ~~walked~~ off and turned around and slapped him in the face and broke his glasses. So they got the kids away to come home and his dad was pretty hot-headed. I can't remember what his name was. They didn't live there only just two winters and I can't remember, but his brother-in-law was Butts and I guess their kids come home too, <sup>of</sup> where Cochrans live now. Where Butts' lived.

SS: So what did he do, the father?

MAB: So Butts' kids come home and told him about it and he went, this kid went home. And his nose was all bleeding and his glasses was broke and he told his dad what was the matter and he just went in the house and got his shotgun and took off down the road. And these guys got in the car and caught up with him. And walked him up and down the road and talked and talked and said, "You can't do that," Said, "come on, let's just get in this car and we'll go down, have him..."

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MAB: And the girls was too young to have boy friends, we'd all take 'em all to the dance.

SS: You really think he would have killed him if they wouldn't have stopped him?

MAB: I think he would have killed him. Yes, that's just what he was...

SS: Was this Sam's son that was in the fight?

DB: Yeah, one of 'em, yeah, yeah.

SS: And the fella that he hit was sorta young fella?

MAB: Yeah, he was about 14 then.

DB: Same age.

MAB: No the boy that he hit. He was about 14, that Sam hit.

DB: Oh yeah.

SS: Did he ever give your sisters trouble any more after that?

DB: Well, they never got along very good after that. She was kind of like I was. She, I don't know who she held a grudge, but she was just done with him. She was through, boy.

MAB: But Gertie isn't that way any more. Course she was married to him and when you're married to a person, I think in that case, whenever he didn't do what she wanted him to...

DB: She done like he said. Let's put it that way.

MAB: Huh?

DB: She done what he said.

MAB: That's right.

DB: That's a better way to get at it. (laughs)

SS: What did you say?

AF: He did what I said ~~to~~ him one day, too,

SS: What did you say to him?

AF: I was driving my pair of young horses that belonged to my stepfather and had a hole in the bridge.

SS: Hole in a bridge?

AF: ~~Covered~~ And I didn't want to go across, didn't want to go across  
~~covered~~ and I didn't want him because I was afraid I'd hurt one  
of 'em or something. (The rest is unclear)

I told him, "You better take your fingers off them bits." "Well," he said, "I can feed better than you can." I said, "You sonofagun, you," I said, "you better take them fingers off of them bits or I'll shoot 'em off." I pulled my gun, he left her right quick and took to the house in a run. Before he

got to the house, he fell down three times and crawled part of the time, but he went. In the house right now. I'm just like that other guy. I figured I just as well do it now as any time.

MAB: Art used to get around pretty good, you know.

SS: Sure, sure.

DB: I'll tell you, that happens in all neighborhoods.

MAB: I think every neighborhood's got one. We got one up here now, the sonofagun.

SS: Well, you think that the other people felt the same way pretty much about this guy, he wasn't much good as the were concerned?

DB: No, he, I don't know.

AF: My stepfather was his own...

DB: About all the friend he had left.(laughs)

SS: But, I'm surprised about... I like Emmett Utt, I think he's a real good man.

DB: Emmett's hot at it. Awful hot at it.

MAB: Emmett, Sam could have killed him with that board with the nail in it.

DB: Of course.

MAB: Emmett got ahold of it and jerked it out of his hands and saw the nail and mess for a while but at that time, why Emmett's folks was living on that road where Frank Utt lives now. Way to the top of the hill. And Emmett was working in the mill.

DB: Emmett, yeah, I guess he was either that or going to school. I don't know which.

AF: It didn't take him long... *to get to the house.*

MAB: Emmett's in pretty bad shape, isn't he?

DB: Yeah, he rode carriage too long.

SS: What doew that do to you?

DB: Well, it just tears you all to pieces, that's all. You know, it's up and back just as fast as they can go. Them carriages, you know, in them big mills. Now I tell 'em I may travel it just this way.

SS: Back and forth?

DB: Just like that. Just top 'em like that. Well, it's apt to tear you up. His half brother rode carriage there in Potlatch and that's when they built the



<sup>mill</sup>  
 ^ at Lewiston. They took him down there to break the riders in. It's a faster mill than this one at Potlatch.

MAB: And Sam's half brother.

DB: Huh?

MAB: Sam's half brother, not Emmett's.

DB: Sam's.

MAB: Yeah.

DB: And so he went down there and he broke six riders in down there. Showed 'em how and then rode with 'em and showed 'em, you know. Well, he died here quite awhile ago, but he's hump back and everything. Shook all to pieces, you know a man can only stand so much of that. It's like riding a bucking horse. You know, these buckeroos don't stand up under that very long. No. It just shakes and jars 'em up.

SS: Listen, did Emmett, you say he was pretty hot-headed which I can see. Did he get in much action when he was a youngster?

DB: Well, no he didn't. Emmett was awful hot headed, but I never did know him to have any trouble, did you Farley?

AF: No, I've never known...

DB: I never did.

SS: I guess he had some pretty strong ideas about...

DB: Oh, that was it. That's what I say he was hot-headed. And you know, somebody that didn't come up with his idea, well, he'd tell 'em about it right now. Well, everybody knowed him and been raised here and everybody know and they just walk off an<sup>d</sup> leave him go. See. They didn't want no trouble so. A feller like that that's the best way to do 'em. That makes 'em madder some times than stand and talk to 'em.

SS: I think that he was, some of thing that he thought that might be pretty unpopular or something with some people.

DB: Yeh, he was awful hot headed.

MAB: Oh, I never had a runin with him but once. And he bought a place from Earl Patch and he had a pretty fair house on it and a wonderful chicken house and

it was on skids. And we were thinking of building a chicken house. Now, course, this has been years and years ago. So I went down and asked Emmett could we buy that chicken house, 'cause they had a real good chicken house at that time. Nope, he wouldn't sell it to me. No. He might need it sometime. And ne let it sit right there and rot clear into the ground.

DB: Well it was his, I guess he could do as he pleased with it.

SS: I think that Hershiel said to me that he thought, or something, I don't know which war it was, was WWI or WWII, anyway, one of those wars, Emmett couldn't see it at all and he and Hershiel didn't agree on that at all.

DB: Oh, no,no,no.

SS: Do you remeber if that was I or II, I don't remeber.

DB: I don't know, Hershiel was in WWI. I don't remember now just which one it was. It must been one. 'Cause Hershiel, he went, I didn't, I couldn't go. I didn't pass examination or I'd a went. So...

SS: You started telling me a story once about stealing chickens and I thought that was pretty funny.

DB: (laughs) Let May tell that.

SS: Well you told it pretty good, maybe you both tell it.

MAB: I don't, I didn't steal any chickens.

SS: You and some other guys.

DB: Well, Charley Hawkins down there, Farley knows him well. He's quite a bs'er. Well he get spell stealing chickens for just fun and a feed. They'd all have get 'em a bottle or two of whiskey and go get 'em three or four old hens someplace you know, have a big feed and drink a few whiskey and spend the rest of the night together. Well...

MAB: Cook the chickens and eat 'em, tough as they...

DB: Tough, yeah, they was tough, they never let 'em cook long enough. They always got in a hurry and started eating before they got done. But anyhow, Charlie Hawkins, he lived there where the post office is in Princeton, same building. He moved in that so he moved the hen house up was in close to his bedroom window, was that door. There was a door and a window right there

together. He boned around about one night, "By god," he said he'd like see someone get his chickens and he told the lay out, you know. Well, Ralph Gordon and me was standing there and we heard him and that's all it took. So that night why Ralph an' I went in and got six old hens, pulled the heads off and left 'em right in the door so he'd find 'em next morning when he opened the door. (laughs) Wasn't nothing ever said about it, oh for I don't know, must have been 20 years, I guess. He was staying here with him one winter here and all of 'em worked for me and was sitting here and got to telling about how he used to steal chickens. He'd tell May, "I knowed how he done it." He'd tell May about it and bulling around and so I let him talk quite awhile and I said, "Did you ever find about five or six head right in your kitchen door when you built you henhouse so close to the house there? Right by you bedroom window? "Yeah," he said, "you was the sonofabitch that stole 'em, ain't you?" (laughs) Well, I wasn't alone, Ralph Gordon was with me. (laughs) Oh, brother.

SS: So that was the sport, running around stealing chickens?

DB: We didn't do it for what was in it. Well, lots of times the girls would be in with us.

MAB: Tell him about the dance the time that there was Opie, Sam's brother got off and walked the rest of the way.

DB: Did what?

MAB: You know, when you had that dance up there and they broke up the meeting at the hall in Princeton, Opie said he was shot and...

DB: Oh, that was pretty good. Lot of 'em wanted to go chicken stealing with us. They knowed who it was and who was doing it and some of the younger lads wanted to go with us. Sure. So we took about 28 of 'em out one night and Moore from Moscow, he was running for prosecuting attorney. Given a big speech there in the schoolhouse (laughs) at Princeton. So we took 'em out to a common little house. And we sent three fellers on ahead of 'em head of us to be there and be ready for us. We all had guns. Boy, we went to open that henhouse door and jeez, they took a loose from us. Well, there

was two of 'em that had a lot of buck shot. Everytime we'd shoot, they'd  
 throw buck shot right <sup>OUT</sup> into us, you know. Well, we took down the track and his  
 half brother was going down the track and so Hershiel had a nephew and  
 had an old crippled mare. He hopped on the old mare and took down for  
 fencing and run right in. And there was a meeting, why this feller electioneering  
 for prosecuting attorney. ?

Well, that's his half brother. So here they come. Right up looking for us,  
 you know. Opie. God damn. So part of 'em, they didn't know what to think  
 about it, so they scairt and they run <sup>on down and we have 'em a coming down, so I got</sup> back and I was pacin' <sup>his half brother or my</sup> him. We talking  
 and here come Joey Russell, he was quite a feller. He's pretty husky man  
 and we walked along there and talked to me a little bit and  
 Opie, he gruntin' and groanin'. (laughs) He said, "Dicky," said, "I'm huskier  
 than you are." he said, "Let me pack him." I said, "Here, he's getting <sup>pretty</sup> heavy."  
 He packed him no further from here to the road and we was getting pretty  
 close to 'em. "Oh," he said to Joe, he said, "Hey Joe, and wait." He said, "If  
 you just put me down we can make better time on out feet. Let's get the  
 hell out of here." (laughs) Oh boy, we had more fun. We was always into  
 something, the bunch of us.

SS: So it was just a joke, huh?

DB: Just a joke. We was playing a joke on some of these fellers that wanted to  
 go chicken stealing with us. Oh yeah. We were going to break 'em from  
 sucking eggs right there.

MAB: Turn your rig off and I'll tell you somethin' that happened just recently.

SS: Go ahead.

MAB: Well, Becker's live. ' right up here where Carpenters live now. And their  
 oldest boy, name was Allen. And he married a Gage girl, Bernard's sister.  
 And they come back down in, they were, shivareed 'em and they come down,  
 they had 'em all made up with us. Had got 'em down there and they said, "WE'll  
 go up to Dick and May's." And said, "May don't feel very good and so they're  
 not coming." And said the coyotes been getting

their chickens. Trouble was, we just had three old hens and they was about four years old. And so they said, "You'll go up there and get those chickens." Said, "They won't know if we got 'em," said, "because the coyotes been getting 'em awful bad anyhow." So they come slipping up the road you know, and Dick was out here... we used to have a cellar that set right out here behind the house. Grandma Bengie was here and Peggy and Johnny, they were old enough to know, they was all standing there, you know, just all ears, you know. You could hear the voices coming up from over the hill, see a cigarette light once in awhile. Everything was just dark and quiet and they got in the chicken house, they looked, but said, well, there isn't but three here and they look awful scraggly. And they got the chickens and about one of 'em let a squawk out of it and Dick was out here at the corner of the house with a double barrel shot gun.

DB: No, that was the old 30-30.

MAB: Was it the old 30-30?

DB: Yeah.

MAB: I thought it was the shot gun.

DB: It made quite a racket that night.

MAB: Anyhow, what's a going on up there, and he fired up in the air, you know, and Allen was so scared, he's quite emotional boy, anyhow.(laughs) He jumped down out of that and took off down there, fell down and tore his new wedding britches.<sup>e</sup>(laughs) Ervin <sup>Mirjev</sup> Menden, they run the store up there now. She's Dick's niece. And he was just trying to keep up with him the best and Lewis Tribble and Rex Tribble, that was her brothers, they was running and they all had their pockets full of shot. And Dick just kept a shooting, you know and everytime he'd shoot, why, they'd throw buck shot at Allen.(laughs) He fell down, I guess he was a mess by the time...and Ervin got as far as the bridge and he just had to quit and laid down and just rolled and laughed and Allen come in there with his hair standing just scared to death and Paul, he went, "Oh, what's the matter, honey, what happened?" Said, "That was Dick shooting at us," said, "boy, he just shot buck shot all over

everything. Went to looking to see if he could find any blood on him.

And everybody was...and you know, she got mad and went home and wouldn't speak to anybody. (laughs) Boy, she was mad. She wouldn't speak to Ervin for a year. (laughs) Oh, boy, I wonder...I'd just like to ask Allen if he remembered. I haven't saw him, oh, they're way down on the coast.

SS: Well, listen...

MAB: She came and had lunch with me one time when the kids were small.

SS: Is that stuff pretty normal for a shivaree, usually...

MAB: (laughs) Yeah, was kind of around here for years.

SS: Tell me some more about it 'cause that...you know, they don't have that in a lot of places, the shivaree stuff. I don't know any place that they do.

DB: Oh boy.

MAB: I'll tell you one thing, Peggy and Herman were married and it was before Keith was born and Judy and Garfield lived in the little hog house that East Omstead had built up there just, oh, just a little ways from where Peggy and Herman lived. And so they moved up there. Real nice little log cabin. And they had four different shivaree crowds come. But Peggy and Herman hadn't been in on any of 'em. So they went one night, went out one night, went some place and while they were gone, why Herman crawled up on the roof and stuck a gunny sack into the stove pipe. They got up the next morning...Garfield got up and built the fire and the stove just went to smoking and Judy got up and she tried to do something. She opened the draft and Garfield got up and hit the pipe this way and that way.(laughs). They fell down all over the place and dancing around there in his shorts trying to put it back together and burning his hands and Judy went back to bed.(laughs) And that's what broke, oh, I'll say he got mad(laughs) he had to put on his clothes and she, the stove was kind of hot, so she greased the top of the stove and threw a couple of eggs on it and he wrapped 'em <sup>between</sup> his sandwich and took off. And Judy went over to Peggy's and Herman's and she said, "Well of all the dirty tricks," said, "I climbed up there and found that there gunny sack stuffed in the chimney, and Peggy laughed. It was years before Peggy even told Judy that

she was the one that done it. Oh they was mad.

SS: Were you suppose to shivaree right after they got married or is it suppose to be the same night or the same week or did it matter?

MAB: Didn't matter.

DB: Just whenever they can catch up with 'em sometimes. Might be a day or two. It might be the same night that they got married. Just when, you know. But the best one I think there ever is, Hershiel and his brother was batching down there. Well, Hershiel and I, neither one was of age. So, you remember Kelly Lazelle.

AF: Yeah.

DB: Well, he run around, oh he was about 16, I guess, 17. The old man couldn't use a stepson. The old feller couldn't keep him to home. And he wouldn't do much. He come up there to Tribble's. He was up there quite a bit. So, he decided we'd get rid of him. So Guy Lamb was there and who else was it? I believe Two Feathers was there.

SS: Who?

MAB: Ervin Harrison.

DB: Two Feathers. That's what we called him.

MAB: Do you know him?

SS: No. Why did you call him Two Feathers?

DB: I don't know where he ever got that name at, but that's what we always called him. And there's Eldon, Hershiel's brother. So Kelly said he had to go home. Well, all right. So we got to talking and somebody had seen a bear down around Tribble's there. That's how it got started and that's what lead to. So Hershiel, he said, "Yeah, there's been a bear been through here a time or two." And he said, to Kelly, he said, "He'd been arunning up and down that draw here." Well, just out there behind Hershiel's barn, that was all timber.

MAB: The barn isn't there anymore.

DB: The barn is right there, yes. That's where the timber, where Hershiel lives. The barn that was all timber...

MAB: It isn't where the barn is now.

DB: You wasn't here, was you? That was all timber in there then.

MAB: Yeah, but the barn isn't where...oh, I see, it was all timber where the barn is now, yeah.

DB: That's what I said, yeah. So Hershiel, he was walking along (laughs) and with Kelly and of course, we was <sup>strung</sup> all along the road. Well, got over to this bridge and...Guy Lamb and I, no, who was with me? We come into growling and walked right out front of him agrowling, you know, and throwing our arms and it was pretty dark but it was light enough that they can see, you know. Kelly, he turned around and started running and he got up on top of the hill so, well, that's alright. That was fine So Guy Lamb and I went up on the hill and they stopped up there and was talking it all over and we sneaked right up by 'em, we was close to 'em with that pickup. And Hershiel was standing there and he had a gun and he said, "There's somebody that better say something." he said. "Catch 'em," he said, "I'll shoot." And Guy Lamb got scared. That scared Guy. Guy, he wanted to give himself up and I said, "O<sup>h</sup> no, don't do it. Lay quiet, lay quiet." I said. "I've been out with Hershiel before and he knows what he's a doing." And I said Kelly wanted the rifle. Now Hershiel said, 'No,' he said, "I'm a better shot than you are," said "I'm used to gun and I'll just keep it." "Course, Guy ought to know by that he wasn't going to get ahold of the gun. Well we went on down the house and Eldon was down where the boys was batching. Course, he didn't go out. He beat us all down there. <sup>he was out but he beat us all down there.</sup> And they had to go out and down on the timber through an old logging road. So Hershiel, he was taking Kelly home (laughs) and he got way down on this little thick timber and Guy Lamb was on one side and I was on the other and we swung right out right among 'em. Hershiel and Kelly growling and grovelling and had these little trees in our arms, you know. Well, they took off. Well Hershiel, course we waited til they kinda weaved behind 'em just a little, <sup>to</sup> keep him from going to Princeton, see. He lived in Princeton, so. Away they went. Well, we followed 'em, then we got on down there in the oak field and Hershiel said to Kelly, he said, "Now listen," he said, "I've just got one shell left." And he said, "You better go on." he said.



"If a bear gets ahold of me I'll shoot." Well, course he hadn't got as far from here to the road and Kelly hadn't from him and Hershiel up and shot. And he took off and he run two full wire gates going to Princeton. Stopped down there at the river bridge at that Cone place and he said to John Cone, John Cone was Hershiel's cousin, he said, "You better go up on the creek." Woke John up and John said, "What's the matter, Kelly?" He said, "There's a bear got Hershiel Tribble down up there!" And John said, "Who was up there?" "Oh," he said, "there's a Guy Lamb and Dick Benge and a few more of 'em." He said, "Was that bunch up there?" "Yeah". "Hell, go on home, and soak your bed, or soak you head," he said. "Forget it." (laughs) But I'll tell you what Kelly done, he went home and throwed his underclothes off and throwed 'em out the window. (laughs) And boy, his mother was so mad at us she never did speak to either one of us after that. And it tickled his stepdad to death. Because he stayed home better after that, after night. (laughs) Oh boy, the time we used to have. That's all we'd do, set around and get together and set around and think of somebody to job.

SS: To what?

DB: To job.

SS: To job.

DB: Yeah. (laughs)

MAB: Play a trick on 'em.

DB: Oh boy.

SS: You scared him half to death, huh?

DB: Oh sure. You bet. You take a feller that don't know, now he's going to get afraid directly. Isn't he? Somebody shooting and bears agrowling and this and that, he don't know what to do, does he?

SS: Why you'd think he'd know. It seems like it would be hard to bring that off. I mean, a bear's a bear, isn't it?

DB: Yeah, a bear's a bear. They didn't know the difference. (laughs) Oh boy, oh boy. Well, I know one time they tried to pull that on me once too. It didn't work.

AF: Yeah, there was one pulled on me once... He'll shoot you. You don't want to

mess around with him. He said he ain't joking, he'll shoot ya. I never...  
 my brother was in the deal too, the same guy he was talking about a while ago.  
 He said he hadn't got no gun. He said  
 ^ Yeah, well he had, he said I seen it. Didn't bother me. Another guy up there  
 up on the creek, they scared him about half to death too, a fella by the name  
 of Lynn Ross.

SS: Lynn what?

DB: Lynn Ross.

SS: Lynn Ross.

AF  
 DB: Yeah, boy, I'm telling you...

SS: How did they scare him?

AF: Oh, I don't know just how it did start out, but it ended up pretty good.

DB: And he was in with us on a lot of it...and he was hooking to<sup>g</sup> up Camp6 there  
 at Helmer. And he just went and he got him a nice, well, it's a mackinaw  
 Stayshirt(?). I don't know. God, he give around 20 dollars for it. The  
 younger feller come in there one night, Camp6 and he got him a job. And he  
 acted kind of dumb, and this and that. (laughs) Art was telling about it and  
 just tickling him to death. And he said they thought they'd take<sup>h</sup> a snipe hunt<sup>n</sup>  
 And that feller said to him said, "Boy," he said, "I haven't got no coat." He  
 said, "I can't stay here and wait for the skipe<sup>s</sup> to come in and hold a sack  
 til they get here." Said, "I've got to have a coat." Art said, "I'll let you  
 wear mine!" Art let him put his coat on and he seen a snipe. (laughter)  
 No, that's the last he ever seen of his coat. Brand new. (Laughs)

MAB: I'll tell you something else that's funny that happened to...

side<sup>D</sup>

MAB: ...and so he, when they used to have those punch boards so much you know,  
 candy on it...

DB: Now you're going to get it...

MAB: Onoway and he went to Onoway and bought out a punch board and here he come  
 up he had his team and buggy up to grandpa's and he put 'em in the barn  
 and fed 'em and come a struttin' down there and his siter-inlaw- was and  
 brother was down there at our place, you know. Like young folks gather

together. Here he come with that sack of stuff and he huddled up his grub and he said, "You can't have any of this." "Well, what you got?" Well, and he let us peek and he had the whole thing clear full of boxes of candy. "You can't have any! I'm not going to let you have a bite. I'll open one pretty soon and let the boys have some but you're not having any!" Well, it went on after dinner and he set on his sack, you know, and he held it so close to him, so tight and Grace said, "You know, some of that for after dinner would be just fine, wouldn't it?" "You're not going to get any. You're not going to get a bit. Can't have any." (laughs) So Grace said, "What are we going to do with him?" And we, oh golly, I need a <sup>little</sup> pencil. Well, I'll do it this way. There, I guess that will be all right.

SS: So what happened?

MAB: Well, we said, "We're going to take it anyway from ya." So he got the sack and he hugged it to him and he started out, he didn't wear a cane. He didn't use a cane at that time. And we got out in the yard we were down...we lived down here, oh, where Owenbys live now. There was a house there. And we got after him and both of us made a flying tackle and we grabbed him. And he was lying right back on the candy just mashing thunder out of it and just hugging it up to him. We couldn't get ahold of it and he's pretty strong in his hands, so we got...he had two pair of overhalls on. Bib overhalls. And we got the top one unfastened and got it down oh, about half way to his knees and then we started on the second one. He's still hanging on... and we got one strap unfastened and, boy, he gives us a shove with his feet and both hands. He forgot all about the sack of candy and he got loose and he got this over the shoulder and he was going up that old road. He'd go (sound of running). You couldn't have run him down on a bet, 'cause he was just more than making tracks and he got to Grandma Benges's and he turned around and yelled back at us. Said, "You girls thinks your so smart," said, "that's what I brought it up here for, 'cause I wanted to give it to you." (laughs) But I never will forget how Art went up that road. Took a saddle horse to outrun him.

SS: You got the candy?

MAB: Oh yeah, got it running out of our ears for months.

DB: His brother, his brother's wife, his brother was there and his wife and him and I was sitting out there in the yard and I never laughed so much in my life.(laughs)

MAB: We was all over that yard,..

DB: We never had a thing to say about it. We never done a thing. We just sit there and laughed all of it.

SS: Did you get shivareed when you got married?

DB: Yeah, two times one night.

MAB: But they didn't do anything except make us cigars and candy and all that. And beer.

DB: We went over to camp, May and I, to see a fellow over there by the name of Fos Dailey. I figured they was going to shivaree us that night. Just the way things was working out. So we stayed up to Fos' quite a while and then we started home. Well we got almost home and there they was, going up the road.

MAB: Just pret'near dark.

DB: It was dark, it was. I drove up along side of 'em...

MAB: He had a saw.

DB: I had the end of it and I said,"Well you fellers just going up to shivaree me, you might as well get on and ride." I said,"I'll haul you up.(laughs)  
Oh boy. So they shivareed us anyhow.

SS: How did you two meet?

DB: She was working down here in camp and I was working here in camp. And she was working in the kitchen and I was driving team. Well, let's go further than that. There's a saw piler there...

MAB: Andy Dyer.

DB: Andy Dyer, he kind of engineered it I guess, or started it off. That's how it come.

MAB: He was telling me about this Dick Benge. This Dick Benge, Dick Benge, he just lives over the hill here, this Dick Benge. Well, I says,"You keep telling me this Dick Benge is watching me,"I says," I don't know who he is from nothing. Then he told me right from where he sit.(laughs)

DB: That was the best...

MAB: And, I well, I just didn't know...

DB: Well, tell it all. Start in right. Start in the bottom of it.

MAB: When we went, I had a date with him, a blind date in two or three nights and I wanted to know what the heck he looked like. And he didn't set in the same place, there was a great big real nice Swede.

DB: What happened you see, there's lot of us dinning out, a lot of 'em was. And there was a big Swede and he was a sewing and I set in his place at noon I entered in, see. Andy told her right where I et.

MAB: Swede sit there and I came and kind of looked him over. Not bad looking, I thought, oh well, couple of months, I guess. And when I went out that night to get ready and steal myself, great big raw bone, he was all right and here come Dick, great big grin on his face. Who was it, who was it? Oh, it was Red, and he said, well, I don't know how he said it."Well, here he is." And I said,"Well, are you t~~h~~e one they call Dick Benge?" And Dick never did forget that.

DB: And I said,"Yep,part of the time."

SS: Well, had you told Andy Dyer that...

DB: No, Andy and him, I was the best of pals and course he just done it, thought he'd have a little fun, see. And.

SS: Well did he know that the Swede was sitting in the seat?

DB: Sure, 'cause Andy and I was sitting right there together at noon. And that's the reason he told her where,"Now you watch at noon and that's where he sits and you'll get to see him.(laughs) Oh boy...

MAB: Many, many years ago.

DB: Yep.

SS: How did you get the name Dick, since they tell me that's not your name?

DB: I don't know. Dad called me that when I was two year old. Started in acalling me Dick and I've been called Dick ever since. I get a lot from my mail, Dick, Richard. I have got checks Dick and Richard. But J.L., John Lewis is my name.

And that's the way it goes. Everybody calls me Dick. It don't correspond with John, but that's what they call me.(laughs)

SS: Did you tell me a story about... I can't remember if you told me about once taking chickens and then serving 'em up at the guy's house where you'd take 'em.

MAB: Maude Thrasher.

DB: Maude Thrasher.

MAB: She died just recently.

SS: What happened? What story was that?

DB: Well, she wanted us to have a chicken feed.

MAB: After <sup>the</sup> dance.

DB: Chicken feed, you see, and Ralph Gordon and I thought we had one so we went out in her henhouse and brung in six of her old hens and she cooked 'em and the next morning, she was six hens short. You can't tell what she told me the first time she met me. (laughs) It was all good natured, but she got a kick out of it. I'll never forget the name what she called me. I'm afraid to tell it.(laughs) Poor Maude, she's dead. But she wanted a chicken feed.

MAB: We're losing so many of them.

SS: Yeah, yeah, all the time, it's really...

DB: Well, the older generation is <sup>going</sup> pretty fast right now. It is around here. How many has it been right here this winter?

MAB: I wouldn't know.

SS: I guess winters are a bad time, and in the early spring too.

MAB: Early spring. Well this is an old wives tale. People who'd been sick or old people or elderly people, somebody who's been sick quite a long time. When the leaves sprout or when the leaves fall and it's a changing of your blood at that time, you know, that causes 'em to pass on. Somebody that's been sick a long time. So in the spring or in the fall, why watch out. Oh my, I don't feel so bad now. I was awfully tired awhile ago.

SS: Maybe it's talking about the old times.

MAB: I suppose.

SS: I don't know, I heard that the ball games used to be quite the occasions.

DB: Oh yeah, we used to play ball there at Princeton every Sunday. Harvard <sup>they</sup> had a team and we had a team. Well, we could scare up two teams if we had to. I was never much of a ball player. But they used to play...

MAB: You used to box.

DB: I used to box a lot.

SS: You used to box yourself, huh?

DB: A little.

SS: What's so funny about that, Art?

MAB: You don't tangle with him even yet.

SS: I wouldn't.

AF: I went to a ball game. And there used to be a livery barn down there in Princeton and this big guy, oh, he was big as a horse, without a rider. He'd been wanting Dick tow or three times to put on the gloves so Dick, he put on the gloves with him one day and they got into a real battle you know, see. Well, every time Dick wanted to, he'd hit him on the nose or anywhere he wanted to, you know. So this guy, he figured, well, he better quit before he got hurt. So, by god, they quit.

MAB: Dick knocked him down twice I guess. He thought he was a prize fighter.

SS: So you were pretty good with the old gloves?

DB: Well, I'll tell you that boxing, boxing is something you got to figure ahead of the other fella.

AF: If you don't by god... he'll kick ya.

DB: You have to figure what he's going to try to do or pull on ya and beat him to it. If you can beat him to it, you can whip him everytime.

MAB: I told Dick one time I said, "Well, when they hit you like that and about broke your jaw, didn't it hurt?" He said, "I never feel it. I get a little bit mad and I never feel it." I've seen til he couldn't open his mouth for a week, though.

DB: That was over killing my dog.

MAB: Yeh.

SS: What?

DB: Feller killed my dog. My neighbor over here shot my dog and boy, the first

time I seen him, I met him. He was a prize fighter too.

AF: He wasn't long, though.

SS: He wasn't long?

DB: Oh boy...

AF: ...halter chain.

MAB: Oh that isn't all of it. Dick didn't get the halter chain out til he knocked him down the third time and started kicking him in the face.

SS: Who, he knocked Dick down?

DB: Oh yeah, you bet, he was good with 'em too.

MAB: Dick got up and pulled his halter chain out.

SS: That sounds like a real fight.

DB: Yeah, it was, it was a good one.

SS: So did you take care of him with the chain?

DB: Well I...

MAB: It didn't take about two strokes I guess.

DB: He was a better fighter really, than I was because, well, he was professional. And his brother and they worked out together all the time. And his brother went with the carnival as a boxer, you know. He's pretty good when you go with the carnival, taking 'em all on. Well this other feller, they claimed was better than he was. I don't know. I know we had quite a time.

SS: What did he shoot your dog for?

DB: Well, neighbor and I, we went up to see about some dead timber for wood, winters wood he sold. And I had a little Australian shepherd oh, she only stood about that high. And she went along. Well, she jumped a couple of deer and she took after her and so they were running down around where he was living with his brother. And he run out and shot her and killed her. So one of the fellers WAS with me seen him shoot her. That's how we knowed where she was and who killed her. The first time he met, why I jumped him about it.

MAB: Pre'near any dog would chase a deer anyway.

DB: Most any dog would chase a deer, I don't care. So we kind of had her out.

SS: Did you know you was <sup>g</sup>ing to fight him when you saw him?



- DB: I figured I would. I figured he was a better man than I is, but I figured I was going to whip him one way or another.
- MAB: If somebody made a mention about "your dog was killed." And Dick said he wasn't. Snip wasn't chasing deer or anything. And said the man that killed her was a son of a bitch. Glen said, "You mean to call me a son of a bitch?" And Dick said, "If you killed my dog, you are." (laughs)
- DB: So you know, I just leave a man shoot at me as my dog. I know what to do.
- SS: You rather?
- DB: Yeah.
- SS: Shoot at you?
- AF: If he didn't get me, why I'd come back hunting him. So just as well to.
- DB: Anyhow, he left the country. He didn't stay around here any more after that. I think he got nervous, I don't know. Oh he was here one night at the dance, we used to have lots of dances here. He was here and him and a feller here they, well, they was talking about fighting. I said, "If you're going to fight here, you're going out in the road. You're not going to fight in the house here." He said, "Well what do you got to say about that?" Said, "Not much, only this is my house. And I don't want you fighting in it. I aim to see be no fighting in it." Well they didn't fight. And they didn't go to the road. So that kind of worked on his crew too, you know. So that's the way it went. And after he shot my dog, that set it off right.
- SS: It'd been building up a little bit.
- DB: It'd been building up before that, yeah.
- SS: Did he know it was your dog when he shot it?
- DB: Of course he did.
- AF: Sure he did.
- DB: Well, I'll tell you what I knowed him to do do and another fella got him at it. There was a feller down here that had hounds and they got chasing deer and he got 'em out in the woods one day and called 'em up and cut their throat with a hunting knife. Now a man's pretty damn low if he'll do that, ain't he?

SS: Snake.

DB: So, I don't know if his characterly stunt or what.

SS: Who was this guy?

DB: Ross.

MAB: Glenn was his brother. What was his name?

DB: Harry.

MAB: Harry, Harry was his brother's name. His name was Glen.

DB: His name was Glen, yeah.

SS: Is there any people around here like that same fella, I don't know if it would be him, but is there any guys that steal around here that you really had to watch?

DB: Nooooo...

MAB: Not right at the minute.

DB: No, not that we know of, no.

SS: I wasn't thinking...

DB: We had one or two here that I think did.(laughs) I know one time we had a lard can in there that just held a 100 pounds of sugar. We went to town one Saturday night and got a 100 pounds of sugar, just canning season. And we got a 100 pound...

MAB: Money was scarce too.

DB: And I dumped it next morning before I had breakfast. Art and I was working in camp and I dumped 100 pound of sugar in this can and just enough of it for breakfast. Sugar bowl full of it. So Sunday morning, why or Monday morning I was eating breakfast and the sugar bowl went dry and I went and took the top off the can, the sugar, and half of it was gone. You know, we didn't use that all Sunday. And so May, she, I told her it, well, somebody got the sugar. So she got ready to can some fruit that week sometime and went out and she had about four or five dozen empty jars gone. I don't know whether to put the sugar in 'em or put...

MAB: I went to this special neighbor and, oh, about 150 quarts of peaches underneath the table. I said, "Peachy, I thought you were out of fruit jars?" Well, she

said,"I was, but we was, but we got some.

DB: I guess.

MAB: Yeah, we've had lots of 'em that did. There was one guy that lived down the road here. He was always yelling about certain kids around over the neighborhood that was swiping gas. And come to find out he was the one that was coming and getting it.

DB: Well, we had two lived here, they quit making trips for gas. I had a barrel sitting out there that had gas in it. And they kept getting and getting it and I never got any out of the barrel and pretty soon it was only about that much left in it, see. So I went in and I poured about 10 gallon of diesel in it. In with the gas. Boy, that was Saturday that I fixed it all up, Saturday evening and they went by here the next day with their old car and they got up as far as Hershiel's. You could track it by the smoke.(laughs) They got up as far as Herman's driveway. They had to come and pull the car back home.(laughs) I never did see it on the road any more.(laughs)

SS: It took care of your gas problem too, I'll bet.

MAB: They were just kids.

DB: They were just kids, they was only about 12,15, but they told the tale.(laughs)

SS: Well, didn't you know Art since you were just kids together? Is that right?

DB: Yeah.

SS: You came out the same time...

DB: Yeah, we come out on the same train. We was about,oh, about five year old when we first met. So you know we've been around together a good while. Yeah, it's been quite awhile. It's been about 75 years,Farley, since we met. It will be this Christmas.

MAB: You put, build wood in the stove,huh?

DB: Who me?

MAB: Build a little fire, it's getting just a tiny bit chilly. What time is it?

SS: It's 5:15. I should be getting on.

MAB: Don't rush off. You don't have to...

end of side d

DB: '13 and '14 and then I went up there and I think it was '16, went out to old camp 5. Tom Kelly was running it and I went out there and I worked there in the kitchen and I worked there for, well, two years and then he moved over in camp 10. And I worked there for him, oh, I don't know, about a year I guess. Then he moved down to camp 6 and then I went to work for him down at camp 6 again. Camp 6 was right out of Helmer there. So I worked, well, one time, I knowed practically every family in Bovill. Because they was all working, all their men was working in the woods. Now their women and children a lot of the older ones, children, but I didn't know their wives and younger children, you see, 'cause, well had no way to get acquainted with them, you see. Course, there were several of 'em

I run fire for him, he run a donkey and I got burnt down there and I had to go down every night, I used to go down and stay all night with him and get my arm dressed, and then we go back up on the speeder next morning. So I knowed quite a few in Bovill.

SS: How'd your arm get burnt?

DB: Well, I's firing on a donkey and the fire, we had a fire set a fire, and I run and took the hose on the injector and turned it on and I didn't get it on enough or should have wired it on or put you know, pipe around it. It blowed off. Caught this arm right here. And when I rolled my sleeve and everything, and underclothes up, the hide all come with it. So it was burnt pretty deep, you know. So I went down to camp and they took me down there and they took eggs, whites of eggs and soda and put on it and took me on to hospital. Yeah, that's when Gibson was there in the hospital. Yeah, I was pretty well acquainted around Bovill at one time. And Camp 8, Camp 8, there's where they had took all the machinery out of there, you see and donkey doctor and all them, Billy Holmes, why he lived there at Camp 8, and he kept all the donkeys working, see. If anything went wrong with one, well, we'd go get him and he'd come up and fix it and go on. But when I first got acquainted with Billy Holmes, he was running donkey at Camp 5. That's where I got acquainted with Billy. Yeah. Oh, that was a good town at that time.

SS: What was it like? How do you remember it being?

DB: Oh, talk about your, well, you could go into town, get anything you wanted. Yeah.

Nobody said anything, well, the sherrif come over, he was going to raise the devil about T.P. Jones, he said, "Listen. JUst leave the boys alone," he said. "You go out in camp 6 or 8 months," he said, "and you got to town, you'd want to celebrate a little too, wouldn't ya?" He shut him up. That's the way that worked. Did you talk with Carl Lancaster and, him lately? And...

SS: Clay, yeah.

DB: Complain any? (laughs) I got acquainted with Clay, oh it was, 1913. Yeah, he come over to our place there. I was living with the folks there and we had a dance and him and his brothers they come over, they lived just over the mountain at Mls:ow, between here and Moscow. And Clay and his two brothers come over and play for the dance that night. Yeah. Well then, Clay's wife and Mae was raised together, they was chums in Lewiston. So Clay, when he moved up, got married, and I got married, why then the women, why they bring us closer together yet. So they lived right over here on the creek at my place here, for a while. Yeah. Old Clay's a pretty good old chum.

SS: Yeah, he's a nice guy.  
He's a nice fella

DB: So's Carl. But Carl, he kinda lets hisself run away with hisself once in a while. I used to, well, it was his uncle, Henry Jones, him and I fished together and Carl and him never did get along. Well, that made it worth his while for Carl and I. Well, in fact, you couldn't hardly turn Carl down for Henry. So he give a dance there at Harvard and he told us not to come up one time. So, thirteen of us went up there to the dance ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> night, out of camp. And we stayed all night. He didn't like it. He told us not to come but we went anyhow.

SS: This Carl.

DB: This Carl, Carl. Well, we had one fella in the bunch, he he liked to go with us but he'd always want to cause trouble at the dance. Now that's no good. So him and I got into it there that night and I told him, I said, "Now listen." I said, "Let's have no trouble. They didn't want us to come and if you start something we're all going to get into it. Let's not have it." So he kept on and I said, "If you don't shut your damn mouth I'll take you outside." He said, "I don't think you're man enough to do it !" And I said, "The hell I'm not!" And I took him

and took him outside. So that stopped that. So we all danced that night and we all had a quart of whiskey apiece but we hadn't tasted it yet. So after that happened we took all the old timers out and gave them a drink, and boy, did we have fun the rest of the night! When we got ready to leave they all asked us back! Carl, oh boy, he was mad. He was hardly man enough to handle us all. Poor devil, I felt sorry, I don't what got into Carl, he just took a blue streak.

SS: I heard that sometime at Harvard and Princeton, the Princeton guys started mixing it up.

DB: They didn't get along at all. I tell you where we had our big trouble was Onaway. Down just out of Potlatch. Ummm. Boy, we went down there one night and there was thirteen of us went down. So a fella come out and we had all our horses tied up right there in a string, right there by the door. Well, the moon was shining pretty high and so fella come out with an old gat, that long and he'd 'fraid to stand behind it, he had it out around the corner of the pool hall, smacked it four or five times and it wouldn't go off. So one of the boys said to me, he said, "Dick, you got yours?" And I said, "Yeah." And he said, "Let's have it." I never thought, and I give it to him. Boy, he held it right in front of him and he throw gravel in his face three times fore he could holler, "Get out!" I never seen no more of him that night. We knowed who it was. (laughs) So, they asked us back. (laughs) Yeah, Onaway and Princeton, they always did, they never did get along, but we always got along with them because we never took nothing from 'em. And they knowed it. They knowed if they started something we wasn't going to take a thing. Well, you know, you can kind of bluff your way through at times, can't you? (laughs)

SS: And you do.

DB: And we did. And they'd come up here to Princeton to dance and we'd just treat 'em like brothers and I think that broke 'em from sucking eggs. Yeah. So we, same feller run the floor down at Onaway that did up here at Princeton, he was not our favorite, of course. Because he lived there at Princeton. We got along pretty good.

SS: What do you think it was tough for those towns to be friends?

DB: Well, here's the idea as I have often sized that up: This town wanted to run it, that town wanted to run it, and the other town wanted to run it. Well, that

causes fuedalty someplace. And some of 'em was not gonna stand for it. And I guess they found it out. Course, we never did have any fights or any trouble. But they always stood off and watched us.(laughs) Yeah, they had dances there at Princeton, at Onaway and, well there was ten of us went down there one night, all from camp. And they got into it. So Carl Lancaster and I, when they went outside to fight, one of 'em hauled off and he hit the floor manager. Well, he didn't hurt him. So we finally got the main fellers into it on our side and got him outside the door, and boy, way up in the air. So Carl and I put our, they had a banister and we put our feet against the banister and our backs agin the door and nobody could get out. And we held them there and the music started up and they kept adancing and the rest of them, the fighting went on down at the foot of the stairs and we'd hear 'em fightin'(laughs) we held them there for quite a while and they quit trying to get out and we let it go. Pretty soon the fella that held the dances and owned the building, he come out and he said,"What's going on?" And I said,"I guess it's all over." And he said,"Why?" And I said,"Must be." So next week Evan Gurnsey owned the building and he had the dances and so he sent us all tickets to come to the dances all winter. All of us, all twelve of us. I don't whether he wanted us to keep quiet or what the devil. We always went down.(laughs) But that's all the trouble we had there. And they had one fella there, he's the one that got into it with the floor manager, he, very good friend of mine, I'd worked for him, he was my foreman there at the mill. I went down and I told him after they'd opened the door, I said,"Jack, leave him alone." He said,"Why?" I said,"He's going to sober up, you're going to keep pounding on him, he's going to sober up and you're going to get hell whipped right out of ya."

End of tape.