

GEORGE (HAP) MOODY

with

BERTHA CLYDE MOODY

Interviewed by:

Sam Schrager

Oral History Project

Latah County Museum Society

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I. Index

HAP (GEORGE) MOODY
with BERTHA CLYDE MOODY

Moscow, Potlatch; b. 1885

Latah County sheriff and deputy, 1922-1955; all-time Idaho Vandal booster.

Bertha: b. 1899; deputy county treasurer and tax collector.

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2 hours

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Hap (George) Moody with Bertha Clyde Moody

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Hap (George) Moody with Bertha Clyde Moody

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00	More about Hap and football. He never misses practice, and so inspires the team. To be a good head coach nowadays you need to be a politician. He flies with the team, and is met by old student friends in towns. He advises the team too.
10	Memories of Dr. Robinson. He thinks Hap needs money when he sees him returning from huckleberrying, in tattered clothes, on the day he's elected sheriff. Bertha speaks of her work in the office for his Psychianna mailings.
21	Nickname for the streets of Potlatch: "For Potlatch Lumber Company Owns Everything Most." The first letters are for Fir, Pine, Larch, Cedar, Oak, Elm and Maple.
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with Sam Schrager
February 28, 1974

II. Transcript

Hap Moody worked for over thirty years as Latah County deputy and sheriff, beginning in 1922. Bootleg whiskey was the most common activity he had to deal with, and there were also robberies, jailbreaks, labor disturbances, and bribery in local law enforcement, all of which are subjects of Hap's stories. In recounting some of his own most colorful adventures, Hap has much to say about both lawbreakers and lawmen. Bertha Clyde Moody usually accompanied her husband when he drove around the West on police business, and she rounds out their account of the sheriff's office and early days in the county.

BERTHA CLYDE MOODY: Yeah, he told me to hurry home (chuckles) when I left. I could remember better than he.

SAM SCHRAGER: Maybe some of the factual details...Well first I wanted to ask you how you happened to come to Potlatch.

HAP MOODY: Well, I got sick of the East, mad or something. I spent all my money for a railroad ticket, landed in Leeds, North Dakota. Then I took a harvest, went into harvest there, followed the harvest up into Canada. And I had a friend in Potlatch...

B M: ...That had come out, earlier.

H M: Yeah. So I just came out to see him about in 1914. You couldn't get much work anywhere. So I put in six months out in the country milking cows for my board. And then I went into the Potlatch mill working nights tailing the edger. Well I belonged to the Masons of course, 50 year Mason, I don't have to pay any dues. And the boss of the townsite was a Mason. But prior to that I painted I think and papered every house in Potlatch.

B M: There wasn't quite as many then as there is now but...

H M: And there was these four room houses, you had to paper one a day (chuckles). And I had to smell the green paper, of course, used arsenic...

B M: Green oatmeal.

H M: ...to color it, and I got arsenic poisoning. So doc, old doc he put me up at Loon Lake up there in Washington for six months to recuperate. I imagine that my appendix broke because I never had any trouble after that (chuckles).

And I guess the poisons from my appendix offset the poisons from the arsenic poisoning. So when we got back from there, well I worked at this or that.

I was an invoice clerk in the Potlatch store--I don't know how long, do you?

A year or two.

B M: I'd say longer than that.

H M: And during the war I was head mechanic in the garage. Come pret'near dying there.

SAM: How's that?

H M: Oh, it was in the basement. It was cold, 18 below zero I think. Started some Ford tractors a-goin', and for some reason or another I stepped outside, and I knew right away that I had got too much carbon monoxide, because I was so dizzy I couldn't stand up. Probably if I'd a stayed in there another half hour, I wouldn't a been here now. So after that I got on the townsite, they was building nine houses up on what they call...

B M: Nob Hill.

H M: Nob Hill. And I put in the furnaces, hot air furnaces. And at the same time I'd get all the material--that is, the boss told me what he wanted and I'd go down the mill and get the order and get it up there to build these nine houses. Kind of straw boss I guess you'd call it. And when they made out the drafts, the lists of the draftees, I was...

B M: For the war.

H M: Yeah. I was good on a typewriter, of course, and shorthand both. I graduated from the Albany Business College. And so when I got done, I had everything written up, the numbers and everything, and they thought that was great. Well how I come to get into the sheiff's office for some reason or another they'd called for a deputy from the north end of the county. And you know, I didn't know the sheriff, but the same time I got the job.

B M: Hadn't Morgeridge died? And the deputy died.

H M: I guess so. Something happened anyway. So I got the job and then of course being pretty good on the typewriter and pretty good with figures; why I was made undersheriff right away. And then I hadn't been there too long, because I did most of the outside work. God my wife and I travelled a million miles looking for different (chuckles) people. And after I got to be sheriff, why I made the first thing to do is to get acquainted with every sheriff in Oregon, Washington, Montana and Utah. And that paid off pretty big. 'Cause I wanted anything y'know, I could call 'em up. And they'd get right at it: "Oh yes, Hap, we'll get right at it." Well you know, if I hadn't made acquaintances with them they'd've said, "Yeah, I'll attend to it," but then they'd forget it, y'know. And then of course I worked with the FBI all the time. Yes, I used to go with the FBI agents from here all over the country, because I knew the country well. If they'd send an FBI agent here they always gave him orders to come see me the first thing (chuckles), 'cause I could tell him where to go.

SAM: How did you get acquainted with all these sheriffs now?

H M: I used to just get in the car and go call on each one of 'em.

SAM: Just visiting?

B M: Well we generally had something to, oh kind of look into, and we stopped.

H M: Oh yeah.

B M: Yeah.

H M: But I knew most of the chiefs of police around, y'know. (Chuckles.) Over in Portland once in that park down in front of the--what hotel was that?

B M: I don't remember, but...

H M: 24 hours anyway in a one hour parking zone. 'Course we got a ticket. I went up to see the chief of police, name was Miles. It was only a dollar anyway I guess, cheap way to park in those days, y'know. He said, "you know, you coulda gone back to Idaho, I wouldn't a been after ya." (Chuckles.) Well I visited a lot of different sheriffs.

SAM: I'd like to ask you about some of the different stories and about some of the illegal activities that were going on. And one is the moonshining, which I know when you got in was quite a big...

H M: That was the main thing in those days. Yep. I was the undercover guy for the federals.

B M: Always when he'd start wearing that beard, letting his beard grow and getting on his old malones, they knew something was gonna happen.

H M: There was going to be a raid somewhere.

B M: Yeah...They'd go out. They'd stay, sometimes two weeks they'd be out.

H M: Yeah, sometimes we'd set on the still, y'know, night and day for a week or two, if it was a good size still. I don't know, I got a picture I guess of a still, if I can find it.

(Break)

...by the name or Zimmerman. The sheriff there at Whitman County, they couldn't get him, the federals couldn't get him. They wanted me to see if I couldn't catch him. Jordon and I went over--that's the big fella. And I bought a gallon of moonshine, paid him twelve dollars and a half for it. And I asked him, I says, "What the hell, you got about 800 acres here, the best wheatland in the country. What's the rason that you're fooling with this booze?"

"Well," he says, "I'll tell ya. I had a friend in Spokane. He got fined \$200. And I paid the \$200 dollar fine and took 200 gallons of moon in pay." And he was selling that for twelve dollars and a half, it cost him a dollar a gallon--just couldn't stand it. Well when he come to trail he brought in a Spokane register book, showed where he had signed that book on the night that I was supposed to have bought the booze. And just as luck would have it, y'know that little half line at the bottom on most of those old ledgers? And he'd signed on that half line, that was the only place on the ledger that any-

body had ever signed on that half line (laughs). So that cooked him right there. Well he fought it clear to the Supreme Court, and the government finally broke him...I put in a month or two in Spokane for the sheriff there, but that was looking for burglars, robbers.

SAM: Was that when they robbed Groh out there at Bovill?

H M: That wasn't the time, that was a little bit later on. When they'd robbed Groh, they got \$1500 worth of clothing there in Bovill, and I got a tip that there was a gang in Peaceful Valley with an Oregon license car, they were supposed to have. And my wife and I went up there, and I guess we put in about two weeks.

B M: I think so.

H M: We'd go in there every day, couldn't find it. There was a long row of steps goes from the street up above down into that valley. Soooo we went up, stood up at the top of that one day, and I says, "Well, I guess we'll give it up, go home." And I finally decided to go back once more, so we went down in there, and by god spotted the car.

B M: The meantime he'd got his teeth pulled, (Hap laughs) and then had to go out after he'd had his teeth pulled, with the police.

H M: The police, they knew I was there looking for it, and they was ready at a minute's notice. So when I spotted this car and the house where they're at, why of course I just called the police and made the raid. Got seven of the worst burglars in the Northwest (chuckles). We got radios and everything else from all over that they'd stolen, y'know.

SAM: Were they hard to arrest?

H M: No, no...

B M: They took them by surprise.

H M: Police done the arresting, I didn't have anything to do with that. But the beauty of it was when they brought them in to the courtroom, I guess it was.

Old John Groh, he was an old Dutchman, (chuckles) they brought 'em in, he jumped up there, "Ahh, the sonofabitch, he got my pants on!" (Laughs.) But the reason that they raided that, there was one cap, just one cap that we could find that had John Groh's name in it. If it hadn't been for that I don't know whether we could ever get a search warrant or not. But that was where I made my first. I was famous from then on. (Chuckles.)

SAM: How did you get to the cap? Did you go and look at their goods?

B M: That was after they'd arrested them.

H M: After they'd arrested them. Of course we searched, took all their stuff, y'know, radios and everything else that they had in the house there. But old John Groh, that old Dutchman, when the fella come in, had his pants on. He was going to fight with him right there (laughs).

(Break.)

...Where it turns down the Clearwater River before you get into Lewiston, y'know, the road down the Palouse. There used to be a gang down there, they called them Chickenhouse, wasn't it? Anyway there was about four of 'em, and they'd been mooning. The federals, they couldn't get 'em. Soooo of course they called for me, and I went down one rainy night. And I was representing myself as a--(chuckles) I was a good liar--moonshiner from Union Flats. And I said I had about 40 gallons of moon and I'd like to get rid of it, and I knew they could use it. Well they was interested right away. So I was to deliver the moon the next two three days. In the meantime I bought a lot of containers, and the last thing I bought was a pint of moonshine--I had to have a little to go home on, and I would replace it when I brought the other moon. And they had some that they'd got coal oil in, and I said, "Oh," I says, "I'll take that home and rerun it, not cost you anything." The federals was waiting outside, stationed there, y'know. (Chuckles.) Another thing y'know was to get the marked money, I gave them marked money for the moon that I'd bought, you see.

So the federals went in and raided them. And it was about eight months before they come to trial. Y'know the government was pretty rough, they'd hardly ever give 'em less than eight months and a thousand dollar fine in those days. Anyway when there come the trial time in the fall, Jerry Gelwick was running the soft drink joint, I don't know whether you...

B M: Popcorn stand.

H M: Whether you remember Jerry Gelwick or not?

SAM: I've heard of him.

H M: You've heard of him, yeah.

B M: He just died here not very long ago.

H M: Anyway, there was one of these guys that was supposed to know every officer in the Northwest, the reason they couldn't get 'em. So he come into town just before the trial. He asked Jerry, he says, "What kind of looking guy is that man Moody anyway?" Well Jerry described me. "Well," he said, "that's the sonofabitch!" and then went in and plead guilty. He got eight months and a thousand dollar fine (chuckles). It was just something like that all the time.

SAM: How come the feds would have more trouble than you would to go in and break these guys?

B M: Hap was little and un--you know.

H M: I didn't look like an officer.

B M: No.

H M: And of course I used to get throwed in jail, got (chuckles) throwed in once down in Lewiston, I was running around two three o'clock in the morning down there.

B M: 'Course this was done on purpose.

H M: This wasn't.

B M: Oh wasn't it? (Hap and Sam laugh.) Ok. All right.

SAM: This one just happened to you. What happened?

H M: Then when I got in there of course the chief knew me. But up in Spokane, why the detectives there'd pick me up, kick me around, throw me in jail, some pretense or another...We had three guys---wasn't it--sold some mortgaged cattle or something here, and by god they couldn't get head nor tail. They knew they went over to the coast. So their wives lived in Lewiston. So I went down there one night to see 'em. I says, "You know, it's really none of my business, but I've been in Latah County jail for quite awhile, and I heard them talking about your husband." I says, "Be sure and don't write to 'em or try and call 'em up because," I says, "everything's covered, they're waiting." And then I fooled around awhile. "Well," I says, "I guess I'll go over towards the coast."

"Well," they says, "you tell 'em!" (Laughs.) Oh, god. Just that easy. I got home, the sheriff and I started for the coast, to the address that these women gave me. We got 'em, all three of 'em. Brought them back (chuckles). First time the women come up to visit 'em they saw me. They were pretty sore for a little bit, but they kinda got over it (chuckles). They thought it was a pretty clever trick. And then they got to see their husbands too, while they were in jail.

But I was pretty lucky. After that Peaceful Valley trip I kind of made it...to go back once more. I went back once more and got all those robbers, you see. Well, Deobald at Kendrick during the war lost \$1500 worth of tools that was stolen. And there was a kid saw a guy with a gun in his bedroll. So I hired the kid to stay with me.

B M: That kid...the guy told the kid to leave his bedroll alone.

H M: The kid got curious and found a gun in it I guess, or something. So we put in two weeks up there I believe, didn't we?

B M: Well, a long time anyway. (Hap chuckles.)

SAM: Whereabouts was that?

H M: Orofino.

SAM: He went with you looking for the guy?

H M: I kept the boy on guard to watch for him. Then I had the state patrol alerted to be sure and...why I had the description of the car or something, didn't I?

B M: Pickup, I think.

H M: Something anyway. So the kid saw him leave or something one day and he called me, and I got the state patrol out, and they stopped the guy in his car. And they didn't get the tools but he had a load of stolen tires (chuckles). And he was staying with an old bachelor up between Orofino and Kamiah in the brush back there, he had a shack of some kind. And I found there that they had some beaver hides, which was against the law. So I got the gamewarden, federals or something to go up there and search that. And they got them with these beaver hides. And I don't know how we come to...did we go out in the brush and search, or did they tell us or something?

B M: I don't remember.

H M: But anyway we got all that stolen tools from Kendrick. This old bachelor had hid 'em out there in the brush. And that was all there was to that (chuckles). Deobald gave me \$20. Couldn't get tools for love nor money during the war, y'know. Hell, he was just simply out of luck, he had nothing to do with it. An officer ain't suppose to take money or rewards, he's supposed to work for nothing (chuckles). Deobald was bound I'd take it.

SAM: He was bound you were going to take it you say?

B M: The \$20, uh-huh.

H M: Yeh, Deobald was.

B M: After they got that guy, then some boys had reported seeing a body floating down the river, remember? So Hap went up with the officers to see if they could

locate it. I drove along the bank in the car and they was in a boat. They never did find the body anyway. But it was so beastly hot. And we had water-mellon at noon, and Hap was so sick, I tell ya. And we was ready to come home with this Whitey, they called him, I don't know what his other name was, that had stolen the stuff. We stayed all night anyway before we started home. And this Whitey had stomach trouble. I don't know how long he was in jail up here. You know, you get to like all these guys.

SAM: Do ya?

H M: 'Course the main bootleggers that grew up around Pierce and Orofino were Kentuckians and North Carolinans, you know. Well the federals decided to raid them once, and so I guess there was about four federals and the sheriff from here, I don't know how many others there was. And they decided to raid Pierce. So they sent me along ahead to buy. And you know them bootleggers, some of 'em I think was waiting for me. They wanted to get in jail and get something to eat, I guess. A lot of 'em, you know just...

B M: Be a good place to spend the winter.

H M: The upshot was we brought down two busloads to the Hotel Helgerson there at Orofino, and they had the U. S. Commissioner right there to arraign 'em. You see we left word with the bus driver there at Orofino--what was his name--that he was to break down on the way in, and we would go by him with a busload of officers. And 'd sent word that there was a busload of company officals coming, Potlatch officals. So we got in ahead of the regular buss--he pretended to break down and let us by. Well, we had men enough so we had about every place covered inside of ten minutes. And I think we brought 18 down to and have them arraigned, a busload there, at Orofino. And I'd go ahead and buy and the federals would follow along. Well the first busload that they brought down, I was in the back seat of a car with the officers, you know. The kids in Orofino were on the sidewalk there, they'd wander around there and then look

at me, you know. "Bet that old guy has made a lot of moonshine!" (Laughs.)

Oh that was quite a lot of fun. But, it was hard work. We used sit on a still maybe three days and nights, waiting for 'em to come in. It's hard work.

Old Jim Rice was the chief federal officer, he was stationed in Lewiston.

SAM: Well what was it like out there on the eastern part of the county, like around Bovill and all through the logging part of the country? I get a lot of stories about moonshining from some of the old guys that were young then, in the 20's, let's say, before it was a federal crime, you know, when it was local option. It seems like a lot of guys were doing it in those days.

H M: Oh yeah, a lot of them you bet. Well they'd get pretty good money, you know. Easy way to make a living. You got to have water to run your stills. That was one drawback, you had to stay on the stream. Although we had one old guy packed water way back up on a dry knoll--old East, John East, over there at Princeton. And we had one old guy there at Princeton, he dug a hole in the ground, put it down in there. Well, the sheriff and I got down in that hole before he got there. And the old fella come in--and grabbed him of course. 84 years old, I believe. And by god the federals wouldn't take him in. They said he was too old, they wouldn't take him in. He thought a panther had him when we jumped him down in there.

SAM: Well how would you decide who to go after? If a guy was smart, would he get away altogether if he kept it pretty much to himself?

H M: Yeah, yes he would.

B M: Somebody'd generally squeal.

H M: Well yeah, and of course they had to have somebody to sell it for 'em. We was over to Cove one night--let's see, that was some of your relation wasn't it?

B M: Oh I wouldn't be surprised.

H M: (Laughs.) He had 40 gallons of moon hid in the haymow. I don't know how we found it out, some way. So we went over there, dug it out, and we poured

that moonshine into the hog trough, and doggone pigs got drunker than the devil on it, y'know, and then squeeealed, and sang around there, squealing (chuckling). Oh gosh. He didn't make that, he just was a-hidin' it for old August Liesener down at Palouse. Those smart ones, they got somebody else to get caught.

They didn't get caught themselves (laughs).

(End of Side A)

SAM: Everytime you found out about it, everytime it reached your attention, would you feel duty-bound to go and pursue it and get the guys?

H M: Oh yeah. 'Course as I say, I worked with the federals so much, and when they got balled up, why they'd send for me--well the other sheriffs too. Because they knew that I could buy when there wasn't anybody else could, y'know, 'cause I didn't look like an officer. It was funny the way some of 'em would act, y'know. Sometimes I'd buy a gallon, maybe forty gallons or something, and I'd show 'em my badge, and some of them would look at it, y'know, and look at me, and they'd drop it like a hot potato (laughs). Yeah, but you know a bootlegger never had it in for an officer, hardly ever. They had it in for the stoolpigeon. 'Course there were stoolpigeons everywhere buying, y'know. But you couldn't put 'em on the stand, a grand jury wouldn't believe 'em, but they would believe an officer. And the bootleggers never..."Well," they said, "that's your business, you're supposed to do that." They never...Oh once in a while one would want to shoot you if he got a chance. But you didn't have to worry about them, I knew if they was going to they wouldn't say they were going to (chuckles). They wouldn't warn me in advance. But the bootleggers didn't have it in for the officer.

SAM: Well who were these stoolpigeons then? Did these guys get paid for making an arrest?

H M: Yeah.

B M: The stoolpigeons couldn't make an arrest.

H M: No.

B M: But they would buy and tell. But they couldn't make an arrest.

SAM: But they got paid off if they set up an arrest.

B M: Yes, yes.

H M: They got paid off. They was called informers by the government (laughs), but they was called stoolpigeons by the bootleggers. And they'd get up with these dances, y'know. See there was a dance hall damn near on every...There's one on American Ridge, one at Deary, y'know...

B M: Thorn Creek.

H M: And at Bovill, and over at Kennedy Ford, and out here at Rowland's Park... And we had to police those dances all the time, y'know. Well it was kind of fun, y'know, we'd be driving in, and see some of 'em there with a flashlight, y'know, looling in the brush, and we knew of course they was looking for a cache. So one of the officers would get out with a flashlight, go alongside with 'em y'know, and help 'em look. All at once they'd look up and see who it was: "Jesus Christ, the law!" and away they'd go. We'd keep hunting till we found their cache (chuckles).

SAM: Did you have much trouble with drunks? Were you supposed to arrest a guy who was acting drunk at a dance? How did that work?

H M: Well, sometimes I'd have a little trouble. Jordan's about six foot six, weighed about 260. And he'd just take an arm under their neck, lift 'em up off the ground and walk off with 'em. I left the arresting to the big guys, I didn't do much of it. Yeah, I wish Jordan could talk, he could tell ya. He loves to tell stories.

SAM: Yeah, I'm gonna get in touch with him if he's well enough to speak to me.

Was it against the law for a guy to be drunk, to be drinking? Was that illegal?

H M: Oh yes, it was illegal to have liquor in a bottle or anything, you know.

Possession, you could get hooked for that. That's where we got 'em at the dances. Get drunk, or catch 'em drinking, as a rule. Take their bottle.

SAM: If a guy was drunk and he was pretty quiet, he wouldn't stand much a chance of getting arrest, I'd imagine?

H M: No, no. If he kept quiet. Went out when Ing Aas was my deputy--he lives in Clarkston. And he was raised out on this Burnt Ridge, out east of Troy there. I sent him in one night into the dance hall, he hadn't been on very long. He come out and he says, "My God," he says, "they're all drunker than hell in there."

"Well," I says, "you go back in and I'll drop in in a few minutes." And old Ing never got over it--he said when I stepped through the door you could hear a pin drop, there wasn't any of 'em drunk (laughs). He couldn't understand that. That was a fact, though. There was of a lot of them be drinking that went carousing, but let an officer show up, they wasn't drunk...Another funny thing happened here in town. Ing hadn't been on only about--I don't know whether that was his first night as jailer or not. A fella by the name of Bill Hill had an apartment down there, called up. He says, "I got a peeping tom down here, I wish you'd come down and get him."

"Well," Ing says, "I'm alone, and I can't very well get away." He says, "Just get the chief of police."

"Well that's the sonofabitch doing the peeking"--and it was! (Laughs.) The chief of police was trying to catch the old guy...Oh gosh, we've had some funny things happen. When we first started in down at Kendrick, we got an Indian to buy for us, because we knew that he could buy. So we gave him some money to go and buy a bottle of booze. We lost track of him--in fact we didn't try and watch him. But we found him after awhile. He was drunker than hell. "Me buy! Me buy!" But he'd drank up all the evidence, we couldn't do a thing. So after that we followed the Indian, we kept him in sight (chuckles).

"Me buy! Me buy!" He drank up all the evidence.

We had a district judge here, old Judge Steel--quite a hand to drink himself, but he would back up the officers. And we had a Lawyer by the name of Keane, and he was defending all the bootleggers. In court one day, and I was on the stand, and they had a bottle about two-thirds full. And Keane says, "How do you know that that is moonshine whiskey?" He was trying to get in that I'd drank some of it, y'see.

Old judge, he rared up, he said, "If Mr. Moody says that's moonshine whiskey, it's moonshine whiskey. Proceed with the case (laughs). The old Judge would backed me up. He scared the big deputy. We had open court, y'know, and I'd send him over. I don't know what happened, he'd get tongue-tied and stammered. The judge'd send him back, and tell him to send me over. What was his name, big guy, y'know?

B M: Garrison?

H M: Garrison. The old judge would call him over, on purpose, y'know. He just couldn't hold with court for some reason.

SAM: Well, what about a couple of these real colorful lawmen who were here in the early days? I know you knew Pat Malone.

H M: (Chuckles.) Yeah, he was quite a fixture. We had him with us one night out at Rowland's Park. We'd picked up six or eight drunks and lined 'em up on the running board--in those days there was a running board on the car. Well a fight started over towards the dance hall, and old Pat, he couldn't stand it any longer, he had to run over there. When he got back, the drunks'd all left of course, run off. Summerfield (chuckles) said, "What the hell ya doing here Pat, letting all these get away?"

Old Pat he stumbled around, "Oh well, hell, we got enough anyway." (Laughs.)

We were going down to Genesee, and started after a moonshiner--never mind that, he was just a bootlegger. I took after him, and it was darker than

than the devil. I come to a ditch about six foot deep and into it I went, and I couldn't get out of it. Old Pat was shooting away at the guy he thought, and Jordan, he says, "Heeey Pat," he says, "that's Hap, don't shoot at him!" (Laughs.) Oh it was really quite a lot of fun, a lot of hard work.

SAM: Well I heard that he had a reputation for not being too tough, Pat did, if he could avoid it, he'd just as soon...

H M: Oh no, he was good for that Bovill bunch. Oh they'd mind him, all right, if he got after 'em. He didn't bother 'em much. But he was a good man for that locality, because they respected him all right, would mind him, but he wouldn't throw 'em in, unless it got too bad. He was a powerful devil. He got a grip on ya, you wouldn't get away. They told a story back when he was in Detroit, they put him on one of the toughest districts there for some reason or another. Anyway there was some tough guys. One morning he come in wheeling a couple of 'em in a wheelbarrow, says, "Here's your tough guys!" (Laughs.) Right in court. I've got an idea that's true, that's the story they tell of him. But he wasn't afraid of anything, I'll give him credit for that. He wasn't afraid of the devil himself.

SAM: He's got something of a reputation for being a drinker himself out there.

H M: Oh yes.

B M: He did drink, um-hm.

H M: He drank himself. He was a great man to cuss.

B M: Every other word.

H M: (Laughs.) They had some in court, come IWW's. We had 200 of 'em in a stockade down there years ago, barbwire. And when they come to trial they had some lawyers from Montana, some of the best lawyers in the country, y'know. The IWW, they had money. Well they put Old Pat on the stand, and one of these high priced lawyers, he says, "Isn't it a fact, Mr. Malone, that you're prejudiced against these poor workingmen?"

Old Pat, he rared up. "I'm prejudiced against any sonofabitch that puts the red flag above the stars-and-stripes!" (Laughs.) By god they convicted them. I think that done more to convict them than anything else.

But he did have--the judge would say, "Now Mr. Malone, don't, don't use so much profone language, just, just tell this thing as it is."

"Well Jesus Christ, I'm trying to!" (Laughs.)

B M: I don't think he realized that he was...

H M: I don't think he realized he was swearing.

B M: ...swearing, you know, he just did this...

SAM: It just came so natural to him.

H M: Just rolled out of him. And he was witty. Up to Bovill once, they brought a prostitute in from St. Maries on a stretcher. And she was laying there on the stretcher on the platform there at the Bovill station. Old Pat comes stomping along. She looked up at him. "Hellooo, Pat, you've slept with me many a time, didn't ya?"

And Old Pat, he went stomping by, "Poor lady, she's out of her head!" (Laughs.) Oh yeah. Pat weighed close to 300 pounds, y'know. He was stout.

That reminds me of a federal officer, Bulldog Johnson, they called him. He used to shoe 40 horses, 40 head of horses a day back in Minnesota. He got on the sheriff's office up there at Coeur d'Alene. And he came dragging a couple of tough guys in. The sheriff says, "Well what the heck? What are you doing here? These fellas are unconscious."

"Oh I just yumped their heads together!" He was a powerful guy, goshdarn he was stout. He could yump their heads together too, believe me. And he was on the federal, he was always on these raids. Him and a fella by the name of Sam Webb, they was stationed here up at Coeur d'Alene, and they was in on all these raids that I went ahead to buy.

B M: Then there was another one that had been a preacher, that was an FBI, that

worked with those two.

H M: Yeah. They was driving through South Idaho one day. This Bulldog Johnson was driving, he chewed snooze. Every little while he'd open the window and spit out and the'd swerve the car. They drove about 70 miles an hour. Old Sam Webb couldn't stand it much longer. And he had a high squeaky voice y'know, and he weighed about 300 pounds. Well he says, "Spit on the window you sonofabitch, I'll wipe it off!" (Laughs.) Oh gosh. That sounded just like Sam Webb too. I'll bet ~~he~~ did tell him.

SAM: Did you have to crack down much on prosititutes? Was that part of the job?

H M: Oh, we wasn't bothered much in this county.

B M: That was before you.

H M: Yeah, well it was earlier days. That's before we ran the office. There wasn't many prostitutes around. You know, there was that up here at Princeton, you know where Princeton is?

SAM: Oh yeah.

H M: Yeah we had--what was it? 26 saloons there in the old days.

B M: 17, wasn't it?

H M: 17 saloons in those days?

B M: I can't remember 'em but...

H M: They had prostitutes then. I can't hardly feature Princeton having 17 saloons.

B M: 17 buildings, hardly.

H M: (Laughs.) But that was in the logging days, when they was logging. You know at one time the line between the prairie and the woods went right through the edge of Moscow here. West was all prairie, wheat land--east was all big trees. Probably you can remember the big stumps maybe yet. Up around Troy and in through there, used to be stumps there 10 feet high. Used to have a lot of snow in those days (chuckles). Then that was the line, and then there

was an Indian trail from the the Coeur d'Alenes down to the Nez Perces right along the edge of this forest. It was allll dense forest east and all prairie west. Her father came here in '79. He was looking for wheat land.

B M: He had to log. He logged off our place.

H M: Oh yes. Ranches those days. All these farmers logged off their own places, a lot of them.

SAM: I heard there was pretty wild times there back in Palouse City and up on the Palouse back right around the turn of the century.

H M: Her father used to drive logs in this logging country into Palouse and their sawmill, into Colfax. Her father drove the logs every spring on the log drive.

B M: Oh I really don't remember when they were so tough, but then I guess. Maybe they were.

H M: You know a guy wanted to sell the site of Spokane Falls now.

B M: Trade.

H M: Trade for a saddle pony. He wouldn't trade. A saddle pony was worth more than Spokane Falls was. There was nothing there but rocks and bull pine.

SAM: He wanted to trade with your dad?

B M: My dad, when my dad first came out here. 'Course maybe that guy didn't even own the land. Who knows? (Laughs.)

H M: Yeah, he came here in '79.

SAM: I want to ask you a little more about the IWW's. What was it that they did that broke the law, that required their being arrested?

H M: Well, they was striking for one thing, and I believe that they...Let me see, what was it they was picked up for?

B M: Well they didn't want the other guys to come in and work either, did they? Isn't that the reason that you was...

H M: They wouldn't let the loggers work. I stayed one month, a little better, on the dividing line between the outside and the loggers over on Bear Creek...

B M: Was it Three Bear?

H M: Three Bear, over in there. And I had more trouble with the loggers, lumber-jacks, than I did with the strikers. 'Cause of course I kept 'em, I never would let 'em go over the line, but the damn loggers, whn they'd get drunk on the Saturday night, they'd go out and want to clean up on the strikers, you see. So I was between the devil and the deep blue sea most of the time (chuckles). But I worried over there on the Three Bear though, for fear that the strikers would start a fire or something. My god there was no way to get out of there, only one road. It'd've been pretty bad. And these IWW's, they got the abbreviation that "we won't work..."

B M: "I won't work."

H M: "I won't work," yeah. That was their motto. But apparently they would try to...

B M: Wouldn't they be almost same as the strikers now?

H M: Well, might be, I don't remember now just...

B M: 'Course they belong to a union too.

H M: But it was something against the law anyway, because they tried them in court and they convicted them.

B M: When Hap first come to work, the jail was down under the old treasurer's office actually, wasn't it?

H M: Yep. All it was was just a hole in the ground.

B M: The sheriff's office was on the main floor at the old courthouse.

SAM: What was Charlie Summerfield like? I heard he was rather tougher on the loggers than Pat was.

H M: Oh yeah. Charlie was tough. He was a champion wrestler. He was stout, and he really enforced the law. And he'd drunk himself occasionally (chuckles).

B M: Not very often.

H M: Not very often. But he got paresis of the brain finally. Doc said that he

was dangerous, and he finally committed suicide. He got scared, afraid he'd kill somebody. God, Jordan was afraid of him. Ing never was. Well I never was. 'Course he'd have these blackouts, and when he came to he'd make me promise to stay with him. And I did, I stayed with him. The doctor said he was dangerous. He knew he had paresis of the brain. That's one reason he committed suicide.

B M: Is that about the same as cancer? Is that a growth, what is it?

SAM: I don't know, I haven't heard of it before.

H M: I don't know, it's a brain disease.

SAM: Was he a very serious guy, or was he pretty funny?

B M: He was serious most of the time. He could kid, but then he took his job, it was a serious business.

H M: Yeh.

SAM: Did he used to talk very much about these old times back around World War I when they had this IWW trouble and that kind of thing? And back when the old moonshining...

H M: Oh yeah, he'd talk about it. 'Course he was in World War I himself.

B M: He had a bullet in his back.

H M: A bullet up next to the spine. They never dug it out. He still had it.

SAM: What about gambling? That was against the law too, was it?

H M: Yeah, oh yes, gambling was against the law, selling cigerattes to minors was against the law (chuckles).

SAM: 'Cause I know the loggers in the camps, they gambled.

H M: Yeah. Well it didn't bother us very much, just in town.

B M: Unless they got in a rumpus.

H M: Yeah, there was quite a bit of gambling.

SAM: Did you pack a gun yourself very much?

H M: Very seldom.

B M: When you went out on trips though, you did.

H M: Yeah.

B M: Just here in town, he didn't.

H M: Just if I was called out on the road to stop a car or anything like that, I took a sawed-off shotgun (chuckles). They'll stop when they look into a sawed-off shotgun, y'know. I trained Jordan to...He always packed a pistol. I told him if he ever had to draw it on anybody to be sure and tremble, shake, as if...(laughs.) He would tremble holding that gun y'know, and boy, they'd go up into the air. But I don't know, I never packed a gun much.

SAM: Did you ever have to use one?

H M: Never did. Well there was a kid put in reform school when he was nine years old. And he was in corrigable. Judge Nelson used to keep him in his office during the day to catch him stealing. By god he never caught him, but I'd have to go down and get everything out under his mattress the next morning (chuckles). He'd steal from the judge. But anyway we got a call, Jordan and I, that a fella had stolen a .45, I believe it was revolver and some ammunition down at the second hand store...

B M: This was after he'd got bigger.

H M: ...On Main Street. So Jordan and I jumped in the car and went down past Main and went around and saw the kid coming down the other way. Well I jumped out of the car, took after him. He started to run. And he reached around, and he had this .45 hung on his belt. Well (chuckles), I thought maybe we was going to have a battle so I got my revolver out. But what he was trying to do was to unfasten it and he let it drop. Well, that's the nearest I ever come to shooting anybody, because I was just about ready to crack down on him. Well he kept a-runnin', and I shot a couple times in the air over his head and he stopped. It was this kid that I'd put in a reform school when he was nine years old, but he was 19 or 20 see, and six foot tall. I didn't recognize him

at all, until I got up to him and asked him his name. Well, the kid got put on probation, and got him into the army some way, and he got to be an expert rifleman, and made good. Carrico was the name, Ivan Carrico.

SAM: Were you ever very scared, I mean when you were going into a still or into a situation?

H M: I never was afraid of anybody much but a crazy man. I was always afraid of a crazy guy (chuckles).

B M: Tell him about the lady that was crazy out here.

H M: Yeah, an old lady got crazy, and Jordan and I went out to see if we could get her...

B M: Wasn't Charlie out there too?

H M: No. Just Jordan and I.

B M: Wasn't he? Okay.

H M: And I went to the window, and she had this revolver, and I'd heard she wanted to get a .22 rifle. So I went out with the idea of trading her a .22 rifle for this revolver, see.

B M: So's he could get here, because she had been reported as insane.

H M: Insane, y'know. And I kept a-talkin' to her through this window, trying to get her to open the window. She kept that gun on me all the time, y'know. Oh I says, "This gun ain't loaded, of course."

"Oh yes it is!" And she showed me it was (chuckles).

B M: She had it pointed right at his stomach, so Jordan said.

H M: Pointed right at my stomach all the time. So I decided that wasn't going to work, so we threw a gas bomb through the window, and the damn thing didn't go off. So (chuckles) she came out of there with her apron, walked out to the edge of the creek there. And Jordan's laying right there. 'Course Jordan grabbed her right there. Took her to the asylum...

(End of Side B)

SAM: They kept it from you, they didn't tell you what they were doing?

B M: I knew that they was working up there or something, but I had no idea what kind of place or what kind of a layout it was. And then years afterwards, well, "This is where we did so-and-so," and...(Hap chuckling.) I would have been a nervous breakdown, that's all there is to it.

SAM: Maybe that's why he didn't tell ya.

B M: 'Course now a lot of the things Charlie used to say, "Now don't even tell your wife!"

H M: (Laughs.) And so we didn't tell our wives. She rode with me thousands of miles. I took her with me all the time when I was going through the different states.

B M: We hunted for...

H M: Came hunting for somebody, you know.

B M: ...Kids, women, men. And when this non-support law was in so much, I tell ya, we used to go over on the coast for people, for somebody. We'd get 'em and bring 'em home, you know. Maybe they'd keep 'em a day or two and out they'd go. 'Course actually they couldn't pay if they was in jail anyway. There was something sadly wrong with the...

SAM: Something sad?

B M: Sadly wrong with the setup that...I know there's a lot of men won't pay alimony and help with the kids and this and that. But they don't, and you get and go a way off and get 'em and bring them to jail, maybe they'd keep 'em a little while and turn 'em loose. To me it was a big expense. They can't pay while they're in jail. But I suppose they have to do something or maybe they'd all have done that. Now since Womans' Lib I guess, I hear they're going to turn it the other way around (chuckles). Women are going to have to pay alimony.

SAM: I think that'll probably take awhile.

B M: Yeah! Um-hm.

SAM: What do you think it was that made guys break the law? You seem to think that a lot of the guys that did something wrong were really basically pretty good people.

B M: I think they all have some good point to them. I remember one guy that they had over there at the jail, he cooked for them. And there was a kid in there that they was going to have to take to Saint Anthony's, and that guy used to tell him--I'd hear him tell 'em the things they shouldn't do, and this and that, y'know. Well, to me he was helping the kids. But I think they all... We never did take a kid down to St. Anthony but what I could have brought him back home.

H M: (Laughs.) Yeah, they was always so polite y'know, they'd open the car door and wait on her hand and foot. She used to feel pretty bad, have to take 'em to St. Anthony. I always took her with me when I took 'em down there.

SAM: Did you tell her a lot of the things that you did when you were doing them? Was it just certain things that you kept back? (Hap chuckles.) I mean, you must have told her a lot of the things that happened.

H M: Oh yeah, she was with me a lot of the time.

SAM: She couldn't help but know.

B M: But like sitting up there on those stills for so long and...

H M: I didn't tell her about that.

SAM: You would just sit there and wait for the guy that had the still to come?

H M: Yeah. Sometimes two, three days and nights. Yeah, up around Clarkia, in there, there was some pretty big stills in that country. Plenty of water there, you know.

SAM: Were all the stills built on pretty much the same kind of style, or was there a lot of different ways?

H M: No, no, no. They all had to have the barrels for mash, you know. And then

they had to have water to cool off the coils, so when they run the mash through this still, y'know. She was made out of anything. We got one still made out of galvanized can. What do they call it--those copper wires, there's supposed to be copper in the still.

B M: Otherwise it can be poison.

H M: Be poisonous, y'know. Some of it was (chuckles) poisonous, and some of it was real good liquor. 'Course it was new. We had a bunch down in Genesee, they made liquor out of potatoes--and by god, that was about 200 proof (chuckles). Boy it was stout! It was stout.

SAM: Do you think that the sheriff's office went easier on guys that were locals and here a long time than on people that were just, let's say...

H M: Well, 'course I had friends that was bootleggers that kept me posted. And the sheriff at Newport, Washington, he would turn his back about five minutes and let a load of liquor go through, forty cases, for \$200. He got \$200 everytime a load went through. Yep, I knew a lot of other officers did the same thing. I was offered \$200 a month to let slot machines run. 200 a month--I was only getting about 90 (chuckles). But I wouldn't take a chance.

B M: The thing is--if a guy ever does this once, he's in for it.

H M: Yeah, and you're bound to get caught sooner or later.

SAM: You mean that they can use that against him in the future?

B M: Sure, the next time they'd want him to do something a little bit bigger, and then it keeps getting bigger and bigger. That's where they make the mistake--the first time letting somebody bribe him. 'Course a lot of 'em get by with being bribed, I guess, so they say.

H M: We had one prosecuting attorney that...We'd try to raid these, get these pinball machines, not attorneys. Pinball machines (chuckles).

H M: Slot machines.

B M: Okay.

H M: And we had a prosecuting attorney, and everytime we tried to raid...I had a deputy up at Bovill that kept me posted on all these slot machines. But everytime we'd raid they wouldn't be there. So of course we knew that the prosecutor was tipping them off. So one day I went up to the probate judge, and I says, "You make it known that you're going over to the coast on a vacation. I want to get these slot machines." So he did, and I had the probate judge get the warrants out without letting anybody know it. Ordinarily, y'know, they went to the prosecuting attorney. I got 'em, I got the machines. And I was scared to death that the prosecutor would frame me (laughs).

SAM: How could that have happened?

H M: Oh, he probably could have framed me some way or another. But he went to Hawaii, he's over there now.

SAM: Well when you say that you had moonshiner friends that kept you posted, you mean they kept you posted as to what moonshine was being made?

H M: Oh yeah. Competition. They'd turn in their (laughs) competition. Hell, I'd pay 'em for it. (Chuckles.) I was just as crooked as they was.

SAM: Well it seems like you never could have stopped it, doesn't it? I mean it'd just be impossible to stop.

H M: No, no, you never could stop it.

B M: And that's just kinda like telling a kid they can't do anything. Grownups are just like little kids. If they're not supposed to have it, they're gonna, they're gonna have it. Isn't that right?

H M: Well, just couldn't stop it. It was against the laws. Juveniles to have beer, well hell, they get it in their own home. All they have to do is go to the refrigerator and get it.

SAM: Well, from what I hear, it sounds like the lumberjacks had a pretty tough life and a hard life, and they needed it, a lot of them. I mean it was important to be able to blow off steam somehow.

H M: A lumberjack would work all winter, get his pay, and go to Spokane, and in three days he'd be broke. Flatter than a pancake. That was a lumberjack for you. Yeah. Then he'd go back into the woods and get another stake, come out and spend it all in two three days.

SAM: Was there ever much trouble with lumberjacks coming from the camps into the small towns around here and blowing off their steam?

H M: No. Oh they'd come in and get drunk, get throwed in jail, some of 'em, but they really wasn't too bad.

SAM: Are there any times that you can think of that Hap hasn't thought of, some of the incidents that you know about?

B M: (Chuckles.) I can't think of any right now.

SAM: What it was like to be...

H M: We had a man run a restaurant down here on Main Street. He run it, oh I guess for two three months. Then he beat it with all the money. He was from North Dakota, and there was \$200 dollar reward out for him, a lot of money in those days. And I used to eat there, y'know, and I paid him, talked to him, y'know, and after he left I got a tip that he was in Spokane, so my wife and I went to Spokane, got in the hotel across from the hotel where he was supposed to be. Well the owner must've made a mistake. I got the chief deputy at Spokane, and warned him that I wanted him. And he said this landlady would tell him if the guy was there. Well she either didn't tell him or else she... He didn't get him anyway. Anyway he got out a day or two before I was ready to abandon, so I lost the \$200 reward, and the guy both. I don't know where he went, back to Dakota, I guess.

SAM: What was he wanted for?

H M: For absconding with the restaurant money. He stayed right there at the cash register. I always paid him. Was he supposed to have bought the restaurant or something? I don't remember now.

B M: Don't remember.

H M: Anyway he got away with quite a bunch of money...Oh, we had quite a time with bum checks, y'know, bum checks. Have to hunt 'em up and make 'em good. And of course that's bad yet.

B M: I don't believe there's quite as much right now though...

H M: No...

B M: ...As there was. Maybe we just don't hear about it.

H M: About the time the University boys was going home, why you had to watch out for bum checks.

B M:And stolen cars.

H M: Yeah, stolen cars.

SAM: Was there much of that going on here in the old days when they had cars?

H M: Well, not any more than there is now. I remember the first stolen car I went after, a Ford--guy left it running down in front of Davids', come out it was gone. Well, they got it over at St. Regis, Montana. And talk about a cattle trail! (Laughs.) Just a trail was all it was. A good thing there weren't many cars on the road in those days, there was no place to turn out. But we went over to St. Regis anyway, and brought it back. It was always my good luck to have to drive the stolen car back.

B M: Did you tell him about the guys that broke out, crawled out the roof of the jail?

H M: (Laughs.) Oh we had a couple of prisoners...Was they federal prisoners?

B M: I don't remember what they was in for.

H M: But anyway they dug out through the roof. Happened to be a place where the steel didn't come together.

B M: And the pipe went...

H M: And y'know I could cover that hole with my hat, and it wasn't too big a hat either. They soaped themselves and got out through there and made a

matteress rope and got out. And they got back to Wisconsin, was it?

B M: You stopped in Wisconsin. That's where Henry's...

H M: Yeah. The funny part of it was they went downtown and stold a Buick car that belonged to the government. Well they stored it there through the winter and nobody thought anything about it. If they saw it was gone, they probably **thought** the government man had come and picked it up. So they got clear back anyway to Wisconsin, and then they got picked up for something--I don't know, anyway, some minor infraction. And they called up, that's the first we knew that the damn car was stolen (chuckles).

B M: You was on the way back to get 'em, wasn't you, when you heard that the car was stolen?

H M: I don't know, I can't remember. So we went back there, Ing and I--that's the chief deputy--we went back and got 'em. Well we got back into Montana, reached Frenchtown, stopped for gas. That doggone deputy of mine went down to the store to buy some bananas and left them two in the back seat. 'Course they shackled together. Well the doggone gas man, he filled the car, and then what did the damn fool do but go and put the key back in the lock. There they was there, and both of us gone. One of 'em said, "Let's take off." The other one said, "No, no, that damn Moody'd shoot us." (Laughs.) But I sure gave my deputy heck for leaving them guys there alone. 'Course it wasn't his fault. You thought the damn garageman would've give us the keys. But no, he goes and sticks it in the car.

B M: Maybe he didn't know.

H M: (Chuckles.) Well he could see they was handcuffed together and they had leg irons too.

SAM: So they didn't take off, huh?

H M: They didn't take off. But one of 'em wanted to.

SAM: They let you know.

B M: Let's see, somebody ran out of the jail one time when Ing was there. Now what was that?

H M: Asked you to mail a letter?

B M: No this fella, they took off. (Hap chuckles.)

SAM: What did you think of some of these other places in your travels as compared to Moscow and North Idaho? Did you find much difference in the different places that you went, and what the people were like?

H M: No, we got the best treatment down at Salt Lake. They had a man there to take visiting officers all through the tabernacle and out to the copper mines. A man did nothing else from the sheriff's office but entertain visiting sheriffs. That was the only place that we got as much attention, I guess.

B M: Well we generally didn't have that much time, anyway.

H M: No.

B M: I can't remember what we went down for that time.

H M: I don't know, looking for somebody, I suppose.

B M: He didn't take us through the tabernacle, am I right? There's something that...

H M: Yeah. Took us through the tabernacle, but you can't get in the temple.

B M: Oh, it's the temple, yeah, it's the temple you can't get into.

H M: But they took us all through the tabernacle.

B M: Yeah, um-hm.

H M: You can enter that building, in five minutes it holds about 5,000. Probably you know about it. And you stand way at the other end, drop a pin, you can hear it drop.

B M: They did the same thing when my dad first came out. I can remember he used to tell about going in there and dropping a pin.

H M: You just whisper there, y'know. The acoustics'd beat anything on earth.

B M: We stayed over hoping to hear that big choir that we'd hear on the radio.

H M: But they didn't operate for us.

SAM: So you travelled together, you kept him company pretty much...

B M: Yeah.

H M: Well, I had a car...

B M: We used our own car.

H M: We always used our own car. I drove a Packard in those days, it was my own car. This car we got now of course, the seats go back and you can make a bed in it. Oh I guess we'd had that fixed to, yeah, we had the Dodge fixed that way, didn't we?

B M: We had the Dodge and we had the Buick that was fixed up.

H M: When we was gone we'd drive into some sheriff's yard...

B M: ...Or state park.

H M: Just sleep right in the car.

B M: Now we'd be afraid to.

H M: And we used to stay at the state parks a lot too.

SAM: Do you think that things have gotten much worse as far as trusting people and breaking the law, that sort of thing, than it used to be?

H M: Oh I don't know, it seems that way. There's more of them, I guess, is all.

B M: It's easier to hear about these things today, I think--radio, TV.

H M: Yeah, there's more publicity I think, or something, I don't know. It seems that there's a lot of criminals running around. I don't know.

SAM: Was there ever any organized crime, what you would call big, bigger time crime?

H M: Not here, not here, there wasn't population enough in those days. 'Course I say the sheriff gave me \$200 to stay a month around Spokane skidrow listening for burglars, break-ins. I had to leave booze alone (laughs). I didn't fool with booze away from my own dunghill, 'cause a lot of the officers was

right in with the bootleggers, y'know. You didn't know what to do, I just watched for burglars...

(Break.)

...In from Seattle and the coast, and they tried to shut the mill down, y'know. But the Potlatchers wanted to work, they didn't want to strike. And they came to me and asked me if I would see that they got down to the mill, passed through the strikers, striker's line, you know. I said, "Sure, if you want to work, I'll see that you get down to the mill." (Chuckles.) So I posted--well, I went myself, I had the deputy with me. I stood right there at the line. I told the strikers they could talk to 'em peacefully if they wanted to, but I said, "Don't you ever try to stop one of 'em. First day somebody threw a rock at the first guy went through, and of course I nabbed him right away. That wound that up, and they didn't throw any more rocks. But they pretended to take pictures of everyone that went by, you know. Well I knew there was no film in the camera, it was just bluff. There was three different times I guess, wasn't it...

B M: I think.

H M: ...That I had to go over.

B M: But they never really caused any trouble.

H M: No, no, they didn't dare to. The law was very plain--if they did any strike breaking, they had to do it peacefully, they couldn't use force. And I had some nephews that wanted to work, and they'd get the truck and go right down through (chuckles) the line. And I told them, I says, "If they want to run over you--if you want to get out in the road and they want to run over you, it's all right with me." So they stayed out of the road.

SAM: Were there local guys too who were not working, who were out on strike in sympathy with these other guys?

H M: Most of the strikers was brought in from outside, I suppose was paid by the

striker's union or whatever it is.

(Break.)

B M: (Describing her first plane ride:) ...On the flat west of Potlatch down near the junction. And it had two passengers. Virgil (Adair, her cousin) wasn't driving it. But then anyway I got in (chuckles), and the other guy got in too, I guess. Anyway the pilot came and he said, "You know, this fellow that's going up is supposed to turn over. Will you be afraid? (Chuckles.) I said, "No," but you know it felt just like--I was scared to death though--but it felt just like my head was down between my knees. In those days they charged \$15 for, I don't know whether it was five minutes or--anyway, they'd take you around over Potlatch and around. 'Course I didn't have to pay for my ride, but that was my first airplane ride.

H M: Now she's crazy to ride on 'em, she wants to ride in the jets. We go with the football team, you know, every year, chartered planes.

SAM: Say, I want to ask you about that now. How did you start becoming Mr. Vandal? When did that begin?

H M: That started 40 years ago. I don't know.

B M: They didn't even have football around when he was a boy.

H M: No, I never saw football till I came West. I never saw a ski till I came West, y'know. Now back home is the greatest ski country in the world. Stow, Vermont? I run barefoot all over them mountains, there was no skis in those days.

B M: You never started going to football games until after you started working for the sheriff's office, did ya? Or did you when you was in the garage over there?

H M: No, I don't think I did. See, after I got in the sheriff's office, it was my job to guard the line up there when they registered. I had to sit there and watch them. Then I had to go...

B M: You fellas patrolled the campus then.

H M: Yeah, I had to patrol the campus. In those days the sheriff had to do that. So I don't know, I got to watching them, I guess.

B M: And when we moved here, the lady that we rented from wouldn't have a football player, they was too rough on things. And so after we bought the place, football players is who we rented to.

H M: See when Staley was coach, he bargained to rent to his players, you know.

B M: If they needed an apartment.

H M: He guaranteed the rent. And we had lots of football players I guess, off and on, for many years.

B M: Then it just got so, well the kids here in the house--they had a friend that wanted to rent it, and, well now we don't have any football players. Not that we have anything against football players, but you know, it's just one of those things.

H M: Whoever leaves generally has somebody they want to put in there...

B M: Got a friend, or...

H M: We don't got to look for renters.

SAM: No.

(End of Side C)