



**SHEEP HORN STUDIO
HAND MADE BELT BUCKLES**

John Carrey

Box 168, Riggins, Idaho 83549

*Away down Big G.
This should go
Best damn place
in Idaho*

*Jim and Holly Adkison
of Taylor Ranch
Armed Flying*

*Cascade
Idaho*

83611



Paul Dudley White MD

Friends Jim & Helly; Piggins Fla
there is a big storm April 22/88
on here - the Wild Jet boat races
are about to start - Sat + Sunday -
Pearl + I really enjoyed seeing your
show - We wished it had been
longer - first of all I wish to thank
you two for the letter to come in -
Maybe you'll stop of here some day -
Our neighbor Bob Suter bought
the sheep tag at Auction \$68,000.00 for
Idaho - he is a real good person -
also owns all the ranches + $\frac{1}{2}$ of Piggins
If he comes your way try to help
him - if you can. he is no Phoney -
Helly there is neighbor here he
works for ^{trapper} Galt has a real saddle
Mule - black with stocking legs
It belonged to a sheep herder
at White Bird for a long time
She is in a stiff bit and sure a
real traveler + a Bridle Mule -

2. He has a little girl 9 yrs old
and she rides the Mule every place
~~to see~~ the Mule is fool proof -

I've been looking at Mules for
63 years - and she is just what
you want. Now the next thing
is the price - I know he gave
a good price for her and don't
know if he wants to sell her -
any way if you want a good
one - you can talk to Lee -

his name is Lee Rodgers Piggins He
He is at W. C. Call all summer - 835-49

Also has a real good white Mule also -

He once worked at Hettinger Ranch
about 20 yrs ago - last of the real good
horse men along Salmon River -

I hope you can read this
letter, I'm not improving with age -

Cort Conley and us, have a picture
show on road - all of last year -

It is the first boats down Salmon +
Middle Fork - Henry Weidner took the
shots - silent picture in the 20's

Will try to get you in on a show -

History repeats Its self-

When I was a small boy the
Sheep Eater was - was a big fascination
to me - there was several Old Veterans
come back into the Country to loop
around - they only went from Ranch
to Ranch - I'm in the same fix - no-
body much is interested in what I
heard these Old fellows experiences -
the Forest Service turn History into
a sastaic of no importance -

As time went on everything those
Old Gentlemen ever told me was
exactly the truth, they were real
Historians they observed more in
one day than a lot of people do all
summer -

I was out with a Geologist in "shorts"
up Big Salmon - he was sitting in a
Poison Oak patch - and giving a lecture
on how the Earth was formed -

Dave Lewis
+
Taylor Ranch

Seeing Dave Lewis on the screen - sure brought back fond-Memories - Dave Lewis payed more attention to us kids than the grown ups -

the pictures went pretty fast. But I saw Mrs John Conyers 'May' with Uncle Dave - they stayed there at different times - Ed James tells about going after May - when his wife had the first baby - at Bacon P. - 1916 "Cabin C."

I also saw a group picture in front of house - Harry Shellworth picture - far right with with Chops on a M & Coy -

M & Coy Ranch up Monumental Cr - there was 5 of the boys they all stayed in Big C. Country - Mostly with J.S.

Come any time of our can I sure like to visit with you two

John + Pearl Carrey



**SHEEP HORN STUDIO
HAND MADE BELT BUCKLES**

John Carrey

Box 168, Riggins, Idaho 83549

2 Animal Creation



*Jim + Holly Peterson
2 Taylor Ranch*

Carroll,

Idaho 83611

Riggins Fla
May 24 - 88

Jim & Holly:

Received the sheep Horn and
Will send you two a sample
of my Lamb - after 74 years -
Its not to good - Im working
on Horn - the color is out of
this world - youll sure be
surprised - Its really nice here
lots of Rain & grass is great -
My Senter - with 68,000 tag was
here to see us - He sure is some
shot - really a nice person "No big
show - with Bob Senter - Pearl & I
really enjoyed his visit - he owns
all the ranches close - including
Oas Place - If Holly is getting
reedy to study Lamb loss in
the sheep - I wish Dave Lewis
was here to visit with her -
the last report I saw on lamb
loss was by Jim somebody

You probably read his report
He claimed the sheep migrated
to Middle Fork - to Dynamite
Creek - It runs into Marble Cr -
pretty high up - I gave up on
his study - Nothing could make
that trip only on snow shoes
let alone a ewe heavy with lamb

Dwight Smith in F.B.'s Mode
an extensive study with Brandburg
whos Dad was an Supervisor
on Nez Pierce when Stewart was a
boy - in Srougerill.

Smith put a Cope of Minerals
for the sheep (licks) It worked -
at least they are still licking the
ground In the spots, Lem worm
& think has been here a long time
there has been several dye off's
in late years - the old retired
game warden - Boyd theaton - lives
in Piggins in summers and he
was involved with dye of around
Salmon (area) working with

2. Hamilton Mount. exp Station

Keep your eye on the loon & eagles
If you wish to fight them - find
Nest & they sure are a problem -

with so many predatory animals
the first year or winter (sure is bad
on yearling-lambs) in some sheep-
the Coyotes give them a run out
the young drop behind - then is
when they get them - or brake
them down hill on ice - from there
its a matter of eating them alive -

It better Nook this of - Come by
any time you can, would sure like
to visit I'm doing real good
Health wise - altho my writing
don't show -

Your Friends

John + Paul Carrey

Don't bother to answer
We'll meet some day -

Riggins Okla

Friends Jim + Kelly:

June 11/88

I hope you don't think I've lost
all my Marbles - I got your Buckles
ready to mail - Went back to shop -
and horn left in half (your Horn)

It is just the most beautiful
piece of horn I ever saw for
Pistol grips - just the right slope
for 45-44 Models any kind of
six shooter that is curved-frontier
style Δ . I've got two gold 14 K.T.
sheep heads to mount in handle with
your name in gold -

As for your horn I don't want any money
I only trade for my work - I will
take any sheep head you can
find - for my work - on handles
and also, what till you find one
After the stroke I can hardly
get anything done -

If you are interested in this
 desk you will have to send gun -
 I can go to Cascade any time
 and pick it up - Don't want it in
 Mail - the only way is to have gun -
 the mount has to be exact on
 on gun - It takes me a month -
 Maybe you two don't have a self
 shooter they also cost a lot -

Any way I'll hold the handles -
 and if you don't have gun you
 can have them any way - you
 want - my carving days are
 going -

Whatever you want is
 just right with me - this offer
 is just for you two,

John Horn Smith from
 Salmon. ID

to Jim & Holly
Here is two belt Buckles
I cut the horn up. It is
Beautiful but so small I'm
trying to get two extra
Nice Buckles

I have other horn but
it has to be Big Creek
for you two, if you ever
find any more like that
piece I you'll get Buckles &
the best piece will go
to Holly - will see you
some place dont bother
to write, I know your
Bury - do you like my
stationary - I'm about out
of steam - was 74 - Couple
of days ago, come by

John

all good is 14 K.T.

If any comes off send back
To me

THE IDAHO FIRST NATIONAL BANK

IDAHO

PLEASE LIST EACH CHECK SEPARATELY
All items are credited subject to final payment.

		DOLLARS	CENTS
Silver			
Currency			
CHECKS			
MAKER	BANK DRAWN ON		
ORIGINAL	TOTAL		

Name _____

Address _____

Date _____ 19____

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The Middle Fork

Editor's note: While we do not ordinarily print poetry, we are making an exception with this poem by John Carrey, Riggins historian. It was brought into this office by Charley Clelland of Weiser.

This was his first ride on the flying machine, the flying Otter, on a trip thru eternity with Bill Blackmore and Dave Davis.

In the beautiful month of October
Bob Cole gave me a call;
He hired me to come to Loon Creek,
To guide throughout the fall.

So gather around me old packers,
And listen to this story close
While I tell you about a mustang,
Part Otter, part airplane, and ghost.

You might have heard tell of Bill Blackmore
And that airship he calls a steed;
Well, he spends his time with the eagles,
And only comes down for his feed.

He works for a man called Bill Harrah
They have hired him to fly;
Bill eats and drinks in the badlands
And ranges around in the sky.

For years Bill has worked for this outfit;
Dave's a co-pilot — they say.
He keeps an eye on the dashboard
So the darn thing won't get away.

I swore for the love of my sister, I'd mount it
If the engine kept running free;
But this guide had to many clothes on,
And it was almost the finish of me.

If you'll listen, because
I don't know where to begin,
A twin-engine Otter is awful
And at times it goes higher than sin.

Well, I crawls in just like he was gentle,
I'm a little bit nervous, you bet,
But I feel pretty sure I can ride him
'Cause the motor ain't running, just yet,

Very easy, I sat down in the saddle,
The seat belt I cinched deep in my hide,
I took the slack out of my spur straps
'Cause it looked like a pretty tough ride.

Bill wound up the motor and it snorted . . .
Moved off like he was walking on eggs
It grunted, then exploded like a pistol
And I see he's at home, without legs

Hard winters, cougars and grizzlies,
Centipedes, rattlers, and such,
Scorpions, hunters, and bad whiskey,
Compared to this ride, wasn't much.

Well, I thought of Bob Cole, who's the ramrod,
If I could just get my hands round his throat;
I thought of my poor old Mother
And the last long letter she wrote.

Well I had a deep seat in the saddle,
My spurs both socked in the cinch;
I don't aim to take any chances,
And I won't let it budge me an inch.

It soon started acting plumb loco . . .
I buggared and was losing my sence;
It was weaving and flying so crooked
That I thought of a rimrock fence.

Now we're high in a rimrock country,
I think over Deadwood Springs,
And I like to fell out of my saddle
When he started a dipping his wings.

I'm riding my best and I'm busy,
I'm troubled at keeping my seat;
He don't need wings for flying
And, I handy when off of his feet.

He's got me half blind and I weaken,
We're flying around in big rings;
Besides he keeps me a guessin' . . .
I'm a ducking and dodgin' his wings.

I grabs me both hands full of leather
When a hole in the cloud she went through;
By golly, he starts getting rougher . . .
He's spinning and sunfishing too.

We dove to the ground like a twister,
'My ear drums were busted right there;
Before I could turn loose and quit him
Bill shot her back up in the air.

Then he smooths out and keeps on a climbin'
Till away down Marble Creek below
I take a good look at the mountains;
The peaks were all covered with snow.

Then up through the clouds he shot it
I'm plumb white round the gills to boot;
I sure was a wishin' I had me
That thing called a parachute.

And then I sorta went loco . . .
Passed out in the darndest sleep
'Cause when I wakes up I'm laying
At Middlefork Lodge in a heap.

Well I knew I'd been up with the angels
But I wasn't very light on my feet;
I think I got horns like the devil
And a mouth fit for eating raw meat.

I've shrunk off five pounds of leaf lard
But I'm here on the job with my things;
But I'm sure glad to be here to tell you,
Stay off of those horses with wings.

Amen. John Carrey.