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The Maxwell's came to Colfax and cut rails for a couple years and then homesteaded near Whalen. Mother's schooling and caring for the family when Grandpa Maxwell broke his leg.

A coyote sneaks away with Uncle Wes and Grandfather Palmer's breakfast in the night while Wes watches.

Incidents related of when Grandpa Maxwell served as an orderly for General Sherman in the Civil War. Scared during a retreat by the army mule. Setting a turpentine forest on fire.

The stage driver, Green Chambers, has a Chinese passenger from San Francisco.

(continued) At Grizzly Camp the Chinese man mistakes the hanging bear carcass for a human and is scared. He collects gold dust every month from the Chinese miners. Bob Nugent's tale of the pot of gold of the Chinese.

Indian scare. Grandma Maxwell and Mrs. Roland not afraid and don't go in the fort. Grandma Maxwell's story of the Indians befriending them when Grandpa broke his leg.

Experiences picking beans in later years with an Indian friend.

Glenn and Claude (two brothers) herd cattle on Hatter Creek. They pick huckleberries, and skin out a lost lamb with a pocketknife. She goes out later with her violin to the cattle camp near Elk River. The car motor blows so they stay a week during which time Verna goes with Ranger Stoddard and his daughter to Elk River Falls and to install a phone line on Elk Mountain. She and Delva Stoddard get food scraps for stock the last day she's at Elk River. The Stoddard's well-stocked log cellar. The section workers listen to the Palmer band playing.

The Fourth of July celebration. Patsy wins the horse race, the horses are stolen and Glenn tracks them down.

Escaping from a fire over Neva Pass with Old Joe, the bull, in the lead.

Visiting the cattle camp with her cousin. Hearing cougars howl. One cougar is chased right through camp. Next day one follows in her horse's tracks until right near camp.
Cutting through Malcolm's on the way home. A week later she takes two horses back up to camp. She cuts through Malcolm's again.

Betty starts to run home from near Flannigan Creek and Pete takes her time to catch her.

Herding the cattle on the stubble. A badger hole, losing two cows on the railroad tracks and one cow dying of bloat.

Myrtle slashes Mr. Gray's cattle with a knife to save them from dying of bloat.

Stories and proverbs. A bear shows up near their cabin and they shoot it. An ode to the Hoodoo country. Another bear shows up near their cabin.
II. Transcript
On this tape Verna Palmer Hardt relates the story of how her grandparents came to the Viola area. She tells of her paternal grandfather and Uncle Wes coming through Viola when they were building the Mullan Road and their return in the early years of Viola. Uncle Wes raised horses for the army and later moved to Canada as the range land diminished. Her maternal grandfather served with General Sherman and she recalls stories from his war years and the Maxwell's journey west.

Verna Hardt also describes early businesses, settlers and events in Viola. She recalls herding cattle in Elk River and cougar on Big Creek. She recalls the tale of the Chinese pot of gold and of the Chinese gentleman who came by stage to collect their gold.

This tape was made by Verna Hardt several years ago and was lent for copying by her brother.
VERNA PALMER HARDT: These are old stories of long ago—stories that happened before I was born. They're really the history of Viola and community. First it wasn't Viola, it was Palouse Bridge, and people lived here from everywhere. They came early and then stayed late. There was lots of different ones. The earliest settlers were the Palmer's and the Lowry's and the Scott's and the Griswold's.

Griswold was a, well shall we say he was a squaw man. He married a princess of the Nez Perce tribe. And he moved farther back, all the time farther back. Finally he got up to what we call Grizzle Camp now, but that was Griswold's Meadow. He lived there with his wife and his children until the country commenced to get so settled up that people were coming by there, and the miners were coming in, so he moved farther back, farther back, till everyone lost track of him entirely. But it was always Griswold's Camp. Well that got cut down to Grizzle Camp, and Grizzly Camp it is now today.

My earliest recollection of Grizzle Camp was, dad and the family always like to go up there to camp and fish. Whenever it was vacation time we always went to Grizzle Camp. One day we were camped there, I think it was an overnight camp, but early in the morning a man and a wagon, two men and a wagon, came rumbling down across the bridge and over into the meadow. Pretty soon we heard a shot. Dad said, "Well, I guess they must have got something."
Pretty soon they came back and they butchered a beef. And they brought us a water bucket full of liver and heart, and a few pieces of good meat along with it. And they said, "Well, maybe you'd like these. We can't seem to use 'em because we're just taking the meat on back home, and we don't like the liver and the heart and the other pieces we've given you. And here's some good steak to go along with it." That turned out to be Mr. Sexton and Lemon, the big cattle people of that country. They ran cattle all over the country then. It was Meadow Creek and Beeson Meadows and Grizzle Camp Meadow—all the way down and across, and they had their big meadows over on Meadow Creek. (Break)

Dad liked to go fishing. Every year he'd plan a fishing trip just as soon as he got the garden in and the apples all sprayed, just before haying time. It was always rainy then, but that didn't matter—it was all the more fun. He'd put a big cover on the wagon and we'd all pile in. Sometimes the hired man would go along or the hired girl too. Always a family would come and stay with dad about the time he got ready to go for a vacation, and they had learned to take care of everything. They'd milk the cows and take care of everything until we got back. Sometimes dad would stay as long as a month. Fishing and camping all up and down the Palouse River, over into the St. Maries and the St. Joe.

One time he travelled as far up the St. Joe River as Baldy Mountain. There we camped at Reed's place, an old man that dad had known for years. The boys climbed to the top of Baldy Mountain. They had a spy glass, and they could see all over the country, clear way down here. But you know they left the spy glass up there, and no one ever went back after it. (Break)

When we were on a trip one time we stopped at an old man's place that had bees, they called him Honey Jones. He had a beautiful place and orchard and a beautiful little cave down by a falls they called Honey Jones Falls.
Mother went down, and sat in the shade and talked to him and his wife, and they had a great visit. Got some honey from him, enjoyed his place very much. After a while we heard, years later, that he had given his place to be a park, and then there would never be anything that would harm his falls. He'd always wanted that falls to remain just as it was. And years later we went up, in 1957 or 8 I believe it was, and took the children and grandchildren with us. And we explored that park and the falls. And it was very much the way it was when I had seen it when I was just a little girl. (Break)

Many years ago, when the first miners came through the country there were lots of meadows, and fishing was wonderful. But then, after they'd muddied up the streams and taken all the game that they could get—now there weren't just a few miners, there were hordes, of them—the country wasn't the same. Old Griswold, he'd shake his head and he'd say, "No good, no good." And he'd go on. He got enough skins from his beaver trapping that he done pretty well anyway.

Then the loggers came in and they took off the timber. The mill was at Palouse City, over the hill from Palouse Bridge. And the first mill was a big dam and it was a waterwheel affair. And they sawed off quite a few logs there at Palouse, and made a lot of lumber—enough to build the town of Palouse, and some of the country places were built up from Palouse Lumber.

There was a pottery there too, they made brick, and plant pots and jars and different things and jugs. Lots of jugs, for they had to have jugs for the wine and the moonshine. Yes, there was grapes grown in this country in the early days. Mr. Miller, a neighbor over across from Asher and Nancy Palmer, had about a half an acre of grapes and he made his wine. They were wonderful grapes. I can just remember seeing the grape vineyard there and watching. They pruned them all down till they looked like they were all cut off in the spring, and then they'd all come out and make great big bunches of
grapes. But no more. I don't believe there's any grapes in the whole Viola Valley, I know there's none up in the Palouse Valley, up above Potlatch.

How did Potlatch get it's name? Well, there was Indians, a legend, the Palouse Indians especially it was prevalent amongst them. Anything went wrong with them, they didn't do good on the hunt or maybe they did good on the hunt and they got a whole lot of game and a lot of pelts, they'd throw a Potlatch. He'd put everything he had outside his teepee and give it away. That was a Potlatch. And that's how Potlatch town got its name because that was the Indian campground there, a big grove of beautiful trees.

Well, when the mill decided to come in they brought the mill on up there from the mill in Palouse. They brought it on up to the Potlatch grounds. Cleared off all the timber and put in a town there, and that was Weyerhaeuser's mill then. Potlatch Timber Protective Association went to work, because it didn't like those fires in the country.

But they took off the timber off of the flats, off of the flat lands and off of the low hills. You wouldn't realize that that country had been a well-timbered area at one time. But there were huge big trees, pines and cedar and tamarack and fir, and it must have been a very beautiful country. Up where the Scout Camp is now was quite a grove too. It was a cedar grove, but they took those all out, there wasn't anything left but thornbrush. The 3-C Boys came in and they built some of the buildings. They've torn down I think the last building now at the Scout Camp that was built before the 3-C's. And they did their bit to remedy some of the mistakes that the loggers had made. They opened up the trails, and fixed the roads better, and tried to straighten it out a little bit. But that was the way it was in those days—they logged and they didn't care anything about how they left the thing. They'd leave the timber, some they didn't like, they'd leave the logs laying out to rot. No one wanted the old logs that weren't good for sawlogs. They
couldn't use all that wood, they didn't think. Nowadays I think they use more of the wood.

Looking out of my window here toward the north and east it used to be a timbered mountain. Now they've cut nearly all of the timber off, there's just one little patch of timber. But think—years ago there was orchards on the hillside, trees on the top of the hill and in the gulches, but now it's all bare. They've taken off the trees in the Viola Valley. It's gone—the apple trees are gone, the pear trees are gone, the prune trees are gone. There just isn't any of the oldtime things left anymore it doesn't seem. Even the houses and the homesteaders are almost all gone. There are maybe a few left that were homestead houses, but most are in huge big fields operated by one man or firm of men. And that is what has happened to the beautiful green valley that grandfather saw way back when Mullan was building his road. (Break)

There was once a trail up over the mountain, and once in a while you'd look out over the hill and you'd see a string of wagons come down. Well, there'd be one, two, three, maybe a dozen, maybe more than that. One time, when I was a little girl, I climbed up to the top of my favorite tree and sat on the tall branches and looked out up the road. Coming over the trail and down across the hill to the road were wagons, lots of wagons. I counted as many as I could count, but I couldn't count them all. Mother said there were fifty wagons in that train. Someone had died back up in the mountains and they were bringing him down to the church here at Viola for the ceremony, and then up to the cemetery at Viola for burial. But those wagons, there was so many, they couldn't put them up at the church, the village was full. And when the procession started up to the cemetery the last one to leave the church couldn't find room to go in the road because they were all crowded one wagon right after the other, all the way up to the cemetery.

That was Meek's, they had a sawmill back in the mountains where they
sawed the lumber for the early settlers. Their lumber helped to build this house we live in now. Meek's mill was where everybody went for lumber, and in turn the Meek's mill people would come down here and sample grandfather's and dad's cherries and peaches and pears and apples. They enjoyed the Palmer fruit, the Palmer orchard was famous all over the country.

We've contacted people lately that live way back over in Emida that said they used to come over here when they were little to pick fruit in Palmer's orchard. They liked the fruit and they didn't have any other. So his orchards were very famous. Goetz's, our neighbor, had orchards, Chaney's had orchards, William's had orchards—there was orchards all over the valley here, it was a good fruit section. (Break)

Viola had grown to be quite a large city by the time I was four or five years old. I can just remember dad carrying me on his shoulder to watch the schoolhouse or church burn. They burned down the church and the mill, the gristmill, and the schoolhouse, and the livery stable burned and even the hotel burned. Almost all of Viola burned out. Of the older buildings, well there's only one left of the original buildings belonging to Nichols down in the village now. But the others were gone. It was a beautiful town at one time: there was a big four or five story hotel and a big livery stable and a gristmill, the Wells Fargo depot, the Wells Fargo barns where they kept their horses, and there was boarding houses and blacksmith shop, and five saloons believe it or not.

When Grandfather Maxwell moved over to Viola from Palouse, he went around and tried to solicit people to get rid of the saloons. Well, a lot of the people didn't like them because when the men would come to town and the boys would come to town they'd get drunk, and then they'd start carousing up and down the streets and scare people, and sometimes they'd do damage. So grandfather was the first one to start to get rid of the saloons. It was a good
thing too I guess. Old lady Simms, well she was Foster first and then she married Simms, ran the boarding house, and the Wards ran the blacksmith shop, and David's had a big store—well it was a saloon first and they turned in into a store. Afterwards it come to be Kassen's store, and several different people owned that store. Now it's the Viola Tavern-saloon, in the early days they called them saloons, now they're taverns. I don't know if we ever had any dancing girls here in the saloons or not. I never heard grandfather say or mother never told me about it either.

But the big buildings, the big gristmill they had where they ground corn that people would raise and wheat for flour. They didn't have to take it all to Palouse when they had the gristmill here. It was run by horsepower. And the boys would run around and 'round behind the horses or mules and grind the corn and the wheat that they had to grind for feed and for flour. One day one of the boys was grinding and grinding and he got tired, and he tried to get someone else to do it, but nobody'd do it. So the next day Mr. Beasley brought his girl down to grind the corn, and she drove the horsepower and drove it and drove it and drove it. Finally she tripped, and she had sacks around her legs instead of overshoes, it was cold weather in the winter, and she got tangled up in the tumbling rod and she was killed. One of the boys jumped in to help and his leg was hurt too, and he only had one leg. His name was John Rothwell; after that they called him Peg-leg Rothwell. But they stopped the gristmill then. They said, "Well that was just enough." They wasn't going to do it anymore. It was soon after that that the mill was burned down. I've often wondered if maybe some patriotic citizen didn't want anybody else getting hurt on it and they set fire to it, but no one ever knew.

Then the church burned and the schoolhouse burned. They accused a little boy of setting the fires but everyone knew he didn't, because he was scared
to get out in the dark and he was a very timid little boy too. But that was Stecker—the little boy was a nice little boy. His folks finally sold out and moved because they couldn't stand the talk about their boy setting fire to the town and burning it up. 

The folks always had lots of cattle. Uncle Wes had a huge ranch and huge bunch of cattle—he never knew just how many cows he did have or horses. He raised horses for the cavalry, and he had Morgan stallions from the government and Belfounder mares. So he raised pretty nice horses. They were all almost all the same color, bay with white stockings and a star in their forehead with black mane and tail. Beautiful horses and fast too.

One day he decided that he'd go down to the village at Colfax. Viola wasn't very big then, that was before Viola became very much of anything except just Palouse Bridge and a post office. I think someone had built a little bit of a store down here by the name of Knapp. Anyway Wes hooked up his team, or had his driver hook up the team rather, he always had a driver to drive his buckboard. He didn't like to drive himself, he wanted to look around and see what was going on. And Wes never drove a team that wasn't right up on their hind legs ready to run. Most always they were fresh horses off the range, and maybe had never had been driven before. Jess Hill was the driver usually, after he got big enough to drive why he drove Wes team everywhere, all over the country.

But this day Wes wanted to go to Colfax in a hurry. So they drove down to Colfax and on the way they met another neighbor that was going to Colfax. I don't know, maybe it was tax time or something—they were going down for some kind of a meeting. It was George Hill, and he yelled at Wes and says, "Come on Wes, let's go." And they raced all the way to Colfax. They got down there, and Jess said they blanketed their horses, and he rubbed the horses and worked with 'em while they went up to the meeting that they had.
And on the way back, why they raced the horses again. And when they got home he had to rub the horses down, and blanket them and walk them to keep them from gettin stiff.

One time dad had a team that Wes had given him, one that Wes had driven quite a few different times and they were quite tame. See my dad had a lame shoulder and a lame arm, and he didn't do very much driving of very wild horses. He was driving this team around, and oh he could go places so fast in that team. I don't remember just what their names were. We'll have to try to find out from someone else that remembers what dad's team was. But anyway, the hired man wanted to take the team to go to Colfax to the dance. Dad said, "All right, you handle them careful and be sure to blanket them when you get down there. And don't let 'em go too fast." So the hired man drove the team down to Colfax and hooked them up to the hitching rail in front of the dance hall. Forgot all about blanketing them—he had his girl with him. And then after a while when the dance was over, in the wee small hours of the night, they danced all night in those days. It'd been cold, and those sweaty horses had had to stand out there all night long in the cold. They weren't used to that, they were used to being blanketed. Well, he drove them back home but they were pretty stiff, they weren't going too good. He was pretty badly frightened by the time he got 'em home and put 'em in the barn. And he put blankets on 'em after he got 'em back in the barn, and worked with 'em a little bit. Next morning dad went out to see about his horses and he noticed it—they were all stiff and stove-up. "No good," he said. "Turn 'em out. We'll just turn 'em back out in the pasture, they won't ever be any good anymore." They were what they called foundered. I don't just exactly understand it, but it seems like if a horse gets real hot and then gets cold, why they get so they're stiff and stove-up. What we call arthritis in human beings I guess. (Break)
Uncle Wes' teams were wild and his drivers were wild. He had about forty hands, cowboys, that rode with him, done his riding and took care of his stock for him. Clear down to the Rattlesnake Hills, the Horse Heaven country, was his horse pasture. And his little pasture took in about all of what's south of Viola around the hill in the cup. There was a huge big spring there where he'd water his stock. When he'd bring in the horses to sort out what he wanted for the government, he'd put them in that little pasture. It was a hundred acres or so of pasture that was well fenced with high rail fence. Then he'd ship the horses out or they'd take them down to Fort Walla Walla and sell them for the cavalry remount.

Along about 1915 he decided there just wasn't room enough for him any more. They'd fenced up a lot of his pasture down below Colfax. There was fenced in around the poplars and the wells, and they fenced in around the little towns as they went down—people had pretty well fenced up all the good grass. So he rounded up all his stock and his horses and his cows, he had four trainloads of them, and he shipped them to Canada. And here at Viola he loaded on his family, and all of his housewares and his tools and implements, some of his pet stock that he had—his fancy bulls and his real good stallions, and his mares that he had that were quite tame.

He brought some over to dad's. There was Ned and Fred and Len and Joe and Patch. Dad had another one he called Nell. And Susie was a little gray colt that had gotten crippled up on a racetrack. They were going to shoot her, but dad saw her and he said, "Well, we'll just see what we can do doctoring her up." I petted her and petted her, and he called her my horse because I doctored her and helped pet her so much and took her carrots and water. And she went down and she'd stand in the creek. She was just a little colt, I think maybe might have been a short yearling. But that was the team that dad drove, was Susie and Nell. There was Patsy, was another one that
Wes let dad have. And all those horses that were tame and nice Uncle Wes
gave to dad, for dad needed the horses on the ranch here to work. The others
were shipped to Canada.

No, he didn't sell many of his horses, he turned what he could over to
the army at Walla Walla, the fort. Then he shipped the rest of them up to
Bigger Saskatchewan and started the drive. Jess told about it not too long
before he died, because Jess was getting up into eighty years old before he
told me this story. But anyway, when they got to Canada, the Bigger, they
found a place to camp out, and they decided they'd stay there for a little
while. So he stayed there for several years and run a wheat ranch. But the
cattle and the horses went on to the Peace River, way over across the Tundra.

Jess said it was the awfullest, meanest drive he ever saw in his life,
but he drove Wes in a buckboard all the way across. When you got to the
Tundra you just didn't know whether you were gonna drop down in axle deep,
or whether you were going to go on. There was no roads. They went along
ahead of the cattle and the horses; if they'd've gone behind them they might
have had a muddier path because they drove from June until fall. When they
got over to the Peace River though it was a beautiful country and a wonderful
range land. And there Wes settled his cattle and his horses.

And every now and then Wes would come back down on the train to buy his
fall clothes. One day in particular, it's a funny story my brother used to
tell. Dad run a dairy at that time, and the boys would take the milk to
the depot every morning to go to Spokane. And Wes went over to David's store
in Moscow and bought his clothes for the winter. I think he had six or eight
suits of underwear and two suits of clothes, a big bear skin coat, mittens
and gloves and caps, socks—everything that he would possibly need all winter
long. And he bought overshoes too. He put these all on the morning he was
going back to Bigger Saskatchewan up in Canada, because he didn't want to pay
duty on them and he would have had if he hadn't have worn them. They boys said they had to help him into the buggy, and they had to boost him onto the car to get on the train.

But that wasn't the worst of it. He rode on past Spokane and clear on up into Bigger Saskatchewan. When he got there, there was a blizzard blowing. The livery stable man had his team. They helped him out of the train and helped him over to the livery stable, and helped him up into the buggy and wrapped him up good with robes. They were buffalo robes too, Jess said. And they even put hot stones in the bottom of his buggy. And then they went out, and the blizzard was blowing so bad they tried to persuade him not to go. "No, I want to get home," he said. "And the horses will take me home anyway." So he started out down the road and he turned the horses loose when the blizzard got too bad and he tucked down under the robes. Well, the horses went until they couldn't anymore and they got off on the lee of a hill and stopped and stood there. Well Wes couldn't get out of the buggy to do anything about it, he was too clumsy with all his clothes.

But it was a good thing he had his clothes on, because the next day when the riders went out to hunt for him, they hunted at night but they couldn't find him, but the next morning early they all rode out there around to hunt for the boss. They found him. Sound asleep under the robes. He wasn't froze, and there wasn't anything the matter with him. The horses were pretty cold, but the horses were buried in the snow. The snow had just combed up over them and made a nice cover for the horses and the buckboard. After that Wes never went out alone anymore. He always had a driver, and Jess was usually the driver until Jess got sick. Jess didn't want anymore of that Canada so he came back down here to live on the hill ranch until he died.

Dad had quite a few horses...
...it was told to me by Ruby, she has a diary that belonged to my grandmother, Nancy Palmer. And way back in 1874, or something like that—she dated it, and the time goes back to the time when Mullan was building a road and the 7th Cavalry was working in Montana. Uncle Wes was just a boy then, and he was with the 7th Cavalry in the army. They were up in Montana getting ready to build the Mullan Road—surveying and making the country fit for white folks to sit in, to live in.

They had time to go hunting a little bit now and then. The country was beautiful and full of game. There was a few Indians, but they were not at all bothering the people. Seems like Custer's Last Stand had been just about the last of it all, and they weren't a bit worried about that. Uncle Wes just missed that because he'd been sent on an errand over to the other side of the mountains. And so that was the way it went.

Grandfather, Asher Palmer, was an ordinance man. He drove the mules, carried a little medicine and a few little medical things to fix up things and he was called a doctor. Well, he was an herb doctor. So he went along with the army, and had a grand time along doing it too, I guess. He enjoyed the country very much. When he left Missouri his friend gave him a package of apple seed, just a little buckskin bag he carried in his pocket. Mile after mile he wondered if he'd ever find a place to plant those apple trees.

Well, one day he was up in Montana, and he packed up, he was driving a six mule team, he didn't drive horses it was mules. Got all loaded up and ready to go, and one of the mules kicked him right in the side of the head and hurt his eye. He couldn't see, so he just hung up the lines and had the mules go hunt the rest of the army. They followed, they were used to doing
it, so they did. After a while they caught up with some of the soldiers, and they saw his predicament so they sent on ahead for Uncle Wes, he was an Indian scout at that time. And he came back, and the captain said, "You guys better hit for home. That eye isn't going to be any good, and you're not going to be any good to yourself or anybody else until you get it treated."

So they started over the mountains, and down the Coeur d'Alene, down the St. Joe River and St. Maries River to the lakes. And then over the hills until they came to the Palouse River, and down over some more hills, and came to a beautiful little meadow. White Rocks Spring, and trees around now and then, and bushes and game. There were deer in the meadow and prairie chicken. And Uncle Wes looked around and he says, "Here we'll camp." So he threw the packs off of the mules and turned them loose to graze. I don't know whether he hobbled 'em or not. It didn't say in the old diary, but I suppose they did. They didn't take much chances on being left along in a strange country where it was hundreds of miles to anywhere. So then he built a fire, fixed grandpa comfortably and told him to take a nap. And he looked around to see if he could find something to eat.

First he got a deer and had some meat, a haunch of venison. Then he found a prairie chicken under a rose bush and he had the eggs and the chicken too. Well that meant a stew, and he looked around and he found some watercress in the spring and some dock and then some antioch roots and he made quite a stew. The same as our own meat stew that we made nowadays with potatoes. And antioch roots are good, and he had some camas bulbs too in that stew. He looked around, wandered around while grandfather slept. And he had his stew bubbling on the fire. It was a beautiful place, and he thought, "Oh, how wonderful it would be to live here!"

But after a while when grandpa woke up he looked around and he said, "Well, that stew was awful good. This is a beautiful place, I'm going for
stroll up the hill." So he was around up on the hill and looked around and, "Oh, what a place! I'm going to plant my apple seed right here." So he did. He planted his apple seeds, and he said, "I'm coming back, I'm gonna bring the folks back." Went down and told Wes about it. And Wes said, "I think so too. Let's get out of here and go."

So they got up real bright and early in the morning, and started out for Wallula, Fort Walla Walla. I think that's down there, I think it took 'em about a day to get there, it was real late, I think they camped down on the river that night, that would be the Snake River. And they went across the Snake River and on down to Wallula the next morning. And there they decided they'd better take a boat on down because grandfather wasn't very well with that eye hurting; the doctor there at the Fort Walla Walla fixed him up a little bit. They went on down in a raft and canoes, down to where they could get a boat and go around, clear around the horn of South America I guess, from what Ruby said. Then down, and up the Mississippi River again to Missouri, to St. Joe. And then on over to where their folks lived in Illinois, and that was the end of the story.

In 1870 dad and grandpa decided to come back home, this is Asher Palmer. He called it home, here at White Rock Spring. So he gathered the family together, and dad had the honor at fifteen to drive the team. They then started out with four nice horses, but they didn't pull very good so dad finally decided to get oxen. So he got two span of oxen and he loaded on everything, as he went along he put two sisters in. Aunt Harriet, her name then was Harriet Fauver, and she had two little children, Artie and Lillian.

And they come on back, past the Missouri to St. Joe. When they got there they met up with some other wagon trains, and they met a Mormon wagon train. And the Mormon wagon train, well that wasn't too good. Dad didn't like it, so he said he was going to put grandma and his sister on the train at St. Joe.
and go to San Francisco that way. Aunt Harriet didn't go, she decided to

and go on with the Mormons and the wagon train. Whether she wanted to or not we
don't know, because later on she found out she didn't want too, but then

that's another story. But they got to San Francisco and then took a boat,

and went on up to the mouth of the Columbia River and on up to Oregon City

where they stayed for a year or so.

And while they stayed there grandpa and the boys, that'd be Uncle Wes

and my dad, went on up the river with some of mother's relatives that were

along with them. There was the Nugents and the Greens. And they come on

up the river, and clear up the Snake River even, clear up to Almota. There

they stayed overnight and over-winter--it was snow by the time they got

there. One day dad decided to go get some mail, if there was any, because

there was a little trading post at Colfax at the forks of the river. So

he got his horse and he went on over the hill, to the top of the hill. And

the snow--but it was so deep that he couldn't go any farther. So he tied his

horse on top of the hill and slid down the hill to the trading post and got

the mail. Climbed back up with one letter from home, but that was wonderful

to have. He got a few things I think from the fur trading people there,
supplies were getting short. And went on back down to Almota where they

were living in a little rock house that was clear down there. I believe he

found the same old rock house that was still there, when we were there just

before they started the dam.

And the next thing early they hitched up their ponies and loaded every-
thing onto a wagon that they'd brought along with 'em on a raft. (That must

have been hard, roping those canoes and rafts all the way up that river. But

they had their steam, kind of/tug or whatever it was that they--a steamboat

that went paddle paddle paddle with a great big wheel in behind it, and that

was what they came up the river with.) But they went on overland then, clear
across to Colfax. And they had two little donkeys with them, and they'd lost their fleas. There was fleas in Oregon, but there wasn't any fleas left at all by the time they got to Colfax. Then they come on up here to White Rock Spring and built a cabin, first thing they did. And they got the cabin all fixed up so that they could go back after grandma and Aunt Emma. And Aunt Harriet had come out by that time so that they built a house there, and Uncle Wes built his house too. So there was two.

So grandfather said it was too far to go to Colfax, and stages were coming in pretty soon. So when grandma and the girls came the next year, well, he decided to apply for a post office. So he did, and he got his post office. But in 1875, it was a full-fledged post office, but he had his certificate from the government way back in Washington, D. C. and he had it years ago.

(Break)

Then grandfather thought, well the folks were all coming up so he went down the river and brought grandma and Emmy and them up. So they got up here in 1875, and they had a full-fledged post office here. They had brought over with them an old chest, or a secretary they called it, that had little pigeon holes in it—so that was the post office when grandfather kept the post office.

But you know, to go back, the minute grandma got here she looked all around. And they had set up a little baking stove so she could bake, an old pioneer iron stove. And lots of nice kindling around so she said, "I'm going to cook some dinner." And she went around and she saw grandpa's apple trees, and they were just loaded with apples. There was early apples, this was in July I think or August, there was early apples and there'd be a lot more of them later on. But she made the most wonderful apple pie. It was down in the diary that Ruby our cousin had before their house burnt up, and she told us about it.
That apple pie from the White Rock Spring's farm. Oh, they didn't know what they'd call it. They looked around, and it was Palouse Bridge. The government had said, "Well, it's Palouse country and the Bridge is there. So it's Palouse Bridge as far as we know." And that was where the people got their mail. There was all kinds of neighbors around by then. It was settling up fast. People had found what a beautiful place it was, and the Indians weren't bothering and they were friendly and nice.

Now, I have to go back and tell you a story about Grandma Maxwell, when the Maxwell's came out. Grandma Maxwell's folks, Grandpa Maxwell (James Allen Maxwell) and Lucie Nugent, were married back in 1860—well, let me see. Grandma was born in 1866, and in 1865—she was only just a baby when they decided to come out here. It was after the war, and grandpa had got home from the war and decided that there wasn't anything to do but to get right out of where they were and come out here. So they left their part of the country there in Indiana and started out. First it was a push cart, and then they lived in a little sod house for a while. Let's see they started back before, while they were in Ohio, and then they started out in a push cart. And that was pretty good.

Then they stopped, and it was a nice little place and he built a little sod house. Dug a hole in the ground, and put the sod up on top, and made a little sod house. And they stayed there all that winter and then into spring. And planted a garden and they had flowers, and oh they even had a cow. And they just got along real good.

Next year after that, Aunt Ollie had been born. And they thought, "Well, this is fine, so we'll winter again." But that winter the wind blew so hard and it was so snowy that it was a blizzard. And the blizzard blew so hard that grandpa had a big roll of twine, and he'd unroll that twine to go find the cow out at the barn. They couldn't see the barn at all. The
blizzard blew so hard, and that prairie country was terribly hard to get around in when it blew. The wind blew and blew and blew, but he got to the cow. Fed and watered her and milked her, and brought the milk back so the babies could have milk, Rose and Ollie had their milk.

Then when spring came then they planted a garden again. But this time, "Oh, what was that horrible noise!" They ran outside and there was grasshoppers everywhere. So grandma was just a little girl then, I think she was about eight. She covered up the flowers and they tried to save things in the garden, but the grasshoppers ate everything. The turnips that had been in the garden and the radishes were just little holes down in the ground. The hay was all gone, there wasn't anything—even the grasshoppers were trying to eat the posts up. And all of those things that grandma'd—there just wasn't anything left. Even the flowers, that grandma brushed and brushed and brushed to try to keep the grasshoppers off of, they'd finally eaten up. Well, they were discouraged. Grandpa said, "Well, we haven't anything to eat, and we haven't anything to do, so let's go west. To Oregon.

They packed up everything, and they went on over to where the railroad was, and got on the railroad train, an immigrant train. They had all their belongings in their car, and you could cook in the car and eat, and just real family. And they got acquainted with Roland; Mrs. Roland lived in the car right next to them. So they had a good time coming out. But somehow or other—oh, yes, I forgot there was another baby born back there in that grasshopper time. His name was Elden, Elden Maxwell. And Uncle Elden dropped something on his toe, and it was sore. And little boys at that time, two years old, wore aprons or dresses, little boy dresses. He'd go down and he'd gather up things in his apron and pack 'em around. And he'd go along, sore toe or anything, he was gonna do it anyway. He was a real little pioneer boy—he could just get right along. So they got to San Francisco, and they got off
the train and they loaded onto an immigrant boat. It was going to take 'em up to the Oregon country.

They rode steerage—and sawdust on the floor. And when they got out to sea grandpa made grandma and the children all lay down till they got clear way out to sea. And then he let them get up and go out and they could look around. People were so seasick they just could hardly stand it to stay down-and stairs. But they went around / looked down, and there was the funniest thing going on. "What was that?" It was a turtle. They caught a big sea turtle and the sailors were cutting it up to make turtle soup. Well, that was going to be a change from the beans and sowbelly as they called it, and the dried fruit and things that they had aboard. It wasn't anything like we have now for food. They had hardtack bread, sea biscuits they called it. And then they had turtle soup and it was so good, but it was green. My mother says she could remember that green turtle soup, but oh, how good it was! They had turtle soup then for four or five days. And finally they got clear up to the mouth of the Columbia River and they went over to the Oregon City, it was Portland but there was a little wood chopping place there. And grandpa got a job chopping wood for the boat. They lived there for a while and they moved into a little old cabin and it must...(Garbled tape)

Oh, it was a beautiful meadow. And there was sheep all around, but there was one apple tree right close to their house just loaded with apples and they were all over the ground. Uncle Elden had never seen an apple before, and he gathered up apples in his apron and he'd go around, "Sore toe or anything, sore toe or anything—gonna pick those apples up anyway, going to have applesauce." So he went and carried the apples up, and that was E(?) 's place. Mr. E(?) came down and he gave them milk and cream, and they had meat. But he chopped wood, grandpa chopped wood there for the boat for two or three years before they finally decided to come on up to the Palouse country. (Break)
When they boarded the boat, they had regular steamers then going up the river, they put all their things and their little dog on the boat, and even their cow and some chickens. And they come on up to Wallula. There they got off the boat, and they had brought along their horses too. And they got off and unloaded their wagon and all their things and put them in and headed up over for Colfax. That was the place to go, there wasn't anyplace else. 'Course they could go over to Fort Walla Walla but they didn't, they went to Colfax. They got to Colfax and then on up.

They didn't know exactly where to go but there was a place called Idler's Rest where a man could cut rails and wood and things for the settlers, and he thought, "Well, I'll cut enough rails to fence my homestead before I try to homestead." So he went out, and they lived there for two years while he cut rails. Sold some to the neighbors for supplies. He got turnips and potatoes and meat from Mrs. Roland. She had a farm over where it is Moscow now, but they called that Paradise or Camas Meadow. And they lived there and grandma was learning to read, she was nine years old, and Aunt Ollie and Uncle Elden. And finally he got enough rails cut to go and get his place fenced.

So they went down where it's Whalen now and they fenced their homestead there, and got all the rails built and everything going, and their wheat and oats and barley and their cows were doing well and their teams. And mama seemed to be a good sized girl then, but she had a horse she called Gyp and she'd ride all over the country to visit places. And she'd go to school at Fallens. They had quite a nice little school there. In the summertime they'd go down and pick serviceberries down on the Three Forks, that's Pullman now.

And when she got to be a pretty good sized girl, all of a sudden an accident happened. Grandpa was still cutting rails, and he had fallen some way and broke his leg. So grandma had to be the boy in the family, and grandma
and Aunt Ollie done the chores and pulled the team in and helped. So they got the thrashing done and everything, oh all the neighbors did come in with everything to help when somebody got hurt in those days. There wasn't any doctors, so that was the way they lived.

Then fall, mom had to go to school and she'd gone through the school there, and she went to Collins school a while and got acquainted with J. R. Collins and some more of the boys. But then she was about twelve or fourteen, she had to go to Moscow. Moscow had gotten to be quite a little village then and they had a college there, high school, yes she went to college there for three years. It was quite a job to go back and forth, but she did it. And she learned to be a teacher, and then she taught the Collins students, third year. (Break)

Well, we don't want to forget Uncle Wes. He and grandfather were always wandering around and going places and doing things. One time they were hunting way out in the moutains. They'd been prospecting around for some more timber to make shakes with and to make rails and posts. Grandfather's ranch and Uncle Wes' Ranch were progressing rapidly. But, they were camped out there one evening, they'd deicded they were going home the next morning and they didn't have any food to eat, only just some dried fruit. And Uncle Wes said, "Well, I'll bank the fire tonight, and put those prunes in the little iron pot, and we'll have prunes for breakfast anyway before we head for home."

So he covered 'em up real good, then he rolled up in his buffalo robe, they used the buffalo robe instead of sleeping bags, and they went to sleep.

But Uncle Wes wasn't quite so sleepy as grandfather was and he kind of slept with one eye open. (Garbled tape)...something and he peeked out from under his buffalo robe and watched. And here come a coyote! She come down and she poked poked around in all the places. Even took hold of his buffalo
robe and tried to pull it off of him. But it didn't pull, so she went around and finally she went up to the fire which had died down now, was just barely a bunch of ashes that were warm. She looked to see what it was that smelled good. She sniffed at it a while and pawed at it. Finally she kind of reached down in with her nose and rooted around and pulled the lid off. Well that was better yet, so she stuck her nose down in there and she got a prune. "Hmmm, that was good." She licked her chops and ate two or three of 'em. Then she covered the pot back up, and even raked some sticks and things up over the lid. Then she raced off into the woods.

Uncle Wes watched, and pretty soon here she come back. Two little baby coyotes were with her. Oh, they were cute puppies, and she brought them right up to the kettle and she opened the kettle again and gave each of them prunes to eat. Then she covered it all up again and away they went into the woods. By that time Uncle Wes was so interested that he laid still to watch, but it was getting daylight and almost...(Break)

When they got home, that trip, they told the story of what had happened and asked grandma for something to eat. Grandma said, "Oh, now Wes." And then his wife and the other girls and Emma said, "Wes, that's just one of your tall tales." "Oh, no it isn't," said grandfather. "We didn't have much breakfast, I'll tell you that much. We're hungry. Got something for us to eat ma? Just any old thing'll do." And that was the end of that story. Many many years they told that story, and laughed about it. How the coyote got grandpa and Wes' breakfast.

Then there was another story that was interesting. Grandfather Maxwell had just gotten...(Garbled tape) He was an orderly for General Sherman and his wife was at home, and he didn't like it one bit but he had to be out there. He wanted to go home awfully bad because he'd heard that the baby was
sick. Well, it didn't seem to make any difference to anybody else about his baby, so he had to go along anyway. As they went along down the road, they were following down after the Southern soldiers, going on Sherman's big march to the sea.

As they went along there were rails along the fence, and it was rainy and bad weather. And Sherman asked his orderly to go and tell the lady that they would camp there, and to promise that he'd only take just the top rail, each soldier, to build a campfire so they could cook their supper. All they had with them was hardtack and what they could forage. Sometimes they'd find corn bread, corn pone it was called, and bacon, and they'd slice the bacon and heat the corn pone by their fire. And they had their hardtack along with 'em. Well, that was just fine. That night they had a big feed and everybody was so happy around the bonfire.

But the next morning when they started off down the road, grandpa looked with amazement. There was only one rail on the ground, the rest of the rails were all gone. But he went to the General Sheraman and he says, "General, I told the lady we'd only just take the top rail." The General looked around, and he called to his Captain and some of the others and he said, "What's become of the rest of those rails." "Well Captain, there's only just this: every man took the top rail, and when they got to the last man there wasn't anything left but the bottom rail." And that was that.

Then another time there was a story that was interesting to me. I was real thrilled about it when they told it. Grandpa sat down with me one day, I was only five or six years old, but I remember him telling the story so vividly. He was running, and it was raining and it was muddy and he was running just as hard as ever he could run. And something was following him. It was a retreat, it was either run or get captured by the Southern soldiers. Oh no, he was a blue-bellied yank and he had to run. So he ran and he ran
and he ran, and he got so tired he couldn't go another step. Sat down beside a tree, a great big old oak. And he said, "All right, I'll get it, but I can't help it, I can't run another step." So he held his breath and listened. Something came right up to him, and he sniffed, "Sniff, sniff." He couldn't imagine what in the world it was...(Garbled tape) ...felt up with his hand and there was two great big ears. It was so dark he couldn't see, but he felt around. Well, if it wasn't the old army mule, the one that he used to pet and drive once in a while. Well, he got on the mule, and they run through the rain and walked and walked until finally they caught up with the rest of the troops.

And then he was kidded about being so slow and, "Well, what in the world are you so white about?"

And, "What's the matter anyway? You're all wet and 'draggled, and here you come in riding old Gray."

"Well, I was scared, and I thought he was an enemy soldier and he was going to bayonet me and bayonet me every minute. And there he was, right behind me, I could have caught a line and rode but I didn't. Only just this last little ways."

And that was the story about the mule.

Another time grandpa told a story about, they camped beside a little hill. It was rainy and cold and they all built fires around. This time it was right in the woods, so they had lots of wood. And pretty soon the word was passed around, don't get close to that hill it's turpentine, it's pitch from the trees. This is a turpentine forest, they make turpentine out of this stuff. "All right, we'll be careful." Everybody had a nice fire, and they put a little piece of pitch on their fire to make it burn real good. It was fun that night. The moon was smooth going all the way, and the trees were nice and sheltered. Nobody was having anything but a good time. They'd
gone over to an old big farmhouse and the Negro man had baked them some corn
pone for the general. So grandpa had corn pone that night, as well as his
other things to eat.

And they'd got caught up with the provision wagon and brought them rice.
One of them knew how to cook it, they had their little kettles, and there was
one boy, he said, "I'll cook the rice and you eat it." So he started cooking
it. At first his little kettle got too full, and he borrowed another and
another and another until everybody's kettle was full of rice. Because
rice swells you know. Well, by the time he got through everyone in that
platoon had rice. It was good, but they learned how to cook rice. It only
takes a little you know, and they had used a whole lot.

Then the next morning, when they went off down the road marching down
towards the sea, grandpa looked down the side of the road and there was a
steaming stream of--"Can you guess?" The hill had gotten on fire some way,
and all the pitch was melting and running down beside the road in the ditch.
And that was a waste, but they couldn't help it. (Break)

Now, to get back to this part of the country again. Well, they had gotten
the stages in, and the stages were run by Jap and Green Chambers that had
come up to Moscow with Grandpa Maxwell. And they had a grand time. They had
cayouse horses that they'd gotten from the Indians, and they run the horses
to hurry up and get there fast. And then they'd keep them in pastures at
different places. At Grizzly Camp for one place, and then over at Green's
little ranch way back up in the mountains, that's where our cabin is now. And
then they'd back and forth with the stage, and they enjoyed their freighting
and the stage driving.

One day Green told this story. He had a passenger, this time it was a
Chinese gentleman.

(End of Side B)
He had a long queue that came clear down to his hips and he wore a long black coat that he never took off. And he had a tight black hat and he kept his hands folded most of the time, but he always hung onto a little black satchel. And he was going up to Hoodoo. First they got to Palouse Bridge and stayed all night here with grandpa. Then on up to Grizzle Camp, well that's where they stopped that night. And they got there, Green said, "You go on in the hotel." It was quite a nice big log cabin and it had a restaurant there too, besides the rooms where people could stay. And he told the Chinaman to go on in. He'd unhook the horses and take care of them and then he'd come on in.

Well, the Chinaman didn't go on in right away, he wanted to look around. So he went back around to the kitchen, behind the kitchen, and he saw something hanging up there. "What in the world," he thought. "That can't be true, it just can't be." And then the cook came out and started cutting off steaks off of it. Well, here's the funny part of it. That day they'd had luck there at Grizzle Camp and they had gotten a nice fat black bear. And they skinned him and hung him up behind the cook house, and they were going to have bear steak for supper that night.

Well, the Chinaman saw that and the cook was cutting off steak and he was scared. He run back, hunted up Green and he said, "Get me out of here, get me out of here—quick! They're eating human beings, I can't stand that. Get me out of here, I just can't stay here, I don't want to eat human beings. They'll be eating me next." Green laughed and he said, "Oh come on, let's go see." They went on around to the cook house and looked and Green said, "Awh, it's a bear." And he rolled over and over and over in the grass, tumbling laughing and laughing until he couldn't stand up. He said, "Come on I'll show you." And he hunted up the bear's head and the bear's skin and the claws, and cut off some of the claws for the Chinaman. And the Chinaman got acquainted
with the wild, wild west. No, they didn't eat men, they ate bear. And he liked the bear too.

The next day they took him on up to Green's, the end of the stage line, where he found his Chinese coolies that were working the mines up on China Hill. We were up on China Hill several years ago and the diggings are still visible, and way back up on top you can see their little low cabins that they lived in. They're not completely rotted away yet and it's been over a hundred years. When they come back—the Chinaman always collected every bit of their gold dust, every time he came in, and he came in every month, regular. And then he'd take the gold back down to San Francisco.

One day a story was told about mom's cousin, Bob Nugent. He worked on the stage lines, as you know, and he liked the Chinese whiskey. "Those coolies make the best whiskey ever was," he said. "And I'm gonna get some tonight. It's not a bad night for it at all. Anybody gonna help me?" "No," nobody wanted to go. "You can go by yourself." Bob was a heavy drinker and he was a big man. He weighed around three hundred pounds and he was over six foot eight tall, and had curly red hair. So the legend tells us. Of course mom said he was a big man, he weighed around three hundred pounds all right and he was taller than most everybody else. And he went up there that night. Walked by himself and they didn't say anything about it. They didn't hear him come back, and they wondered what had happened. The next day they went exploring and found him laying in a ditch beside the road. He had a jug of his coolies' whiskey all right. And he'd drank all he could and had gotten drunk and laid down and gone to sleep.

Well, they took him back down to Green's house, cabin, sobered him up and he told the story--"Those Chinamen, they've got a million dollars worth a gold in that little black pot. Believe me now, I'm going to get that little black pot if I can. They got a million dollars in it." "Well," Jap and Green
said. "They don't have it there very long. That Chinaman that comes in
every month with the big long queue takes it back to San Francisco. "No,"
Bob said, "it's there, I know it's there." Well, nobody believed him, he'd
just been dreaming. Maybe he'd seen some gold all right, but the Chinaman
with the long queue had taken it back to San Francisco. (Break)

But even today people came in now and then looking for that pot of
lost gold of the Chinese. Old Bill Freeberry, our friend and miner of the
Hoodoos, said he had looked many, many times and other people had always
come in, looking for that lost gold. (Break) "No need to look for it."
"Oh, I think there is," they said. So they went wandering around all over the
hills. And they wound up clear over the hills and over Gold Hill into Gold
Creek into the Farmington country. And even wound up over in the Minerva
McCroskey Drive and Park. But they couldn't find that gold, that kettle.
Evidently the Chinamen had hid it too good, or else there wasn't any
kettle. (Break)

To go back a few years from that, the folks were getting along real fine
in their new homesteads. The orchards were going good and their wheat fields
were going nicely, and they were just having a lot of real good farmer, good
times. And all of a sudden grandma looked up and there come a rider with a
foamy horse just a'pounding the horse just as hard as he could and riding
and screaming, "Indians, Indians! They're coming, they're going to scalp ya!"
Grandma said, "Scalp us? Why the Indians are friendly, what's the matter
with you?" "Well they're going to, they got trouble up there in Mullan and
around Spokane and Colville and all around up in there, and they're going to
come down here and scalp us all. We got to run to the fort quick." And he
just beat it on as fast as he could go, a'pounding his horse making it go faster and faster till the poor horse could hardly go it looked like. Grandma said, "Well, I don't see what's the use." And grandpa said, "Well, what in the world? I don't see any sense—the Indians are all nice and friendly around here. The only ones we ever see are the Palouse or the Spalding Indians. And in the fall the others all come, and they're just as friendly as can be. I'm not going to run and leave my place."

And old lady Roland over towards Camas Meadows or the Paradise Valley said, "I'm not going into that fort. You guys can all go to the fort if you want to, but I'm going to watch my garden. I don't want the cows and everything to get into my garden and ruin it. I've got a good garden this year."

So she stayed out there and watched her garden, and all of the other people that were afraid went into the fort. And the old lady Roland would take 'em some milk, some cottage cheese and butter, vegetables from her garden every now and then. And she'd always say, "Well what are you getting so scared about? There aren't any Indians around here, there's no Indian trouble. What's the matter with you anyway?" "Well the men rode on to Fort Walla Walla, and he'll soon be back with the army I know he will." "Awh," she said; "There's no trouble. We had a little skirmish up there in Spokane and a little skirmish over at Steptoe, and Colonel Steptoe went on back down to Wallula. I don't know what's the matter with you guys. Joseph had his trouble, and he's back on the reservation now. So I'm just going to stay right on my place, and you can just eat my vegetables this fall if you're going to let yours go to waste." So they finally, after a long time, why they came back, but they were real scared. They weren't going to stay on those homesteads if the Indians were around. But grandma and old lady Roland, they weren't a bit afraid.

Grandma told the story when she was a little girl to me one day. She said, "You know, the Indians never hurt anybody. When we were almost out of
food and didn't have a thing to eat at all and grandpa was laying in bed with a broken leg, the Indians came down and brought us salmon, haunch of venison, and they got wood for us, and they helped us all they could. Even hunted up our lost cattle and brought 'em in for us. Now I don't think Indians that would do that would ever hurt anybody. Well," she said "way back, a long time ago, back in Indiana, the Indians would come up from the Platte River where they lived in their little sod house. And they'd come and bring 'em fish and things from the river, and sometimes a haunch of venison. But," she said, "every time they'd come, why mom and Ollie and little baby Elden would be hiding out in the corn field, because they didn't want to get near the Indians." But Grandma Maxwell wasn't a bit afraid and neither was Grandpa Maxwell. And Grandpa Palmer and the rest of them weren't a bit afraid either.

(Section untranscribed)

It was about their Uncle Glenn and their Uncle Claud way back in 1917. They had taken a herd of cattle—well my dad and my grandfather both had herds of cattle—and they had taken a herd out in the spring early because we were short of hay and had gone on, farther on. First they were in Hatter Creek and there they had made acquaintances with the sheep man, Cobb, and he had given them a shepherd dog, a cute little puppy named Shep and he was a regular herd dog. And we had him and we'd go up on top of the hill sometimes and hunt huckleberries. One day we rode the horses way back up on top of the bald knob. And the huckleberries were so thick, and they were low bushes not more than six or eight inches high, and they were so thick that the horses' hoofs were just dripping huckleberry juice. We picked all we could till we didn't have anything to carry them in, came on back down, and
on the way we saw a lost sheep. The sheepherder had gone weeks before and this little lamb was left out there all by himself. Well, nothing would do but what we had to get that lamb, so my brother shot him and then we had to dress him out with nothing but just a pocket knife. But he dressed him out right quick and took the hide away from the meat, and the meat was so good. We took it back to camp and enjoyed it very much. I had been visiting the camp that weekend and I had to go back home. We went back home. I took some of the mutton back home for mother and mother didn't like mutton, but she thought it was maybe some wild meat. So she ate it and oh, it was so good. And when my brother told her it was just a lamb she said, "But oh, but it's the best lamb I've ever ate."

And then we went on over, and they took the cattle on over farther, clear up to Hog Meadows. You know where Hog Meadows is? Well you should. And then farther on over, clear over to Elk River and up to the Basin. There they pastured the cattle on Soda Meadows for a while and up on the Milwaukee Railroad and there they were camped. Well, mom and dad and my older brother decided that they'd go up there. And I decided to go along too, but I was taking violin lessons then. I was only ten, and we had to practice a lot in order to keep up with our lessons. So I took my violin along and my other brother took his horn along, and we were going to have some music at the camp. The other boys had—Claud had his cello and Glen had his coronet or trumpet. So we went on up there and over the hill and down to where they were and we camped there.

Just before we got into the camp the motor in the car broke down. "Well," dad says, "we'll have to go back to Potlatch on the train and see if we can get a new block to put in because that's what's the matter, and the pistons and everything to go with it." So the next day dad and my older brother got on the train and went back to Potlatch to see if they could get a new motor.
Well they got the motor. And on the way back—they'd missed the train some way, and all the way in from Bovill to Elk River they had to borrow a hand car and pump all the way up over the Neva Hill, through the tunnel, and coast down to Elk River. And that's the way they got down there. But then they walked out to the camp and took the horses back and got the motor to put it together. But in the meantime we'd been there a whole week.

For my entertainment the ranger had a daughter and she was lonesome and she thought, "Oh, it would be so interesting to play with another little girl." Well, his daughter was about fifteen, and I was only ten, just coming eleven. And we went horseback riding, and I used one of my brothers' gentle horses and we rode around all over the place. And one day we went with Mr. Stoddard, the ranger, over to Elk Falls, Elk River Falls. It was the most beautiful falls I had ever seen. Some day I'd like to go back. And while we were there he caught fish and we had trout. And he said, "Well, I'll catch enough so that your mother can have a sample of trout, real trout." So he caught a nice big mess of trout and put them in his packsack, and then when we come home that night, why he gave mother the trout. And he said, "Your daughter is a very good rider. We'll take her again next time. We're going out with some wire over to another place, over on top of Elk Mountain, and she can go along." So I got to go along again.

We went by that beautiful falls again and another lower falls, and up over through the timber to a pretty meadow and then up a high mountain, way up on top. And they carried the wire on the mules and the men put the wire up on the trees. The funniest arrangement you ever saw. They'd put a wire up on the tree and fasten a little circle and then they'd put the wire, telephone wire, through that circle. It was easy doing and they just did it right from their horses. And the pack animals would just keep walking along, and that wire'd train out behind them into those circles that they wired up
on the trees. Insulators, I think my brother told me they were. When they
got up on top of the mountain that was the end of the trail. Then they had
a telephone and they could talk clear back down to Elk River and to Bovill
and clear over into Potlatch. But the main ranger station then—it was P. F. I.,
Potlatch Timber Protective Association, and their main place to call would be
down to Clarkia which was a little ways away from Elk River down across the
hills there somewhere, I don't know where now. But anyway, that's where it
went. Gold Creek I think they said it was, and St. Maries. And the main
ranger station is at St. Maries even today. But that was way back in 1917.

Then one day mom said, "Well, you can go over and stay with Miss Stoddard," her name was Delva Stoddard,"and you can stay with her all day long. Because
you're getting tired of staying around here and they're fixing on the motor,
and tomorrow we'll probably be heading back home to Moscow and Viola." So
I went over and stayed the day with Delva, and she had to go and get garbage
for her chickens and a hog that they raised. So we got on a big wagon with
a team and went down to the boarding houses in Elk River and collected
bread, and oh, she had barrels of bread. They didn't eat much bread, it
seemed like they wasted more than they ate. But they had lots of bread for
her chickens and some meat scraps and potato peelings and different things.
And she went by the cook house, and the cook house man gave her a great big
box of bread and cookies and different things. And, "You've got company,"
so they gave us some donuts and a pie. And we took those on home, and we got
home, she fed her chickens.

And she said, "Well we'll see what we've got in our garden." And she
picked some peas and there was carrots and some little tiny potatoes. She
had quite a nice little garden there. And then we went in the house and,
"Well, we got to have something to eat along with this." So we went into the
cellar. What a cellar! It was a great big log cellar, and just lined with
glass jars of meat. There was bear meat and elk meat and deer meat and fish
and pheasants, and well I just can't name everything, vegetables and all kinds
of things.

Mr. Stoddard, Delva's dad, was a great hand to cook and can things, and
he had about everything. Canned wild fruit jelly, I think it was elderberry
and huckleberry and all kinds of things like that. And the best thing he had,
they opened a can of the berry jelly, thimbleberry jelly, and it was so good.
And he said, "We'll have something else." So he opened a can of grouse and
the grouse breast. And we had grouse and chickens and then we had our donuts
and our pie. And he got some milk from his cow, and he had it cold in the
cellar and there was cream and butter. I don't know but I guess maybe I was
hungry, and I ate and ate and ate, and I enjoyed that meal so much. "Well,"
he said, "we'll send some back to the camp for your mother." So we brought
back butter and canned huckleberries and jelly, and a can of grouse and a
can of deer meat that he had made. And oh, it was good! And of all things--
canned peaches. He sent us two cans of peaches so we had a real feast that
night for supper at Mr. Stoddard's picnic, that he gave us.

That night we were playing and I was practicing my lesson, and I was
playing and playing. And the songs we liked then were the songs that were
brand-new. And I was playing, "Over There, Over There," and then I was
playing the one about "Long Boy," and some others. Pretty soon we looked up
and there was a whole row of section workers, we called them dagos then. But
they were all lined up on the corral fence just outside of our tent, listening.
Well we played and played until I got so tired I couldn't play anymore. So
I put my violin away and the boys played a little while longer.

And they wouldn't go home until we quit -- they really enjoyed it. The
next day, they knew we were about ready to go home, so the next day the cook
came over and brought a great big huckleberry cobbler for us to eat. And
they brought over jars of huckleberries for us to take home. And then the boys got interested, and while they were there after we had already gone home, they went and bought jars at the store and sugar, and canned huckleberries. They brought home six dozen quarts of canned huckleberries with sugar in. Well, now in 1917 sugar was pretty scarce and you didn't get very much. But they got it there from the logging camp. (Break)

While they were there the Fourth of July came on, and the celebration. There was all kinds of logger activities and then some people had brought in some race horses, they were going to have horses races. Well the boys heard about it, and Glen had Patsy, she was a Belfounder-Hamiltonian mare, and real fast. And she had a colt called Shammy. Well, Shammy was only just a youngster then, he was still nursing his mother, and he was just a real up and going colt. Glen said, "Well, I'm going to enter this horse in the race, and Claud you ride him. I'll keep Shammy back here at the camp and you know what Patsy will do when you turn her loose. She'll come home. And so you ride Patsy in that race."

Well, they entered the race and everybody got all ready to run. And they said, "Oh, that cowboy can't do anything. He's got too heavy a saddle and his horse isn't trained to run anyway." Well the boys just kept still, and they were going to see what they could do. Well the race came off, the gun went off and Patsy went off too. She went home to that little colt of hers and she went. She just kept going and she got ahead of everybody else and all the other horses. And she'd left—she didn't stop till she got clear back to camp. And then Glen decided that he'd better take her back. So he led her back with his other horse that he had, back to the starting line. And they said, "Well, your horse won way ahead of all the others." They had won the race.
Well that only started the trouble. Their horses were a way ahead of
the other, and there was some jealous people and the boys didn't think any-
thing about it. And Glen went somewhere that day and Claud was around and
didn't seem to make any difference much, and all of a sudden they missed
the horses. They were all gone but one, old Bird. Old Bird was a Welch
pony, and a wonderful pony at that. She'd track the other horses anywhere.
Well, Glen got on the horse, on Bird, and he said, "Bird, go find the horses."
And he rode and rode, and it got dark. He wondered about Claud back there
at camp, but Claud was taking care of the chores and doing things and worrying
about Glen.

But Glen kept right on riding and he noticed there was wagon tracks, and
the horses were right behind the wagon. They were leading those horses away,
stealing them in other words. Well, that was a new kind of a horse thief,
Glen didn't know what to think about it. He had his gun in his saddle and
his pony, but he was gonna get those horses or else. So he rode on into the
night. And he come to a fence and he opened the fence, and left it opened
and went on through. Pretty soon he saw a little light in the distance so
he got off his horse and he crawled up, creeped real careful. And he didn't
know what to do, but he didn't want to leave Bird. So he put his hand over
Bird's nose and got up close, and he saw his horses. They were all tied up
there. So he cut 'em all loose, and he and Bird and the horses slipped out
and went back to camp just as hard as they could go, after they got out through.
Well the people never came back to the camp to get those horses. But Glen
got 'em...(Break)

That wasn't the end of all their troubles they had up there at Elk River.
The fire broke out and it burned and it burned. Of course this was the second
year they'd been up there, so they were well acquainted with the country, and
the sheepmen were up in there too. But it was good pasture and they were there. And the fire came out and the ranger came by, and he said, "You'd better get your cattle out while you can. That fire's going to be over Neva Pass before you get there."

Well, dad had a bull they called Old Joe, he wore a bell and he led the cattle everywhere. So Glen said, "Well let's go." They got all packed up and they put their gear in behind the cattle and they followed. And Glen went ahead and led one of the cows, and Old Joe followed. And they went down the road. And they got to the fire—Glen had to go back and see about things, but Old Joe just shook his head and plowed right on through. And Glen went back to help with the horses and the drag, and they went on through and up over Neva Pass and down on the other side. Glen looked back—he said there was the sheep, the sheepman was following right behind, one just as close as they could come. And they went out of there.

The Old Joe led them through, 'round through the trails and down to the creek, the Ruby Creek. And the cattle stopped and got a little drink and went on through, but Joe was going home. He shook his horns and shook his bell and the other cattle started bawling and they followed him right on down through. And they came to Bovill and they went right through Bovill. Old Joe went right through the mayor's yard and took the sweetpea fence along on his horns. They didn't even stop down at Hog Meadows—they just kept right on going. Well the boys finally got ahead of them and rounded them up, and they stopped overnight down at the end of Hog Meadows for that night.

Then the next day they came on down. They'd called up dad in the meantime and dad met them and helped them, and they got home in a hurry that time with the cattle. Turned them out on the stubble fields and that was the end of the Elk River episode. They never went back to Elk River again. The next year they took the herd, I think about ninety some head of cattle and some horses,
The year that Lillian A. Maxwell, our cousin, graduated from high school at Kamiah, she came up and stayed with us for a while. And she wanted to go out to the cattle camp where the boys were and the cattle, so I went with her. And we went up on the motorcycle that my brother had, he had a side car on it and we could ride in the side car. So we went up to the cattle camp and they had fixed a shed up there and they had made a kind of a, part of a log cabin where they kept their feed and things. And they pitched a tent up for us so that we girls could stay in that pen there.

And Glen had given me his rifle and he said, "Now look, if you hear anything in the night don't shoot, but wait until you see what it is first. 'Cause we've got cougars around here." Well there was a pair of cougars that lived there at the head of the meadow there on Big Creek. And that night, sure enough, they commenced to howl. Way over on the hill you could hear one, and then on the other hill you could hear the other. And then you'd hear the coyotes and then the cougar.

The next morning, my other brother had come in and dad, and they said, "Well we're going to see if we can't get that cougar." So they took their rifles, but they left the .32 with me. I had learned to shoot in the meantime so that I could shoot pretty fair. "Now look," he said. "If you see that fellah you shoot him." Well I'd been feeling pretty bad, I'd had some spoiled food that morning for breakfast and my stomach was all upset. And I was laying in the tent kind of halfway asleep, but I heard what they said. And I said, "Yes, I would." And my horse Pete was just a'pawing up a circle all up into what's Big Creek now. And they built some fences and they had the horses in there and the cattle. And that was where they finally wound up with the...
around, she just didn't want to stay there one bit. She was an Arabian pony, and well—horse, mare I guess you'd better call her, because she was about seven hundred pounds, and just a real good saddle horse. But she didn't like it up there in the mountains, she could smell the bear and the cougar. I heard the boys up in the mountains, pretty soon I heard them shout and I heard some shots. And I crawled out from under the tent to look out over the meadow, and I saw a yellow streak going across—bound, bound, bound. There was the cougar, big as life!... Well, I got scolded when they came back. "Why didn't you shoot him?" Well, I just didn't, that was all I could say.

The next day Lillian and I went out with the roundup, and then she decided she'd go out for groceries with Glen on the motorcycle, and I stayed in camp. So I went out with my other brother and dad to round up some strays. We went up past Last Chance Creek and on up to Lost Meadow and Black Meadow. And I said, "Well I'm going to go on back to camp and I'll go down this way. If I see any strays, I'll bring 'em on down. Dad said, "All right, we'll look around a little more up in here. Glen ought to be back by the time you get down there."

I started down the trail and I just went trotting along. I was riding old Betty, a little bay cow pony that was very very gentle, and well—she was trustworthy dad said. He wouldn't let me ride Pete, 'cause she wasn't trustworthy in the mountains. So Pete stayed at camp and went 'round and 'round on her picket until she wore a trail about a foot deep around that end of the picket line. She was restless and she wanted to get out of there. Dad said, "Well, you're going to have to take her home when you go home, that's sure. Because she just simply won't stay up here." Well on the way home I didn't see anything and I didn't hear anything, and it was just all easy going. There was beautiful orchids blooming in the grass, and along on the side in
the duff underneath the trees there was trilliums, those big white star-flowers. And lots of orchids and other kind of flowers, and I was interested in them. I didn't even see a pheasant or a twig drop. We just kept plodding on down till we got home.

When we got home I tied Betty up and took her saddle off and looked around, and Glen hadn't got in yet--I was all by myself. I didn't like that too well, but I was there. So I got my rifle and went inside my tent and laid down to rest a little while, 'cause I was pretty tired. And then, pretty soon, I heard dad shouting. Here come dad and my other brother. And they said, "Well did you see anything?" "Not a thing," I said. "Did you hear anything?" "Nope, didn't hear anything." Dad said, "Well you carry that rifle hearafter, or you're not gonna ride up here. Do you know what we saw following you down the trail, right in your horse tracks? That cougar! He was covering Betty's tracks right along, all the way down to within a quarter of a mile of camp. Now you either go home on Pete in the morning, or you carry the rifle." Well I was about ready to go home anyway, I'd just about had enough. I was tired and roundup was over with anyway. They'd be driving out the next few days, maybe a week later...(Break)

He'd ride one of the horses and I'd ride Pete. Betty had to go home because she was getting a little bit lame, and dad thought I should take her home anyway.

So we started out. And dad said, "Now you be sure and go up over that hill by Johnson's. It's only three miles farther, and you'll go that way 'cause Malcolm is mad enough. He got after Glen and the boys here the other day, and Claud and Tommy had an awful fracas with him. He was going to beat Claud over the head and Tommy made him stop with the rifle, and that was just about enough. We can't have any more trouble like that. So you go
home with Louie and you go around by Johnson's, that's an order." "All right, but I don't like to, that makes it just that much farther home." "Well you go on now and behave." "All right."

I started down the road on Pete, and Louie came along on Betty. We got down to the corner to go up over the hill to Johnson's. I said, "Louie, I'm not gonna go that extra three miles. I'm going through—you coming?"

I kicked Pete in the ribs and we sailed over the fence and away we went. Right on down, as fast as we could go through Malcolm's, and on down to Bill Sexton's. We got down there, I stopped, pulled up a little bit to let the horses heave a little bit. And Louie says, "Boy, did I ever ride! I had to to keep up with you, you were flying on that mare. But," he says, "I don't know what the old man's gonna say, but there wasn't anybody around to see us, and we got out of there before they did see us." "Well," I said, "that's the way it is, let's go home."

So we rode on down the road until we got to Harvard and stopped there and got a little bite to eat and then went on down. Louie stopped at his place, the Gilder place, just before you get into Harvard. That's where we stopped and he went on in to his folks and I rode on down home. Past Princeton and on down, cross over the hill...(Garbled tape) Flannigan road home.

Well, we rested at home, and it wasn't more than a week and dad come to down and he said, "You've got/take a couple of horses back up, so you start out Sunday morning and you take those horses...(Garbled tape) You take Shammy and Betty, you can ride Pete if you want to since you don't like to ride the others, but you take those two horses and go back up there. And this time, no more going around by Malcolm's! You go over the hill to Johnson's. I'll be waiting up there for you, so I can take you down across the hill. I'm afraid of what that Malcolm will do to you."

Well, I rode on up, it was quite a ways. I started just after daylight.
Took a lunch this time so I wouldn't have to stop, and kept the horses at a
good fast trot most of the way. When we got up to Sexton's we stopped and
he said, "Where you going sis? You going up by Malcolm's this time again?"
And he laughed, he was a great big six foot two man. And he probably weighed
about 250 and he had a great big sombrero, the old fashioned kind. And he
had high heeled cowboy boots that he always wore, and he rode a big black
stallion with white feet and a blaze in his forehead. And he'd just got
through with his roundup. He says, "If you're gonna go up through Malcolm's,
I'd better ride along and see and pick up the pieces." "Oh," I said, "I
don't think he's so bad." "He hadn't oughta be so bad, they just arrested
his son for poaching and maybe the old man's cooled off a little. But maybe
you'd better go on around, your dad's waiting up there at Johnson's for you."
"Well," I said, "Okay." Well he said, "You'd better do it sis." Old Mr.
Sexton, Bill Sexton, always called me sis for some reason or other. I
didn't realize at that time that he was a relative of ours, but he was. His
mother's mother was Grandpa Maxwell's sister, Mary Chambers, and Bill Sexton's
wife was her daughter, so actually they were cousins of ours I suppose.

Anyway, I went up around the road and gave my horses a drink, and got
'em a'going a good fast clip. And I got up to that road—oh, it looked so
good to go right straight on up the creek, instead of go around and up over
that hill. I wondered if I dare do it, and I got there and Betty stuck up
her nose and decided she was going. And old Shammy said, "Come on we're
going." They'd been up there so much it was getting home. So Shammy was
good going and so was Betty. And they started out and kind of hard to turn,
so I just let 'em go. What come naturally. I didn't want to go around
anyway. So we rode on up the road at a good fast lope and there wasn't a
gate shut! There was a new road cleared around his place and old Malcolm's
place over on the hill—we didn't even have to go by it. So I rode right
straight on up Last Chance and up to Round Meadow and camp.

I got there and pretty soon--here come dad down over the hill. And he said, "You came straight through, Bill told me you did." "Yes," I said, "I did. The horses didn't want to turn, they wanted to go straight up."

"Well," he said, "I guess they did. Shammy and Betty like it up here. You didn't bring Pete this time, well that's good. Well," he said, "Glen'll take you home now. So you hike on, he's all ready to go on the bike." So he came back over the hill, Glen had been waiting up at Johnson's. So he came back and got me, and we went right on down past old Malcolm's place and down past Sexton's. And Sexton stopped and he said, "Well, I see you got through all right." He said, "I was kind of worried, so I went up to tell your dad you was going through. I said, "You did!" And he said, "I did! Well," he says, "good-by sis. I guess you'll be going to school now." I said, "I think this is about the last of the roundup for me this year."

So we went on back home on the motorcycle.

Another story I could tell you was a little bit different. We were on the drag, driving over the hill to Browns Meadow. The cattle were all ahead and the calves were little and poky. It was early in the spring, but it was still good weather, it was the first of May. And then going up the Flannigan Hill, just leaving the Flannigan Creek, why Betty got loose from the wagon and started back. Well Glen yelled, "Get on your horse and go get her!"

So I got on Pete who'd been tied to the wagon too, and I started after her. I was sure I could catch her, because Pete could out run Betty most any time. Well, I run and I run and I run. And we went down across Flannigan Creek and up the hill and on down across...(Garbled tape) where the hog farm is and then started up the next hill. And we got clear over to where you go up, past the hill up toward--oh it was a good steep hill anyway, and it was all clay. And way up ahead was a teamster and big load of logs--wood, he was
hauling wood. I recognized who it was, it was Hill. So I yelled and I said, "Head that horse off for me, will you please? I can't catch her." He turned around and he cracked his whip right in front of Betty's nose, and climbed down and caught her. He'd caught her with the whip around her head and nose some way, anyway he had her caught.

And I run up and he said, "You couldn't catch that little short headed Percheron with that long legged Arabian mare of yours? Ha, ha, ha," he laughed at me. "Well," I said, "I just couldn't. I guess she wanted to go home." He said, "I guess she did. Look at her--she's sweating all over, and your horse is sweating too. Why couldn't you catch that little pony with that Arabian mare? Oh," he says, he laughed. "I guess they both wanted to go home anyway. Now you'll have to go back, huh?" I said, "Yes, I'll have to go back, and they're going up the hill. They'll be over to Browns Meadow before I catch 'em at this rate." "Well," he said, "you better get going."

And so I got the horses. And this time I tied Betty on with a rope around her neck, and tied her to the back of my saddle by the saddle strings, so that she'd be tight...(Garbled tape) And away we went. And we loped all the way down and up the hill and down another hill. Got clear over to Meek's mill and started on down and still no cattle herd. I was following 'em, I knew. But you know, actually, they were clear over there past the Flannigan and over into the Rock Creek country. And they were going over, just about two miles from Browns Meadow by the time I caught up with 'em. Oh, I was disgusted! Why didn't Pete run fast enough to catch Betty? I just couldn't figure that out. But I guess Pete didn't want to go back up there anyway. She didn't like the woods ever and she didn't like the cattle, which was just against her religion.

One job I didn't like was herding the cattle, and bringing them in off the stubble in the fall when they brought the cattle in off the range. They'd
always get stubble pasture from some of the neighbors around. One time, especially, I was riding a Welch pony. I think this time I was about eight or nine years old. And I had gone up in the field to get the cattle, they were on Uncle Wes' eighty acres. It was a nice field up in there. But I don't know why it happened to me, but it did. There was some holes in the hill, on the top of the hill there, that looked real interesting. I got off of my horse and went down to look down into those holes. I dropped some sticks and things down into the holes, and all of a sudden my horse snorted. And I grabbed the reins and she jerked me back, and there was a *badger*. It was a badger hole, and there was the badger. Well I threw some clods at him and he went down the hole again, and I got on my horse and went on after the cattle. But that was the first time I had ever seen a badger. My horse was afraid of 'em. Later I was told that horses are really afraid of badgers because they make holes, and the horses will step in 'em and it'll break their leg.

But I was herding the cattle that afternoon, it was Sunday, and I had to go way all over and stay with them, and keep 'em out of the railroad track. And there was Uncle Wes' garden, and I had to keep 'em out of that. And there was a berry patch—oh, there was the *best* berries there and peaches and different things, and I could eat those. I took some potatoes out of the garden and went over by the trees, built me a little fire and roasted my potatoes. In the meantime the cattle were scattering, and I had to run fast and get 'em off the railroad track. But this time, for some reason or other I didn't get 'em all and one or two of 'em were gone. And I hunted and hunted and I couldn't find them. Finally it was time to take them home, so I took them back home and told dad that there was two of them gone, Little Dorey and Old Dorey. Little Dorey was a black heifer with a white face, and old Dorey was a yellow cow with a white face. Well he took his horse and
went to find them, and he didn't find 'em and he couldn't. He looked and
looked, and he finally found them up on the railroad track. But a train had
come by and bruised up one of them pretty bad but didn't kill her, but he
brought 'em on home then. But he said, "Now you don't do that any more."
Well, I didn't.

But when I brought them back I had to take them up into the pasture, and
there was a big spring there and there was water. The boys were supposed to
pump it full of water for the cattle. But I was to keep the cattle away from
it until they kind of laid down and chewed their cuds awhile so they wouldn't
bloat, because there was alfalfa there too. But they didn't. One time one
slipped away and got up in the pasture and she died of bloat. And dad said,
"Well it's just too much for a little girl to herd cattle. We got to have
somebody else doing it." So that was the last I had to herd those cattle.

But talking about bloat—it was bad business that fall. Mr. Gray, our
neighbor, had quite a dairy herd and he was pasturing on alfalfa. Dad told
him it was bad business—they'd bloat. "No, they'll be all right," he said.
But the next day we heard a racket down there, and he was running his cattle
up and down the road. (Break)

Our hired girl, Myrtle, that had stayed with us for years' brother was
the veterinarian for the community, saw what was happening. So she went down
and grabbed a good sharp kife from someone and started slashing open the
sides of the cattle that were down. She saved several of them, among them
was old Posh, Gray's favorite milk cow. She gave a lot of milk, she was an
old Holstein. And she told Gray then that he should put bridle bits in their
mouths and they might not bloat again. So, he put bridle bits in all the
cattle's mouths and from then on, not much bloat. But old Posh had a slit
in her side, and every time she'd eat too much why it'd come oozing out her
side. And Pa Gray would say, "Uh-huh. It's a good thing we had Myrtle around. We wouldn't have any cows left at all."

(Rest of Side D not transcribed)

Transcribed and typed by Sherrie Fields