

Book I



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Return to
Dad Hicks

2018

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Harry Hicks - of my life

This is the story of my life as to my memory. I have given this story quite a bit of thought and it will have to be told, with many incidents left out, both of good & bad. Because I can't remember all the pleasant times & neither can I tell all the unpleasant ones. I find it to be somewhat like my personality to the extremes of passion, either to the highest or on the other hand the lowest, the best or the worst. I am not speaking of the criminal - alogy angle, but the temperament - either angry & vicious or, tear torn and sentimental.

On the night when I was born, it had been snowing that day & evening. It was January 14 1916. I was along toward mid-night on a Friday. The snow was about a foot deep and intermittent drifts running about eighteen inches deep.

Granny Melzer - was the mid-wife for my mother - and as the title "Granny" implies and it was a well earned title and she was proud to bear that title. As I and my wife found out, long long afterwards in 1937 upon my mothers death.

When we went to see her, up a winding stair-way over the old telephone Co. office in ~~St.~~ Salmon. She was old then, and confined to her rocking chair and knitting needles. As the oldest friend of my mother, I and my young pretty wife, in a spirit of courtesy asked her if she would prefer or recommend any some rite for my mother's funeral. "Yes," she said, "mighty nice of you" I would like to have someone speak "Crossing the Bar" by Alfred Lord Tennyson, "he was your mother's favorite poet." Auntie Ann, Daisy's sister, an excellent speaker, favored her request. Although she couldn't come, for she was confined to her rocking chair and knitting needles.

This is the Coach that Gramp rode twenty miles to her job that stormy night. A frozen Cow hide, towed head fore-most, behind Bill Hamilton's house, on aariat Pope Yates. In my life he was to become lovingly called "Wild Horse Bill" by everyone he knew. With two tiny hand-khalts cut in the cow-hide in the right places for her mittened hands to hold on, and the cow

hide tucked up around her body, and the family Buffalo robe on her far warmth, and the meager supplies she would need, to care for my mother. They went galloping & sliding ~~over~~ over the snow, for the twenty miles. She said she finally had to pull the Buffalo robe over her head; for the jumps of snow, kicked up by Bill's horse would sting. And when she would plunge over a snow covered sage-hinck - or a snow drift - her cow-hide sleigh would jock & bounce, and threaten to up-set.

I find that there will have to be little side stories, as issues brought up, in order that one might better understand the character of our family, and so that the reader might better understand that I have tried to tell it like it was.

We count our more darker, or tragic moments as the essence or spice, to be laughed at such a funny, or odd, characteristic. So in spite of the snow & darkness & because of the sharp eyes of Bill's horse.

Granny arrived at the place along near mid-night to be a mid-wife and a witness of

the arrival of a long, ugly
skinny baby boy.

The girl that was helping
Granny, ran to bathe me in
a wash basin of water. I was
too long for the basin, so holding
me in one hand she opened the
door & grabbing the tub off the
outside, where it was hanging,
all cold & icy & snow covered,
she threw it in on the floor,
dumped the prepared basin of
water in it. She quickly poured
in the water from a boiling
tea kettle. And as she lowered
me, to the ~~tub~~ tub, I slipped
out of her hand & into the tub
of water. Where but for providence
& the grace of the Lord, I would
have perished twice over. First
the snow & ice on the cold tub
cooled the water, or I would have
been scalded to death, second
as she dropped me, I slithered
around the tub so I could not
be lifted out. She caught my
foot finally, before I could
drown. That's two miracles in
the matter of a few seconds that
made my life possible.

Bill & Granny are to be men-
tioned again, as will every
one in my story because my
life touches on the same people.

It seems that I must have had a happy encouraging angel up there watching over me. My first recollection of the light of knowledge came to me when my mother says I must have been 18 or 20 months old. Which my mother says I was too young, but a denial doesn't change the fact that I remember these. Of course I had to learn the names of these things later.

We were going up a long lane with a fence on the right side of the road. and the open prairie on the left of the road. My mother was holding me on her lap wrapped up in blankets. My sister Mildred was standing up between my father & mother. My father was driving the team hooked to uncle Andrews California Tapped wagon (as it was called) in which we were riding. It was a "Buggy with a fringe on top."

I was very interested in the fringe that hung down about four inches all around the top of the Buggy. and dripped torrents of rain, for it was raining very hard, and blown by the wind was getting my father quite wet and the way the wind was blowing the rain. Mother & us children was more protected. over

Up ahead, the road & the fence turned to the right and as we came out of the lane, straight ahead about a quarter of a mile stood a sheep wagon.

We hurried to the sheep wagon whose all-around canvas sides & warm stove offered more shelter. Tying the team on the sheltered side of the sheep wagon, we climbed down and entered its door, and indeed it was cozy and warm, with a fire going in the tiny camp wagon stove, and a kettle of putty brown round things. I saw as my mother peeked in the kettle. On the wall was a cupboard made out of a box which held tin plates & cups. "Get some of these beans into us," said Dad, as he set the coffee pot farther out onto the stove. As mother spooned the beans out onto two plates they rattled as they hit the tin plates.

Dad said "Clyta, see if you can find any bread, & we will have to have coffee to wash these half-cooked beans down, with."

I remember, I liked the rattling noise, as the beans poured onto the tin-plates. and I liked the brown & redish sparkle, they made it looked so pretty.

I used to ask my mother over &

over about those things, as I grew up. "Yes," she would say, "We borrowed Andrews, California Tapped Buggy one day, when you were about 18 or 20 months old, and drove up to May, but you were too young to remember, it rained on us, & we all got wet by the wind."

"Now come, I know, all about it if I was so young." "Now go on, and don't bother me with those Tom-fool questions," she would answer.

Another time I remember setting on my father's lap riding the mowing machine while my Dad cut the hay crop one year. That we lived on our own homestead. That was our only year for we were to lose the Homestead over water rites.

Then pleasant memories seem to spring to my mind in quick succession until I can tell no recollection of time. Happy ones, with my grandad Walker. That was to slip away in death, before I hardly knew him.

One night in mid-summer when all the things that he planted was to be in full bloom and the moon light shone like "angel light."

I would swing and bounce in a baby's old fashioned jumper with a seat round about so I could not fall out. I would back up up until I came upon my toes then

with a hop backward I would swing
forward & kick over a line of
beer bottles, Granddad would set up
for me. Oh! what fun for me, and
my grandfather with his grover
Cleveland mustache, would yell &
laugh & make a boys heart sing.

That big picture we have on
the bed-room wall is Grandfather
Walker and the dark eyed beauty
beside him is Harriet G. Berdia
my true Grandmother Walker. She
had died just a year or so. before
we were born. Grandpa had sent
back to Missouri and had an old
sweet-heart come out as they needed
a mother. So I grew up to know
Dear Aunt Kate as a grandmother.

She seemed to fit into the family
as every one seemed to love her
very much. I hope some one can
figure arrangements for Dear
Aunt Kate & Heaven will surely
be not like home if I get there
& don't see Aunt Kate.

The grainary, for grain storage
was a long shed built about
5-6 feet off the ground, holes patched with
nailed on tin patches. While the men
were working loading out grain. I hopped
up and fell off the long porch on
the back of my head, well I lived,
but I could taste blood until the
summer & was 9 years old.

Grandad had a new Studebaker wagon, & I think it was call #3. The tongue was held up off contact with the ground by a stout spring near the double trees. Fastened to the frame of the wagon.

It was Grandad's pride & joy. While I walked under the wagon tongue one day, it hit the top of my head, hurting a little. I began to cuss dam, dam, dam, & Grandfather began to laugh at me. I said, "What the hell are you laughing at?" Which brought a roar of laughter from all the corners & crannies wherever my uncles, & in-laws was working.

The last time I remember seeing ~~all~~ ^{the} beauty of the yard & the white gate, and the beautiful lilac bushes, & the old sad covered house, ~~with~~ with the path into the porch staggered with lilacs of every hue, & yellow roses, with their perfume, and the Moon flowers in full bloom. The Moon was out in all its glory, & that was a special occasion for me, and the moon was, as light as day.

I looked out of the ~~bedroom~~ where I was sleeping. At first, I did not see the picture. But looked, at all the beauty contained, in that yard. The sweet peas on their trellis, the Moon flowers, in full bloom, & the green grass, the lilacs & the boards of yellow roses, and on to the gate I saw Grandpa in a white night-
over

fell off
granary
porch

shirt

~~gown~~ - and a night cap, on his head. Silently staring at all the beauty, an old heart could contain. Then he slowly tattered back to his room & I heard the door softly open and as it shut a gentle breeze of the yellow roses was wafted to me. I know, now I was sleeping in the old leather davenport, that sat in the living room.

I never knew it, but that was to be the last time I was to see, Grandpa Walker. For, why, tell a mere boy, if someone is ~~sick~~ sick a boy can't understand.

I remember a long wagon procession that straightened out across the prairie. And the long long hot drive into May, I wanted to ride in Grandpa's wagon but he was not driving, someone else was driving, & there was a wagon load of flowers in Grandpa's wagon. and when we had to sit in the wagons, all us little folk. I spied that they carried a long box, all a heap with flowers, and they put the box in the ground. and the flowers all around

I remembered my Grandpa ever after, I know, now, but nobody ever would tell me, where Grandpa was.

My grandfather's walker had moved down the Paksimerai (place of the green trees) River from Howe which was beyond the old town of Yaldberg and a piece down the other side of the said river head waters, the edge of the Snake River Desert and Big Lost River.

These trees from which the Paksimerai River (place of the trees) in Indian, is a place to stand; very beautiful & very inspiring, a place of familiar spirits, I would get the same feeling, if I were to stand in the Garden of Gethsamonee. You will just smell those trees and gaze on them & stamp your feet & walk around as a lump comes up in your throat and think 'Where, where, what, what'. But it will surely awaken a hint of a memory of long ago, that you can't put your finger on. The Cedars of Lebanon, no, can't be.

Proceeding from the Yuba ranch, among these trees: go an up the ~~Snake River~~ ~~Paksimerai~~ over the divide (not a steep one) Barely a parting of the waters.

Down the Lost River and where the Great Snake River Desert hollows out to meet the Lost River is, as was, the village of Howe; since, built up by the Great Simplot Co. seems that fine volcanic soil is excellent potato ground and all along the Lost River down to Howe, fertile farms. on one such farm my mother & Aunt Hattie Aunt Myrtle & the youngest girl was

born, Sweet Aunt Ethel.

My Mother talked of her old home in Howe. until it is quite familiar to me. The sand storms, when the fine pumice grit would blow into everything, sugar, salt, corn, meal. How hard it was to muck it out, after a great sand storm.

They had 2-3 swill barrels setting by the back porch. where all the left-overs was put also milk & barley & fruit & vegetable parings. And they kept a type of turtle in there to fatten him up, for the fall of the year, so besides the hogs, they would ^{but} also have turtles. But you had to watch out he didn't get too large, to get out of the barrel. They would throw the turtle a hand full of greens every day, Mother used to tell how she was chased by a rabid Coyote one day & barely escaped. The Boys Uncle Brian & Edward wasn't born yet, so the girls had to be the ranch hands. They learned it all very well, years later, how my Father-in-Law laughed when my Mother borrowed his bronco team & hauled a three ton load of hay & caase she also borrowed his hay rack too, harnessed them wild sons of B's up too, & they didn't get away from her and run away while she was opening the gate either.

Grandfather, took up, the ranch
 just about 2 miles up the Pahsimeroi
 2 I was quite swampy. There was
 the line of fruit trees near the road.
 On the down river side was the corral,
 the grainery & the barn, in a line
 running perpendicular to the road
 and a large horse corral next the
 barn & a slew running through
 the lower side of the corral and
 winding down to the Pahsimeroi River.

The ranch buildings was on the upper
 right. A log house with a long porch, &
 sod on the roof, a kitchen on the
 back, a cellar below. And a spring
 house, or old milk house, where
 the slew that run through the corral,
 headed up into the bank, & became a
 cool water spring. Hence our drinking
 water, which was brought into the
 house and set on the long wash stand,
 where set the wash basin, a towel
 rack, beyond the basin ^{and a long dipper hanging} above the water buckets.

Then the beautiful yard running all
 around the two sides & front. The
 huge lilac bushes. The yellow
 roses & all kinds of flowers, running
 the 50 or 100 feet up to the road that
 run by the house. And back of
 the wall of flowers, on the south side,
 of this flowers a wance was Grandma's
 hot beds, and all the bee hives that
 only my mother could tend. That
 was her job exclusively. O. E. R.

My mother used to take me with her
when she tended the Bees. I don't
recall of my mother ever being stung
& I don't recall of myself ever being stung
by a tame bee. Even "The mad Bee hive"
the wind had blown this bee hive over.
& Mother righted it, and put the
honey trays back in order, and put
the queen bee back in her chamber.
Mother got these & corrected things, before
the was melted. So she was able to fix
things. But could not apologize to
the Queen Bee. That happened when
my mother was about 17 or 18. before
she was married, and before I was born.
But never the less that was to
be the "Mad Bee Hive" ever after.
When I would go to help my mother.
these bees would swarm & get angry &
dive bomb toward us, and make an
ouful mad uproar. Mother would
talk to them, & tell them all about
their anger; and how sorry she was and
chide them for their manners. and
tell them not to sting me, as I was
her baby. I thought she could talk
to the Bees. An accident happened;
years later. when I was probably
50 or 51 years old. Mother had been long
in the grave. Up to Second Creek
some bees swarmed in a mans
car where, he had some Bananas &
oranges & peaches. I was able to
help him & perhaps save his life

ly gently pushing the bees out of the way, until I found their queen and took her, and gently tossed her into a willow bush where she clung, & all the hordes, of the car full of bees, followed her. But I had to yell to the man, standing off quite a distance. To see if I could throw, all the little bunch of fruit away. The county crew, of Vernon Withington & Richard (Dick) West, was witness, to this happening & never yet have ^{been} believed, it was a trick of some sort. Well indeed it was. If they had not been scared to come close, they would have heard me chiding. and asking those bees to let me help them, and in short I was talking to them all the time.

My Grand-mother had died a short time ~~before~~ before my memory, so I only remember my foster Grandmother whom Grandpa. sent for to a heart & hand Co. Her name was Kate & I remember ~~old~~ Aunt Kate (we called her) and loved her so very much I can not remember her, beloved aunt Kate, without the tears welling up in my eyes. She must have been very dear and sweet. As I loved her above any one else but my father. When Grandpa died and the family seemed to split up & nobody ever told me what happened to Aunt Kate either over

not this
Aunt Kate
Turn the
page

So go the memories of children.

Yet a little more to say for Grandad.

There was a sloping hill run all along the left of the highway for perhaps a mile. That flat on top was the field. All along the road and running up to the edge where the field began, Grandad had carefully, terraced the slope, all along, and planted the terraced ditches, with hundreds of apple trees.

And as the lower paksimoi they told me Grandad planned to put planks on the marshy ground & plant a Cranberry Bog. As he had been raised back in Missouri where everyone had a Cranberry Bog & He said the now frost-swampy ground was a good place. No one thinks of that now. They tell me he always said there was potential oil fields; up in the head land of all the streams that headed up again the Snake River Gorge beds. I must go on to my memories of other times & places now. As the swampy ground was ideal for geese, Grandmother Yabiekie kept a huge flock and at the right time of year there was the geese picking. They plucked all, but the ~~long~~ feathers off the geese for pillows & feather beds. They all had feather beds. Again some may doubt my story; but ask around.

my Father had taken up a homestead about 3 miles on up the road, on Dry Gulch. upon beginning to plow and seed crops, and his use & intent to use water from the ditch that Granddad had helped 2 other men to build. The other farmers made it so miserable for my Father & Mother & even I and my sister. silly law suits, over even garden water for our garden. Dad had built us an 18 X 24 frame house. One the trouble Dad sold out to Minors Brown. and contracted the old saw mill up Patterson creek from Tom Glidden. he saved out most all the lumber for the old Ima Mine that was just going into the building stage.

We moved up on Patterson creek that had been named after the father of, who later, became a good friend, life long. of Dad & also my self. Jimmy Patterson. I started to school at the old Patterson school. I do not remember if my sister who was two years older had gone to school at Ellis, or not.

But we were presented with the most beloved of presents, by our Uncle's E. D. & Brian. My Mother's two brothers. Our deer horse "Robin" An Appaloosa. He had been born about the same time as my sister or, before. He was of the Nez Perce strain of appaloosa. with a living soul, that seemed to contain years of knowledge. I don't think of him in the terms of a over

It thus
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Roblin

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broken horse. But a born member of the family,
a little black colt, that later turned
a flea-bitten white. That was to be
our baby setter, care taker, and many times
both mother & father to I and my sister for
over 20 years. I and maybe my sister
used to look to "Old Robin" many times
for our love and tenderness.

Many & so many times have I stood
at "Old Robin's" head and cried my anguish
out. Wiping my tears away on his
soft velvet nose. In all my life, nowhere
have I seen or felt so soft a pink or
a better place for a boy to wipe away
his tears. He also had long lashes and
the prettiest and deepest baby blue
eyes. I used to gaze into those eyes
and see all the beauty in the world
in his eyes. Until he would sort of
wake up and put his foot hoof over
onto my foot & gently press down.
Sometimes he would hold my foot and
shut his eyes. I used to wonder if he
was winking at me. Because I could
not see the eye on the other side of his
head.

Then I had my first friend. He was
big, he was 18 years old. He lives in
Salmon near my house yet. at this
time any way. He was Harold
Ewen Pearson, Ole the Swede. He
could take his famous vaulting pole
and vault across Patterson Creek.

He could take his skis and glide
down the snow covered road, real fast.
He was my hero! Mr. Jensen lived
in a board frame house, beside the
road on the way from the sawmill &
the Ima mine. We used to see the old
man every time I went to school. He
never spoke to my sister or I. But
when I went with Dad to deliver a load
of lumber to the mine. I can remember.
How Dad & Mr. Jensen would have fun
by cussing & yelling & calling names in
broken Swedish. By yimminy & by gas.
and all the old mans favorite language.
He seemed to long, and hide his time
until he could meet some one who could
understand him & guess they call it
Commaderie. The next time I see
"Ole" I'm going to ask him about that old man.
Sometime into the 2nd year. we moved
down to the Ima mine & Dad worked for
the mine & mama cooked for the mine
boarding house. I was allowed to associate
with the miners & watch the poker games,
& the fights. And some time some one
would get out the Ouija board & we would
have fun playing the Ouija. but you
don't know what that is. The old timers
really believed the Ouija Devil.

One time when it was nice weather
and we was walking to school. Coming
home one evening we came to an old
Indian wailing and weeping where
they had buried his squaw. over

a little off the road. They make the
most moningful howls & groans and
noise. It scared my sister, and ^{me} we
ran and hauled all the way home. She
run off and left me which only scared
me more. My sister run ahead and told
such stories as to send some of the
men back down the road with their
guns. but I had figured it out by
that time & they went back without
killing the old Indian. My sister teases
me quite often. I was arguing with some
of the kids, I who had the best horse,
I won the argument because none
of the other kids loved their horse
enough to eat his slobbers, (or foam
from the bridle bit.) I proved my
point by eating several handfuls
of horse slobbers from "Old Robin."

About 3 month lapse - then the
H writing

We lived in Patterson then and as best as I remember, we had a ranch leased near Patterson. I can remember I went bare foot in the summer. I remember twice, I got a hair cut. Dad run me out in the stubble field (a new mown field is a stubble field) He run me and roped me, and caught me, you can't run very fast in a stubble field it hurts your feet. After he roped & caught me, He cut my hair with the sheep shears. Everyone laughed about that. but I swear that it hurt to cut my hair. I howled and screamed to prove it.

After I went to the toilet I remember I had to have Miss Snow, our teacher, fasten my suspenders up, very embarrassing.

Sometime after that we moved back to my folks old new homestead on Dry gulch. Where I went to school with the Black boys & my sister part of the season, & we rode in a pony cart, a Shetland pony - with the Yish children part of a season. ~~Dad~~ We went to the old Ellis school the same my mother attended.

Dad & my uncles were working with teams on the Salmon River road at the Crossing of the Paksimeri River (that valley & river was named by the Indians. I happen to be one of the few people that can

spell that word right.

Uncle Andrew Fish was my uncle because he happened to marry my mother's sister, Myrtle. They never had any children, so Andrew took a fiendish fun in tormenting me especially. And I really believe my father would have had it out with Andrew, had he known this. Myrtle a very good woman knew this & permitted it because he made her think it was all in the spirit of fun.

But I know that due to that scare & jokes he pulled on me a small boy between the 2nd & 3rd ^{age} grades. I have acquired lots of ~~hang-ups~~ ^{hang-ups} that still bother me.

as on this job, we lived close to Grandpa Walker's old ranch, where Andrew & Myrtle lived & owned the said Ranch. I was required to stay quite often with them.

We have some very happy memories of Uncles Bryan & Ed, because also that was the year we received our most precious gift Rabbie a little black colt with a star in his forehead & 4 little white stockings on his feet as I said he was of the Neg. piebald strain of Applesbury. That was to turn flea-bitten black & white specks, almost over-night about the time he was a yearling. He indeed seemed to care for me more than any one else.

Of Andrew Gish's mean-ess or jokes, I won't go into detail. it would make much too long of a book. Suffice it to just say he scared, me particularly, to my & beyond, my wits end. Scaring me of quormons, Gypsies, Doctors, Telphones, cars, strangers in general, ghosts. ~~by pretending to arrange for my untimely demise &~~ ~~to~~ lacking me in the barn yard with a Buck sheep. Uncle Brian saved me that time. I was a witless coward, with the disposition of a Rattle snake, when we moved away from there.

As I went on my way through life, I measured, with my eye the distance from each rock to each ~~club~~ Club. with the prospects of a weapon ever in mind. And found occasion to resort to them, at a minutes notice. I soon found out that if you intend harm on any one the Devil is on your side & if you cast out, the devil will see that you have a more than even chance of a hit on the target be it rock, club or bow & arrow or gun.

Dad, left home and got employ at Junction where he had a row of stands. He said it was on New Years eve. Because when they began blowing the whistles at over

New years, Dad got up & thinking he had ones slept. The beginning of the shift, he went to work & it was mid night, not morning. During this time we had moved back to Dry Gulch again. And we went to school with the Ellis, Black, Yish & Steel children. That school house became the Ragged beggar - sunning - some you - know. Still stands the school house, beside the road.

A ragged beggar - sunning. It has long ago been moved. A dirty trick that fate hands you the back o' his hand. sometimes.

How many beloved scenes, can be uprooted & tore out of a persons life, just to leave a lonesome memory for until you die too.

Then Dad and all of the family, four of us moved to Yellow Jacket. Dad to go to work in the ~~mine~~ there. With his team of horses

The first night I believe we topped the Morgan Creek divide. Mather & Dad riding the covered wagon seat. Old Dad & ~~his~~ her mate, (that later died) A prize team of the country. They were big blacks. I often remember, there feet were the size of the bottom of a nail keg. They weighed 2,200 pounds each. I don't know

their breed. After Dats mate died, poisoned on new, frosted, clover. Dad got a mate for Dat. (Yyp?) also a big black but some smaller. It would be hard to find a good pulling mate for Dat, for she was so big. Dat & her mate used to win all the pulling contests. I have often seen my Uncle Earl, a very good teamster risk his life as a show-man trick on the performance of that team. by casting aside the reins and directing the horses by talk alone - "up a little, up a little whoa! back, whoa! back!" When Dat & Yyp got old, Dad sold them to the City Department ^{in Salmon} where they sprinkled the streets, pulling an sprinkler wagon, up & down the streets to settle the dust. I used to see them often when I was going to school - later in Salmon. The old fellow that drove them would crawl off the water wagon & visit or get him a shot of boot-leg & catch the team on their way back to the fill-up hydrant.

When Dad ran the sawmill at Patterson. Dad would hook each horse onto a log (in the timber) and mother would go out and unhook each horse. when they come up with the log, at the skid-way or saw mill; thus each horse would
over