

III
go back & forth, towing or dragging
their own logs.

Mildred & I used to run a play
along the road behind. We camped
the first night just above the
old King'sbury Ranch on what was
Big Creek (now Panther Creek)
while Dad made camp. Mother with
our help caught enough 9" to 15"
trout for our supper & breakfast.
They were bull-trout & she would tie
a large knot in the end of a stout
string & lay down on the edge of
the creek in the high grass & toss
the knot on the string over in
the narrow deep water. As it
floated a bull-trout would swallow
the knot. Then as he would tug on
the string to swim away & she would
sort of flip him out on the bank,
a ways back. Then we would pounce
on the fish & hold it & then she
would pull the knot out of its mouth
& cast it in again for another. We
caught all we could carry. While Dad
unhooked & hobbled the team &
pulled off the grass for beds & to
make a fire which he did.

Father in my young married life
I & my wife were to go back there
and do that very same thing and
with a knot tied in a fish line &
pull the high grass for our beds.
To prove, I was not lying

we sat by the fire and told stories, until we went to sleep, hearing the night sounds and sounds made by the horses. All my life, I have been keenly aware of the other senses, of smells & taste & touch & was to get a good deal of pleasure from smell & taste and sound. Old memories are aroused by a familiar sound or smell or taste, more so than by sight.

We were to pull out and get into the old stage station on Big Creek (Panther) Farney, run by a typical trench pioneer, Milt Merritt a big man with a horn mustache & broken trench language. Mother was to cook for the freighters, that made that a regular stopping place, pilgrims, salesmen, miners & such. And Dad went on with the team & wagons to get us settled in Yellow Jacket.

We started to school in Farney Dis. the school house being a mile or so below Farney. The O'Conner family went to school there also.

I would meet every freight string of wagons as they came in, & get to know them all. There was first off. Hilliard Griebner, who was from Tennessee & only drove mules. I've seen him driving a 8 or 10 mule hitch - with his jocky box full of racks - he couldn't reach the leaders with a whip. He would cuss & throw over

rocks. Then there was Ferrell
Terry a gentle sort, but all men
who had a glint of humor, always
in his eyes. the best & quiet of
drivers. I worked for him in the
old C.C.C. camp. a pleasant man
always ready to compliment a fellow
with a humorous compliment. A fellow
in the camp quit. & Ferrell - said of
him "poor Stanley went home to put
his feet under his old Daddys table."

I paid him some money I owed
him in 1940. He said "I knew you'd
owe it to me all your life before
you ever beat me out of it."

Charlie Mitchell the stage driver.
went to school in Salmon with his boy
young Charlie.

Curt Roberts another ring tailed
roatin toatin mean sun-of-a-gun
from Tennessee, same as Rufus Isley

Bean Roberts a quiter man.

~~John~~ Roberts. civilized

This was to be about Bill Hamilton
the same that I mentioned before
that dug Granny Melzer to the
birth of me.

Dad. had given me a 25¢ mouth
harp for Christmas. as I would
stay as long as I could, listening
to the hard bailed talk, out in
the mens bunk house.

I was sucking air in & out on that
that harp

it must have been a hell of a noise & it got on Bills nerve. He was just Bill then, but later, to earn the name of Wild Horse Bill. So he just grabbed the mouth hays from me & gave me a dime, & throwed the hays away. That made me mad & I got hell from Dad for selling the hays for a dime.

Every after-noon along before it got dark, mother would build up the fire in the bunk house & put a 5 gal can full of water to heat, so the men could wash before supper.

Well I hid in the bunk house & as Bills wash basin in left hand, went to tip up the big can to pour him some wash water, with an old glove to take hold of the 5 gal can, it was hot. I blowed out the lamp, plunging the room into darkness. There Bill stood, a cussin, & hollerin, & pouring hot water all over him. And mad when Bill got mad he just yammered & stutted. Someone struck a match & lit the light.

"I to the brat!" get em! get im! the little S.O.B. "Get that brat! catch him!" Someone caught me & Bill slobberin & sputtering with anger gave me a "Dam good flogging" as Bill called it. But I knew Bill could hit harder than that. Well, I good had a block of wood over

I had rolled out on the apex of the gabled roof of the barn with my sister's help. I lay down on my stomach & held the block balanced, at arms length. I knew just what the fellows would do. True to nature Bill put up his team & came out the barn door & stood, he rolled a cigarette licked the paper, waiting to see if any-one needed a hand. Just as he reached for a match, my sister gave me the signal & I gently pushed the block over the edge of the gable roof, & let'er go. The block struck Bill right on top of the head. Knocked him down & stunned, he couldn't get his right hand out of his tight Levi pocket. so he rolled over to the right about twice. Then I left there, running along the slope of the gable roof, I jumped down on a shid in the rear & started through the trees. Meanwhile Bill coming to his senses, run through the barn & grabbing his Yasso rope on his way. Roped me spanish fashion around the feet. I was knocked out for some time but I took my licks without any fuss.

Some time that fall we were to leave the school house at farmy and mother was to leave the cooking job and we were to move over to yellow jacket

The road as I remember it went up the same side creek where Jarney was located, not the Canyon where the O'Connors ranch is now. Other people live there now but it is the old O'Connor ranch. Mrs O'Connor raised several good boys & girls there after her husband's death. I believe I knew them all & they are scattered all over, the same as we all.

I think my mother and sister must have come over a day or two later, because I have no recollection of them on the trip, until we moved into our house, at the far end of the street. I was to help Dad. We got an early start out of Jarney. I remember the sounds the horses made as they pulled the two wagons with our stuff n' junk the creak of the leather & the jingle of the chains and the smells of the horses and the plump plump of those huge feet as they set down on any-thing. I could hardly keep my head on my shoulders, as it kept rocking around, as this part of the road was creek bottom. Then it became easier, as the road began to rise & climb.

I well remember a story Dad told me. This Swede, friend of Dad's brought this school teacher up on this high cliff along the road, and pleading his love for the
over

School teacher. said "if you don't marry me I'll leap over this cliff to my death." I did the teacher right angrily "If you want to jump over the Dam cliff. go ahead & jump!" and she walked away. This cliff used to be known & spoken of as smutch, as "Govers Leap" & I guess that is all forgotten.

Along in the evening we came to the town of Yellow Jacket. that had its beginning through Mr. Stein as I and my wife lived there later smutch later, we was to get to know Mr. Stein. a man in his forties - Weber Stein. & became good friends.

What thrill it was to see the town itself, such a hurry & scurry of building. There was a carnival like attitude in every one & the change in dress confirmed what of each kind of work. The working type, overalls & logger boots & jackets. & the Company men in tight leaved pants & tight laced boots. We hauled our wagons up in the wagon yard as the big team shook their harness. & gave a sigh. ~~Every~~ Every one gathered round our outfit to see such big team of horses, and began to carry on a familiar conversation with Father

Father about the big team, that had come up from the Camas prairie several years ago. They had seen them in Challis at a pulling contest. The very same team, "2200 pounds apiece, you say! shure big allright" and such big feet." and the talk went on. I was so proud, as Dad led the gentle giants, across the creek & they pawed, out a hole to drink of the clear creek water. They first plunged their mouths and nostrils in, clear up to their eyes, lifted their heads out and swung around, so as not to get anyone dirty. They blew out the water from their nostrils, to clean out their nostrils of road dust.

So polite & careful. Then I have seen the same horses, if they didn't like someone, blow hard and ferocious right in some ones face.

I always felt so safe and protected when I was around them.

There was a mutual liking between us. With a swing Dad used to swing me up on Dots, broad back my feet & legs used to stick straight out. "Here he'd say: hang on to the mane & don't fall off." I swear that big horse would angle the same way she felt me, slipping, to stay under me. If I did fall in spite of all her attempts. She would stop, dead in her tracks & not move a big hoof over

I later learned how to climb up that huge front leg, get hold of the long mane on her neck & throw my leg over her back & get on by myself.

Then, on to the barn where they had to duck their heads to enter, as they would call for the some grain - with a soft cooing whinney or nicker. They were fed hay & oats & we broke open an extra bale of hay, as we would step in the barn too. I, beside old Dot & Dad, beside the other big mare as I said before Dot's mate was not to be with us very long & I barely remember her. If so I'd learned to love her too, because Big members of the family have so many ways of showing their love. I, and my dad could understand a friend like that - better than a human.

Now I will have to revert to other senses. To tell of that night

the safe feeling, that comes before sleep, the smell of hot & antenail mixed with the smell of candle wax hay & leather, & the horses warm body & their chomping and shaking; and to feel the love as old Dot would swing her head down to me & sniff & nuzzle my hair every little while to assure herself that I was all right. I learned to remember every minute of that life & can say life was very good to me, at that time.

I crawled out of my blankets, when I heard Dad getting up and feeding the horses, By the way it finally came back to my memory, the name of Dad's pulling team partner, Gill. Dad & Gill - it came to my memory. When an old Auntie came called me upon the telephone to ask my assistance; to get public assistance D.P.A. or on welfare. By chance her name was Juliet, so it all came back. Songs have that way, with my memory too.

After a hearty breakfast, of the best Cook I have ever known, Mr. Charley Dodge, an old timer from Alaska that was to be a life long friend, though, a lot older than me. He was to be the old Yellow Jacket Hotel Cook long long after. When I took my wife and family over there, to work for White & Brooks, they had a lease on the old mini Yellow Jacket Greasing Co. I was to work the summer before I went to Butte Mont. near 1939 or 40. well grown up then. I met, old North East Grey, the hardest working man I was to ever know, about 61 to 62 years old.

Dad, gave me a nickel after we had breakfast and after he admonished me to stay out of trouble, and cautioned me to return to the barn with old Dad. and if I did get in trouble, just cuddle up to one of old Dad's legs & hold on,
over

and nobody would hurt me. Many
is the time I run down to the
barn and cuddled up to the inside
of old Dots leg; & old Pobbins, after,
for safety; when I got into trouble.
But old Dot was best, as she was
so huge & would scare any-one off,
when she laid her ears back & snorted
as she seemed to know I needed protection.
I guess I was the Cold, she was destined
never to have.

I crossed the yellow jacked creek
and climbed up the road, about 100 feet
to Johnny Dryers store, to look over
his assortment of candy. And if I had
enough money I wanted to try out
that new stuff they called Sody Pop
that was red & Dad told me it
was red because it had bug juice
in it. The bugs wouldn't hurt
you. Because, I seen all the men
drinking home-made wine, that
was covered with gnats, up to
old High pocket's Well's place, up
to Patterson. Of course they would
hold the bucket down on a level
with their mouth & blow gently,
to blow the gnats back, first,
a then take a long drink, before
the gnats would float forward again.
a person had to know the best
tricks then. I learned early too
fight with one eye shut like Bill
did; If you got hit in one eye

VII

you could open the other eye, and keep on fighting. or keep your fists caked with dry, hard mud, either way, the mud would skin hell out of a persons face, or else you had rocks in your fists.

I met Harry Jones, the bully of the kids, he must have been 17- or 18 years at the time. I knew him for years, & liked him, all the time; used to get drunk with him, later on, later, of course. The opener was - "you want a chew" (tobacco of course) "now, dont care for chewing!" "as soon as I get my factory again" "I'll have plenty of smokin'" said Jones "you wanna come in with me", partner of course! I said "might just as well, but we cant sell to the grown men. we gotta stick to the kids, like me. Jays Jones." "thurs plenty of them" "The way I figger we gotta get a pane of glass, well put the cigar butts under the glass, to dry out!" "Well have to clip off the burned ends. They taste so bad if any-one tries to smoke them. It's in our business!" I said "Jones says - "the way I do it well cut off the burned ends, and after drying them under glass I rub the leaves up in my hands and, ~~roll~~ roll them up again into fresh cigars with brown-sugar
over

paper, I get a nickel apiece for them about 3" long." Say "I said. "That's pretty good money."

"You'll have to pick up the cigar butts, because I'm too big to be doing that, they'll notice me." "Good!" I said, "I'll get the cigar butts, you dry the tobacco, & grind it up & show me how to roll em, & I'll help you sell em, and go for partners!" "You'll have to wait until we get moved over here, first and we won't get moved until we get a house," says father Jones. "Fine. If you can get a lot, start looking for the best ones now, we'll have to get enough picked up & stored for winter, because there's no good when they get soggy." "Oh, that's a deal!" I had lived in mining camps before. I might add, our business venture went well; we had to come down on our prices though. I got most difficult in winter for the reasons before mentioned but the cigar butts became more plentiful with the Dances. Because of the holidays. ~~But~~ I came out better. The men would come out on the big porch, as the dance hall had a porch all around & a railing. They would light up a cigar & as the music would start up again. I'd say watch

watch your cigar mr. Watch your
cigar Mr. I would have a large club.
You'd be surprised how many
cigars I was watching for the
hard nased guys. Until they
finished the next dance. After
the evening's work, those guys
would pitch me dimes, quarters
four bits & some even a ~~dollar~~
dollar. Milt Merritt would come
over from Farney to the dances.
With a smart spirit, horse, and
cutters sleigh & huge Buffalo robes
& big mass horn Muscht shoes
& cracking his whip, he was a
By-gas Frenchman. he was good
for a dollar ever dance.

This money was earned on the side
off the cuff & I would never share
it with Jones. I was a good deal
untill my sister squashed on me.

Those were the days, when the
kids all over was a tough bunch.
You had to get them scared of you
or be a running fool. I was more or
less of a country boy and started
out scared, but I got over that bit
by bit. I was able to out scheme
any of the worst ones and eventually
the way I came out winners with
each kid. Had to be funny. Those
ones. I got the best of. I used
to go down at night near their
house & lay rocks & clubs along
over

the trail & pick all the others away.
Then, when I went to school or came
home. I knacked many a kid to his
knees ~~but~~ hauling. because I knew
where all the chips & racks were placed.
Before spring I had them running from
me. I also sawed all the limbs
nearly off of their big climbing
tree, I left the first 4 or 5 limbs on
said tree, and sawed the upper most
limbs off. If not for the lower
limbs being left intact, I would
have killed them all. I never told
that, but more than one father &
mother was suspicious. I was just a fami
one night and it came time to hang
the outlaw killer. They had me up
on the end of an apple box standing,
with haling wire rope around my
neck, giving me the last rites, of
such a famous killy. The haling
wire tied around the top of the
wood shed. Just in time, Jack
Jones, Harry's father. A tall straight
good looking man, with a neat
mustache came along & saved me.
The more I grew, the more I liked
Jack Jones. I knew him until
he died. In his elder years he
sawing a cane. I never lost his
neat straight (erect) carriage.
And was always to be the neat
straight full standing proud tall
man with the neat mustache.

and he had no easy soft life, but many tragic things happen to him. Yet, he remained the type character that made a glad glow within my heart to see him, "and he was perfectly gorgeous to see." The pirate Dan Dick, of P. Dawdee! We went to Boise to live, for two years after our family was all raised & married & I never seen Jack Jones again. We were in Boise Feb 1968 to July 1969.

The time we spent of over to Yellow Jacket was to be an epic in my life when I was to learn a good many things about the adulterate.

I remember hitting Jack Yanterman across the back, with a 2x2 about 3 feet long. He was ganging up on me and threatening me every evening after school. It wasn't that, I was afraid of him singular, but the gang, as a whole. This like was to make him fear me much later, when I came to Salmon. I had a rock a bit larger than an egg in my pocket, when Clark Yanterman run around the end of their house a little below me and about 35 feet away, I hit him right on top of the head with the rock, throwing it overhand and well up in an arc. He never seen it coming & he never knew what hit him. He was out like Hoggans goat. Then I waded over

into the rest of the gang, swinging
said club back & forth with a
viciousness. With a lot of howls
and hawling over hit arms and
fingers the gang scattered for home
to tell their fathers while Jack
Yanterman lay moaning on the
ground & his brother Clark lay at
the end of the house, feeling no
pain. I was told I made the
Recorder Herald news paper, in falmon
for that clean up.

It was a good thing Dad was
home, of course I told him. Two
fathers, one named pierce and
Mr. Yanterman. When their wives
would nag them, "to do something"
would fling out of their houses
and make a bee line for our
house, madder - n-hell. Then when
they would get within 100' of our
cabin, at the end of the street. Dad
would walk out on the porch,
they would start slowing down -
and finally, coming to a dead stop
they would stand & talk to each
other. Then they would go slinking
back home. Then their wives
would give em - "hell again" & out
they would come as before, and
would go through the same
patomine as before. About the
fourth time one of them, "hollered

"Is that you, Nic?" "Yes, it is said
Dad, "What do you want?"

"I was agoing! borrow some shells,
If you got some" Dad said, "I've got
several boxes" but they ar 300's
and wont fit your littl 30x30"
They went back home for the
last time.

I went to school a little late
for a few days, and carried my
club with me. We were allowed
to go in and out of doors, by
Miss Virginia's door - as her home
was a lady bachelor apartment on
the end of the school house. as I
went through her doorway I
would hide my club in her wood
box. And then I would after to
get in her wood after school & in
so doing would get my club to
carry home again. But they had
enough of me, and left me stuck
alone & got along fine, except 1 time
Jack Fauterman, was coming up
our sliding hill & I was with skis
& I was going down, lowering the
skis he hit me over the left eye
in my eye brow & split my eye brow
open. It bled a lot. Mr Johnny Dyer
fixed it up & I went on playing
but have a scar ever after.

Harry Jones fancied the teacher, and
once when she left him in charge
of the class, he hit me in the side
over

of the head with a geography book
I was talking & making a disturbance
He was left in charge, because he was
the oldest. By the way, our cigar-
cigarette factory didn't last very
long, as the cigars were always
wet & not enough sunshine to
dry them - so we could not roll cigarettes
out of them. I continued to make
a little money by watching someones
cigars, when he laid it down & went
into the next dance. It was
in one winter dark clouds began
to appear over our beloved
Yellow Jacket that was to hurt
many & bring about the most
horrifying experience of my life
and so many others. If I can just
tell this next winter like it was
& in sequence, so many small things
were to bring about so many more
significance things. The best way
is to tell it like I heard & remember
it.

The fact of the matter. The company
of Salt Lake first put all the money
into a grand Hotel it was supposed to
have lots of rooms 200 or 300. lots of
buildings a large stamp mill
a 4 mile 7 foot flume to run away
up Yellow Jacket creek & procure water
houses, stores saloons. Well then
were whisperings that the Salt Lake

Company that put up the money, refused to put up any more without a show of underground work - as they were broke. I'll leave that stand for the present:

Dad & mother heard that Jack Jones was to make a trip out to Salmon by sleigh on the morrow so they bundled up a bunch of letters & sent us down to Jack's cabin to send the letters out, to be posted in Salmon.

A gun wearing swaggering bulley named Meeks - had started some nasty rumors & even threats about Harry Jones & the flacker Miss. Virginia - whom was well thought of, & also was Harry. The janitor at the hotel had told Jack Jones about Meeks's threats.

While I and my sister were there, came a knock on the door. When Jack went to the door. We seen Meeks at the door, we seen Jack Jones throw the door open & step out onto the porch, hitting Meeks a terrible blow with his fist. Knocking Meeks down. Bleeding from the mouth and nose. Meeks crawling, bleeding around on hands & knees, and whimpering and lying & appealingizing made no move to get his luger pistol he always carried & was carrying now but Jack was watching him & made no attempt to follow up his lead.

It seems according to Meeks over

he heard about Jack and another fellow named McCloud going to Salmon & he had come over to ask Jack, if he could go too, as he was due in Salmon on business. The begging & sniveling & whimpering got to Jack, & helping Meeks up Jack apologized for the blow. & took Meeks into the cabin & got some water in the wash basin & began to wash Meeks off & clean him up & quieted him down. and upon showing us out the door, shut the door. We ran home as fast as we could and much frightened.

On the trip to Salmon, Jack got out to walk a ways behind the sleigh. McCloud was sitting upon the seat driving & Meeks rising some gun, shot Jack Jones. This came out at the hearing & kangaroo court of which Salmon is still famous.

The bullet entered his neck & came out the back of his head. but not killing Jack but rendering him unconscious for days.

On running the team into Farney. It is believed Milt Muntt got Meeks & went himself back and got Jack. And Meeks beat on him unmerciful. But Jack was tough. he outlived Meeks. by about 35 years. Some of them were to come to a tragic death.

McCloud was to flee the country before the news ever reached the Sheriff and headed back for Butte Montana. I heard rumblings of McCloud when I was in Butte later, in 1940-46 grown and with a wife & four children.

I might as well wind er up fer Meeks too. He had a rep for pulling a gun every time of trouble. It got so everyone would run when he reached for his hip. Well to make the story short he had a little trouble with a cattleman named Brazil; he was running sheep & cut Brazil's fence. Well they were arguing & Meeks being on the ground. And Brazil hauled back with a Carbine saddle gun. It was in 1936. The after Carla was born. Meeks made a bluff & reached for his pocket. That old Texas Cowman whipped out the Carbine & filled Meeks full of lead & left him lay. About 2 weeks afterward I was working with & for John Hill shoveling dirt for the holes in the State Highway. A man came along on a saddle horse, a stern tight jawed man. John Hill jumped down & greeted him with a more than pleasant manner real jovial, and in the course of events he asked him. Did you escape from the law? "Now, nothing like that the Sheriff just wrote to me over

and asked me, when I had the time, to please come down to Salmon, & explain the killing, so he could make out his books. "O.k. Harry by the way" John said, "This is Mr. Brazil, the guy who can pull a Winchester out of a scabard quicker than a man can pull a side gun."

He eat dinner with us, & built up a fire & fixed us some hot food. Next day he stopped & fixed us a hot meal on the way back.

Said he only had to answer a few questions & sign as a witness a death certificate. Meek's had a son here in Salmon too, I don't know what became of Clair Meek's a sort of friendly guy.

Back to Yellow Jacket. The money from Salt Lake stopped. Dad got beat out of \$400.00. A lot of them had to go down the creek & places for gold enough to give up eating.

The Big Boys all got away. The men marched on the Company warehouse with guns. I divided up the feed for the animals (horses), & what food they could confiscate.

Morris Christenson & his dog the ware-house man, a huge Swede, escaped with a sack of Cotton seed cake, on his back wandered in a snow storm up near

the divide, and wintered on the Catton Seed Cake, but he had fell some ~~off~~ where & the dog lay down on his body & the dog's warmth saved his life but he froze all his fingers & thumbs off. Had part of one thumb left. They got a false piled account of it up in the museum - all the fellow Chris Nielson. But I know the real story and heard it from Morris who was alive in 1937 for I bought the old, once fancy auto of his, a Viclee. I had no water pump, and was supposed to circulate water by the heat system - hot water rises to the top. It never worked for me. It was an old old car then & the Iwede drove it for years. But one trip up to the Watts bridge where I was working for Olaf Nelson. on the bridge in 1937 burned her up. That's the last I ever seen of Morris Christensen, I don't know if it was sen - or son - I am - or Iwede

the head-man I can't recall his name, but will remember it before the story ends so I will leave a blank space for the name - Peters got picked up someplace in U. take for the killing of a girl in an attempt to destroy evidence. He ran his car back & forth over the girl's Body. At the time of the Jindberg out