

Some memories I will fill in, about those times, that I can't put a date on...but remember happening.

I had stepped on a piece of glass while going bare-foot, sometime before our trip and was lame on one foot, as the glass was working up through my foot just behind my toes. It lamed me for about two years and one day after we had moved to Salmon, a sore broke out on my instep on top of my foot. And after we put poultices on it, for a day or two, a lump of glass was noticed to be stuck to the poultice. My foot got all right. While lame I walked with a crutch and traveled with two hops a step on my heel & then a big jump. Old Wild Horse Bill, used to call me "Hop, skip, & Jump".

I also suffered with my hip slipping out of the hip socket & I lay on the ground crying a lot until I accidentally slipped it back in to the socket. I am troubled with it yet. and upon a series of X-rays Hally Carlson, straight arrow.

I found that the socket is gone on my left hip and the left side has slipped forward giving my pelvis a twist, and created a hip socket of its own on the side of my pelvic bone. I have to wear a lift in the heel of my

left foot, and as I get older it
 bothers me more & more.
 Then I wish to note that at about
 3-4 years old when I fell off the
 grainery patch at Grandpa Walkers
 I struck the back of my head on
 a block of rock salt. The back
 of my head has a knocked in
 place to this day. And was a running
 pussy sore until I was 9 years
 old & up until this time I could
 taste blood in my mouth at the
 back of my throat all the time.

The back of my head used to itch
 & I used to scratch it, until I kept
 a running sore and infection & pus
 all the time.

Dad had lost the ranch, and we
 were just staying on until we
 could find another place to go.
 It was the summer of 1924 Dad
 was working for Bob Snyder on
 the state highway. Around Ellis
 with his team on those state sliding
 rocks. They were working several
 men & teams there hauling rock
 over in the river on rock ships
 & they got enough rock for old Wilson
 Ellis to build that wide place where
 the P.O. of Ellis is now. Right
 where the Paksimewi River runs
 into the Salmon River. Old Bob
 wanted Dad to move to Salmon
 & work on the Highway near Salmon
 River.

Dad had had quite a bit of experience as a grade foreman. was an excellent teamster & had a team above par. As I mentioned before Judy had got poisoned on fasted clover. & he had Yyp to go with Dot. Yyp weighed nearly as much as Dot and was built closer to the ground and seemed huskier. Dot, & Yyp, were finally bought by the City of Salmon & pulled the street water wagon up & down the main street all summer, to sprinkle the streets. They could be seen going up & down back & forth. sometimes the driver was off drinking and they would continue on their way - water or not. I guess they must have stopped when they oiled the streets. The old water sprinkler is up by the 28 club, a bar, out of town up the Gemki about 6 miles up highway 28

Dad sold our house and we moved to Salmon. Sold it to Minor Brown who became a good friend to my wife & I. Lives in Salmon, although quite elderly. Still is living here at this writing
April 1974

Salmon

we moved here at Salmon into one of old Al. Smith's heaps next door to the old Idle Wild house. It must have been near fall of 1924

as I remember starting to school right away. We were soon acquainted with the kids that I was to know all my life, some have left Salmon. Some were killed in W. War I. some died. and some died in the process of growing up. Quite a few were kids we had met while in Yellow Jacket and some were family friends.

Being a country kid and a hop. ship & jump kid I was immediately set upon by every bully in town. I was a very timid boy & this also made me to be picked on, all the time. So much so that I began to win quite a backing of boys that were sorry for me. And to make matters worse I had to wear out every pair of knickers or short pants every family in parsimeroi was to give me. When I finally got to wear long pants I earned some respect. These city kids a person couldn't rightly tell if they were very tough or not. because they was trying to grow up too fast like barnyard roosters they would swagger around like tough cow-boys and their legs bowed from the saddle. their thumbs hooked in their belts. they would scare hell out of a hop. ship & jump. Even the over stuffed night watchmen got a kick out of showing me the inside of the jail. and telling what they would do to me or else. I don't know why ^{over}

every blame should come down on me like that. As I sit here and think about it. I can't help but think of what they all were setting up for themselves. and I wonder why & how they were spared, because I got all of them in the funniest ways.

next writing October 1 1974

I find my story held up by the queerest incidents. It grieves me so to tell about the next incident. It has held up this story for a long time. As I was being chased home from school one day, limping as fast as I could go. A much smaller boy was to meet me and along with Alvin Withington was Cooney. To be known all his life as the stuttering kid, I went to both their funerals, last year in '74. They had felt sorry for me and had decided to run those bullies off of me. It didn't take much, just knowing them and a matter of two boys telling them to leave me alone. and Cooney offered to fight them, immediately broke up the gang and sent them scurrying off to wait for a better chance at me. Alvin soon seen that they were going to wait for me, and invited me into his house which was right next. Cooney, after talking to me a while, and promising

if you ever need help bid you can count on Co. Co. Connie. That proved to be the best offer I was ever to get. as through out the years Connie and I exchanged many favors, and as I grew up to be a quiet a fighter I was able to pay ~~Connie~~ my debt to Connie.

And Alvin Withington was to become my life long buddy. We were always together, "Alvin & Harry" like "bread and butter". Alvin's dad was the town's night watchman then and consequently the boys left Alvin alone.

I had many adventures growing up. some near, beyond belief. I was always doing something from knocking out Jago & Murchi Metamoras meti-soo-gia with rocks. Japanese boys with rocks. and the time I and Clarence Mackay knocked out old Prosser with a big rock. to the time Alvin & I bottled whisky for ~~Wally~~ Poole. down in his basement when we were about 13 years old. During the depression we took a contract to butcher every ones pig's along the south side of main street. I would say "140 years of butchering & never cut a gut." we were about 14 then. We started going to county dances when we were 12 years old. I drained the old power ditch or canal, & caught all the salmon while Joe Larsen was chasing the game warden.

old Frank Cuntly, around & around
the field with a club

I had developed quite a temper
by this time and found myself
the victim of every time I got mad.
I would hurt some one seriously.
But I can say I was not mean
nor was I ever a ~~butty~~ bully
but I had a bunch of kids, I
took care all through life
kids that seemed to be like I was,
set upon by bullies, always.

First I broke the gang leader's
arm Virgil Pappette which made
quite a stir. Then I ~~threwed~~
threwed Frank Bradley across
the wood pile and he was laid up
for 3 weeks with a broken back.
Then I accidentally got a Indian Death
lock on Roy ~~Putney~~ Putney
and left him laying on the school
ground from noon to recess. In
picking him up, they happened to
turn his head, thereby releasing
him from the sink. I had throwed
in his neck and he lived again.
Gucky me. The Indians & the white
settlers were having a skirmish
down back of Amundson's at an
old livery stable. I and all the
poor kids in town were to be the
Indians, and the big shots had
the honor of being white settlers.
It was, I think, a put up job by

the printers devil. I was to be, covered by the news paper and was to be a big thing. They were holed up in the big old livery barn. Alvin were up stairs & down stairs.

The old masons, Dodge & the Brough. Carver, had just buried down where a million lives were lost. (all bed-lugs) And we poor kids acquired witch loot, along of which were the masons swords. The one I got, the sword A.M. Bradshaw

The rich boys had lemon wood bows and hunting arrows, which left them at a disadvantage. to begin with, being only 10, 12-14 years old they were afraid to shoot some one with a lemon wood 50# bought bow and a hunting arrow. It was a peculiar thing when we began to find those hunting arrows shot from lemon wood bows on the battle field (the people thought it would scare us off; I worked differently) We knew we had to storm the barn, and getting in close to the arrows, fight them with our swords.

I and Alvin were the only ones that could & had the nerve to dive through those high windows head first, well we found the bottom floor full of boys, and in close quarters, unable to use

their big lemon wood bows
I and Alvin, won the battle
right there, with our swords.

I had a little 18" ~~bow~~ spring
bow and was shooting cat tail
arrows, with a shingle nail stuck
in the large ~~end~~ end, to give it
some weight. the nail was stuck
in so the head was foremost
giving the arrow a blunt end.

as the heroic, soldiers were
streaming, and screaming and
bawling out the doors at total
loss without even their big
fancy bows & arrows their
mothers & Dads had paid from
\$12.00 to \$16.00 dollars for. I can
remember Alvin collecting their
bows & arrows, and they were all
a bawling.

When I became aware of someone
still up-stairs and I could see an
eye looking through a knot hole
at me. Quickly I sheathed my sword
and pulling a arrow from my
quiver with my little spring bow,
I lit fly at that eye I could see.
They came leading the boy
out, blood streaming down his
face. the feeling I had was very
strange. My spirit turned
around in my ~~body~~ body and
looked the other way, and
it was years, concerning this

before I could get my spirit
to face forward again.

For ever so long I would sit
in my seat at school, my eyes
brim full of tears. I not answer
the teacher because I didn't hear
her with my spirit twisted right
around, facing ever backward. Such
a peculiar feeling no one ever had before.

It was a long time afterwards,
I was to break Al Vesinaw's
leg, in the C.C.C. camp F92.

And I waited for Clarence Hibbs
to come around a turn opposite a
frozen mud puddle in the road.
I threw a big rock down in what
I supposed was water. It bounced
up off the ice & hitting Clarence in
the head knocked him so cold he
never knew what hit him. The other
kids didn't like Hibbs, so very
much, so no one ever told
him to his dying day. I didn't
know the puddle was frozen.

I was to ride horse back
up to where Clarence Mackay's
grandmother had a still, & fire
her up, & run off a gallon of whiskey
for old man Pete Smith, which we
did very successfully and mixed
it the proper proportions with water.

But mean-while we got 4 sack
bolls of 2 quart bottles of wine.
green wine. and that's the worst

kind, well we packed it all back on our horses, hung in gummy sacks. and upon pouring it out in proper containers traded it off for whiskey a quart for a pint and we ^{also} sold quite a bit.

We also drank a lot we hit the old Pioneer Hall on a dance night. Upon having to run to the toilet we had to go away up to the pioneer ~~hall~~ garage to the toilet everyone was lined up at every toilet in town. Just a few people was still dancing a few that the wine hadn't took hold on yet. I am just wandering around in my mind, selecting the stories all fact, as I remember them just stories of my youth.

I used to have a peculiar ability to kick not up, but I would bring my knee up and hit my chest and then kick straight out from my chest. For practice, I used to have some one hold his hand as high as his face. And I would kick his hand. I found out they could not see me. I used to have fun kicking drunk smart alecs that way to entertain the boys in camp with me. not to ever hurt anyone but just for fun.

I was a very powerful boy or man a performed several feats

of strength and up until I was 50 more or less. Although I was disabled by my old sickness heart condition 5 times in my later life.

I figure I was disabled more by the mistakes of Doctors, more than anything else.

When I was about 19 in the C.E.C. I ran all the way up hill from the Salmon River at Horse Creek Camp, to our fire camp at ^{Corn} Corn Creek Lake. beating about 300 guys into camp and only Frank Jakovak beat me by taking a shortcut, that I didn't know about.

At the time I came back from Butte and was working for the State of Idaho. I could load a full 50 gal. barrel of gasoline into what they called an old International Corn binder. A truck about 5 or 6 inches higher & a lot longer than a standard pickup.

And I could load the gas & oil barrels on the racks. Against the wall a glimpse back.

I was going to school in the 3rd grade and missed my older sister and I went to catch up old Robin who was out to pasture in a meadow below town. It rained on us all day, a cold drizzling rain. My sister died. I caught fever not too bad only sick about 5 days.

but after she got over it. I got it. And was really sick so much so that I got my kidneys ruined. the old Dr. thought it was diphtheria so he gave me a shot of serum in the small of the back. It punctured my back and went into one of my kidneys, the shots were new on the market and the Dr. didn't know how to give the shot. I lost about a half y. L. school.

Then I was set upon by an attack ofumatic rheumatism. besides the scarlet fever. we found out about 2 years later that it was my tonsils causing the rheumatism. Any-way I had to be coated all over with Ergoline ointment then wrapped up like a mummy in waxed paper, all over, that was the cure for rheumatism. And I took Beef Iron & Wine until it was running out my ears. I must say that ~~it~~ this is all the truth. ~~an~~ unbelievable as it all seems. I also took niter and sugar, to make my kidneys work. until I reached the age of about 15 I was sick a day & well a day. the teacher did not pass me that year because I didn't get to ~~ex~~ school enough. I was sick with all the childhood diseases such a mumps, whooping cough, chicken pox I was made immune to measles after I already had them.

Well I was sick with tonsillitis and the Dr. as usual made a mess of that. My tonsils were so bad by this time they were choking me. The most horrible thing I ever went through was having my tonsils out. I think the Dr. never took anyones tonsils out before either. He cut all the left side of my throat out. I went as long as I could without eating. Then it started to bleed. I vomited up a 3# lead pail full of coagulated blood. I was screaming all the time with rheumatism. All the Dr. could do was clamp off the bleeding artery in my throat with a large pair of clamps, they use on horses. Borrowed from Seth Mathews. They clamped my throat inside to the outside with those huge clamps, which was hung from the ceiling on wire. I tried not to swallow much as the clamps would swing back and fourth when I swallowed, hurting awfully. Mather tied two bacon cords, one to each big toe, and when I had a pang of rheumatism, I would relieve the ~~pain~~ pain, by the simple purpose of creating a greater pain by pulling on the cords to my toes, which had loops in the end of each cord, for my middle fingers. I was able to stand it for about 24 hours & my throat never bled any more. I just had the pain of swallowing. and the pangs

of rheumatism. but pulling on the cords attached to my big toes really did hurt more than the rheumatism. although I pulled both big toes off crooked & they remain thus, to this day.

I must have been well once in a while because I distinctly remember fun times I had playing with my friends & my ~~coaster~~ coaster wagon and I can remember I had a roller skate made out of a box on a 2x4 with roller skates on the bottom and two handles nailed on, that I used to ride like a scooter, making the side-walks really clickety click.

I remember small sketches of scenes while I must have been well, but, very few. I remember Ciland Coyle, our music professor. And taking a basket ball away from Bob Aldous and having a wooden sword fight with a kid and I remember Florence Behrman because she walked to school with me and was nice and friendly to me. I never remember going to school much, but I remember being so sick, and there was yet to be more. So I forget the years.

I was often farmed out for the summer, as we call it. where you go to visit an aunt or uncle or a cousin.

We were farmed out to George Bennetts and Aunt Hattie and cousins Gladys & Laura. Where I grew to know a life long ^{pal} older young man. Geo Jarvis. He was my idol, a debonair smart young man. Had his own string of pintos.

He lives in Butte now and has a string of appaluses and I'm sure, good ones.

He was working for George Bennetts. I used to ride all his ~~horses~~ horses especially Baby Mae, a beautiful pinto mare. When I lifted my hand up high she would rear up and paw the air, a real beauty.

I spent a very happy summer riding and working & thinking I was a man.

We went to a wild horse roundup up on Willow Creek. We all rode for the Forest Service and rounded up about 300 beautiful ponies, the most beautiful I ever seen. As I found out later this was the 3rd roundup in 3 years - the ponies were mostly 3 year olds. and such beautiful horses I have yet to see. pintos, buckskins and appaloosies.

They had a sale, as we supposed the horses was gathered for.

They sold a few for \$3.00 dollars no one had any money. depression.

So they drove them up a blind wash. and shot them all. I stood and went off alone and cried into the mane of my horse. till long after the last bullet was

fired. and I rode away. Didn't the ~~the~~ Forest Service, say they wanted the feed for thousands of cattle they were turning out graze on the land.

I have yet to see a cow or even an elk feed in those mountains where came 300 of the slickest puttest panies I ever saw. all that range is deserted now and desert.

Its things like this, and lies like this, that makes it a disgrace, to be a white man.

I hope I set in judgement on those people some day, & be shure I'll never forget.

I was one more time, to feel the worry and fear of sickness for I smelled all up with Brights disease and Propsey My blood and min mixed even my privates ~~st~~ smelled all up and became distorted. My eyes swelled up and up to about the level of my heart. I became puffy and kinda glazed all over. From the water build up. My mother came up to get me. and I felt like every thing would be alright and I was so relieved I could sleep & when I wake up I was in Salmon, not Challis. But I had to sleep propped up in bed because of my heart splashing in the water

every time it would beat

Mama put me in the back room and told me to be quiet the Doctor was coming with the undertaker, and crying. She told me, they were going to take me away.

"Clyta" said the Dr. "We came for that dead boy. I to against the law not to bury a body when they die"

I immediately raised up in bed and said "You, get out of here you 'son of a bitch' you've made your last mistake"

Same time after they left, I was lying in bed, talking to the Angel of Death. I had seen him standing at the foot of my bed waiting but up until this time, I was afraid to talk to him. I remember him very well. And he answered me, and said he would leave me. to him for now. but I mustn't forget him for he would be after me when I became an old man.

And I have never seen him again but will know him when I do.

An Indian woman appeared at our door and saying over & over. "I can fixum boy, I can fixum boy"

I just think of how much nerve it took for my mother to absolutely reject the Dr. who was treating the same trouble on several other boys & girls at the same time

including Helen (Mathews). McKinney is sister. and by the way, they all died.

There was an epidemic in Salmon at about the time we were 8-9 years old it wiped out nearly all the children of that age. and there being no new comers, it showed up as we got older there were only Scott Butterfield, Thomas Brown, Harry Hicks and Carl Yaver. and a boy from the ranch, Charlie Walchli. That was nearly full grown when we graduated from the 8th grade and thus leaving all the upper class - men little runts! In other words though they had not been sick as I was, we were all about 2 years behind in school and were big boys. Now that's explained

I can never praise my mother for the spunk it took and the nerve to turn the Dr. from our door & tell him an Indian woman was going to be my Doctor. How he cursed my mother & told her she was just inviting death & I would surely die. "I said you've had your last chance!"

Well! the Indian woman sent my mother up to a place where she got a quarter's worth of Slippery Elm Bark. which Mrs. Fancet the Indian woman put on to heat for a strong tea. After preparations were made she took me down by the

screening willows, by the river where there were plenty of around wash balders. . . . He had a fire burning with plenty of big rocks heating. There was a cat-manow bed set up with a ~~tub~~ tub of water setting underneath the cot. The Indian woman chanting all the time gave me a cup full of Slippery Elm Bark Tea, hot and so slippery and slimy you could not quit drinking once you started, the slime would just slip down your throat by the siphon method. Then laying me on the cot she threw a horse blanket over me & tied my hands, and threatening to hog tie me all the time. She began to throw the hot rocks in the tub and take the scald ones out by means of a giant pair of pincers, made by just breaking a willow in two.

If I was to ever think I was in hell. I was to think so now, but I was a good boy & had the knowledge to know I was to be well. It wasn't a sort of faith, because I knew that cure was going to cure me.

I lay, and the sweat poured out of me, I reeled in every drop because I felt better all the time and I drank my S. S. Elm Bark Tea ever so often. Along about midnight

the swelling went, and also out of my privates, that had not passed water for better than a week. and I was passing dirty looking, old brown water. brown because it was mixed with blood.

The ordeal kept up for 24 hours until I went down to normal, just a little puffiness around my face.

As soon as I cooled down for a day, I was standing out on the sidewalk taking the sun. In time to thumb my nose at the Dr. as he drove past. but he didn't know me, ah. I must tell you, on the side while being so sick, I had my old rheumatism and St Vitus Dance in my right side. I am not complaining but I figured to tell this all. In the hope that it may help someone ~~at~~ else to live. I have been disabled 5 times counting this time. I have had appendicitis (removed), Gall bladder (removed), Brain Hemorrhage Paralytic stroke. I fear surgery and my heart fibrillates now. and it has been Defibrillated 5 times my stomach is lured up from quinine and phenestrol so that my record reads, Disabled from I break

That pretty well tells my ~~distickness~~ ^{distickness}
 Now I have had any time to enjoy
 life I don't know. But I've been very
 happy and don't know how anyone could
 have led a more observing life it
 seems that I observe more and com-
~~prehend~~ ^{prehend} more. I have worked at
 most kinds of labor, seen more of the
 addites of life, and remember it all.
 I wrote the happenings of myself
 mostly because Dr's would not believe
 them.

We discovered radar long before
 science did. We would take wide
 lath out of the side of an apple box
 and in the alley behind the old
 saw-way, try to swat bats as
 they flew up and down. We soon
 found that, one, kid could hit
 a bat one time that's all.

I went out the summer and worked
 on the Spokane Ranch in the big 1930
 Hale Basin. Alvin's uncle Gester
 would contract to put up the hay
 every summer. What big shots
 we were in the fall, when I started
 to High School. Owen, Gee,
 Alvin & I went out to the Rainbow
 dance hall and watched 23 fights
 between the local boys and the
 C.C. boys. Owen & Alvin knocked
 several boys out by throwing frozen
 punkins at them. We never knew
 the punkins was frozen.

I must confess I am getting a little ahead of my-self.

I played basket ball 7th & 8th during you grades, on the High School team because the upper classmen were too small. So did Earl Hoves & Thomas Brown. Scott Butterfield & myself, we made up the High School when we were in 7th & 8th grades. When I went on into high school. I was totally grounded by the Dr. for I had Yekage of the heart. When the coach found out I could no longer play basketball he refused to give me a sweater and letter. I cried bitterly about that. that I'll never forget.

I've been hurt so many times that I am a bitter old man now. That can live only in the past Happiness of things I used to accomplish.

Then during the summer of 27, 28, 29. I stayed down the Salmon River with my Dad. and really learned to love the wild things the horses, the river and my Dad. but I loved old Robin, as much as my Dad. Nothing much happened I played basket ball in the winter time and worked most of the time I wasn't going to school or playing basket ball. For old Bascoe remembers him, paid me good and gave me lots of work. A Dealer

in any-thing that would make him a dallas. Then every carnival that would come to town I would wash dishes and serve soft drinks for Soapy Smith.

It was about this time I went to the Big Hole Basin. and Alvin & Yester, and Sharby Camell, Campbell, and George Dugan Lewis Bailey. I went over there a boy and came back a man least-wise the girls all thought so. We had money, they seemed to think, and treated us with some respect. We had a ball that fall, drinking, into everything, country dances, robbing a still, winning the town on green wine, fighting and the time we went out old Cutley creek & cut the swing rope on Paul Cummings. Racing around in Vernon Withington & old Henry.

Then I think it was that fall I was a freshman in high school, being bigger we initiated the upper classman. Boy did we give it to them. Dick Benedict knocked Virgil Pappetti out with a 2x4 that heralded the end of the Pappetti gang. and of course the older of barquen boys grew up and ~~every one~~ every one had already whipped Louis & Joe & Frank. & barquen had hell off white rock a killed himself.