

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 Shanty Camell, Campbell, and George Dugan Lewis Bailey. I went over there a boy and came back a man leastwise 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's old Chevy.

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 barguen boys grew up and ~~every one~~ every one had already whipped Louis & Joe & Frank of barguen had hell off white rock a killed himself

So that about heralded the
existence of the gangs and
their bullying.

This next summer to come
was to bring the C.C.C. camps
and their crazy happenings to
the front

~~October 1934~~

Jan 1934

after a lot of contention, with the Salmon
High School. I quit along in January
and went to the timber with Uncle Earl
to get timber for our new house
down by the old potato cellar where
we had bought a whole block from
Daisy Andrews estate, that entire
block where Dr. Johnston's office is
running clear back to the break, or
the slough where Simms old potato cellar
used to set

We at first tried to get logs out
on Cutley Creek, away up, but the
country was too rough and steep and too
much snow. We skidded quite a
few logs off the hill into the gully
where we planned to receive them.
Only to have them get lost as they
scoted under the snow. Here again
and several times I was to learn
the super intelligence of a horse.

I was doing the skidding with
only one horse. it being rather
down grade to the head of the skid
road. I would drive the horse

along in a very near direct line.
 and as I came to each fallen tree, I
 would take the chain and half hitch
 another tree onto the drag, until
 I had, 8, or 9 trees to drag. Enough
 to handle a horse if they began
 to run on him. Well as the trail
 got slicker & slicker as we would drag
 over it. I failed to notice this.
 as the horse came trotting up with
 a drag, and slowed, for me to un-hitch.
 to my fright, the drag didn't come
 to a stop. I yelled and throwing the
 lines down made a leap to get out of
 there. scared to death. Judging by
 the standards of what I expected to
 happen, the logs racing toward the
 skid way should have run under
 my horse, upsetting him and falling
 on the ends of the logs I was
 going to be good-bye logs, and horse
 too as they slid down the skid way.
 skid way. But no. and behold the
 horse, jumping over the chain took
 a dally dally around a standing
 tree. although the squeeze was so
 tight the horse almost couldn't
 make, so help me if that horse
 didn't plunge ~~tutted~~ between
 those close trees & jumping over
 her own drag chain, too close the
 single tree, she took a dally around
 that tree and leaned into the
 harness so it brought the drag

up to a dead stop & held them. Uncle Carl found us untangling the mess. And I heard my story over and over how that we had been saved by the horses super intelligence. But I never did tell how I deserted & threw down the lines and had given the horse, and all, up for lost.

Well when we couldn't get our logs from under the snow, we went down up around that big point on the left fork of Carmen creek. Dad had just built that road for the Forest Service. I handled horses all that summer besides I was over in the Big Hole and handled horses all that summer and what with breaking my own ~~horse~~ saddle horse, and breaking horses for old Horace Beach for part of a summer I got very familiar with horses so much so that I began to think that was my role in life.

Horace Beach had bought up a lucking string from ~~the~~ the last rodeo they were to ever to have in Salmon until the depression was over. He was far-sighted enough to see that day when every one would go crazy over horses and he would run a sort of riding academy. The best laid plans of mice & men

"Gang aft A-lay". The old man died and someone was to sell his horses.

The old man wanted me to gentlet his horses, they were already trained to buck. I rode them everyone, till they were gentle. except one, used to throw me off every time I tryed her. He had 15 head and he paid me \$5.00 a head and he paid me 3 times for the one that used to buck me off. I could never tell when she was gentled. And he wanted them gentled so any-one could ride them. I sprayed bill Thistle for him, he drove the team & I cranked the hand-crank pump and he held the spray nozzle. I was busy all the time, I never had any trouble at all during the depression even though I was going to High School. And after I quit too.

I had my Saddle horse "Shipper" and when the fancy struck me I would lope up on Cutley Creek and ride with Auto Gasser & Del pool chasing Coyotes behind their trained pack. That's something, to behold, a trained pack of reds. dogs - I should say houndies chasing Coyotes. Each dog for a purpose, a trailer a tracker, a sighter and the big one. Taking 16 feet to a leap - every leap. coming in for the kill. leaping with all of his 6 or 7 foot body in the air.

piling onto a coyote and just on the coyote long enough for his powerful jaws to snap, like a trap. I was close enough to hear the hounds jaws snap & the Coyote just folds up & the hound was on for the next kill. I saw the pack string out onto the trail of a pack of coyotes about 9-10 in the pack. one was silly enough to think he had an ordinary ranch dog & tried to stand his ground. The old Killer didnt have time to get him, old trailer just gummed him to death. When the other Coyotes saw that, it was "Katy bar the Door!"

Old was off in each in his position. The old Killer just watched the coyotes until they were out of sight, then he started trotting off, gaining more & more speed until he was leaping & put to a stride. With his ears picking up the sound of the tracks & the trailers & the sighter turning in on some dogs, back, after the other, until he got the time of the sighter then he swooped down on Mr Coyote and would clear a piece 5 feet & the Coyote never knew what hit him. I expect he never even seen Old Killer.

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Ants Gasser & Del Paal was pals, of ours
and I run around with them some.

Of course they were older than me. But
we used to meet up at the old time dances
and have a lot of fun. As they used
to say "Every thing happens to Harry"
and as I believe it certainly did.

and as I live and breathe at this
time, at least. I shure shared some
& lots of happy experiences with
the whole of my friends. From the
time the old Holstein Bull run
miles Boring in the patch of willows
along the old Mormon Ditch. To the
time on the steep hill side. he dove for
his saddle horn. And the time he
put my lariat rope around his foot
and cralled in that old wash boulder.

tunnel up on the Cutty creek diggins
well! shure, I had to pull him out
by one leg with my saddle hoise
and dam near pulled his leg off.

There were about 20 or 30 years of
fun years in that section of my life
when I seemed to be alive and
lots of happy things was happening
to me. and lived 2 lines of experience
in fun and strange things happening
to me. I can think of so many

things it is impossible to tell
them all. Arnold & I went hunting. &
2 or 3 bull Elk came into our camp
a tore things & tramped things in
the snow. We had to pull out.

another beautiful October day.

dreary & cloudy like it might snow.
I always say "October is the most
beautiful month of the year."

It must mean some importance
to me because in this month
memories come flocking back to me
and ah! how I remember and remember
so many things that happened it
does not leave much time I can
hardly remember so many things
happening. I can't tell how I lived
it all, is what I mean.

During the depression. I had my
saddle horse in town with me
to ride.

And I was there with Alvin &
Scott Butterfield when the first of
the C.C.C. came to the end of the
line in Salmon, and camped by the
old Depo house until they could get
organized, I think the first lunch
consisted of 100 or 200 boys. just
as green as grass. Because I was not
afraid and drew back. They descended
on me with a hundred questions
and singling out a leader. a boy
I remember well. named Neal —
he began asking me loads of
questions. like — Does the bed bugs
come right in camp, to get you?
Did you ever see a rattlesnake,
how does he rattle at you? They
don't eat you like the bed-bugs.

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Do they. Is there any girls around this town? How do you get to see them? Will their mothers let a guy go in and visit a girl. Do they talk to the boys.

I could see someone had been giving the boys quite a talk. So liking all the boys immediately, especially Neal — I decided not to let them go out to camp full of such stories.

So I leveled with them and told them the facts, of which, I got hell from the local boys. But I wanted to be friends with them and wanted to begin right. I figured I could learn from them too. I chummed around town with Neal — and a few of the others I had quite a time getting them to go down town with me. They thought all the boys carried six guns on their hips and they had promised their mothers an sister not to get shot in a saloon brawl. Neal walked along beside me but the others came stringing along like Indians, timidly, so they could be the first to run, just in case. Well at the first dance they found out the local boys and girls were human because, as I mentioned we watched 23 fights between the two factions.

Well I may as well tell you the way this incident happened. We, Alvin & Owen Lee and I

had been hauling in garden supplies from the garden, for Jerry Doodie and loaded all the squash, big & small, in the old Buick of ours. Dad & me, well Jerry who was working at the cellar, didn't want 25-30 tiller squash and punkins. So we just left them in the Buick for 4 or 5 days. and they froze. Well as we were standing in the back of the Buick, which was cut off and boarded like a pick up. I made a great place to watch the fights. As the dance began to break up I got in the drivers seat, started the motor, when Owen Gee said lets throw them punkins at them 'ccc sons of bitches'. I said, I'll dare, and you guys throw punkins.

So I was winding in & out among the people, with the head lights on. but behind those head ~~egg~~ lights Alvin & Owen was throwing those punkins; we never knew at the time those punkins was frozen. Well; after they had knocked 7-8 fellows down. & they didn't get up Owen clapped one of the small punkins in his hands. to feel of it. and he exclaimed "my God" these frozen" we better get out of here, or we'll be wanted for murder. We escaped and said not a word. and nobody said a word to us. to this day, about the night of the frozen punkins.

Then there was the time, about that time when Paul Cummings & Owen Lee, broke into a grocery train car on the siding for the night, and stole a big carton of Camel Cigarettes. They would trade me cigarettes, for riding my horse or bicycle. until I had cigarettes 50 or 60 packages hid up in top of the toilet. They came showing down on mother one day, cigarettes all over her. Well it didn't take her long to get to the bottom of that affair. we were all severely punished. But too late. I was hooked on smoking, and smoked all my life until about 1964 when I had to stop on account of Brain hemorrhage & a stroke of paralysis.

Meat & the CCC buddies, I had made, none of which knew about the punkin episode?

liked me, real well, as I found out; when I rode up to their Camp on Williams Creek. I had been hunting, and decided to drop around and see them all.

They didn't know about haisies.

They all rushed up, yelling, hellos; a yipping with gladness to see me. they stompeded old Skipper over a soft fill, and away in the timber and I was unable to get him near my

friends although I helloed & talked with them & Meat. The horse was spooked & I had to be contented with a riding & lucking conversation. but I

knew they were glad to see me.
(Cement Head) Jack Baker, told me
long afterward. How it made their
day, to have Harry come to see them
upon that wild horse.

I been over to the Big Hole, Basin
I had the excitement of realizing I was
a young man. I had witnessed a year or
two working on my own; mostly with
horses & my own horse I had witnessed
the advent of the C.C.C. camps and about
that time, they took the old Rail Road
out of Salmon.

Now I was to join the C.C.C. camps
with Alvin's persuasion. I was
comparatively easy. Art was one of
the horses and my old fellow jacket
friend the old freighter Hermit Terry.
Quite a few I knew was in there
and ~~quite a~~ most all, knew Dad.
Dave Temple, & a friend, Herb St. Claire,
But the best of all was the first
night, playing in the streets like little
boys with my ever after new found
friends. Al. & Gus Wezinaw (both dead now)
Owen Yee, Bud Coiro, Alvin. Owen Lemmon
and Tex ^{Baker} a big old kid from Texas
Jack Mogg and some others. I may
mention when I think of their
names.

We were in Camp F 92 on the
Salmon at the mouth of Indian Creek
Squaw

This was a great adventure for us. ~~and~~ The moon was bright as day, and lasted all night. We played blind man's bluff ~~for~~ every game we knew. all night running & scuffling without one hint of rancor ever entering in. This was pure happiness. There was Seth Mathews & Helen's Cousin.

I think of that a lot, and can't get in the same mood, as then, but I never cease wondering, about the politeness & generosity. Ralph Parmenter too also Britton & Highley.

and the cook in mess line that used to ask Bud Cain: He was a Jew boy. Cohen - Cohen - Cohen you shure yaws no relation to Ice Cream Cone, I used to make Bud so mad he would froth at the mouth.

I washed my socks & under-clothes the first week & was hanging them out on the deserted clothes line, when an old timer's friend, Fry, told me someone would steal them. So I went and made a sign "I can whip any body man enough to steal these clothes!" Harry Hicks. no one ever did steal any of my clothes. There were too many watching them, ready to see a good fight.

Those years was when I was to enjoy good health. Little I knew then, but those days were to be numbered.

maybe it is because I went to hard and fast, when my ~~health~~ health was good. I had been grounded for so long that I simply went all out, when I was able. but I was to have a good time and was to place first in many things.

and all in the spirit of fun. I was to be the champion fighter of 3 CCC camps for 11 months. That is among the boxing class. Many good fighters will not put a boxing glove on. I was boxing. but I see a difference between a boxer, & a boxer fighter.

We were down in Horse Creek and starting, last, I was to run all the way up the look-out ridge to corn lake. 9 miles and come in ~~second~~ ^{first}. I had a way of bending over and running an all 4's going up hill that gave me quite a thrust with my feet, and enabled me to run without tiring. Some feat. as the first 5 miles I had to run off the trail most of the time because I was passing someone, all the time.

The trail was held, by a big Buck deer. With everyone held up and fearing he would charge, at any minute. I run right through the crowd of people, and didn't know what was happening until I was 6 feet from that big buck. The buck avoided me and

turned around, to see me as I went past. It was the only place I had the trail for as much as 50 feet. When I got into the camp at Corn Lake, I ate 6 big cans of tomatoes.

All my working life, I was to be 6'2" and weigh 169 lbs. And I pulled many more feats of strength and endurance. I was very happy and used to sing a lot. I now have a collection of songs and poems to be left to the kids. Now I must back up again and bring you up on some other data. As it was before the days B.F.M. we had left our horses run out, and they wintered on little Dutch Oven, at the mouth, right across the river from the old trail (now road) a grass-land plateau, where it never snows & a good place. Well the year I was to be grounded for leakage of the heart. Dad & I went down, crossing the river at old Johnny's place. Caught up old Skipper my colt. And old Barney Dad's big saddle horse and I rode Skipper for the first time up to Salmon. I had to stop at Uncle Owen Fletcher's ranch on Boyle Creek the first night. He wasn't bridle wise and I had a hell of a time I had to fight him every time a car would pass. I had to wait until his head was pointed in the right direction. Then, spur him, to make