

him go in the right direction.

On that flat at Spring Creek a couple of smart alics, I knew, got to racing their car around & around old Skipper. Because it was so funny to see him scared. Well I had Dad's Calts along and I pulled it out and indicated that I would take a shot at them: So they got out in a hurry.

That left old Robbin, a wise old man (horse) and the Sorell mare that old Robbin was to love all his life. Although a (horse), you could tell the way he treated her, that he was in love with her. He used to paw the tenderest morsels of grass for her:

I used to set and watch the many ways he would show her; his affection. I'm glad her was never to see her with a stallion. Then there was the Bay mare. She could trot all the way from Cove Creek to Shoup, and all the way back again. If a person could stand that side splitter.

She was on the rampage in Shoup one day & Dad won her, because he was the only one that could ride her. I used to ride her to Shoup and back to Cove Creek, when I was in a hurry. Well Ralph C. Horn wanted to steal the Sorell mare and old Robbin would not let him drive her away. And so he drive I shot Robbin

The story is the Salt & all among these grains of salt you will find these individual short incidents that I shall label Pepper. Take not, the pepper away from the salt.

I only went half way through the Sophmore year in high school at Salmon High School I quit when the buds started to come out on the Dogwood bushes. I could smell them and I knew it was spring & I had this longing to be hitching up an old team & heading for the mountains I was anxious to get to working as the bird leaves the nest on the same impulse I longed to get started, gogo.

I had stayed for the Sophmore Hop that great coming out dance. But I had been out dancing a good old Country dances since me and my partner was 12 years old. Used to walk out to any thing to dance, short of 12 miles & catch a ride back. used to start in the middle of the afternoon, & many a man where they were holding this dance was so glad to see us boys coming. I meant he would have some help to milk the cows & barn the horses & feed both & in general, help him with the chores.

But at this particular Sophmore Hop I was to be the bouncer, being the one boy in our class the most

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likely to fight and had so often.
Well, the dance was going along real
good. Alvin had his Bonnie. Scott
had his Phyllis, Thomas had his
June & Henry had his June &
Jamon had his Jean. Dardthy had
her Harold & Harold. And Dick
had his Fifth of Seagrams
when I heard a runkis at the door
well I had to go over & investigate.
and who should I find but the meanest
uglyest, carvingest, drunkest, nastiest
fellow anyone could expect to find
among the heifers, but Alvin
Marion a whole hands full for
the old Judge Bean himself and
mean drunk wanting to dance
as hog call with them pretty girls.
I knew I was far from being able
to lick him or toss him out in any-
way. Like I say I had been litching
& filling moon shine bottles for the
most of the boat leggers & off
dogging Cyates. and snaking logs
but I knew I was no match for
dirty Dingot and I never heard
of that half-bred "Mex" without his
big stiletto. I already told you
it was him sat in that vicious
card game for 3 days up to Leadon
long afterwards. Well he had mellowed
with the years, then.

well, here goes. "How's your mother
 alive?" "Bless her soul, she's dead you know"
 "I loved that old Mexican woman
 to the depths of my very soul," said Alice.
 and as he got to reminiscing about
 her virtues & talking to me about her
 I agreed with him and said enough
 to keep him going, but that time he
 was feeling very sorry for himself.
 & I started in to blubber & cry & got
 on a cheap licker crying jag. I said
 here let me help you out where we
 can get a little cool breeze. and
 I led him very carefully up into
 the coal street & said, "Look the
 smoke house is still open" and
 off he went to hoist one.
 When I got back, the word was out
 Harry had been mean & insulted
 a nice can lay. oh! them school
 teachers gave me a nasty going
 over about not having manners
 & being unduly mean to the poor
 public. G-d! G-ds! it would have
 been a massacre to let them in
 among those Saphmore girls.
 Yikca Bull in a china Doll House
 so I went out & kicked a buck
 I knew out of the wall & got my
 pint of yicker & got me a 2 or 3 of
 the women teachers drunk just for
 mean-ness. They would all be right

happy to have a drink with me.
 I have got them all drunk the
 men teachers too at various
 times. All but Miss Guise, pronounce
 like guys. and she had her own
 partner to drink with. But
 I was her hero. she taught Spanish
 as I took Spanish until I found out
 how hard it was. The boys going
 out the other class would take
 their erasers & powder all the
 black-board - base-boards with
 chalk, then I noticed as she would
 talk & walk around the room. She
 would get white chalk all around
 her petite skirt & she was beau-
 tiful. I can see her yet. I think I
 was partly in love with Miss
 Guise, as I would come into her
 room I would go all over the
 base-boards & rub off all the
 chalk. She kept me in, a few
 minutes after the others had left.
 saying, "Harry just why do you
 do that, for me!" Because I don't
 like to see a beautiful woman
 like you are - all marked up
 around there (as being the hips)
 I never had nerve to go back to
 her class again & quit Spanish.

Pepper

I often used to go up to Grandad Hicks's mining claims on my saddle horse, Skipper and visit the elderly gentleman for a day & some times over night.

His mining claims were a Giant Hydraulic with which he caved the ~~clay~~ dirt and washed it through his sluice boxes & picked up the luv product every Friday. The Claims was up on Wallace Creek just above where the road crosses the creek, Creek, as you will. I used to tie old Skipper up in the good feed grass & watch Grandad wash the bank with the hydraulic nozzle about 150 feet from the bank, Cut bank when he would wash out a big rock he would swing a long boom pole on a 4 way tied post around an hitch a hanging chain on the little end of the boom pole to the rock, then taking hold of a rope tied to the big end of the boom pole he would lift the rock by pulling the boom pole down to him with the rope and swing it around he would pile it to form a wing sloping out from his sluice boxes, like two open gates thus building a funnel that would funnel the washings & water right into his sluice boxes.

I was always taught to have & show a lot of respect for old folks &

I taught my boys the same. I would stay back & just grin at the elder man as he would give me the sign, "That's how it's done". I noticed my grandfather was always quiet & never nervous around me. I would never run in & peck at his workings.

I watched him amalgamate some gold & quick silver with a big potato he cut in half & caught the quick silver in the hoked potato laid over the mass of gold & quick silver reckon not many know how to do that these days. on a stove lid

then when he would give the signal thus down. but he would go through the actions any way but he had only one thumb. He left the other thumb in a mean horses mouth when he used to be among em.

I would get on a skipper and ride the half mile up the creek bottom & turn the water out of his turn stile for him. then the old man on the ranch below on the river would irrigate his ranch. they had a deal again, you use the water one day & I'll use it the next. then back to his cabin for the best beans a boy ever ate. He knew how to cook beans all right. they cooked all the time

Shot old Pabbin and took the two mares. The Bay mare had a brand, so he had to let her go.

Dad was to have a talk with Ralph after words, but I don't know, if or what, came of that.

At the time I was trying to make it through the 7-8-9 grades and of course part of the 10 grade, when I wasn't sick. I was running the Fernhi Bottoms, catching salmon, a chickens & going duck hunting, dancing ~~at~~ robbing stills, riding & hipper. we went ^{to} about every country dance, I was working for Bosco "the Jew". I was fighting with the old night watchman prasser, when Clarence Mc. Kay knocked him out with a big rock. We thought we had killed him, so we drag him into those big pig weeds that used to grow around old Mac Donalds House, that used to stand on the Benedict corner.

It was the same big pig weeds where we drag Peter Amundson. tied up with wire, the year we initiated the upper class-men.

We supposed he had fixed himself and went home. The third day he never rode the school bus & they began to look for him.

We thought of him, so we went up there to see, and shure enough, he was still wired up there, on the same spot.

He was a good scout about it.
 and accepted our apologies for the deed.
 As for Prosser, when I went back
 to school after staying out for 3 days
 I thought he was dead. What a
 relief when I met him coming
 around Fred Vile's store, and picture
 my relief when he ran from
 me, over and around the corner
 of that old store-house across
 from Fred's store. It was, maybe
 he was mad; he had just been
 thrown out of the Mormon's first
 dance in their new hall, and
 he seen us laughing at him.
 I was going to throw us in jail
 because he said. 'Gough' you little
 S.B. I'll just throw you in.
 I was fighting with him. he
 was trying to draw his gun;
 when I seen Clarence, picking to
 loosen a big rock buried in the
 cobble stone street (before it)
 I seen, over his head, Clarence
 grab up the big rock & with both
 hands, raise it high as he could
 and bring it down on Prosser's head.
 He said mmmfff & the air all
 went out of him. And you could
 see the whites of his eyes. We dug
 him up and left him in those
 same big pig weeds. He made a
 mistake I wasn't so no little
 S.B. but quite big. he was little.

as it was still depression years. They had built the dam in the Snake River at American Falls and kicked my aunt & uncle out so they and their family came to live with us Uncle Earl & Aunt Ethel my Dad's brother and my mother's sister. Double cousins. And my sister Mildred, was married to Lester Pope, Pandys father. It was a failure all the way, for Lester I may hope is, that he got any happiness at all in so few the years. He was killed in an Exploding oil can. He was cleaning out on the Rail Road. I was running wild and loose. I'd very seldom come home except for a meal once a week. Now into the CCC camp. That made men out of me. something to do. a purpose in life. Some 10- or so boys, that I was to feel sorry for, to protect and lots of ability to protect them.

We took the Captains boat about 2 miles down the river one night. and the Captain made us bring it back the same night. and of course I had lots of sports such as boxing and wrestling swimming walking.

I jumped off a rock on Al. Vezinaw. and twisting his leg some way, broke it. It was Christmas and Al had to stay in camp. but Dad let me bring him down a dinner. in the old Buick run about at first Alvin & I were put

on Wally Waltons' gang. running
jack-hammers.

Of course we were tried out
on several gangs first. That's
psychology, at first to appear like
you are so worthless that it is
hard to find a place for you;
well, not to blame old Wally
(because he is a long time dead)

I found out that by biting your
cheek far back in your mouth
you can spit up blood and not hurt
you. Well! I told Alvin and
we worked a little psychic on
them bunch of Forest Service bosses
we used to show them how
those jack-hammers used to make
us spit blood. So being scared
of the Camp Doctor. They took
us off the jackhammers and we
worked around in various places
until we went up to Dave
Temple's Spike camp. It was called
the Corn Lake Spike Camp. But it
was located in the saddle
at the East Fork of Owl Creek
where the east side of the east
fork of Owl Creek runs up
to Look-out ridge.

Our job up here was was
to fall all the dry trees that
was growing along the fire roads
a fire road is one that gives
mobile entrance to the forest.

for the purpose of fighting fires.

Oare Temple; I in all my years of working, was the only boss I ever met that believed in snatching partners up as working companions. All things about a man was taken in its consideration when he matched you up with the partner you were to spend all your time working with.

The boy I was to work with was a soft spoken, tall lean boy, not unlike me, except a little less boy-stroous than me. Seemed to have had a year or two in college a little more grown up than me. But I grew quite fond of him. I only remember his last name Fainsworth. I especially learned many behaviours from him.

One day the boys spent all day teasing & guying him about something. And I started in to teasing him too. He politely told me with a smile. "Harry when you are with some one, you are supposed to be with him, all the way." "I am losing this fight of wits, and I'm shure if you would help me, instead of agaisn me. I as we, could win easily." So, I lit in giving them the old bully belt. And shure enough, we sent them off.

packing. I learned many of my now, fundamental things from him. I can remember the things he taught me. yet, telling me in that soft voice.

If you get in a fight, and you stop to talk, you will lose. and one I am not shure of the meaning "Get the tail go with the hide"). I found them to be true. I could never win by talking a fight. And when I am with some-one - I like to believe, I'm with them all the way.

When Dave, got us all trained up we were a team of fellows that was to win quite a few firsts, awards.

We took a 8 ft piece of 4" pipe. Loaded it with first 4 sticks of dina-mite about 1 lb. of carbide. drilled a tiny ~~bore hole~~ hole ~~where~~ in the breech when, we could put a fuse in to the dina-mite, and also pour water on the carbide.

Buried the breech up in dirt and loaded our cannon with rocks, and pointing it at the cook-house. We poured water on the carbide and give about 7 minutes then we lit a fuse about 6 inches long. well there were some

of the boys setting around
the cook shack at the time our
home made cannon went off.

Well, hell broke loose.

It blew the cook house off
the hill top, rolled it right
over. and several of the boys
was meowing around camp for
several days with stone bruises.

Of course the ding-mite split
the breech of our cannon
and blew it out of the ground

Well the Captain of the 15th inf
Camp #92 swore he was going
to get to the bottom of this gag.

So he called us all down to
#92. and lined us all up in line
and in a Father Bear voice, told
us of the horrible act of war,
we had perpetrated on supposedly
friends. And gave us several
examples of the horrible deeds
that so- & so. pulled; while he
was in the army. and the old
hot howling ball trick. and ect.
And therefore he was putting
us on our honor & there-fore
the perpetrators of this deed
take one step forward. Go, and
behold, the entire line up took
one step forward

Seeing the Captain into
such a rage, he immediately
set off on a canter around

the room, whipping his legs and high English riding boots, with that short buggy whip Officers always carry around to flex their muscles on. While saying "dam, dam, dam,

"Well! I see it's to be the 3rd degree for you men!" "A g'ny cant treat you decent" while my partner, who seemed to have some experience, was repeating in his soft voice "yes, sir" "no sir" "yes sir" "no sir" I really think it had the effect on calming the Captain down.

Well the famous third degree was; he split us up in groups of 5 men. Then he would call each group in for consultation then after he had filed about $\frac{1}{2}$ of us by him. He came hurrying out and told us, not to worry two of the boys had confessed. So we told him those two boys wasn't even there when it happened. Then he said he would have to revert to the tried, and true, method called observation. and he turned us loose to travel around camp, at our leisure while he would watch us with a pair of field glasses. He finally gave it up, and we went back to our spike camp, laughing

after that episode we felt very close to each other, almost like brothers, and we put our arms around each other and sang all our old CCC songs especially we would sing "In the Valley of the Moon".

When we went back to cutting trees, Jack Mogg was chopping a tree down one morning. When he saw Dave Temple coming down the road, at the same time, the head flew off of the ax, and was lost. Jack was worried, he did not want the boss to know he had lost the ax head. So he kept on swinging the handle just as if nothing had happened. Well Dave seen the situation, and going in a round about way, sneaked up on Jack and watched him to see if he was O.K. And as Dave told us, "There he was, trying to chop down a tree without a head on his ax!"

With the passing of summer also passed many many adventures and also many happy memories. we were to go on a fire, on Horse Creek. that they called the Corn Lake fire. I already mentioned that. and we were to have an all out fight when two boys stole two big tin pans full of fudge

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candy. and Jack Mogg. who we teased a lot, was to run away and head down Sheep-Eater ridge, to the Salmon River. He was one scared boy when he came out on the other side of the river, on the opposite side where the C.C.'s from the main camp was building the road.

Yes, I worked on that section of road from Pine Creek to the old Macaronni Hotel. The big point at midway got the name of Macaronni Hotel. Because every day we worked on that point we had Macaronni for dinner. No one but I, remember that. All the boys are scattered all over the world now. and quite a few lie beneath the sod. some in foreign lands too.

Then there came one morning we awoke to find ice on the water bucket, and we just stood around our fires, it was too cold to work. Dave Temple said to me as he singled me out as the ring-leader "What? are you going to do, when winter really comes?" I said, "I don't know. Dance around the fire like Indians; and pray for clothes; I guess."

So we went back to our tents and struck camp, and moved down to our main camp Camp F 92.

we had sort of a home coming party to see our friends again.

It was so warm down there we all went swimming in the river, and lay in the warm sand.

Dave said we moved down because our winter issue of clothing was held up. and "its winter up there"

That was to be my, all, for Dave as I went to work for my old friend of the yellow jacket & forney days. Ferrell Terry, the old freight line driver that I had come to hero worship. For the proud way he could swing around an 8 horse hitch in the middle of the streets of yellow j. and forney as he was in charge of all the teams. I was to start out driving the big white team of Bert Bates, the biggest and best matched and most beautiful of all the teams.

How could anyone be so lucky. They were well broke, and broke right, and good. They were set in their ways, but, good ways. I soon found out. They must have been old enough, that no miss-handling could ruin them. Because they had been working under several handlers, and they hadn't been ruined one little bit. and like all good horses no one

had to keep a clock on them. They knew when it was noon and quitting time.

They would make the greenest of drivers look good. and feel so good & proud to be driving up. They could take a five; along with us fellows; But when you picked up the lines, their ears ~~would~~ would pick up. and they became suddenly alert. Another love in my life. Now I cant even remember their names. ~~D~~

Dear old Ferrell Terry how much fun it was to work for him. I would go to see him in the hospital. ^{later} And talk about his dear horses that he used to freight with. Till he didn't know me no more. and like me he drifted off ~~years~~ later.

When any-body would quit the C's he would say. "Like hell you ~~again~~ a-goin on a big job: you' a-gain home to get your feet under the old mans table!"

He used to have so much fun kidding all the crew of boys.

as the swamper would deliver our teams to us, each morning. us teamsters would walk up the road to the job walking & talking & playing. We would walk along, and then break off

and running ahead, one of us
would throw a big rock in
a mud puddle. thus trying to
splash water on the rest. I run
ahead around a little bend in
the road and kicking a fair size
rock loose. throw it down real
hard in the middle of a big
puddle. to wet all the boys.
O.K.O.K! it was Ice. well when
the rock hit the Ice. I bounced
up and hit Laurence Tibbs.
In the side of the head, he went
down like he was pole axed.
out Cold, never knew what hit
him. then to make the incident
more funny we got scared and
ran off and left him, there
laying on his back all sprawled
out. No one ever would tell him
what happened. Old Terry shure
worked that gag, for a long time
he would stand and talk to
Laurence, & point to us guys.
we were scared Terry was telling
on us. Then Terry would sidle
up to us with that little half
grin & the corners of his eyes all
crinkly say. Harry. I had a
little talk with Tibbs, a while
ago. and he was asking me questions?
Yike. I said, I worked for
many of the bosses. another good
boss was Herb St. Claire he was

a real old timer. In yes. E. Shoup's History of Gemhi County, it tells about Herb. when he was a little boy. But, I was to like, Ferrell Terry best it was because we both, have the same type of humor. No one understood my dry remarks like Terry. & I him. I owed him some money when I left yellow jacket, and went to Butte, long after-wards. I sent him the money from Butte. I seen him when I came over to get my wife, whom I left at yellow jacket, along with Carla, Sherie & Baby Young. Terry said when I paid him. "Harry; I knew you would owe me that money all your life, before you beat me out of one cent," Some sense of humor. eh!

We used to come in town from the CC camps every Sat & Sunday all you would need to have a good time was three dollars. Alvin & all us boys would get on a good jag & have quite a hilarious time. I was getting a pretty good rep. for myself. The things I would do for fun was something. But I remained a virtuous boy. In town I was "The Slo-Hi Kid" In camp I was known as, "The A.W.O.K. Kid. Lots of fun