Unidentified Male Speaker: This recording is the history of a pioneer family that are all gone now. The family name was Mcintosh, and they were early-day residents of Rosebud County. They came here in 1881 and settled on Rosebud Creek.

William Kamhoot: A. W. Mcintosh was born in upper New York state in 1829. In [18]50 he went down the coast to the Gulf of Mexico, across the isthmus (of Panama) then went back up to California.

UMS: He walked across then, didn't he?

WK: Yes. In '51 he was prospecting, mining, followed that for a number of years, and with three other men he crossed to the east to the Missouri River, going down through the Judith Basin, then returned as far as Utah.

UMS: That was in '68, wasn't it?

WK: That was in '68.

UMS: Paxton had a barn in Helena about that time or something?

WK: Yes, then he started a pack outfit. Packed from Wall Walla, Washington, and out of Missoula. Then his corrals and stables were where the Federal Law Office is now in Helena. Then he went back to Provo, Utah, where he married Barbara Jamison. She was born at Glendon (?), Scotland, but came to California to her brother's place, but I don't know in what year.

George McIntosh (?) was born in '76, and Alec McIntosh, 1880, in Provo, Utah. Then they started back for the Judith Basin. But arriving in Virginia City, he (McIntosh) met some friends of his who told him there was a railroad coming up the Yellowstone, and he said there wouldn't be but one ever hit Montana. He just as well be close to it so he followed the Yellowstone down till he met the grade stakes at Rosebud where he settled four miles up the creek. Then, in '82 Marion McIntosh was born and in '84 James McIntosh, (and in) '86 Lucy McIntosh.

There they resided on the ranch, and the children all went to school at the Pleasant Hill School and finished their high school here in Forsyth. Marion McIntosh married C. W. Kamhoot December 23 in 1903. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh came up to Lame Deer to spend Christmas with Marion and her husband Kamhoot. He was taken down with pneumonia there and died,
February 5, 1909.

Mrs. McIntosh and Ellie continued to run the ranch up until 1918, but Lucy was married in 1911 to M. J. Strain (?) of Lame Deer. After selling the old ranch they later purchased the Taber place, the adjoining ranch below them where Mrs. McIntosh passed away in '34. Jim McIntosh married Harriet Battson (?) of Lame Deer in 1923. Of this union two children were born—James, Jr. and Carol McIntosh.

James died in 1952. Alec McIntosh was married to Esther Buckland (?) in 1934. They had one child—Arthur. Lucy McIntosh passed away February 5th, 1963, 54 years to a day from the date her father died in Lame Deer. Alec McIntosh passed away two days later, February 15 at Portland, Oregon, where his wife is now staying.

UMS: With the death of Alec McIntosh on February 15, 1963, brought to a close the lives of one of the early pioneer families of Rosebud County.

While there are two by the name of McIntosh of this family, one is Doctor James McIntosh, Junior, an orthodontist in Cincinnati, Ohio. The other is the son of Alec McIntosh, Arthur McIntosh, who is now a student at the University of Oregon.

Marion McIntosh Kamhoot has three sons and one daughter—Leonard Kamhoot, Mrs. Stuart Norris, Arthur Kamhoot, and Bruce Kamhoot.

Lucy McIntosh Strain has five sons—Donald Strain, Walter Strain, Edward Strain, Jack Strain, and Lawrence Strain.

Mrs. Jim McIntosh also has a daughter—Carol Webb of Boise, Idaho.

This history has been related by [William] Bill Kamhoot who is now 87 years of age.

(Break in audio; first understandable words are those of WK mid-sentence)

WK: ...all rawboned, redheaded, Presbyterian. I said I didn't think he was Irish. He's Irish but he's a Presbyterian Irish is what he is. (laughs).

(Break in audio; jumble words)

WK: ...She run the editors out....started that other paper....McLain coming out of Butte that handled it—Democratic paper. They actually run him out between him and old Sam Morton there at Miles City. Everything he'd say one of them would cross him up...show him where he was a liar. They done the same thing with Miles Romney. They got him down there to run the Miles City paper one campaign fall, and Gordon, I recall, took after him. They eventually run him out, you know.

UMS: Miles Romney. A Democrat was he?

William Kamhoot Interview, OH 014-001, 002, 003, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
WK: Yes.

UMS: Was he one of the Utah Romneys?

WK: Yes, yes, he was one side of the family there. There was two branches, I guess, in his father's family.

UMS: When did this Ira Cole run this paper?

WK: He came here while I was in Alaska. He came here in 1900, because he was the man that just really pounded division. They'd been working on it several years when Ira came in and that was his business and boys he fought her through to the finish.

He stayed with it till the county was established and the county printing was done. He got all that, you see. He made a mint of money on that. Then he sold the paper and went someplace else and they divided a county. He owned the paper. He got through with that (county division), and he sold it. He come to Superior, and he started the Mineral. He fought the county division clear through there and as soon as it was all cleared up, and the county printing was over with he sold the paper and pulled out for someplace else. (laughs)

One time when Old Sam Gordon...He was president of the newspaper association, and they had a meeting over at Great Falls or someplace. They elected a new president and they elected Ira. He was a little bit of a “polio-pushing” fellow—crippled. Gordon came back, and he put it in his Miles City paper. He said, “No, I ain't president anymore. They elected a new one—dirtiest, homeliest, littlest, meanest, orneriest—but the best damned editor that ever printed a paper.” (laughs) He put in his paper one time about McLain...They wouldn't take the paper anymore so he was carrying them from house to house. I see that in the paper about McLain peddling the paper.

I was in town, and Ira just happened to be along the street. He met me, and we stopped in that kind of intersect there where the Blakesley's (?) and some other bar there—two doors. Well, we were standing in there, and Ira had a big camera. We was talking, and he stepped in behind me and said, “Keep right still.” I looked out and this McLain was just coming from the depot, and he had his papers, you know. He had a whole bunch of them under his arm. Well, he had denied it in the paper calling Ira a liar about it that he didn't have to peddle papers and so on. Ira is standing behind me, and he waited till this fellow got by. He stepped out and (called), “Oh, Maury (?)!” [Davenport McLain?] looked around, and he (Ira) just pushed the button and he said, “That's all right.” He had him with the papers. (laughs) He come back, and he had begful tears in his eyes wanting Ira to give him that plate that was in there—was one of the glass plates. He just begged, and Ira just laughed at him, you know. He just laughed.

UMS: What? He was getting his papers from someplace else? They were sending them in to him?

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WK: Well, it was the Associated Press was on one side, you see, and they sent him the blanks. Then he filled in the other side with the local news, and that's what they all do. He was carrying them from the express office over. Ira had told about how he had to peddle the papers from house to house to get rid of them and, oh, he put up a big long...about what a liar (Cole?) was and so on. Then Cole caught him with the camera right in the act with the papers under his arm. (laughs) I told him, I says, “You're dirty!”

He laughed and says, “It (the camera) wasn't loaded, but I threw a scare into him, you see.”

UMS: Well, but he was here when Rosebud County was formed?

WK: Yes, he was the real instigator. He was the fellow who really crowded it through. We didn't have a newspaper man strong enough to handle it.

UMS: I wonder how they arrived at county lines. How did they base it, where they'd go with them?

WK: I don't know. Well, I suppose you must look at the map and run the line across. Rosebud was one-third of Custer. He took one-third of the territory and one-third of the indebtedness. Then Big Horn County was cut off from Rosebud County and Treasure come out of Rosebud County. I guess a part of Garfield come out of Rosebud County. Custer County was split into Powder River County, Prairie County, Fallon County, and I don't know if McCone came out of that or out of Dawson. Part of Garfield came out of Custer.

I think there are about 13 counties now were made out of Custer. I don't know when they cut Dawson off—it was Dawson County—but that was before my time because it was Dawson County I know when I came here. They had an imaginary line, but they surveyed the line between Custer and Dawson in '99. That's when they run the survey through and marked it so people would know where the line between Dawson and Custer was. They take the Missouri River and by the mouth of Squaw Creek someplace. I don't know where the Yellowstone County line was. I asked Stuart down here (he was down here the other day) if he knew where the line was and he said it wasn't very far from Billings but he didn't know where. That's the way with me. I know it was above Pryor Creek.

UMS: Custer County went clear to there at one time?

WK: Yes. Huntley was in Custer County clear to the Wyoming line.

UMS: Rosebud was cut off when?

WK: Rosebud was cut off in 1901.

UMS: When was Big Horn cut off from that?
WK: I don't remember, but it was after 1910. It was still Rosebud County in 1910 because Oscar and I made the music for the politicians. We went up—two automobiles. There was 11 of us, you know, and we played in Decker, and Pearl. That's the furtherest county south...fartherest precinct. We played in Decker and Pearl and then come down to Ashland. Then the next week we went back up to play in Peesebottom (?), Hysham, and Big Horn. That was in 1910.

UMS: Who was the politicians?

WK: Edwards was running for senator. It was his second term. Wynn Bell was running for representative; Bob Coll (?) for clerk and recorder. Crum was running for county attorney; Henry Grierson for assessor. Oh, a fellow from up on Tongue River was running for sheriff. He got elected. They all got elected, but Wynn and Jack Jones Ollinger (?) was running for county commissioner.

UMS: Who beat that one? Wasn't Jack Arnold, was it?

WK: Who?

UMS: Jack Arnold from Birney?

WK: No, no. Jack never run for office. Brewster was still living then, I guess. I don't know. Brewster was representative but I don't know whether...No, he wasn't running against Arnold, or Wynn, then. I don't know who he (Wynn) was running against, but he didn't get it.

UMS: What would you do? Just have big rallies? Dance or something?

WK: Yes. We'd have the speaking, and then the last speaker up would announce that if the young folks wanted to dance the musicians would play until 12 o'clock. We'd have it there at Kirby—that's where we played there—and we played there at the Ferguson schoolhouse there up in the corner from Maxims', you know.

They didn't have music up in that (unintelligible). Had to send to Sheridan if they got music so they'd dance there from a phonograph. Oh, they was a live bunch there! Claude Rum (?) came to me and he said, “What'll you take to play till three o'clock?”

I said, “Well, we're supposed to be home and in bed. We've got to move early in the morning.”

He said, “You fellows get up pretty early.”

Then I said, “We'll play if you'll get right up and dance. We'll play till three o'clock and won't charge you anything if you'll stay right on the floor.”

“Good!”
So we went at them, and boy, we kept them on the floor and on that floor...the dust on that floor just never did start to settle at all. Before three o'clock he went out, and had one of the boys hitch up a team to take us up to Dan Sullivan’s where we was going to stay. Our transportation had all gone, you see, but he had a rig all ready and about. It was about quarter to three that he come around and handed us, I don’t know, 12 dollars or 15 dollars, and we was on our way before three o’clock. He stopped it. We was getting into bed just shortly after three up there about four or five miles. (laughs)

Then when we got back around down to Birney, we played there at Birney. We played at Pearl the next night and at Decker and then went down to Birney. There was another crowd there that was wild. We played there all night for them.

UMS: What did you play?

KM: Banjo.

UMS: Oscar played the violin?

WK: Yes. Well, however, wherever they was an organ or piano, then I took the violin, and he took it (piano). At Birney there was an old Texas fellow there, and he could really pick a banjo. Oscar took the organ and I took the violin and old Bill Henderson was playing the banjo. Right in the middle of a piece, that old bow let go, and the hair just flew all over like that. Madeline Brown (Natalie Brown), she saw it, and she just stepped out in the middle of the floor and held up her hand and said, ”I want the Swee (?) Circle boy.” About four of them jumped in there. She says, ”I want a couple of you fellows to go down to the ranch and get my fiddle bow.” Yes, they wasn't gone...I don't know. They must have run their horses damn near to death. They was back there with a fiddle bow in just a few minutes and never stopped dancing. (laughs)

Any time they had a dance the music cost them about 40, 50 dollars, you know, in order to get it to come over from Sheridan. They'll just dance wild! There was a dickens of a crowd there. An old Irishman there with a long, handlebar mustache. I was a-playing, I think, one of them old Scotch hornpipes or something, and the old fellow come over and wanted me to play a quadrille. When it was over the old fellow stepped up and he says, “Lads,” he says, “I could have danced that at one time but not that fast. Would you play it for me and play it real slow?”

I says, ”I'll just do that.:”

They backed away and gave old Cardy (?) room, and I started to play. That old fellow started to dance like they taught him to dance in Ireland. Was he good! But the blamed crowd—they wouldn't all stand back where you could see him! Then they got around him, and they got around him so close that he didn’t have room to perform any more and he quit. (laughs) But he could really dance up a storm. Could dance with the notes, you know, just timed right there.

William Kamhoot Interview, OH 014-001, 002, 003, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
UMS: What did they just hire you for the trip or what?

WK: I forget what they paid us a day. We played 16 nights straight and, oh, three dollars a night, I guess, and expenses.

UMS: How did you travel around?

WK: Automobiles! That was the first long automobile ride I ever took. I'd rode a half a mile or such a matter. Edwards had a Packard, but there was something broke in it and the repairs hadn't come so it...so he took...Randolph Arnold had bought Edwards' old White Steamer so they got Randolph to go along with his White Steamer and take part of the crowd. The Packard overtook us up at Kirby. We played at Gleegen (?) and John McKays', and the next night we was at Kirby.

The next day we was trying to start that White Steamer. Arnold had warmed it up there at night. It was pretty cold, you see, it was late in October, and, I don't know. He run it for a while and worked it all over and had it all ready for the road the next morning. He said, "I wonder if it'd freeze hard enough to freeze this thing up."

I says, "I'd drain it. Got a lots of water here."

So he drained it and the next morning when he tried to start it he couldn't crank it. Couldn't turn it over at all. All you had to do was pull the steam and throw her off center. She wouldn't take, and I don't know what happened to it. I never knew a Steamer could cool off too fast, but he couldn't start her. So he's still working on her when the Packard drove up. Harry Cornwall was driving the Packard when it come up to Arnold. He (Arnold) got on a horse, borrowed it down Sullivan, and went on in to Sheridan to find out what he could about his car. Harry Cornwell (took us from there with the Packard.

Charlie Holland, down to Veeland (?). Let's see...where did we go? Adda (?) Madison pulled us across Tongue River up at Decker, and we went down divide and Hanging Woman—Tongue River divide. Coyotes had never seen an automobile, and they just come right up along the road and watched us from out there 50 feet from the road. Then they'd run in and smell of the tracks of that automobile. Follow her down the road. (laughs) He killed a dozen coyotes there that morning. But tire trouble!

When we stayed all night up at McKays' way—a bunch of them stayed there and a bunch down to Davidson's—we'd had five or six blowouts with that Steamer. Arnold and I put on a new tire and pumped it up. John Davidson was looking it over (Steamer), and he was asking the prices on it and so on. While he was standing there talking, one of them tires blewed up and just shocked the ground right out from under him! (laughs) "What was that?" (Davidson)

“Oh, just a blowout.”

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We had to put in a new tube. We didn't have any patches so we had to put in a new tube, you know. He (Davidson) said, “What do they cost?”

John Edwards said, “About seven dollars.”

Well, he said, “Does it happen very often?”

“No,” I said, “heck no. This is the seventh one pulled out since we left Forsyth!”

He didn’t want an automobile. That thing bothered us all the way. There was a clincher rim and the tires were slipping and pulled the tube out, you know. The tires were just smooth rubber. Then they had a leather covering you could buckle around the outside of the car. They had rivets with a big head like a rubberoid washer, you know, all over it. If they’d hit some rocks or cactus, they’d put that (covering) on. You couldn’t get one of them—a piece of leather that big—now if you paid 20 dollars for it. (laughs)

UMS: How fast would they go?

WK: Well, we didn’t make very good time. Even after we got the Packard. We left down at Sullivan’s, and we didn’t stop at Decker going...We was out of supplies and was running out of rubber (tires), and so we drove on in to Sheridan and had supper in Sheridan. We passed a team out of...You know where Sullivans' place was? The stone house—Johnson’s

UMS: Mouth of Indian Creek?

[End of Tape 1, Side A]
WK: We started from there, and we passed a team up by Tom Penson's (?) someplace. We got a little ways, and we had some trouble and they passed us. Then we passed them again, and then we had another blowout. They passed us again. They go down on Squirrel Creek...Gosh, we had a meeting there, too, come to think about it—schoolhouse right on Squirrel Creek down below McKinneys. They was eating lunch, sitting in the shade of a tree eating their lunch. I asked them if they were going to have any left, and they said, “No, but you're going to need it before you get there at that rate!” (laughs)

We was all day. Must have been three o'clock before we got into Sheridan. Edwards took us in and, oh boy, if he didn't give us a feed! They ordered so many T-bone steaks, they had to go to the butcher shop and get some. They took on a new supply of drinking liquor, and then we went back to Decker that night. Took us about, oh, it must have been quite a lot over an hour getting back from Sheridan to Decker. That's how fast it was going, but we didn't blow out any tires again. I don't remember ever blowing another tire after we left Sheridan.

We played at Decker that night, and the next night we played at Birney. The next night at Ashland, and then we come in. Raining like blazes when we got back, and I got off down there at McIntosh's—Foster and I did.

UMS: Well, that thing (automobile) didn't go very good with the slick tires on it, did it?

WK: No! (laughs) It had a lot of weight in it though. Boy, it was loaded. There were 11 of us in the two cars, and John Logan pulled us back at Birney. We didn't come down the east side from Birney. Pulled down river a ways, and I think McNutts must live in there where Logan lived at that time.

UMS: No, Lyman Brewster bought that Logan place,

WK: Yes, well, Logan pulled us across the river and took us over on the west side. Then we went down and Holland was in the lead, and he was one of these race drivers. He was keeping away from Cornwell was the pattern. He just kept right on down the road past the Cooley place, and I made the remark that he's going the wrong way. He can't cross the river down there. We've got to swing a little left and go out across this flat and hit the road that comes from Ashland over. It comes across Stebbens' Creek. We've got to hit that road. But, they didn't pay any attention to me until they met—till they got down to the river. So we all turned around and started back and put us in the lead. Holland broke away from us and went up a coulee someplace and got out. I don't know where he got out. That was right there at the Toohey (?) place—just below.

UMS: Where is the Toohey place?

WK: It's between the Loggin Creek and Ashland.
UMS: It’s be on the reservation now, would it?

WK: Well, it was the reservation then, see. But we went back across the flat and worked up on top of the divide where the road runs now over. Instead of going down and across Tongue River where they do, we went to...hit the creek right there at the Mission and went across the bridge.

Holland, he cut across and got there first. Pete Daley, he just went in off the circuit with a mile race horse that he had there. Him and Holland, they got in an argument about the horse outrunning the car for a mile, and Holland gave him 50 yards of start and...a handicap of 50 yards. They was to start on the bridge and come to Ashland. A lot of them were betting on the horse and a lot of them on the car. Oh, they had a lots of money up in...that is, on hot air. Wanted to know what I was betting on, and I said they had to settle how they was going to run first.

Well, down below Ashland about halfway there, there was a swale come across the road and it just dropped right off in! It was about that deep, and it was steep—right down in. It was about 40 feet across and just right straight up again. I knew that car couldn't go across that over 15 miles an hour, and Holland, he wanted the horse to start even and take his 50 yards on the outcome. Well, how could you tell if the horse was 50 yards behind or not? Pete wanted to start the horse 50 yards ahead of the car which was right. They argued that. Then when Holland’s money was all covered and anybody that would back him, they got it all covered. I was betting on the horse if the horse started in the lead of the car.

Then Holland said, well, he didn’t have time. He had to get to Forsyth, and he'd have to strip the car. He was going to have to take off the...didn’t have any top on it, I don't think, at all. He was going to have to take off the fenders and windshield and...he had to dismantle the car to make the race, and he didn't have time for it so the race didn’t come off. But that horse would outrun that rig, I know that! Course, that road wasn’t too smooth either, you know. It was just a wagon trail went up there and then crossing that ditch, he couldn't cross that.

UMS: He’d probably have to stop to fix a tire. (laughs)

WK: He couldn't cross that (the ditch) very fast. He wasn't going to worry that horse any. He (horse) was a...let’s see. Well, he was a half-brother to Buck and Dudley out of the same horse—that English thoroughbred that walloped Four Mile Horse.

UMS: Where were you living at then?

WK: I was down on Cottonwood. When we played for our last dance—that came a little bit later, came just the day before election—we played in Rosebud. Mark Chitham (?), he played guitar with us when we had the violin, piano, guitar and banjo.

UMS: Well, when did you settle down there?
WK: I homesteaded in [19]06. I filed on it that spring of ’06, and then the spring of ’07 I went to Lame Deer. Course in the service I could hold my homestead while I was in government service, you know, and I stayed in Lame Deer till ’09. Then I come back down on the homestead.

UMS: How did you come to go down there and file?

WK: Well, that was the best range there was in the country! I took it - for one thing, there was water all over it, you know. More water right around the little district there (were there a deterrent?) in the long run when we got drought and grasshoppers all the stock in the country from clear up an Horns (?) and all up through that country. Horses—all come down now on Cottonwood. But you got that big spring on Levin below Comus, you know. You can water 2,000 head of stock there every day.

Then that big spring there at Wallace’s. That spring up on Fifteen, one on Ten. Two springs on the place I filed on, and then the one down there at Hazel’s. There was a lot of water holes and ever one of them would water a band of sheep at any time, you know.

UMS: That one over at the Lakin Ranch, that was a big one too, wasn’t it?

WK: Yes, but that was taken. Jim Welsh took that in the early days, But then they was Moon Creek. Lord, there was all kinds of water on Moon Creek. There was a lot of water on Teed (?) Creek...Snell Creek. There was water the full length of Snell Creek. That hurt us fellows down there along the river because stock went way up Moon Creek—Tongue River ones that couldn’t get to the river. Baker’s cattle, Jack Hughes’, Van Horn’s, and the Gehring & Strong outfit—lord, the stock boiled (?) in there.

UMS: You were stock man up there at Lame Deer?

WK: Well, I was on the...They didn’t have...didn’t have that position then. It was a farmer’s position (that) run that. I was a farmer. But that was my job—to handle the stock. We didn’t put in any time on that. Make a roundup in the spring and brand, and made a roundup in the fall and shipped. Then we made a final roundup and gathered and branded our late calves and ones that we missed. We didn’t put in more than six or seven weeks the whole year with those cattle. They had over 10,000 head.

UMS: What did you do the rest of the time?

WK: Everything. Anything the agent could think of. He’d lay awake nights thinking up things. First work I done was run the telephone from Busby to Crow Agency, and we run one from Lame Deer over to Birney. That was the Birney Ditch Camp. It didn’t go up to Birney. But oh god, McMillan! McMillan, he’s the fellow that run for sheriff. I was trying to think of his name. He had the store at the Ditch Camp right up against the reservation line. Then I run...Well, I didn’t help do that so much. I put in the phones but, see, Forsyth run a telephone line up. They was going right on into Lame Deer, and they didn’t ask anything about going in there and Clifford stopped
them. They had the poles clear to the fence, but he wouldn't let them put a pole on the reservation.

UMS: Who was Clifford?

WK: Clifford, he was the agent up there at the time. In '99, I guess, they built the first telephone up the Rosebud, I think it was '99 or '98. He stopped them so they didn't. Line stopped at Henry Bailey's, that was as far as the wire run but they had poles on up to the fence. The agent, he'd get telephone on the brain. Whenever he got anything on his mind, he couldn't let up till he got her done so I run the...I took out the line down as far as Martin Lennon's. That's as far as he could go with it. He couldn't tie onto their poles from there on down, but he run a phone in to Martin Lennon's. Then when McIntosh was up there and was sick...when he could telephone, I went down and put one in to Henry Bailey's right alongside of this line. They'd rebuilt this line, and they had the metallic system—two wires. They had six ohm ringers, and we had four ohm. We couldn't ring them upm but they could ring us over that.

I put a telephone right next to Henry's and put a switch in between them and tied again on the pole. I got pitch under my shoulder blade. Took me about 15 minutes to come down the pole—big cedar pole—and they was knots sticking out everyplace and I couldn't slide down. I had to let myself down an inch at a time. They hauled me home—Norman Strong and John McKay, and oh, five or six others. When I was still laid up—I never got back on the line—but they run the wire down. I had the wire to Lennon's, but they made the connections way later than that. They went down there, and Norbin, he tied in. The others, they just switched the wire up and run it from Martin Lennon's down to Henry Bailey's. So we had connections through to Forsyth, where the line wasn't broke, but when McIntosh was sick somebody rode the line for five or six miles. I think they relayed it twice horseback to get the word in here.

UMS: What did you do? Did you just have Indian crews?

WK: Indian help, yes.

UMS: Who were some of the fellows you had? Are there any of them up there now?

WK: Well, just any of them around the agency. But on the roundup, Pete Rising Sun and Floyd High Walking was my two...They was always done all the roping, and the other, Louie Seminole, well he did. Patrick Spotted Wolf, he started in with me. Old Wild Hawk, he was a pet you couldn't get rid of, and there was Jim Bites and Willy White Horse, Willy Red Eagle...not Red Eagle, Black Eagle, from over on Tongue River. Edward Bear Quiver over on Rosebud. But the way Stuart (Store?) started that out...he'd take two wagons, one for the Indians and one for the whites, and feed all the Indians on the reservation.

We had so many, didn't pay them anything. You had so many you couldn't get anything done. I stopped that. I put it up to the agency they'd have to pay them some money and have regular hands so that they could work and knew where they was. I said, “You can take it out of the beef

William Kamhoot Interview, OH 014-001, 002, 003, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
money and pay them.” They’d furnish their own horses, and we’d give them a dollar and a half in cash. They’d furnish their own horses, and I just took 12 and only one wagon. They cut out all that extra stuff. God, we had to send the wagon over to the agency in the commerce area for grub about every three days, you know. I fed the lot of them, Had to feed a lot of them, but I didn’t have that whole gang a-follering.

UMS: Did you have an Indian cook?

WK: No. Just for a little while there was a fellow come in there, and oh, he was a smooth talker. He got next to the agent. He was a blacksmith, and he was all this and that. He was going to be the cook, and he quit when he got over to Ashland. He knew he could get something to drink up at the drug store there, and he quit. So I sent a policeman over for help, and I kind of done the cooking and run the wagon too for a couple days. I sent a note over to the agent, and I told him if he couldn’t send anybody else to send Martin Lennon.

He sent Martin Lennon, and I told him to meet me in the corner of Browns at the muddy pasture—Brown’s and Bruce’s pasture on Muddy. Well, we got over on north fork of Muddy. Wild Dog lived in there, and Wild Dog wanted to camp at his place. I was the only white man there—didn’t have any reps at all—and we was branding right along. I sent word, you see, for the cook to meet us in the pasture that night or that day. Wild Dog, he’d called the Indians off when he found out I was going to move. He wanted to stay there that night. They all just quit. I waited a little bit, and I said, “What’s the matter?”

They said, “Wild Dog says we ain’t going to move.”

I said, “Wild Dog’s a liar. We’re going to move.”

I had about ten to twelve calves to brand, and I couldn’t handle the herd—couldn’t take them with us. I couldn’t take the wagon and the cattle, and I wanted those calves branded. I didn’t dare turn them loose, and I was sitting there figuring how I was going to make my work good, because if he told them young Indians not to work they wouldn’t work, you know. I was sitting there a little bit, and pretty soon I see a dust. Here come a string of horses over the divide, and it’s old Bill Henderson. He was repping’ for the Three Circle and Quarter Circle U, and he knew what was up right away. He knew Indians. He’d been there since ’85, I guess, or ’84. He dropped his string of horses and come on down. First time I ever seen him. He said, “What’s the trouble, lad? Can I help you any?”

I says, “Can you catch four horses and hitch them on that wagon and take it over on the Muddy?”

He says, “It’s on its way.” (laughs)

And I told fem (Indians) they wouldn’t eat any more til they got over to Muddy. Just as quick as old Bill turned around, he didn’t go to the horse wrangler. He just went in, and he cut out four
work horses and started to the corral with them. The Indians got up and went to work. (laughs) Old Wild Dog, he had the break there. That wagon was going to leave. Why, he knew I'd make my word good.

We got busy and branded up the calves, and Bill just had caught the horses when we got through. We went down and moved over on the Muddy. It was about nine o'clock when he got there, and I said, “Where you been?”

He said, “I been all over the reservation!”

I said, “Didn't you know where to come?”

“I knew where to come,” he says, “but Redwater was driving the wagon”—buggy—“and he said we wasn't going to be here. We was going to camp at Wild Dog's on Muddy.” He said, “I told him you'd be over there in the pasture, but he wouldn't believe it because Wild Dog. He'd sent word right along with the policeman not to send the cook out there.”

They located his (Wild Dog's) place. They went up there, and they hunted all around north Muddy for us. Couldn't find us, and came back over to the pasture and that's where it was. Wild Dog, he thought he was going to cut one round out from under me all around, you know. Couldn't get rid of him. Storrer said he was a good cowboy. Well, it was all right when Storrer run the wagon. They had a terrific bunch of cows. They bought 1,000 head of cows off of Hysham. Well, he didn't have to work the herd. When he wanted to round up, all he had was cows, and they'd brand right out of the drive. When I took them, they'd have a drive of 500 head, and we'd only have 100 calves here. They wanted to work that dry stuff out and let them go—get rid of them. Get them out of the way. Wild Dog wouldn't do it. That wasn't the way Stoorer done it, and it wasn't right. They had quite a fight with him on that. They'd all get in to work the herd, you know. Geez, they'd all get in there, and I had a row with them when they sent word to the agent.

We met the agent on the road. He was way up at the ditch camp, I guess it was, or someplace. He sent word for me to come up there. I went up there and, well, the big row was that I was in a pretty tight spot. Little Sun, he was the chief over there. There was about five or six schoolboys ten years old went in...went to chasing cattle around in the herd. I sent a policeman in there and took them out. He (Little Sun) sent them right back in there. I went over and told him. He said they was his boys and they could go in there if they wanted to. Well, they was just running the devil out of the herd, you know, and I said, “They're your boys, and you take them out.”

He said he wouldn't, and I says, “I'll drive you clear off the reservation!”

Little Joe Brown heard it, and he slipped up there with a gun in his pocket and says, “I'll stand at your back, but you've got to make your word good and don't come back. Don't come back. Keep going!” (laughs) He says, “If you have to take him out of the herd,” he said, “you keep going.”

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I untied my rope. I was going to make it good, god dern him. I wasn't going to lie to him. He backed down. He called them off. That's when word got started and fee met the agent on the way. Oh, they had him surrounded—15 deep around there. I'll bet there was 200 Indians around him, and he was about half-scared. (laughs) He had Elmer Little Sheep for an interpreter. He was a good interpreter, and he'd been away from the Indians. He knew what they was like. I rode through the crowd, and I told him, I says, “If you want Wild Dog and Little Sun to run the wagon, I'll go to the agency and you can take it yourself!”

Well, he wanted to know what was the matter, and I told him. Well, he didn't know whether that was the right way to do it or not. He thought the Indians was right. Elmer Little Sheep, he was a good interpreter, and he cooled it down. He didn't tell all that I told the Indians. He smoothed it (the agent) down all he could, and then he went right on up to Joe Brown’s to see Captain Brown. He'd been a captain in the army, and he'd know, you know. Brown told him to go back and let me along. He said, “He's worked for my wagon. He knows what he's doing, and he's doing it right. You can't run that wagon from the office, and if you want the Indians to run it, why, let the Indians have it. But if he's running it, he's got to have the say-so. You can't take the Indians' word for it.”

He (agent) didn't like that very well, getting told the truth that way, but I unloaded the Indians. I got them off my neck, and I made them stay off. But that's the trouble. If you show an Indian how to do something and he does it just like you want him to, he'll do it that way all his life, and you can't make him do it any different.

UMS: Where would those Indians stay out on the wagon? Just roll up in a blanket or something?

WK: Yes. On our last roundup in the fall, there, we went out of the agency, and we camped right up on top. Went up Anderson Gulch and camped right up on top of the divide, and it snowed about two inches that night. It was cold! Next morning Pat Wolf...Pat Spotted Wolf and I guess, Louis Seminole, they had a bed about like a cigarette. They was laying out under the shade of a tree. Got the fire built and Pat, he crawled out and he got behind the cook stove, standing there shaking. He was trying to roll a cigarette, and I poured a cup of hot coffee. I said, “Go right into it.” He started drinking that, and I said, “Sleep cold last night, Pat?”

He said, “No, last night I was asleep but when I wake up that's when near freeze.” (laughs) They went dormant like a snake. Couldn't hardly wake one up till he got warm. I sent two of them over to Dana’s wagon. Kincaid was running the wagon, and he wrote me he had some Cheyenne stuff over there. I sent two of them over there to rep. It rained that night, and they wouldn't camp where the boys was camped. They took their bed 100 yards from camp, you know. Rained that night and they got wet. They called them for breakfast, and they didn't come. That outfit, they had breakfast before daylight. They (the Indians) wouldn't get up so when they packed the wagon, why, they left some grub there for them to eat. They didn't know when they got up. Well, they waited till the sun come out and dried them out before they...and they come home. Now I had to go over there myself.
UMS: Well, you lost a herd up there at the OD crossing or something, didn't you?

WK: No, I didn't lose them. I got stampeded though. Boy, that was rough! Pat Spotted Bull and Louie, was on guard. There's another thing they didn't know. They'd never stood a guard. I thought they knew how to stand guard, and I'd go out and bed the herd and ride around with them, but when you leave them, why, they get way back away from there. Pat was coming in to call the guard at 12 o'clock. He had started for the wagon. They was across the creek over on that flat west of us, and we was camped between the creek and the corrals.

[End of Tape 1, Side B]
WK: Pat had started in, and Louie’s horse stumbled and fell. Snorted and scared them cattle, and cripes, here they come! They just knocked that Rosebud dry, and Pat, he kept in the lead of them till they got to the corral. He ducked behind the wing, and he jumped up on the wing and turned his horse lose and climbed over the wing. (laughs) The cattle went on by him right straight up that gulch. Time I got them out I’d been sick for over a week. I couldn’t ride. I was just kind of coming out of it, but I had a horse up.

I got up there. I didn’t know they were so close to camp. I thought they were south of us quite a little ways, and that they’d take kind of up the road. I got to the road. Pat joined us there, and he said, no, they went straight ahead. We strung up that coulee as fast as we could go, rode clear up to the top. Oh, it was two or three miles. I hit the lead of them and didn’t quite get the lead. They was dropping over, but I rushed in to them and hollered and scared them. They bust off to one side, and the lead turned right around and come back out of the river.

We held up on that flat, and we was going round them both ways there. I went around—we turned every other man around of them going both ways. When we got them in a tight wad so’s they couldn’t run anymore. They’d just mill them. Held them for a little bit, and then I commenced to ride into them to kind of break them and got them eased down a little.

I started around the herd, and I met Pat Spotted Wolf and his pony was just going at him just ready to tip over. (laughs) I piloted him off down to a big pine tree about 200 or 300 yards, and I says, “I’ll go back and get Louie.” I went back, and I went around the herd the other way. I met Louie, and his horse was just in the same shape. I took him down there, and I told them, “Now get down and take a sleep now,” and I went back.

Steers quieted down. They wouldn’t lay down, but then they’d quit trying to run. So I told Willis Roland where the boys was. I says, “You go down there with them and get some sleep.”

“Oh,” he says, “it’s my turn on guard now.” He says, “You’ve been up all night”—I was up till ten with them. He says, “It’s my turn on guard, you go and sleep.” So I did.

I went down there, and they was still setting on their horses. They wouldn’t get off their horses in the dark. I made them get off and we laid down there—one of them on each side of me. We got a little nap, and when it come daylight, why, I went up and straightened them out. I told them just to hold them there, not to let them spread out at all. We’d go down and change horses. Our horses were getting in pretty bad shape. I says, “We’ll go down and get breakfast and change horses, and we’ll come back and bring the herd in and then you can go down.”

Left Willis there to look after them. I got to looking them over, and I was six or seven head short. A couple of 5 year olds that had got away the year before, and Willis knew right where they’d be. Damn if he didn’t take the whole crowd and go after them. He left George Brady up there all alone. When I got back, George, he was just running his horse crazy trying to hold them cattle,
you know, and they was scattered all over. It was a wonder they hadn't got away from him. Willis, he took four men with him to go down and hunt them four or five head of steers and left one man to hold purt near 200. That's all as much as you can depend on them, no matter how long they've been working.

....by the camp, and they was so edgy we took them round the camp, clear around the other way, to keep them away from it. They still got scared and jumped over the bank. It was about 20 head of them jumped over the bank into the Rosebud in swimming water there where it wasn't any wider than this room, you know? No place to get out. They had to swim up current to get out. Had quite a job breaking them up. Then they was edgy all the time. They never drank again. Well, we went up Thompson Creek—we had them strung out there—they could drink purt near any place but any time they'd head into big water you had to watch them.

UMS: Where did you take them to?

WK: Lodge Grass.

UMS: Oh, you went up Thompson Creek all the way?

WK: Went up Thompson Creek and dropped right over by Owens’ over on the Greyblanket and down Greyblanket. We stayed there two or three days waiting for cars. The agent wouldn't order as many cars as I wanted. Said they didn't have that many last year. Then I was overloaded. I cut out two good carloads and left them. Then I was overloaded anyhow, but I got them in nine cars, eight cars. I got another car when I got to Lincoln and split them up.

UMS: How old a steers were they?

WK: Four, and a half a dozen five-year-olds, but they had got away the year before. The rest was four and I had a few three-year-olds.

UMS: Was that the steers you've got that picture of?

WK: Yes.

UMS: They topped the market, didn't they?

WK: Yes. Topped the market by 40 cents for that year. Dana, he was in on the market the same day. He got six cents and I got six-forty.

UMS: What did those steers weigh?

WK: Well, that 40 head, the top bunch that went...No, it was 48 head that went for export. They weighed 1,529, and the rough stuff, they weighed close to 1,700. I had one weighed 1,800 and another weighed 1720. Had ten, eleven cows they were...One cow weighed 1,700, and I think
the only calf she ever had was right with her yet—a big yellow one. He weighed 1,720 and she weighed 1,700.

UMS: What were they? Kind of Texas and Durham cross were they?

WK: Shorthorn. There was Hereford—a lot of them had Hereford in them too, but—

UMS: Well, had they raised those on the reservation?

WK: Yes, they'd had cattle about six or seven years. They bought their first...they wasn't any (unintelligible). They bought 1,000 off Brown here. I guess I branded the second branding of cattle—second branding of calves off of those that they bought—those Arizona cows. They were good cows though. They were big cows. But them Flying E cows that they bought off of Hysham were the old Flying E herd. Wild Dog had a little red cow. He wanted to ship her, and I didn't. She was fat. Dry, pretty fat. She was so little she didn't look like anything, and I wanted him to just sell her at the agency. No. He said it'd take him three months to get his money. He said she didn't have any calf, and she always crawling through fences, He wanted to get rid of her so he shipped her. She weighed 1,135 but she was so little she didn't look like anything, I had two head for old American Horse, and they weighed over 1,400, Good cows weighed from 1300 up to 1700, except that one. They just won't get that big anymore.

UMS: Well, did those Indians live all over the reservation then, up in the coulees and down those springs, or where did they live?

WK: The Indians? They lived on the creeks. They was an Indian cabin on Stebbins Creek—two cabins—but they was only one of them occupied. When we started out the first time in the spring of 1908 we went down Stebbins Creek, had about 500 head of cattle rounded up, and it started to rain. We had to quit, and they had a big corral there. That was Francis' doing. Francis, he was there a year, you know, and he started building corrals and he built some good ones. One on Stebbins and one over at (unintelligible) There was a lot of room in the corral. We put them in the corral—the whole business—and Ben Ming Head and somebody else was night herding the horses the night of the first night. They had to herd them all. About two or three o'clock in the morning, Ben come in after some more clothes. It was freezing to death out there. He says it was starting to snow. I said, “If it's snowing, we won't be doing anything tomorrow. I'll get up and let those cattle out.”

But when Ben was going back by the corral he spooked them and they took a run! That was 400 or 500 head and they had room enough to run and they run across that corral and hit the other side and went right straight out. They tore the corral down. Lot of those calves in there never found their mothers.

We didn't get out again. It snowed till the night of the 21st it stopped. We had men shoveling the snow away from the camps so when it quit snowing it just turned warm the 22nd of May. We moved out of there, and it took us quite a while to pull the wagons up to where those Indian

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cabins was. An old squaw owned one of them. There was nothing in there, but she had it locked. We give her a chunk of beef for the use of her cabin. We put all our canned goods and stuff in there, and borrowed a little Indian wagon with some poles on it and tied three or four quarters of beef on those wagons. Hitched four horses on there and got stuck right at the bottom of the hill right where you start up. The wagon pushed the snow clear up on the horses. So we left for right there.

There was 21 of us rode into Rosebud and the rest (unintelligible). That was when we had two wagons. We left the Indian wagon. We pulled that up on high ground. I sent Ben Big Head and Pat Spotted Wolf and Black Eagle and two, three more that was with the wagon to take the horses down to the Toohey (?) ranch and leave them and just took the government horses home. It was dark—just getting dark—when we pulled into Lame Deer. Just going over there—21 of us horseback—one fellow would go about 100 yards and pull off to one side, and the rest would go right on by him and then he'd drop in behind. The next day was issue day, and the agent wanted that meat to issue it out to the Indians. The Indians come to me with their tickets. The ones that lived over there they come by there, followed our tracks, you know, come through horseback. They couldn't carry much, and they wanted that meat over there. So I went to the agent and I says, “We can just let them have those three quarters of beef that's over there and punch it off on the ration tickets.”

No, it had to come in there and be cut up and weighed back to them.

I said, "You can't get it."

He ordered Francis out of the wagon to go back and get that meat, and Francis wouldn't do it. Francis quit. So, he come to me, and I said, “No, you can’t do it.”

He says, “Can you tell me so’s I can find it?”

I said, “Yes, you can’t miss it if you follow our tracks, but you can’t do that because we have to go around someplace where trees were bent down buried in the snow, you know. We have to go around them.” I says, “I'll do better than that with you. I'll go along. But I'll go horseback. But you'll get tired driving a team. When you say turn back why then you can come back, you know.”

So he ordered Weston out to get the team for him, and “Oh! Miz,” Eddy said, “you'll catch your death of cold in this rain!” It was raining like the devil then.

He says, “I know where it is. I'll go get it.”

He put four horses on one of them double sheeted buggies. Took the back seat off and put four horses on there and pulled out. He got back about ten o'clock that night. He got the meat all right. But one of the horses couldn't get out of the barn the next morning. His breast hung way down purt near to his knees. It just about ruined him. I took the agent down and showed him that. Weston, he just pulled down there in the yard, unhitched, and left the meat there in the
wagon. Issue day was over with. We was all through by one or two o'clock, and he didn't get in there till ten o'clock that night. Well, we hung the meat down in the slaughterhouse, and it hung there and rotted. It was two weeks before the next issue day and it was all rotted.

Then I started out again in June. Just got down on Tongue River, and we'd run out of meat. An old Indian, he had a cow he kept up as a milk cow. He had been milking a calf with it, and it wasn't branded. It was a coming yearling. He brought it over there for us to brand. I went to drag it in and broke a leg on it. I had a good big yearling maverick in there. Course, all we could do was put the id on that, you know. So I took and showed it to him. I told him I'd put his brand on that one, and we'd eat that one we broke the leg on. Oh, that was just fine. So we branded the maverick for him and we took the one and butchered it. Somebody told the agent and holy smokes! We was three months getting that straightened out.

Instead of just letting it go, you know, he had to make a report on it, and then they had to find out what a maverick was and why we butchered that and I signed more papers on that! Oh man, he give me the devil! Never do that again. I said, “You didn't know about it, it would have been all right.” I says, “Then after you did, if you'd kept it to yourself, it would have been all right.” It was all right anyhow. Anybody'd do that.

No, that meat was to be sent in—put on the issue slip.

Well, we went clear on around, and we was up to the beef pasture below the school. There was a telephone there. Same thing happened again, and we was out of meat. But the next day we was going to get to Lame Deer so we had two circles left. Well, I couldn't do anything but phone. “Well,” he says, “butcher it and send the meat right down.”

I tells him, “It'll rot before issue day.” I says, "Yesterday was issue day, and it'll be two weeks. That meat won't keep, and we need it.”

“Well, if you need meat,” he says, “I'll send word over to Powell, and he'll butcher a steer and bring it over.”

I says, “All we want is a 150 pounds.” I says, “A quarter of a steer will do it, and this calf would do better.”

No, couldn't do it. He says, “I'll have Powell bring you over a quarter of beef.”

So he phoned Powell and he butchered a four year old and he brought...Threwed it in his wagon, and he brought us over a quarter. Then he took the calf and went down to Lame Deer and hung that up in the slaughterhouse there. Ever bit of that rotted, and we had that quarter of poor beef.

When they shipped and got that big price. If they'd have taken half of that herd that they'd been de-horned, you know, the buyer said that was the first horned cattle he'd ever bought for

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export, but they were too good. He couldn't pass them up. The agent thought, well, dehorning was the thing. We shipped in August. The fourth of August we loaded. The reason we done it (was) he wanted to go to Chicago. He came back and ordered me right out with the wagons. Wanted me to de-horn all them three year old steers that he was going to ship next year. No chutes, no squeezer or de-horning saw or anything else. I told him I couldn't do it. Hot weather, big, fat steers, flies. I told him we had to have chutes or something like that and more than one. We'd have to have more than one. We couldn't bring them cattle all to one place anyhow.

“Well, have the blacksmith make you some pins with rings in, and you can drive them in the ground and throw the steers down in between them and put a bow in over top of their necks.”

I asked him if he'd ever wrestled with a three year old steer putting it down where he wanted it. I told him it wasn't practical and had kill a lot of cattle doing it. Bound to lose some. Well, he had to run over and see Brown about that, too. He wanted me to take the wagon out and take a census of the cattle and get the age, sex, descriptions, the brand, and what coulee they run in. I asked him what he wanted that for. Well, if we wanted any particular animal, we'd know right where to find it. (laughs) Well, I told him, I says, “You'd have to tally them everyone. Have to catch it and mark it.”

He said, “Why?”

I said, “The cattle we counted today we might count some of them tomorrow.”

“Well,” he says, “don’t they stay right in the same place?” He was running that outfit!

UMS: Who was he?

WK: Eddy. K. R. Eddy. He'd blow up and get...I wasn't afraid of him. Any government employee—they're just like soldiers. They get so they don't care what they do. Come back from Chicago, and old Strange Owl claimed I shipped two steers for him and he only got returns for one. I knew I didn't. But he (the agent) believed Strange Owl. I called Pat Spotted Wolf in. Pat was always interested, and he had a book. Ever steer we put into the beef herd, ever one we shipped, Pat had in the book. I had a book. I called Pat in and he showed his book, and his book and mine corresponded. We both corresponded with the inspection in Chicago. But he still believed Strange Owl. He gave Strange Owl 24 hours to go and find that steer, and if he couldn't find him, why, he'd get paid for it. I said, “How do you expect him to find him (steer) in 24 hours?”

“Well,” he said, “He ought to know where it's at.”

“Yes,” I said, “but if he found him, do you suppose he'd turn him in if he could get the 125 or 115 dollars about it was for this other steer that he claimed?” We balked him on it. Strange Owl, he had to give it up. Then he held out a 108 dollar check on a fellow name of Scabby over on Tongue River. Wasn't going to give it to him. We didn't ship one of his. Well, I guess that's the one, probably, Strange Owl...that's the one Strange Owl claimed.
I think he (the steer) didn’t go for export, but he brought a 107, 8, 9. He wouldn’t give Scabby the money. Scabby came around and offered me two and a half if I’d get it for him.

I said I wouldn’t take the money. I went ahead, and I jumped the agent about it. I said, “We shipped that steer for him and he got that much money coming to him. It doesn’t belong to Strange Owl.”

Well, he said, “I ain’t going to give it to him.” He says, “He's kind of a bad actor.”

I says, “That has nothing to do with it at all. I shipped his steer, and he's got to have that money.”

He started to tell me where to get off at, and I told him where to get off. I says, “I ain’t going to stop here. I'll take it up to the department. You can’t hold that money out on that Indian.” I says, “I'm going to report this right to the department.”

I started out, and he called the clerk in and said, “Get Kamhoot that check.”

He brought it in and Eddy signed it, and I went and give it to the Indian, God! Eddy was mad. He swelled up when he...I was right, and he knew I was right but he was...That was so crazy.

UMS: Well, what did Mert Francis do up there?

WK: He was farmer.

UMS: Oh, before you were?

WK: Yes.

UMS: What was Des Store? Where did he fit into that?

WK: He was the farmer. He'd been farmer for years. When he gave in—he quit—why, Mert got his job. I went in there as assistant farmer, and when Mert quit, why, that threwed me up top. But agent, he sent to Philadelphia and got an educated men. He wanted all college men, you know. He had a college man there that, boy, that fellow didn't know anything. He couldn't use him around the agency so he put him up at the school as school superintendent.

UMS: Who was he?

WK: Oh, Mac—?

UMS: Well, who was this Chipman? Who was he?

WK: Well, he come there later. I never knew him. Oh, I met him, but he come there, oh, 1911 or

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12 or something like that. When I quit why they got another college man from Philadelphia, and he built an office and got him a pair of chaps and spurs and...But they made the stockman's position then, and Eddy wrote to me. He wanted me to come back. I didn't pay any attention to it. Then I was called on an Indian case to Helena, and he tried like the dickens getting me back. He said he made that stockman's position, and he'd put me in charge of the stock and that's all I'd have to do. He says, “The U. S. Marshall—it gets a deputy marshall's position.”

I said, “What's it going to pay?”

“Oh,” he says, “it'll pay 75 dollars a month.”

I said, “A deputy marshall gets 150.”

He says, “Oh, well, that's a little reservation—couldn't stand that.”

I says, “It's a government position—ain't just the reservation.”

He was haggling. He didn't want anyone to get as much as he was getting. He was only getting a hundred and a quarter, and I wouldn't take it. I wouldn't go up there. But when they sent that fellow in, why, he got his 150. Never seen a cow or a saddle or anything like that. But he didn't get far. I don't know how long they kept him, but he told the Indians what to do anyhow.

Well, he (agent) got rid of him, and he got Harve Wilden. Well, Harve was a cowhand and a good one. Harve, he run it two or three years, I guess, and then he got promoted. They were short a lot of stuff. He had Eddy pinned down and had him under bond for about 5,000 there, and I don't know how he got out. He was short a lot of property, you know. He couldn't account for it. During that squabble, why, Harve got out from under and got transferred over to the Crow. That was a good job. Man working for old Reynolds when he was superintendent over there...he put him out in his district and let him alone. Let him run it, and Eddy wouldn't.

I didn't belong in Lame Deer. I belonged up at the O.D. That's where I was supposed to be. That's where I was on the books all the way through, I was supposed to be the O.D. farmer. But he wouldn't leave anybody outside of the agency. He wanted them where he could tell them. Harve got that job over there, and then Dana seen Harve work with that Crow herd. By god, he grabbed Harve! Took him away from the government right away. He paid him about 100 dollars a month more than he was getting from the government and give a better job all the way through. He run the wagon a while, and then he got to be general manager. He got up to 36,000 a year and one percent of the profits...ran it for several years. He run that Flying E spread there for 19 or 20 years and never had a losing one. He never had a dude working for him.

I was over there one time—I'd met him in Hardin—and he made me come out with him...out to eat with friends and stayed all night. It was payday, and they was camped about three miles out with a beef herd going to road. That whole bunch of boys come down to the ranch and had supper at the ranch so Harve and I went in the dining room. Harve kind of looked them over and
looked around at me and started to introduce me. Old Bill Mills jumped up and hollered and Millard Cripple. There was five of them there that I knew. Old fellers—all old men—a lot older than I was. When we got settled down again to eating I said to Harve, “I thought you had a cow camp here.”

Well, he kind of grinned and said, “What’s it look like?”

I said, “An old cowboy’s home.”

We kidded around, and next day we was going out to the herd. Harve was using the car and said, “I suppose that did look kind of funny to see them, all them old grayhead cripples.”

[End of Tape 2, Side A]
I said, “Yes, but you got a reason for it.”

“Yes,” he said, “a good reason. There's the boys that handles the beef.” He says, “I've got a lot of bronc riders and calf rustlers among the young ones.”

That's the kind of men he kept. Put a man out on a line camp in the winter time, why, he didn't want to have to go along and (unintelligible) which ones to cut out and throw down the hills where they could feed. Bingham and Brown, Bill Mills, Bronc Savage—all old men—but they was good cow men.

UMS: Well, that place that you settled down on the Musselshell or someplace, when was it? Where—

WK: Well, about a mile above the mouth of Lodgepole.

UMS: Well, when was that?

WK: Eighteen ninety-eight.

UMS: What did you do? Homestead it?

WK: No, just squatter's rights. Wasn't surveyed or anything, just squatter's rights. I was camping there. I just stayed there one winter.

UMS: Well, what did you do there?

WK: Cut about 1,400 posts. Had them decked out to where I could get to them with a wagon. Just stayed there over winter. I made a trip up to Grass Range for a fellow with the posts we took. I had a four horse team, and he had six and a trail wagon. Delivered posts up there. Took us about five days to go up there and cold? Why the snow was a foot deep!

UMS: Well, could you find the place? The place where you lived, could you find it again?

WK: Yes, I could do it. Find it. I couldn't help but find it. Twas at the mouth of the Lodgepole and go turn up the river. There about a mile and the first big bottom above the mouth of Lodgepole, and there was Valentine Creek come in right on the opposite side fight from me. Fellow name of Fox got it now, or he had it here two or three years ago.

UMS: What did you do, just build a log cabin there?

WK: Yes, I done all I had, just a cabin.
UMS: Was there a spring or something?

WK: No, no, spring water, just river water. But the Musselshell was good water then.

UMS: Ran all the time, fifth?

WK: Oh, it was—had a lot of water running then—60 or 70 feet wide and over a horse's knees right in the lowest water. But now, since they got the dams in and them big ditches out above this, it goes plumb dry.

UMS: Yes, it does.

WK: They say its alkali now too.

UMS: How far would that have been from Mosby?

WK: I wouldn't know. But I'd had to ride pretty hard all day to get down from Mosby. It'd be at least 50 miles below Mosby. Close to that.

UMS: I wonder if the lake doesn't back up in there a ways now, does it?

WK: Well, it's surveyed above that. The lake survey runs just about to Calf Creek, but the water never backs up that far. I don't know whether it backs up on...No, I asked that old fellow, Paulson, if the water backs up there. He was down there last summer, and he said no, the water didn't come back up there. I asked him if Fox wasn't drowned out there with the dam and he said no, never affected him. He said the water's still up there. It's backed up so there's water up there all right, but it never flooded him out.

UMS: Is that all you built the cabin for? Just to stay there and cut posts?

WK: Yes, I went there to winter and took a supply of grub in and stayed there all winter and cut posts to fence it with. Al, he was supposed to be in with me, and then he wouldn't go over the next winter. He was supposed to go over there and stay the next winter, and we'd get some work done. Then somebody told him it wasn't any good over there, and he wouldn't take my word for it.

UMS: Oh, you were going to set up a ranch there?

WK: Oh yes, I intended to. Lyons' they had a bunch of registered Herefords—12, 14 head—and they wanted to sell them to me. They was going out of business, and they was all good, grown cows. I didn't have the money to buy them, and they said, “Take them. Pay for them when you sell enough stuff to pay for them. Or whenever you want to.” They wanted to get rid of them. They had them over there at Wolf Springs, and they wanted to leave the country. They didn't want to leave the cattle there, and George Case bought them afterwards.
UMS: Was there a lot of timber in there?

WK: Cottonwood timber. Well, there was pine timber on both sides of the river there. Pine and some fir.

UMS: Cedar too?

WK: No cedar. Up above there, there was worlds and worlds of cedar. Up across from Mosby, that country there was oh, three or four miles through the cedar thicket up through there and the cedars was thick in there. That’s where I hauled those posts from. I hauled the posts from Calf Creek, but they was cut in between there and Mosby.

UMS: Well, Lodgepole comes in from the east side, doesn’t it?

WK: Doesn’t—

UMS: Oh, I see. That’s pretty country?

WK: Yes, down in there. It’s all hilly and rough. It’s not timbered like the head of Lodgepole there at Sand Springs, you know. It’s running into timber four and five miles below there. See, South Lodgepole heads right against McGinnis Butte. There’s McGinnis Creek, Calf Creek, Lodgepole, and the Big Dry all headed against that one hill. Calf Creek—that’s on the map you’ll find it Sagehen.

UMS: Well, how far is it from McGinnis Butte down to where you were? Must be quite a ways.

WK: About 40, 45 miles. That was just about...Well, we called it 30 miles from Sharon Springs down. Creek’s about 35 miles long.

UMS: You were right at the mouth of Lodgepole?

WK: Just about a mile above Musselshell bottom.

UMS: Which side of the river?

WK: I was on this side—on the east side.

UMS: Close to it?

WK: Right on the river bank. I could taken water out with a pump. I could take it out right at the upper end. Oh, I guess there were 200 acres in there at the bottom—just big, pretty bottom.

UMS: Wasn’t very many people lived over there was there, then?
WK: No, there was Eliju (?) Davis and Look came in there from Rosebud and Pete St. Germain (?). I don't know how long they stayed. Look stayed there two or three years and sold out and went down on the Dry and...no, he went over on Seven Blackfoot, I guess. Woods, he was in there one winter, and he pulled out.

UMS: Which Woods was that?

WK: He was from Rapid City, South Dakota—two brothers.

UMS: This Pete St. Germain was from up around Ashland, wasn't he?

WK: No, he was a fellow that located his ranch at Dewey where Gordon McCrae lives.

UMS: I thought he helped dig that ice well up there.

WK: Well, he did, he was working for Vickers, but he used to work for the Twenty outfit. I don't know when he homesteaded down there—down at Dewey—but that's where he lived when he sold out, I don't know who he sold out to. When he went over on the Dry, him and George Mendenhall was kind of together. George came over there with his family. He had a kid just six or seven months old and one two or three years old, and they stayed there. They come over in June and they left that summer, sometime, of '98.

UMS: Of what year?

WK: [Eighteen] ninety-eight.

UMS: Now, did he go over on the Big Dry then? Mendenhall?

WK: No, no. He come back and bought the old Roo (?) place up on the Rosebud. He only stayed there about a year or so, and he went back into Rosebud and put up a store again. He was a merchant there until Forsyth kind of bought him out. Consolidated the Forsyth Mercantile Company and made him general manager and put him in the store here.

UMS: Well, from where you lived, how far was it to the Missouri River then?

WK: Me? About eight, nine miles.

UMS: You were telling earlier about going after that doctor that you rode from there, your cabin, clear to Gilt Edge and back?

WK: Yes.

UMS: Well, how did you go? Right west? Up that creek?
WK: You couldn't follow the creek—the badlands in there. It was too rough. You went down the river about a mile and took a point and went out. You stayed on high ground all the time, never did follow any creeks in there. Those creeks are rough. Even the Lodgepole, the last eight or nine miles of it, why, you'd just be right in the creek bed all the time. Can't get out either side. There was a trail that kept to the hills. Couldn't go through there with a load or anything, but you could go through with a wagon. A fellow by the name of George Smith, I think, he was the first settler in there. He used to work up at Lavina. He came down there, and he just stayed. He didn't live—he existed though. He was the first one in there. He was just above me about a mile. He was out some place, and he come back. He had a little tobacco sack full of alfalfa seed, and he went around and he sowed it around cottonwood timber down in the Musselshell bottom. In two years there was alfalfa that high. He'd go around and strip off the seed by hand and sow some more. Somebody told me several years after that he got a machine in there, and he threshed out 2,000 or 3,000 dollars worth of seed that he threw out there. He'd put in a little garden and—

UMS: You were telling me earlier about that trip out to the doctor's, and I want to get it on tape there. I can't remember it.

WK: Going after that doctor? I started about one o'clock in the afternoon and rode what we called 35 miles and got there just getting dark. Then I took this green colt that'd never been rode.

UMS: What ranch is that at?

WK: That was a horse camp, just an old hunter's cabin or something. This fellow was located there for the winter holding his horses down there because he was going to move in the spring. Name's Butterfield. Now I went down and located him down on Redwater below the old Do-T ranch. Get down in that open country because he was staying there that winter. I rode that to his home ranch. That was another 35 miles. I stayed there about an hour and a half. Then I went on to the Two-Bar ranch, changed horses there and went to Gilt Edge. Got in there around four o'clock in the morning. I was there probably an hour. The doctor wrote out what to do and give me some medicine. Then I went back to Two-Bar and changed horses and picked up my horses and went back. I just got a hundred miles on that four year old colt that'd never been rode and got him 24 hours. Finished up on my horse I started with. It was 36 hours altogether.

UMS: How far was that? That trip?

WK: Round trip? One hundred ninety miles.

UMS: In 36 hours?

WK: In 36 hours.

UMS: You tired?
WK: (laughs) Well, I was sleeping the last 40 or 50 miles, dreaming that I was purt near there. Then I'd wake up and find that I wasn't. Then after I got to bed it was the other way around, I was out in the hills looking for landmarks. I didn't sleep any until the next day. I got up in the morning and drink a lot of beef tea and coffee and then walked around a little and then went back to bed. Then I got some sleep, but I dreamed about that ride for two or three nights.

UMS: Was it cold weather?

WK: No, it was thawing daytime and freezing nights. It was January 19 and 20.

UMS: It must have been about 64 years ago now?

WK: Yes, 1898. No, that'd be January 1899.

UMS: What was Gilt Edge then?

WK: Mining town. That was a pretty live burg. They were - must have worked a couple of hundred men there then. Two shifts.

UMS: Well, you wouldn't have gone there had you gone on to Lewistown. You wouldn't have gone through Gilt Edge, would you?

WK: Yes, you turned off right close to Gilt Edge and I don't...I think it was...It was right at Gilt Edge. The road run through Gilt Edge and right over the hill to...No, you didn't go to Maiden, but that was a little further. That was down on the other side, or you could keep to the divide aways and drop off and hit the road that goes through the McDonald Creek pass. That was a steep climb in there.

UMS: Yes, well, Gilt Edge was on the east side of the mountains there, wasn't it?

WK: Yes, on the east side of the McGinnis Mountains.

UMS: I wonder if there is anything there now?

WK: Boy, they abandoned the mining camp a long, long time ago. Fort McGinnis was just, oh, I don't know, five miles...I guess, five or six miles north of it. This was between the Two Bar ranch and Gilt Edge. Fort McGinnis was abandoned before I was over there, but the buildings was still all there until...I guess they tore them down the summer of '98. Because when I came back, it was daylight, and I didn't follow the road. I cut straight across and cut in a mile below the old fort and the rock chimney. They had two-story buildings there—all rock chimneys and fireplaces. They all stood up there, and it looked like a cemetery or some kind. The sun was just coming up and shining on there, and it was right in the horseshoe in the mountains there.

William Kamhoo Interview, OH 014-001, 002, 003, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
UMS: I wonder what they built it up there for?

WK: Well, I don't know, Nice place for it. Beautiful brook come down through there. Just as well there as any place. It was all raw country anyhow and it was a...there was a road running from Fort Assiniboine up around the Canadian line there to Fort Benton and come on down to Fort McGinnis on over through Flat Willow and crossed up here at Junction and went to Fort Custer. Then right through to Fort Francis Owen over on the Cheyenne, over to Cheyenne, Wyoming. Well, it got clear through to Green River. That was a government road. The old mail line went through there, and that's why they called this Fort Custer is that that was Junction City, you see. It was the junction of the Yellowstone traffic and the government road running north and south.

UMS: Was there any game up in that country then? Did you see many deer, antelope?

WK: Oh, they was worlds of deer, mountain sheep, antelope out in the open. They never come down into the timber. You couldn't get them to go to the timber or badlands or anything like those over here on Otter Creek. They was quite a few mountain sheep in there, right close to the Missouri, too, where it was rough enough for them. But there was still mountain sheep in that Missouri Breaks where you go down through going to Snow Creek and in there. Used to be a lot of mountain sheep in there and silvertip bear. They'd pick those chokecherry thickets all up through Musselshell country. In there and in fall they’d go back. See their tracks crossing the Musselshell just every little ways there. Just a lot of them. They’d go into those breaks for the winter.

UMS: Quite a few wolves up in there too, weren’t there?

WK: Wolves was thicker than anything all through the Missouri breaks. They wasn’t bad down along the Musselshell. They didn’t come down in the timber much, but along that divide where you go off into the breaks there they was just there all the time. You could just see wolves anytime in there.

UMS: I’d have thought that would have kept the deer pretty well cleaned up.

WK: Well, they did. They don't take those many deer down there in the breaks, but when you got the timber...The white-tail deer there at the mouth of the Musselshell there in the winter time about all they had to eat was the little red willows where the river flooded. I’d spook them out of one band up the next one and get three or four little bottoms all run into one. Go in there and chase them out, and they'd be probably 200 or 300. You couldn't get a count. You wouldn't know how many they was. They was just like a bunch of sheep. In the daytime they'd go up in the breaks. Along about sundown, they'd just come down there—just trails and trails of them. But they wasn't hunted nor anything like that. They was just spooky was all. Wasn't like Blacktail. Drive right by them, and they wouldn't pay any attention to you.

UMS: Well, was there quite a few coyotes in the country?
WK: Yes, there was quite a few coyotes down on the Musselshell.

UMS: Well, there was a bounty on wolves, wasn't there?

WK: Three dollars if you could get it. You could get ahold of scrip and register it. It grew six percent, but the treasurer never seemed to have it. That kind of favored scrip buyers. They'd give you 85 on the dollar for it. So they got the six percent on 85 cents, you see. That was quite a graft. That Bill Cherry, he didn't do anything but wolf. Of course he kept all of his scrip and he'd buy...Come on to some sheep camp where some herder'd shot a coyote, and he'd give him a dollar for the strip. Always just took a strip down the back in the summertime—head and tail and back. He'd give him a dollar for it, and he got three, you see.

UMS: Well, they'd pay the same on coyotes as they did on wolves?

WK: Just the same.

UMS: Oh, well, did all the counties do that?

WK: Yes, that was the state.

UMS: What county was that up there then? Musselshell?

WK: Custer County come right down to the river from the east. Fergus County come down from the west. Then there was Valley and Choteau cornered right across the river from there. There was four counties cornered about—right near the mouth of the Musselshell—just a little ways down till you hit the Dawson line. Didn't anybody know where it was at that time because it hadn't surveyed. But the summer of '99—I think it was '99—that they surveyed the line so they knew where it was. When they split that off from Custer County why they just designated where it would be, but nobody knew where the line was. I know the surveyors was camped on the same spring where we camped with the roundup one time, and they was surveying the Dawson—marking it out—the Dawson-Custer line. It hit, I think, down into the mouth of Squaw Creek. That'd be the northwest corner of Custer County would be right there near the mouth of Musselshell. I don't know where the Yellowstone County line tied on there up the river.

UMS: Well, where was this Bow and Arrow ranch? Wasn't that up there someplace?

WK: Bow and Arrow? No, that was on Sunday Creek.

UMS: What was the ranch up there? Big cow ranch on the foot of the Snowies?

WK: Oh, that was 79 and N Bar both. The N Bar was on the head of Flatwillow, and the 79 was over on the Musselshell side. Then the R L was the right at the Musselshell crossing. We call it Musselshell now, but that was the Musselshell Crossing. The stage road come across there from Junction Custer. Ryan, Eph and Ladd (?). Ryan owned that. Then there was a couple of
brothers—I forget their names—that lived up there about, oh, between Roundup and where Melstone is. I forget their name. They was both big fellows. They didn’t run a wagon though. They used to come out and ride with the other wagons.

Melstone—heard of that for quite a while after Milwaukee went through. Never figured out where they got the name because it was Melvin Stone. He was an N Bar hand. He run the wagon after I left there. He was wagon foreman. He was born in Stoneville, right in the southeast corner of Montana. That’s Alzaida now. That was a stage station. His father was a blacksmith, and he had a blacksmith shop and a relay station there for the Deadwood and Miles City stage. That was Stonesville, and they named this place over here Melstone.

UMS: Well, what years was those outfits in there?

[End of Tape 2, Side B]
UMS: When did they start? When did they wind up?

WK: I don't know. The RL sold out their cattle in 1908. That's the last year they run a wagon. In 1899, why, they had six or seven reps out to gather up the remnants, and they'd been in business 22 years. Talking with Eph Ryan, and he was buying cattle and he was up in the Wolf Mountains there at Roberts. Of course, he didn't know me, but I knew him. He come to the wagon—the 79 wagon. The N Bar and the 79 always worked together. Eph come out with the buckboard and the 79 foreman. He'd just bought him a new high priced saddle. Oh, it was a swell rig! Ryan said...he used to call him Marcus—the wagon boss. His name was Frank Daley, but they called him Marcus Daley. He said, “Marcus, let me have your horse. I want to go out and look through the herd.”

Daley got down, and he give Ryan his horse. Ryan went out in the herd, and the RL they had they had shipped in some black polled bulls. It was just a couple years before they went out of business, and they was little two year olds in the herd. So Ryan tied the rope hard and fast. He threwed it on that two-year-old bull and jumped off and turned him loose with the horse. When he got through fighting, the bull had the saddle and was going up through the timber with it. (laughs) Tore the saddle all to pieces! So Daley rode on the bed wagon that year till he could get him another saddle. Oh, boys! he was mad,

I hadn't seen Ryan, I guess, since then until up there at the EV Ranch. I come along, and Roberts introduced me to Ryan. I shook hands with him, and I said, “Did you ever pay Marcus for that saddle?”

He looked at me. He says, “Was you there?”

I says, “Yes.”

He did laugh about that, you know. He said, “I couldn't ride out in the 79 bed wagon after that. Marcus wouldn't speak to me at all.” He just done it for meanness.

UMS: Well, I wonder why those outfits went out of business.

WK: I don't know. I was talking with Eph then—how I knew they were in business there 22 years—was speaking about some of the old hand. He had one, old Con Kennedy, was woring with them from start to finish. I asked him what become of Con, and he told me. I said, “I wonder if he ever learned to shoe a horse?”

“No,” he said, “he never would.”

I said, “I used to shoe his horses for him on the round up. One got tender-footed, why, he'd always get me to shoe the horse.”
He said he didn't believe Con had ever shod a horse in his life, and he said that he never missed a paycheck for 22 years. He worked for him as long as he was in business.

UMS: Well, all those outfits went out about the same time, didn't they?

WK: No. The N Bar went out of business the same year. They run the wagon in '98, but they didn't run it in '99. I think the L7 took over the remnants of their bunch. They had eight or nine wagons gathering their cattle and shipping them out, and I think they run quite a lot of them across the river. Put them over on the north side and let them grow up and then shipped them from there. But they closed out on the Missouri there in '98. That's the last year they run a wagon. They had, I think it was, eight wagons out. They had so far to go to the road, you know, that it took them quite a long while to make a trip. So they had wagons coming in there every week—shipping.

No, the N Bar and the 79 was...Well, I rode with the...In '93 Stone was running the N Bar wagon, and a fellow they called Dusty Rhodes was running the 79. I was riding with McGraw's wagon, but was three wagons together. That was in '93. Then I saw N Bar boys in 1909. They was still operating.

The 79 closed out when the old feller that owned it died. He lived in Howard, old John T. Murphy. I don't know when he died, but I know they closed out their horses. They had a lot of horses. I think they closed out the horses in 1911 or '12. I saw 100 head of good Percheron mares sold in Miles City with the 79. When they put them up for sale, they was to take them out of the state because they wasn't through gathering yet. Some fellow bid them in at 100 and something, and they said “You take them out of the state?”

He said “No, they're too good to take out of the state.”

So they rejected his bid and they brought 80-something (dollars)—100 head of mares. I don't know when they sold their cattle. But they sold their cattle, I suppose around, just before that or about that time.

UMS: Well, was there any more big ranches before they got to the CK on the Missouri?

WK: No. There was the L7 that was down...I don't know where their hangout was. I don't know where they was. See, they didn't work that far down. We cut across these northern wagons. We'd meet them wagons coming up. We'd come down the Yellowstone, and they'd come up. We'd meet them here. Then there'd be three or four wagons go up each Porcupine and come together at the holding rock. We'd spread out and take in the head of both Drys and come around the Breaks and back down to Squaw Creek or to the Musselshell.

Sometimes we'd go clear to the Musselshell and then (unintelligible. XIT, didn't come over that far either. But the L7, and the LU, and Bow and Arrow, and the 7UK from here—they turned
theirs at the Musselshell and come back this way. We went the other way and joined up with the Two Bar and the 7 Up wagons that belonged over close to the Judith Basin.

UMS: Where's the 7 UK ranch at?

WK: Seven UK? You know where the Hammond place is up the river? Well, it's across right next to the river from there. Down off the road, right between the road and the river, on the north side of the Yellowstone. They run their cattle on Muggins (?) and Froze to Death and the Porcupines. They didn't have so many. They had a smaller outfit.

UMS: Well, where was this Bowgun outfit then?

WK: Well, that was Bow and Arrow—Sunday Creek.

UMS: Well, you was never down around there any then?

WK: No, we turned as far down on the Little Dry as we went would be to the LU. That's where Cohagen is. We'd circle ahead of Louie and Scotty and Sunday Creek, but I don't remember what creek we was camping on. But it was up the Little Porcupine. From the holding rock we'd drop over...Well, that's where we caught the head of the Little Dry would be at, then we'd drop over and go down Sand Creek with the wagon. The wagons have camped at the...We was going down...we didn't come in from this way. We went down from toward the holding rock and went down with the LU wagon. We split up there for a while. On the general roundup when you're branding calves, we'd all be together. Seventy-nine, N Bar and RL never split up. They was together all the time until the general roundup was over.

Well, then they put in about a month, just to kind of rawhiding around to shoot the horses. Cowboys hardened into work, I guess, throwing in the outside, branding up bought calves here and there. They done that until they'd start to gather beef. I know one fellow there...We went from that way and went on down to as far as where Cohagen is and then cut across Sand Creek and the Big Dry. Went right straight across till we hit the breaks in there by the head of, just about the head of Snow Creek. Followed the breaks on around to the head of Squaw Creek, across 7 Blackfoot, and you couldn't go down to the river with a wagon at all then. We'd take a pack outfit. Each outfit would send a man or two with a pack outfit and a Dutch oven. They'd work the bottom, and we'd work up on top as far as we could reach down. That's the way we'd get the most of the cattle branded. Couldn't bring them up out of there.

UMS: Lot of cattle down those bottoms?

WK: Quite a lot. There'd have been a lot more if it hadn't been for the wolves. Yes, they used to brand quite a few calves down in there. Then they'd make a special circle getting them big steers out of there and that was something.

Then they'd lose half of them,
UMS: Well, was there much brush down in there?

WK: Not in the breaks. Wasn’t anything. Got down on the Yellowstone, or on the Missouri, that was timber. All timber, just the same as the Yellowstone bottom.

UMS: Why couldn’t they bring those steers up out of there if they could get them out of the brush?

WK: Well, them badlands, when anything breaks out and starts running through them breaks in the Missouri, you just can’t follow them, that’s all. There ain’t any place for them to go to...just round and round through them cracks. They’d work up 7 Blackfoot, and they’d work them up Squaw Creek and all them creeks. If they could stay in the creek bottom, they could work them up to the top. It was quite a job.

Tuba (?) fellow that owned the Two Bar, he bought an outfit that had a lot of cattle down in there, and he gave them boys orders. Just leave them big steers alone. Just leave them there. He went over to Gilt Edge and contracted with the mines over there for beef. Then when it turned cold in the fall, why, he sent down several wagons down in there, and they just killed and butchered them down there on the river and brought them out. But that was way up the river, down in about Roy, some place in there.

UMS: That was above the mouth of the Musselshell?

WK: Oh, yes, A long ways above the mouth of the Musselshell.

UMS: Well, that’s pretty wild country in there, too, though.

WK: Oh yes, it ain’t broke up so fine. They’re bigger hills down in there. The hills are bigger.

UMS: Well, what would they do for drinking water out in that country? All that water was bad, wasn’t it then?

WK: The rim water wasn’t so bad. That’s all it was was rain water. All that country held water like a jug, you know. You take even up Porcupine here, there’s holes way back away from the creek. There’ll be a hole washed out in some swale and sagebrush grewed up around it, and you don’t see it. Maybe ten feet deep down in there. I’ve let myself down on a rope and get me a drink, and that was good water. That was just rain water.

UMS: I’d think it would be full of dead rabbits and stuff.

WK: Could be. But I never drank out one where it was frozen, but looks like it would be full of cattle, too. (laughs). I never did see a cow skeleton in any of them holes. There was some so steep an antelope couldn’t get down in there. Sage hens would fly down in there. But that’s
where the sage hens and antelope got their water lots of times on the Porcupine because that used to go dry, just plum dry, before they run those wells down up there, you know. That porcupine went dry clear on down. There was just a hole here and there.

UMS: Was there many rattlesnakes in all that country then?

WK: Oh, that Stiller Creek and Devil’s Dancing Ground, and in there, that was really alive with them. I don’t think they was as bad there in the ’90s as it was when I came back from up north. I took those cattle of Davis and Philbrick’s over across. Was riding across the head of Stiller Creek or Hay Creek or some of them up in there. I got down killing rattlesnakes, and the boys says, “We’ll tell them hold dinner for you. You’re going to kill a rattlesnake.” It looked like they was five times as thick there in 1903 as they was in ’99. They was an awful lot of them in there that year. Now whether they was thicker sometimes than others or not, I don’t know.

UMS: Well, that was awful good grass country up there on the Musselshell and on Flatwillow and in there, though, it looks like.

WK: Oh yes, yes, it was. It was wonderful grass country in there.

UMS: It’s all oil wells now, you know. All up there. Quite a lot of it anyway.

WK: On Flatwillow?

UMS: Well, yes, between Flatwillow and Melstone.

WK: That’d be between Flatwillow and Melstone?

UMS: Yes. Flatwillow’s the big creek that goes into the Musselshell down below Melstone aways from the west side.

WK: Yes, it’s quite a little ways down there. McDonald Creek and Box Elder and Flatwillow all come together there.

UMS: There’s a pipeline that goes out of that country—

WK: Yes, that’s Cat Creek country.

UMS: I don’t know what they call it.

WK: Comes from toward Mosby. The first well they hit in there, Harry Van Dusen hit that. He was drilling a well for sheep, I guess. He had a cabin when I was there. He had a cabin on Cottonwood Springs, right on the head of Cat Creek, and it was right in that vicinity someplace where he struck oil. He was the first one that hit it. Then they went to drilling around and they struck oil all through there, I guess. But that’s a continuation, I guess, from across to the Sumatra
country.

UMS: Yes, I think so.

WK: There's a fellow up there at Victory, his father-in-law had 160 acres of land across from Custer, up back of Junction there, and he'd never seen it for a year. Kept the taxes up. He died there in Victory at 94 or 5 years old. His daughter, of course, had it. This fellow asked me if I knew where it was, and he told me where it was from Custer. I told him yes.

He says, “Is that in any oil country?”

I says, “Right on the edge of it, bound to be because Wolf Spring Creek comes in across from the north of there and that's oil over there.”

I was coming down on the train one time and there was a fellow...Lady teaching school up around Thompson Falls someplace. She was coming home, and her husband met her at Missoula. They was on the train the night I come down. When you woke me up there on the train, and I asked him about that, "No, he says, “They seismographed ever bit of that coulee all through that country and never found anything on the Yellowstone side of the divide.” He said that every oil indication that they got was on the other side of that divide leading to the Musselshell.

UMS: Yes, that's right.

WK: He said they worked all that country over in there around Custer and all between there and that divide, but he said they never struck anything in there.

UMS: They've got a big radar base, you know, on top of those mountains north of Lewistown—those first ones there north of Lewistown. Well, it's the Snowies to the south. Then they come around to that pass, and I don't know what it is. It's the Judihis and what's the others? Moccasins? No, the Moccasins are further around yet. I'd say they're west of Lewistown.

WK: Well, the Moccasins Mountains are north and east of Lewistown. I think they call that the Judith Mountains right straight north of—

UMS: Yes, the Judith Mountains. On top of there, there's one of those big radar bases.

WK: Yes, that's it. I never was in there, but it looks just like a bunch of rocks than anything else.

UMS: They've got these missile silos, you know, all around through there. Everywhere. They've got several of them on the east side of the mountains around above Grass Range. In there, there's some of them.

WK: Yes.
UMS: You fly over them, why, you can't, you'll hardly notice there's anything there. They've got a big concrete trapdoor about 20 feet square that'll be fenced in, and that's all. They're camouflaging the area, of course, as fast as they can, letting them grow back to grass, you know. All that, of course, is connected underground with telephone lines and stuff. They have those so that if you just touch the fence or anything, why, they'll know it at Malmstrom Air Force Base. The alert will be there. If anything reaches inside, if you reached in there and got a spoonful of dirt, they'd know it. That whole country is just...Well, they've got 150 missiles and in the area, that's down by Harlow and over. There's quite a few of them around those mountains, though, in different places.

WK: Well, are they equipped to fire them from there or just got them stored there?

(Break in audio)

WK: ...coming in there in freight wagons.

UMS: Well, I wonder what started Lewistown to start with?

WK: I don't know. (laughs) It’s a pretty place for a town, I guess.

UMS: Maybe they had some mines on that side of the hill or something?

WK: No, I don't know of any. Well, Maiden was on that side. But it was, would be, a little north of east. That was the first one struck, Maiden, and then on this side just as you come over the hill from Maiden toward Grass Range, why, there was Spotted Horse. That was abandoned two or three times and revived up again.

UMS: What did they mine there?

WK: Gold. I think that’s all they got there was gold. When I was working over there, there was three Dutch fellows...three German fellows, had a, some claims in the...well, it'd be the south Moccasins. They're just a bunch of hills on the divide that leads down off the end of the Maginnis Mountains. They're open. No timber, just bald country. They worked in there for 3,4 years.

They'd get colors in the pan just anyplace, and it just kind of looked like red shale than anything else. There was no hard rock. They was trying to find the vein, you know, where it come from. One or two of them would be herding sheep. One of them herding sheep for a grubstake, and the other fellows working. I don't know how long they worked in there, but I know that we was always laughing about it. You could hear them shooting pretty near any time if you was anywhere within five miles of there.

One of them wanted to borrow some money off of a fellow name of Harry Kendall. Harry got in
a faro game, and he won about 600, 700 dollars. While he was still tanked up a little, why, that fellow wanted to borrow some money off of him and told him they'd give him a mortgage on their claims. Harry says, "What'll you take for them?"

Fellow figured up how much powder they'd wasted in there, and he said, "Six hundred and fifty dollars."

Harry handed him his bankroll. When he sobered up, he owned the Dutchman’s mine, and he went to work in the livery stable. He was working for the Two Bar same time I was. He went to work then in the livery stable, and there was some mineralogist come up there inspecting the Gilt Edge. Harry told him he had some mining claims out there in the south Moccasins and said, "If you want to look at them, I’ll take you over."

Sure, he'd look at them. So Harry hooked up a team and took him over. They went around and took samples of the dirt all around. Them fellows had holes all around that hill. He took a lot of samples, and about two weeks they come back. Harry got six 650,000 dollars for it. He kept a sixth interest. A sixth interest kept him a-going. That stuff was paying 100 to 120 dollars a ton.

The cyanide project, they couldn't...They'd have to either smelt it or cyanide. Well, if they'd smelt it, they have to haul it to Great Falls about a 135 or 40 miles. That'd cost too much. The outfit put in some cyanide plants there. Leach it out just like they would lye out of ashes, you know. They had big tanks, and this cyanide solution seeps down through. It takes all the gold out and drifts off into a box of zinc shavings. Then they send that zinc shavings to the smelter and get the gold out.

Gold is just finer than flour if you couldn't...You couldn't wash it out, like a placer mine or anything. It was so fine, it was just smelter or cyanide. That was quite a town, and they called it Kendall. That was quite a town for four or five years. Well, they tell me that here, two or three years ago, they was still kind of prospecting around there, but they shut that work down when they got that hill through they were done. There was a great big bald hill there. I don't know how many acres there was in it. It was high. That whole thing they run that through that leach box.

UMS: Well, how did that gold ever come to get in that one hill that way?

WK: I think it was in iron sometime, and the iron rusted away. That's what made her red. It was just red—looked like red shale—and he put it with soluble. You could take and wash it in a pan, and it would puddle and everything would wash away. The iron rust and everything would wash away, but it would leave the gold. Enough so you could, with a light or a glass, you could see a stringer—fine stuff just like flour. A lot of it had washed out with the roily water, too. But you couldn’t run it over riffles and get it at all. You could have puddled it and got it all loosened up and run it over copper plate covered with mercury and got it that way, but it would have been too expensive, too costly, and slow.
But the cyanide, they get the, oh I guess, great big tanks is all, you know. They put it in there, and that cyanide just went down, soaked right through there. The gold stayed with the cyanide. And it would stay with the zinc. The zinc would take the gold out of the cyanide, and then they burned the zinc away and had the gold left. There's a cheap process, but they can't use it any more. Well, that cyanide seeps away. They can't save all of it. It seeps away, and that gets into the ground and then the streams. They say there's a lot of that country in there north of the Yellowstone Park or east of Yellowstone Park. It's rich with the same kind of a deal.

[End of Tape 3, Side A]
WK: Oh, there was gold all through there, can find a trace most any place in the Maginnis and the Snowies. But right in there by Gilt Edge, that was a...Then, you see, the Little Rockies over across the Missouri, that was old mining camps in there.

UMS: That's where Landusky is?

WK: Landusky, yes.

UMS: Were you ever up there?

WK: No, I never was in Landusky. I never worked north of the Missouri. I been across the river a lot of times, but I never worked out there.

UMS: I think they still mine a little gold up there.

WK: What?

UMS: I think they're still mining a little gold—

WK: Oh, yes, it's just the same as up there at Superior. There's one fellow, Gildersleeve, in there, that's all he does. He comes in wintertime. I saw him here Christmas time. I says, "Did you get snowed out up there?"

"Oh," he says, "Oh, we've got about 15 inches now. Can't work."

He just works in the summertime. He makes a little. Yes, there's Fort Scrip (?) Blackie—he come in with a...had a little bankroll here not long ago. Had a three-four day drunk and went back to his cabin. He's been in there for years.

UMS: (laughs) Must have found a nugget?

WK: There's an outfit come in there from California last summer, early in the spring, and they had a pumping outfit, Oh, they had a boat there that holds...I suppose it would be rated about a 20- or 30-ton boat. They had their motor engine and stuff that they put in there, and they had a pump that set on a float. You couldn't work it on dry land. You had to have a float and water. They had just like a big truck tire with pneumatic tube where...well, that set on there. They set that right on the water, and they had about a five inch pump, I think. They went right along the bottom of the river—it's the Clark's Fork.

They'd pump the sand up and it run through a big cylinder that goes around and around like that. The gold stayed in the cylinder, and it'd pump the gravel. Oh, it would pump the gravel there, and oh, some bigger it'd suck it up there and hold it. They pumped up chunks of iron that,
oh, they was five or six inches long and two three inches through—just solid iron. Just wore just as slick as a billiard ball. Just hack iron. They'd pump them up, and they had several samples they brought them in the store a fellow was showing me some of them. Weighed six or eight pounds. They worked there for quite a while.

They had their camp outfit along on the bank and cook and eats and everything else, There were quite a bunch of them. They worked there for a couple of months, and they just dropped out. Never knew when they left only when they quit coming in to pay there.

UMS: Those cow outfits, those big ones over north there, they must have lost a lot of cattle every winter, didn't they?

WK: The old ones died off just same as anything else. Every winter, they was a loss every winter, but then not heavy enough to...Like when the government was buying cattle, I asked Harve Willcot, I says, “You doing any shipping this year?”

He says, “Just enough to pay expenses. We’re shipping the stuff that wouldn’t winter anyhow.” He said, “We ship old cows and stuff to pay expenses. The ones I’m shipping never would go through the winter—just old stuff.”

Well, that's the way with them only they didn't ship them.

UMS: Probably couldn't get them to the road if they was too old. (laughs)

WK: If you'd pay attention to them they'd...Some old cows, if they'd had a calf, just raise the calf. She'd die that winter. But that was their natural losses. You know how they'd assess their cattle—the number of cattle they had?

UMS: No.

WK: Well, they kept track of the calves they branded. When they branded, they just kept track of all the calves. They turned that in to the assessor the next spring, and they rated that as about 20 percent for the herd. Of course, it would make a difference if it was a real hard spring and so on, so if they'd had a big loss in the calf crop, why, it wouldn't...the percent would be smaller. But as a rule it was about 20 percent.

UMS: Well, they kept the steers till they was four years old.

WK: Till they was four years old. Well, they had all that she stuff and the yearlings and two year olds and three year olds. It was just the four year olds that they shipped.

UMS: Well, were they just all kinds of cattle or just mixed stuff?

WK: Oh, yes,
UMS: Just cattle?

WK: Yes. The foundation of their herds was southern cattle, and then they used shorthorn bulls. But they never was shipping in. The R L shipped in the only bulls I ever heard tell of being shipped in. They shipped in some Black Angus, and then they didn't like them. They never knew what the sire was, but they picked their bulls from the cow. Good big, long, broad-backed cow had a bull calf, why, they saved him. They raised all their own.

They had so many cattle they'd scatter them out. Sometimes they'd pick up some bulls over on the Musselshell and take them over and drop them on the Yellowstone side and string them out. They was just like elk or deer. Bulls would bunch up. Along September or October, they'd bunch up and go to the badlands, stay there till the next summer.

You never see any winter calves and never see a calf sucking in the winter—cows always weaning them. It just don't look possible there could have been as many cattle as there was in that country. Of course, it was a big country. The N Bar branded around 14,000, the 2 Bar around 15,000 calves. The 79 somewhere around that. I don't know how many, and the RL. So, you take 15,000. That meant they had 60,000 head of cattle.

UMS: Well, it would sure seem like where the grass was all free and nobody crowding them, I can't see how they went out of business.

WK: Oscar Stevens, he was the only one of the big owners that I ever visited with, and he was a great old man to visit. He'd meet you in the road, and if there was a shade tree there, he'd get down and lay in the shade and visit for an hour or two anytime. He said that he figured that a four year old steer cost him five dollars. That was interest on his investment in the mother and the taxes he paid and the gathering and everything from the time that he...from the time that the calf dropped until he shipped him. Of course the shipping expenses come out after that, but he said, he claimed that if he got 45 dollars for a steer that he'd made 40 dollars on that steer. Well, you took four years, that was ten dollars a year, you see, but he said that was just about the cost of a steer was. The taxes wasn't much.

UMS: What'd they pay the ranch hands?

WK: Cowpuncher got 40 dollars. They never feed cattle. Never was such a thing as feeding cattle. Your cattle was scattered from the Yellowstone to the Missouri and the Musselshell and on up to the Snowy Mountains, They'd have a couple of riders down here, probably about by Rosebud someplace. Couple more down about Stagger (?) Creek, Well, the L U, the Bow and Arrow would have a couple down in there, and the 79 and N Bar would have a couple farther up keeping the cattle threwed away from the river in the winter time. Try to drink out of the riffles and get drowned, you know.

I know one winter, '96, there was a couple of fellows camped right across from Sweeney Creek, I
don't know. They was staying over, I guess, at Jim Dunlap's. No, that's too far up. Was at the mouth of Sweeney Creek. Must have been camped over there at Corey Wilson's or someplace. They throwed 2,000 head across there at the mouth of Sweeney Creek. They got down on the river bottom, and they couldn't get them back to the hills. Big blizzard and the snow was deep. They had all the brush eaten down so they just broke a trail across the river right there at Sweeney Creek and throwed them up Sweeney Creek in those hills.

In March, a crew of men come over there, rounded them up and took them back. They didn't know how many they was short so they was two men, one from the N Bar and the other from the 79 come over and rode with...must have rode with the Diamond, I guess. They got 40 head. When they come down the Rosebud, I was working horses for the Twenty outfit. I rode down the road with them a ways. They had about 40 head of cattle that they had gathered. That was their loss out of that bunch if they hadn't got them. Every once in a while they'd pick up a northside cow over here.

UMS: Well, who owned the Diamond Ranch then?


UMS: Did they come in the early days?

WK: [Eighteen] eighty-four.

UMS: That's right where the Diamond is now?

WK: Yes.

Where they settled?

WK: Right there. Carpenter, he was the yard man. He worked in the yards. He was a buyer-seller. Robinson, he was on the range. Carpenter never knew anything about. He could look at a steer and tell you how much round steak you'd cut and how much rib and how much loan, but he was a poor hand with cattle. Thought he knew all about it. Oh, Lew was all right. Lew was raised with cattle. He'd come out here when he was just a kid.

UMS: That his son?

WK: Yes.

UMS: That’s be Harry Carpenter’s grandfather.

WK: Yes, that was old Wallace Carpenter.

UMS: Well, then when was the Bean ranch? That was the next one on the creek, I suppose.

William Kamhoot Interview, OH 014-001, 002, 003, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
WK: Yes.

UMS: When did that settle up?

WK: He come in about the same time—'85, '86, '87—somewhere in there. There was a fellow name of Roberts had a place in between them, and Bean got that. See, Bean had...There was himself, they was Sheridan, Milton, and one they called Dobbs. They all had their homes...See, there was a desert claim right there in a strong, and then he bought a half a section of railroad land there for a dollar and a half an acre that led right down to the creek. He had a fence clear up to the, the Braden place. You know where that is?

UMS: No.

WK: You know where Rash—?

UMS: Yes.

WK: Well, that’s the Braden place, but Bean had a fence clear up to there. We cut wild hay up all around that big bottom up in there. There was a lot of patches of hawthorn and stuff like that, and we'd go around and around in there. God, I don't know how many ton of hay we got out of there—wild hay that high all through that bottom. They was claiming all that, but it'd been homesteaded since then. That place right out from the Diamond Ranch was called the Charley Mulk (?) place, that cabin right close to the road?

UMS: Yes.

WK: Well, he homesteaded there. The Diamond had all that fenced. Then, across the creek on Cow Creek...They had Cow Creek fenced, and Clara Parkins, she homesteaded in there in the pasture. Oh, they didn't like that at all. People fencing right inside their pasture—homesteading their pasture. (laughs)

UMS: Well, when did you work there?

WK: We worked there the spring of '94, or 1904, and I quit fall of 1905. I worked there two summers and one winter. That’s where we were living when Leonard was born.

UMS: Well, when did you live at the Diamond?

WK: That was the Diamond. We lived on the Diamond just in the winter time.

UMS: Oh, I see.

WK: See, Carpenter's daughter and her partner, a lawyer in Chicago—a woman lawyer and a
woman doctor—they bought Bean out, and Carpenter leased it from them. So I was living on the Diamond and Mert Prince, or Frances, he'd ramrodded. I was living on the Bean Ranch, and Mert was down at the Diamond. Then in the winter time, why, we closed up the Bean ranch, and both of us lived down there. Was just Bert and I was the only hands they had there then the whole winter.

UMS: On that place where Mac Frederick lives now, which one was that?

WK: That was the Harris ranch.

UMS: Did you live there?

WK: I worked there. When I was working for the Twenty outfit, I went up there in the spring. They had a post office there, and the fellow that was running the post office, he was leaving, and Howard sent me up there. It was a stage station, and there was another fellow working up there too. But he sent me up there until Billy Merrill could come out. He sent to Onoco (?) for Billy Merrill and his wife to take over the Harris ranch, and I went up. I was there about a week or ten days when Billy got there, and then I went back down to the home ranch. Then the next summer after we got through with—turned the mares all loose in the hills again—I went back. I worked with Billy another week or two there haying. That's where the stage turned around, Vern Slowser drove to Rosebud to Harris Ranch, and they had another fellow driving between there and Muddy. He'd come down, and they'd meet at the Harris Ranch and stay all night and just trade wagons. Fellow take the load out, and he'd go on up. It took two days.

UMS: Well, is that the same old house that's the Diamond Ranch now? Was it there then?

WK: Yes, the log part.

UMS: Well, I think it's all long. It's just been built over, hasn't it?

WK: Well, Old Man Gardner, when he come back out here, he come out here to live in, I think, in 1900 or 1901 or something. Him and Mert moved out here. Mert married his daughter, and the old man built a farm house there. He got burned out here. I don't know when, but burned down after he left. He sold out, had an auction sale.

I was living in Lame Deer. I stopped there, and I bought an old set of buckboard harness and an old saddle pony—an old Apaloosa saddle pony. It was as fast as mud and old, too. (laughs) But he was a crackerjack, and he was stylish—a single-footer. I took him up to Lame Deer. I had him traded off before I was in Lame Deer four hours. (laughs) They'd been feeding him and had him nice and fat, and I was afraid he'd get poor right away. I traded him to the Indians. I seen him abound two weeks after that—two Indians riding him. He hadn't started to fail yet. He was tough. He lasted quite a while. His teeth was all wore off. I got two head of two year olds for him.
UMS: Well, did you live on the Bean Ranch then when you were first married?

WK: Yes. Was married in December and lived on the Jim Hay ranch that winter and worked for Soldiers (?) that spring, just through lambing.

UMS: Where's the Jim Hay? Which one is that?

WK: John Bayh's. Then I went up to, went to work for Carpenter, oh, about the tenth of June. We started haying the tenth of June. I was up there about the fifth of June.

UMS: They clear that brush then? Had any of it been cleared? Wasn't there a lot of rose brush on the creek then?

WK: Oh, yes. All rose bush. All them big bottoms up the Rosebud from the Bean Ranch, that was just one big Cottonwood swamp up there. And rose brush? Well, you couldn't get through there at all. Old Man Bean had a ditch digger—drain the Rosebud with it—and had several, three or four, big flumes went down through. Every one of them just built out of native pine lumber. Rough lumber and shovel gumbo in them to stop them from leaking as much as you could. Over half the water that never got down to where we used it run out through that wood there, and that was just a swamp. I don't know who I was with. It must have been with Leonard, and we went up in there for something. I see all them big bottoms is cleared up in there.

UMS: Well, who cleared all that land on the Philbrick ranch? Old Freem?

WK: Yes.

UMS: You must have had quite a crew of men there?

WK: Oh, he always had two or three men all winter, and he had 15, 16 men there sometimes summer time haying.

UMS: Well, that ditch was quite a project, you know, that was in there.

WK: Yes. I never did see water from that ditch. I don't know when he put it there, and I don't know how long he used it. In 1903 I was up there one night, and we had a big rain storm. The water come down the ditch, and I don't think it ever came out of the head gate. I think it was just out of a cloudburst that come down off the hill, and Freem got up in the middle of the night and was irrigating his orchard!

The Ed Philbrick ditch, I don't think it's been used for a couple of years before I was up there in 1903. I know it was never used after that. I never knewed just where that come out—whether it was a continuation of Freem's ditch or what.

UMS: I think it must have been. Yes, it would've had to have been. It must have just come clear
on around there, unless he pumped it.

WK: No, no, they didn't have such a thing as a pump then. They didn't have gasoline engines then. They didn't come in until way after 1900.

UMS: Yes.

WK: First ones I ever saw was little ones. They'd had 24 or 25 of them sent up from Seattle to Nome there and they had a pumping outfit all along the beach. That was the first gasoline engines—little ones—that I ever saw.

UMS: Well, Freem had a dam way up at the upper end of his place, there, you know?

WK: Yes. I think that him and Ed was together on that because Ed was a surveyor and I know he surveyed it. I think that must have just come right through there by the bunkhouse, didn't it?

UMS: Yes. The Freems?

WK: Yes. Then up around there and kept right on. That's the same that's the one that went around by Ed's.

UMS: There was another ditch, though. There was another ditch that come out right there below the house at Freems. Because it was a lower ditch, on the lower side of that meadow right in front of the house. Remember, there's a ditch down across that meadow down next to the creek. They must have had a dam down there somewhere, too.

WK: Well, I never seen either one of the dams. But that ditch kind of run out right there. That Ed Philbrick ditch run out right there south of the house, didn't it?

UMS: The Ed Philbrick? That's the one down where we had our machine shed, you mean?

WK: Yes.

UMS: Oh, it ran on around that big gumbo meadow right below the shed there. It went on around there a ways.

WK: It went around below the house, though.

UMS: Yes, yes.

WK: It went around below the house—

UMS: Right out of the bank.
WK: Yes. Then took off toward the road to irrigate that meadow straight north there.

UMS: Yes.

WK: Yes, I remember now.

UMS: (Unintelligible) ash trees would float through, though, right out of the ditch.

WK: Well, when I was there that summer of 1903, that creek was full of water, just any place through there and all up through by Freems. That creek was full of water all the way. It was barely running at Beaver Dam. The only place it wasn't full would be just below Beaver Dam. You'd go another 100 yards, and it was full again. It wasn't deep any place in there. Any kind of rain, why, it flooded.

Now the beaver dams is gone out of there. That creek was washed out, but it's ten feet deeper than it was when I was there. Washed down to solid ground, now. You see, the beaver just build a low dam and just keep building. As it fills up with silt above, why, they just keep raising it. You could cross that creek on a beaver dam, oh, I know every 300 or 400 yards all the way up through there. That's what made those meadows good—they were sub-irrigated. I know when we was irrigating with a pump the next day. After we'd irrigate there, you'd go down along and see the water working back into the creek through that kind of a layer of gravel down there about eight feet. Well, that was all under water all the time. The water was going from the creek the other way—going out through that gravel.

UMS: Well, when you got on above the Bean Ranch what places were there next, then?

WK: Well, there was the Walt Braden place on that side. Then there was Billy Parkins's. Well, Bradley had some meadow come down Greenleaf there too. He was on the—

UMS: When did they come in there? Bradleys. Did you know?

WK: They come in there about '90 or something like that.

UMS: When did McCrays come in there?

WK: Well, McCrays was early. McCray and Davidson. They came in with a sheep outfit. Pete, oh, what was his name? Pete, somebody. They come in on the reservation. They was up there on Miller Creek and Greenleaf. I don't know how he was. He was out of business before I ever come, but that's McCray and Davidson come in there with the sheep with him. Don't know from where. Douglas—I don't think he ever had any interest in the real estate. John McCray had the real estate, and Douglas run the sheep.

UMS: Well, is that Davidson? John Davidson?
WK: Yes.

UMS: He and McCray were together at one time?

WK: I think they come in together. I know McCray come in with this old Peter...Oh, I can't say his name!

UMS: Were they cousins or something? Related, weren't they? Davidsons and McCrays are related?

WK: Later. Their wives was sisters.

UMS: Oh.

WK: But that was John Davidson's second wife. His first wife was Richards, Allie Richards. They just had one child. They had a girl. Then she left John, and he batched there for quite a while. He married Lizzie McCray.

[End of Interview]