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Oral History Number: 052-003

Interviewee: Ken Trowbridge

Interviewer: Jo Rainbolt

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Note: Trowbridge's wife, Verna, occasionally contributes during the interview.

Jo Rainbolt: Now what were you telling me about all these old cowboys were orphans?

Ken Trowbridge: Well a lot of them. They didn't have nobody to worry about or nothing, and they would just open range riding more or less on their own. See, they didn't—

JR: They left their families.

KT: Oh yeah. Well, a lot of them were just drifters and [unintelligible]. If you was real good hand, you could always get a job.

JR: What do you think made men want to become cowboys, Kenny?

KT: Well, a lot of people just liked the open country, just liked to be out, and outside of mining back in them days, they wasn't...You didn't find many farmers, that is grain, in this country or anything. It was all stock, see?

JR: Sure, but what about these guys from back East? They just like the idea of the open country because they didn't know—

KT: Well, sure. And it was a free country of the range clear up to the BLM [Bureau of Land Management]. Now, the BLM, I'm pretty doggone sure that over in our country, they wound it up about '36 and that that ruined the whole thing. That stopped on your chuck wagon stuff and all that kind of stuff.

JR: Yeah, by '36 it was...Now, where did you first cowboy?

KT: Over in the Lemhi—

JR: Tell me about that first cowboy, what was his name? The first cowboy you met, the one that really broke you in.

KT: Oh, Bill Hash (?) was the, actually was the...You see, we come to Gooding, Idaho, from back East. We got there along the last August I guess, because I had a birthday on the way out and we stayed there till fall and two fellows that were...they were brother-in-laws. Clarence Nut (?) and Charlie Randolph (?) had married sisters. Clarence Nut was a half-breed Indian, and they

were coming up the Salmon [River], and there was quite a lot of work. So they talked Dad into coming up so he could go to work.

JR: But you didn't have any cowboys in your family?

KT: No, no. And the—

JR: And you were how old? Twelve?

KT: Thirteen. So we come up, it was in November, but they were going to trail stock up. Bring wagons and teams and furniture and their machinery—that is, farm machinery—and all that. I think we had seven wagons, and they was all hay racked pretty much and they had a load of hay started out. We started out...I don't remember, oh, must have been probably the second week in November or something like that, and it was nice weather when we started. But when we got to Hailey, we come through Craters of the Moon across there...Gooding, cut across out through there and come out there...also whereabouts what's Carey now, I guess, and then come up through Hailey and Ketchum, come up over that pass. Well, by that time it was really up over that summit there and it was really a blizzard stuff by that time. We had almost practically shoveled our way up over that pass they did, and we had...The stuff we was bringing up there was milk cow stuff. That is, Guernseys and Jerseys and like that and young stuff. I think it must've been about 25, maybe 30 head, altogether. So there was about eight or nine I'm a milk, and I and another fellow—he was a year older than me—boy by the name of Perry, Johnny Perry (?). That was our job to drive them along and milk them, and see, like that.

Well, before we left down there, Bill Hash, his daughter had married a first cousin of mine, and he was an old Texan and he knew what kind of a damn trip this was going to be. So he started me, he said...He took me out, there's a place...of course, Dad had taken Mother and, yeah, the three...I had three brothers and them other two guys' wives and their youngsters in a big old car we had and drove up ahead. You been to Salmon?

JR: Yeah.

KT: You know where the fairgrounds is now?

JR: No.

KT: Well, where you cross the Carmen Bridge (?) there, river bridge right against the hill there was a big old two-story log house, and that's where they lived—all of them, the three women, kids, Pa and the whole works—dumped off in that. That was old Charlie Rose's place. That's where they live.

Well, old Bill Hash he started me out, had an old gray horse they called Buttermilk, and he fixed me up and put me on that old horse and he sent me out looking for a muley cow with a horn

knocked off. Well, there's no such critter. A muley cow never had any horns. But he had me looking getting used ride. See, I'd never done any at all up till then, and he was also learning me how to milk cows because he knew what was going to be. I was pretty well educated before we got up to the...well, we got it up to the—

JR: So that old guy educated you?

KT: Yeah, pretty good. He was quite a help on it, anyway.

JR: I talked to Joe Hughes some too, and I'm interested...now everybody wears Western...in Milwaukee they wear them, in Minneapolis, they all wear cowboy hats and boots. But what about clothes, because how did the old Hash dress? Just like you dressed, Levi's and—

KT: Well, Levi's and jackets, but back then Levi Strauss company, that's all they made was Levi's and a jacket. And they had a buckle in the back of them that you buckled and also the jacket did. Little, short jacket. They didn't even...no shirts or nothing like that. But an awful lot of the fellers...course, after we got up to Salmon in 1926 then, we moved up to Lemhi, to the old Mahaffey (?) place where the mud fort was—the old Mormon fork—and Dad went to work there. He got a job. He worked there a long time for that outfit. I went to school the fall and winter of '26 and '27 and the next spring I went to work for Mahaffey.

JR: But what about you, you young cowboy? You start right off by getting some Levi's and some cowboy boots?

KT: Oh sure.

JR: You dressed for the part.

KT: Oh sure, right.

JR: So that was important.

KT: Oh yeah. Yeah, right.

JR: These guys that came out from Minneapolis, the minute they got out here—

KT: Sure! You had to get you an outfit.

JR: Yeah. Well, what about getting you an outfit? Where'd you go?

KT: Salmon there, old Merd Mcpherson (?) had a dry goods store. He was a old-timer around there. The McPherson store's still there in Salmon today.

JR: So when the early guys came out like your Tony Graces, I suppose they had general stores and they'd—

KT: Oh, yeah. Course, in the wintertime, they wore wool pretty much, but one old feller that he was foreman there at Mahaffey outfit—cow outfit for old Bill Worthington (?)—and he...There's a picture of some of it in that book there that he had a...they were real light leather chaps and he'd buy a new pair overalls, he'd put them on right over them and he wore them all the time. I never did see him with them off. If he went to town or wherever he went, wherever he went he wore them all time. And they never broke a horse that I ever knew to lead. He wouldn't lead a goddamn horse. Hell, he was made to ride and that's what he was going to do. I've seen him in town and he'd tie up over here and go in the store, and if he was going across the street, he'd get on and ride over there and tie up. Right. He rode everywhere. Oh, no!

JR: Who was that?

KT: Old Bill Worthington (?). Team of horses finally killed him when he was [unintelligible] towards 90...in his 80s.

JR: Well, that was a fitting way to go for a guy who—

KT: Well, he married an old widow women. He'd been married and lost his wife and had some kids. Yeah...married this old widow woman and she had this farm, or ranch, and he quit down there and went up there and he had this team. He was quite a horse breaker. He wasn't no goddamn rodeo rider, but he knew what...I suppose he had been in his day, that is, rider. He really helped me a lot.

JR: His name was Bill Worthington?

KT: Bill Worthington. Yeah. Now, his dad and old Governor Shoup had the first cattle there ever was in this country. Now when they brought them in here, I don't know. I've never been able to find out, but they sure as hell was a drive through here and went over there because on the Persimroy (?), I've read it I don't know how many different time that...See, that started over there in '66—1866. All right in the '70s, it don't say what part of the '70s, but I took it even if you've got to the last of the '70s, there was something like 6,000 or 7,000 head of cattle that was wintered on that Persimroy Valley before any of the ranches was taken up. So they had to have a drive.

JR: Yeah, so who did it with him? Governor Shoup?

KT: Governor Shoup. He was the first United States governor that they've ever had...

JR: And they had the first cattle drive?

KT: Yeah, right. Well, they brought them in from someplace. I don't know...then lots of times, you'll read articles too in these true magazines or something about that country over there and they talk about the longhorns so they had to come from somewhere. But I've never been able to find out what I was really...you know...Now, when I was a kid over there, Mahaffey's...of course that's where we worked most of the time, that and Herb Spencer's (?), the stock they had—we didn't have any of this white-face stuff or these black Angus and stuff—they were just a mixed bunch of stuff. You know, roans and whites and all...just range stuff and hardly any of them you saw that they'd ever cut the horns off from them, and you never sold, like they do nowadays, a steer. When he went to market, he was four years old. You never sold any of this stuff like they do nowadays. The only veal you ever saw was from somebody's milk cow that would get to the butcher shop. Old Tony, he talks about that too.

I remember the first bunch of good stock that ever come in over there. There was 50 head of white-face cows, and they kept them on the ranch there. Benedict's (?) they got a bunch of about the same thing—it was Black Angus—about the same time over in that country.

JR: What'd you guys eat in the chuck wagon? Lots of beef?

KT: Oh yeah! Oh, lots of meat and beans. You always had a pot of beans on. And stew, that you can—

JR: Yeah, yeah, that was pretty much a staple, wasn't it? Meat and beans and stew.

KT: When I got there to Mahaffey's, Dad had that...he was a cook, see, camp cook a lot and then worked on the ranch and every place there all the time. Young Mahaffey, Steve, we always called him Son, he was crawling on his hands and knees. I was 14 by then, and I was his babysitter. I had to watch that kid in the daytime when he'd be outdoors, and when he'd take a nap, I worked in the garden and around. So that fall when they went out to gather stock—they run quite a lot of stock at one time over here in the Big Hole, clear over the hill and around in there—and we'd get the outfit and go out together. Well, the first trip I made with them, I went along to help Dad, and that was to keep water and wood and stuff like that for the camp. Keep the fires up and stuff and help Dad all night. Well, the next trip and the spring into the next spring, they were short of help so I got to go to riding.

JR: Boy, when you were only 14.

KT: Well, that spring I'd have been 15. Or that summer. There was Bill Mahaffey was the cattle foreman, Al Mullan (?) was the sheep foreman—they had three bands of sheep there at that place—and Fritz Klaus (?), when we first started, I think was the foreman there at the ranch, like haying and that sort of stuff. There was the three guys, and nobody bothered any of the rest of them. Oh, Bill Worthington (?), he hated sheep. He wouldn't go near them cockeyed sheep. But when they'd come in on the range, why, he didn't—

JR: Well, you really took to cowboying.

KT: Oh, sure. Well, Bill...after I got started riding, I liked it. Well, Bill was with the outfit all the time. My dad was the cook there, camp cook, and Bill liked milk. He was a guy that they'd cook up oatmeal or a morning Dad would a big pot of it or something if they wanted it, and a lot of the guys would just pour coffee on it. Oh yeah. They'd eat it and some of them, maybe you had canned milk, if you had it. But Bill liked milk, see, and he'd out there and take a look at something that looked like it had a little milk in it or a calf, and he'd rope it and I'd milk the cockeyed thing. I go help him. When they'd be laying down or just anyway to get the milk out. So I kind of took the Bill and I liked him, and he took to me.

Then you could get ten dollars more a month for breaking horses. So Bill started me—

JR: This is Bill Hash?

KT: No, old Bill Worthington. Pretty near all the stuff you'd start breaking was three-year-olds. Now, horses was a dime a dozen. They was over there by the thousands. You know Frank [unintelligible], the bee man?

JR: Oh yeah.

KT: Well, talk to him sometime. They had 24 hours a day, Hanson's Packing Company (?) in Butte canned horses, [unintelligible]. Frank was one of the cutters (?). He run the midnight shift, eight hours. And I asked him, here not too long ago, I knew I'd seen that man someplace when I come over here and finally dawned on me. So I got to talking to him and I told him, I said, "Frank, have you got any idea how many horses went through Hanson's Packing Company?"

He said, "No, but we averaged about 1,400 a week."

JR: Twenty-four hours a day they canned horses?

KT: Right! Three shifts, eight hour shifts.

JR: For what? Dog food?

KT: Well, supposed to been, but I think a lot of it went to Europe and went everywhere. But it wasn't only over in that country, it was every place. They was horses all over where they was gathering them, see, and they'd run them in there. Well, we got 50 cents a hundred weight over the scales. We ran them over the scales, got 50 cents every hundred weight is what they got. Yeah, right. Oh yeah, there was oodles of them. And they cleaned up...course, that's when the BLM started that free range [unintelligible] and taking over, and we had to get them off of there. Now, when we gathered them, we got 25 cents a head for everything we corralled.

That's what they was supposed to pay us. So Herb Spencer there had a big corral. They had places just where you...you know, good corrals different places. Kirkum's (?) had one, and we trailed quite a lot of them up to [unintelligible] place and old Tom. They kept a book there, and they would write down so-and-so come in and maybe they'd be three or four of you and you'd have seven or eight head, maybe you'd have 20, 25 head. Next place wherever you could get them into a corral.

JR: Now, what year was this about, Kenny?

KT: Well, that started in the last of the '20s, around '28, '29. '29.

JR: [unintelligible] horses.

KT: Oh, yeah. Where we was was on an old Indian reservation, and I'm sure that a lot of them horses was just in [unintelligible] from that reservation.

JR: They weren't just old horses? They were [unintelligible].

KT: Oh god, there was everything. Yeah, I had about...I don't know if it was 14 or 17 head. At home, before Dad ever found it out. We had place rented, Dad did, and he was working all the time and I'd catch one 2- or 3-year-old that was slick. Anybody get ahold of them and brand on it, it was yours. Well, I seen my dad buy a 4-year-old colt one time for 35 cents. Him and Herb Spencer went out and bought, they bought 21 head of 3-year-olds. Course, Herb there at his place where we broke them out. Well, they had them in a corral there, and they went up there to buy an old tractor and this...her husband had died and she was selling out, and they had this bunch, they was 21 head of 3-year-olds. They bought them for 7.50 a head.

JR: How much did they spend for that 4-year-old colt?

KT: Thirty-five cents. We broke him to work and had him...I don't know. Kind of dapple grey. We had him for quite a while. Three or four years anyway. Oh yeah, horses was...you could go anywhere and break a horse and ride it a little bit and they'd give you one. You could go out and pick one.

JR: Well, that wasn't so true in...like when Joe Hughes was over in Crow country, a lot of those guys didn't have their own horses.

KT: Oh right, well, there were a lot of fellows that some of them would come along and have one or two horses and...but a lot of them never had a horse. Yeah right. They'd just go to work for some outfit—

JR: Yeah, a lot of cowboys—

KT: But we were breaking them horses there, like over there that you could get at Hanson's Packing Company, you'd start in...if it was 3-year-olds, and you could tell pretty much in a week's time or so what it was going to amount to. If it had a lot of sand (?) to it, or if it didn't, and you'd get rid of it. Maybe somebody was looking for a young horse or something, and you might get ten dollars for it or whatever you could get out of it. Or if you couldn't, you could throw it in a bunch and then they'd take it. They was two outfits over home that had hog farms, places. Old Chris Neilson (?) was one, and Meek's (?) had a lot of hogs. You could get five dollars a head for hog feed for horses that when you could catch them right. You know, they'd kill three or four or five—things like that. You could...I've seen just take them out and kill just to get rid of them.

JR: The horses?

KT: Yeah, right. Now, that's something that I can't understand today, the price of horses. It's still just a horse. I can see where your good horse...Actually, to me today to pay much of a price for a horse, you'd be paying for what he knows. In our work over there, you could take a range horse, and I've seen just as good of cutting horses or rope horse as you ever see around any of these show or anything. He had to learn it. You was using him every day. That was the job. But he didn't have any breeding behind him. He was just a good horse as far as a bloodline. That one the other night on TV...did you see that goddamn yearling colt on TV they auctioned off the other night? Nine hundred thousand dollars! And just a yearling. But its dad was a top racehorse, and his mother was a good blood line, some guy in Canada—an old fellow in Canada—bought it.

JR: Is there a shortage today, you think, or—

KT: Oh, no, of course there ain't no shortage. It's just like everything else. Christ, well, you can...it's nothing to get 600, 700 dollars for a good-sized horse for a canner. Yeah, no.

JR: It's really changed. Well, the whole cowboy things changed.

KT: Right. Clear up until 1929, rodeos was different than they are now. I've talked to several different ones. You didn't get here, I don't think, yet when Wilson—Jim Wilson (?)—was still alive. Now, Joe knew him real well. I think they worked together a lot. I knew him quite well too, Jim.

JR: HE used to be married to Francis—

KT: Burgoyne (?).

JR: Yeah, I remember him.

KT: Yeah, he's the one who was in that fire that he—

JR: Yeah, so his face was burnt. He wore dark glasses.

KT: Yeah, I knew Jim, and he was quite an old boy. Him and I talked several times about clear up until 1929, a rodeo, you didn't have any set time. Nowadays, you know, it's all point stuff. For every point that a guy makes, he gets a dollar on it. Well, there was none of that back them days. And up until they had the association come in, you could ride your saddle. It didn't make any difference what it was. They had a lot of old saddles they called the suicide saddles, or anything. And you rode a horse until he quit or until they figured that...The fact is, you rode more agin a man in them days than you do nowadays. Far as I'm concerned, they're riding agin that horse. They give that horse as many points to start with as they do the guy on it.

It's quite a lot different, and the only thing that they had then was calf roping and saddle bronc riding. The rest of that stuff was [unintelligible]. You didn't have any bareback riding that was contest stuff like it is nowadays.

JR: Calf roping and—

KT: Saddle broncs. Course, we never got around to great big shows, you know, like Madison Square Garden or out to Portland or Pendleton, I mean, or places like that. So [unintelligible] share about what you'd pick up is 50 or 100 dollars if you was a top man in a saddle.

JR: And that was out by 1929?

KT: Well, [unintelligible] association come in in '29. We had two fellows over there. One of them, I was a year older than him—Pete Grub (?)—which got way up and Burls Mulkey (?). Burls was still living today somewheres, that is, as far as I know, in California. He was raised over there, and he was the world saddle bronc riding champion. Well, it was in the '30s. I think about 33 years. I think about that.

JR: Pete what?

KT: Pete Knight. Or Grub, I mean. Pete Grub. Little red-headed feller. He died, what, about three years ago I think.

JR: There's a lot of cowboys named Pete.

KT: Oh yeah. Well, there was a Pete Knight too. And a horse by the name of Duster (?) killed him. Kicked when he come off the horse and killed him.

JR: What killed him?

KT: Horse there in California they called Duster—

JR: God, a lot of these cowboys died through horses. Did you have a lot of broken bones and stuff from breaking horses?

KT: Not too many. Few.

JR: A lot of those guys did.

KT: Oh yeah. Right, right. Bob Olsen (?), I cut it out the paper. It was in that *Grit*, and he was around here for a while, old Bob. And he done an awful lot of rodeo stuff and stuff for movie actors and stuff. I don't think there's a bone that he had that hadn't been broke sometime or other. Right down here where the planer is, they had a rodeo outfit there, and he went to pick up a guy, he was riding pickup, and the horse kicked him on the leg and broke his leg and he was on a horse. You remember that? You was down there.

JR: [unintelligible].

KT: Yeah, right. But they got an awful lot more protection anymore than what they used to have. A lot. Another guy had an awful finger in starting this rodeo stuff and all was a guy by the name of Tipton (?), old Charlie Tipton. The saddle that I ride's hanging out in there in the shed...it's an old Tipton tree. Him and I think this Fay Ward was probably in on it, and they all got together and figured out a saddle, what would be a standard saddle. So they took the old Ellensburg tree and trimmed her down a little bit. I can't tell you the name of the first outfit made it, but I think Hamley come out with about the second of making them. Of course, Visalia I think did too and some of them—standard bronc saddles.

JR: Well, let's talk about clothes more because I'm fascinated because, like I said, everybody in Minneapolis and Milwaukee has a cowboy hat. Did you guys know that? Western [unintelligible]. Even the waitresses in the restaurants in Milwaukee, Wisconsin [unintelligible].

KT: Well, the hat was more or less the original cowboy's deal. Boots wasn't. You know where the boots originated from don't you?

JR: No, I don't know anything, Kenny.

KT: Come out of the Spaniards to them fancy flamenco dancers or whatever they call them that pound themselves.

JR: Oh, really?

KT: Yeah, them old high-heeled, right. Actually, that's where that...yeah. So I've read, see? That that's where a lot of that...but a hat...a feller, he come out...Stetson, he come out West and he was a hat maker, this Stetson family, see, way back, from someplace. He got ahold of

some...they make them out of beaver hides and it was a...He made a hat for a guy that he wanted one that would shade his face and all. It went over so big, it started the Stetson company, finally did. They was a hat you could use for wash basin, you could water your horse out of it, you could pack your water to the camp in it, and the whole nine yards—

JR: Was there a standard style, or did everybody have a different style of hat?

KT: Oh, no. Different countries come out with different styled hats, of course.

JR: So you could tell where a guy was from—

KT: Pretty much from his hat or the clothes, the way he wore his hat, the saddle he rode, the way he packed his rope, and a lot of things. The rigging that was in his saddle. They was several different types of rigging.

JR: What about things like your neckerchief and stuff like that?

KT: Well, I think where that originated, kind of from, was about trail dust and stuff. What you could tie around and over your face. Probably, because pretty near all of them wore it.

JR: All of that stuff is real popular now. Vests, hats. Well, you guys really got slicked up when you went to town.

KT: Oh sure, yeah, your boots and your big old spurs [unintelligible] and loosen them so they'd drag on the sidewalk. Oh god! Of course, in Salmon there—

JR: [laughs] You'd loosen your spurs so you'd sound like a cowboy?

KT: Well, sure. Or anything, goddang it, to...Well, it was board sidewalks. In Salmon, we still had board sidewalks. That old Chet Mathis (?) had a livery barn. Well, I think the show house is still there yet, right today, but that was a livery barn right there and you could put your horse in there. It was 17 miles from where we lived into the town, and I rode it many, many time in, oh, an hour and a half to two hours to go to town to go to a show or anything and then turn around and come back. You could leave your horse in there, and for 50 cents you could feed him oats and hay all night long and oats the next morning. And right out on Main Street, I've seen horse manure as big as this house piled up in the spring before they'd haul it off pretty near. They had a tramway thing [unintelligible] out, you know, and they'd clean the barn and dump it out. Yeah, right. And the corral was out behind there. Oh yeah.

JR: What about...[unintelligible] collected a lot of cowboy slang. What about that type thing? You had your own slang—

KT: That run pretty well all over you know.

JR: I bet along with the Western thing that people start talking Western too.

KT: Well, I think it will—

JR: All over the country—

KT: But they're never get back like they was. It'll never be. No, there's no way that'll ever get back.

JR: No, it's just a fad. I got a kick out of it.

Well, did cowboys like rings or fancy belt buckles?

KT: No—

JR: No, that would be hard for working [unintelligible]—

KT: No, you didn't hardly...very, very seldom see anything like that unless it was a hat band. You never seen a belt too much on a guy either. Only when he went to town. Right. That damn belt business of getting hung over a saddle horn or something was out, and stuff like that. I've seen a lot of them take a, just a handkerchief and run through the loops and tie it up or maybe a little string or something that they could break if you got hung up. Right. But he went to town...but they was [unintelligible] for—

JR: So the working outfit was pretty—

KT: Right. Well, except bridle bits and your bridle a lots of times was spotted up pretty good, and spurs with silver and, yeah, right. They went pretty much for that stuff.

JR: Who did the silver work?

KT: Well, a lot of companies that...Well, today Garcia from Elko, Nevada. He was the greatest Silversmith I think that they've ever had. He'd make you anything that you wanted. All you had to do was give him an idea of a drawing or something. He had a catalogue all right and stuff that was there, but I got a 1914 catalog, it's down at the museum [Ravalli County Museum?], Garcia's catalog. He made the saddles. He'd make the tree for you. He'd do anything if you wanted.

JR: Would you have anything fancy made like belt buckles or—

KT: Oh no, not too much I don't think on that. No. But they'd make diamond, spades, clubs, and that sort of stuff. Maybe a little silver ones that you'd put on bridles. That was pretty good. But

you hardly ever...He was pretty much of a dude if you found a guy with his saddle fixed up very goddamn much.

JR: I was wondering about that.

KT: Course, that [unintelligible], but Selloway (?), he had his stuff all fancied up with snake hides. Christ, he was always skinning them damn rattlesnakes.

JR: Oh, yeah. I forgot about snake hide, some hat band, fancy hat bands.

KT: Yeah, I got one there on mine, but that's—

JR: Oh, that's pretty.

What kind of hat style is that?

KT: Well, a lot of the old fellers wore a hat like that over at home. Round crowned.

JR: Joe calls his a pencil-curved brim.

KT: Then they had one that was a kind of small hat...What the hell did they call that? The Out West, I think, or something. Herb and a lot of the old fellers wore that. Wore them. The way a lot of the old fellers wore their hats, you couldn't have told what shape they was to start with if you'd...And it seemed like they'd hang onto an old hat. That McPherson's (?) Dry Goods Store over there right today has got hats from old fellers and their names and stuff hanging in the store.

JR: Where's that? In Salmon?

KT: Over in Salmon. [unintelligible].

JR: Yeah, it's be hard. I never thought about that. It's like bringing in a new pair of boots. You get really fond of something like a cowboy hat, so you'd hang onto it.

[Break in audio]

KT: —in 1938 [unintelligible] had the hay.

JR: What was that old doctor's name?

KT: Doc Kennedy.

JR: Old Doc Kennedy.

KT: Yeah, right. [unintelligible]—

JR: The Indians let him treat them?

KT: Oh yeah. Heck, he used to tell us all kinds of stories, stuff that...What I said, there's a lot of things I could tell him it was a truth, goddang it, [unintelligible] that damn liar's [unintelligible] the truth.

JR: What'd would you guys think of *Heartland* (1979 film).

KT: I liked it. It sure made a lot went back for us. They was a lot of things that we went through just like it.

JR: You thought it was realistic then?

KT: I thought it was a real good show myself.

JR: Was life really that grim? The movie seemed—

KT: [laughs] You damn right it was. This was Verna's grandfolks' place when we were kids. I don't know what year they homesteaded that, but I think they come along in about 1881.

JR: That's a nice place.

KT: Talk about wind.

JR: Big barn.

Verna Trowbridge: [unintelligible]

JR: It's not there anymore?

KT: No, that ain't.

You see here? This is when we started getting some good...Did you ever see that show on TV or read the book *The Rounders* about that old roan horse them guys had? Well, if they ever was a horse that would have matched him, that's him right there. Boy, that's—

JR: Is this you?

KT: Yep. That could be as good a horse as you ever saw when he wanted to be and he could be the only orneriest damn thing I ever saw.

JR: Was he your favorite horse?

KT: No, not by hell of a lot he wasn't.

But this is Herb Spencer where I worked. See, that was me and Herb, and I worked there for him quite a long time. That's Herb on the mowing machine. Digging spuds, they was a guy come in and put in spuds, an outfit.

JR: [unintelligible]

KT: That's my oldest daughter. She's 40—

JR: This is Verna.

KT: Yep.

JR: Verna, I didn't think you rode until [unintelligible].

KT: Oh god, she rode all the time.

This is me and John Rand [unintelligible], and that was me there and my brother, Herb. I got a lot of these put in. Now this is way back when we were riding, and this...I don't remember—

JR: Who's this?

KT: Me and Mom and—

JR: and Verna.

KT: Yeah.

There's old Bob Olsen (?).

There was old Charlie...that was a kid lived in town that owned this old horse and he used to ride it. Well, that's him there. This one. That's me there. But he used to ride old Charlie up to our place. He come up and stay sometimes a week or two, and leave him there all summer. My mother rode old Charlie quite a bit. He was an old horse.

JR: What do you have hanging out of your pocket?

KT: It's a watch stop. A lot of them wore watch stops.

JR: Well, I got to get that down if I'm interested in—

KT: Sure, lot of guys [unintelligible]—

JR: I'll look all the way through here.

KT: Well, there's a lot odds and ends in there. Now, here's Darby (?) in 1914. That's right about the time it burnt. This is the only building left, see? Over here. That was my mother's first cousins. This guy here and that guy there—that's driving there. This one [unintelligible]...This guy by the name of Munsinger (?), he was an Indian. His mother.

Oh yeah, there's a lot of—

JR: Is this Darby?

KT: No, that's the old homestead. My great granddad's. Old Grandad Ducket (?) and Grandma before she died. I suppose one of them kids was me, I don't know. Could have been or somebody...See this was my granddad, the horses he had. Big horses.

That was me. This is when we lived down at Tuttle (?).

JR: [unintelligible].

KT: Oh, just mount money. Anything to...This guy and I rode for the same outfit for about six years. He's still living.

JR: Who is he?

KT: Claude Gill (?).

JR: Claude Gill, where does he live?

KT: North Salmon. Lives up on the Lemhi there a ways.

JR: Little tiny guy. [laughs]

KT: Yeah, there's Herb. And that's Brandon. He's dead now, old Herb. Finally sold out and went to Canada.

JR: These are modern.

KT: This is the girl that stayed over...well, she stayed in that tent two winters over on Selway all by herself.

VT: Turn that light on.

KT: That white moose. Why, that' up to my boy, but there's the moose over there—enlargement—with her calf on the wall.

JR: Oh yeah, that's unusual, isn't it?

KT: That's up at Alaska there—

JR: Who's this?

KT: That's old Bertie Lord (?) and [unintelligible], my oldest boy.

JR: Bertie Lord is darling.

KT: Right, he was a great old feller.

JR: He's just darling. He looks like...I don't know. He looks like an elf or something or...He's a wonderful looking guy. Looks so friendly.

KT: Oh yea, he was quite an old feller.

This is over at...This is the end of my pickup and a tent and the elk in the morning. Where I had salt out there, they'd come down and [unintelligible].

VT: Did you take that letter I had from him, what a beautiful writer he was?

KT: No, I didn't.

That's old [unintelligible] and some of the [unintelligible]. His wife was...Fish we used to catch.

This was my dad and my oldest daughter and old King—old stallion—[unintelligible] that we had.

VT: Here, Jo, you recognize this one? Still riding that same old pony.

JR: Oh yeah. Isn't that great? Who took that?

VT: I think you did, didn't you?

JR: Oh yeah, I didn't remember giving you a copy though.

VT: Well, we got one someplace.

JR: That's great. Yeah, that's probably the day that I met you.

KT: This is the year we lived in that...How long did we live in that damned, old log house. Had a dirt floor to start with and a dirt roof and it only had—

JR: Is this you?

KT: Yeah. And it was just where the door caught me right, just right like that. I couldn't stand up in it only right in the middle. There's some of those Indians [unintelligible] over there. They ain't there no more.

JR: So those houses in the movies are a lot fancier than—

KT: That one was, that's for darn sure. That's over at [unintelligible]—woodworker over there at the North Star.

[long pause]

JR: Here's a saddle.

KT: Yeah. Well, you used to, you get a picture of a saddle...yeah.

JR: That's you?

KT: Yeah.

JR: Joe Napple (?).

KT: Yes. That where Joe died or his wife? It was Joe.

JR: Joe. Who was Joe Napple?

KT: He was an Indian that was [unintelligible]—an old Indian. Used to stop at our place all the time. Yeah, him and his wife. She couldn't even speak English. He could. Joe could talk to you pretty good. See, where we lived there then was on an old reservation and the [unintelligible] monument was there. They used to stop. In the spring, they'd go over on the Middle Fork and they'd go over there and they'd stay and they'd fish and stay all summer and always got their meat over there. They'd have it all dried and everything. Then in the fall when they come back through, that's when they was still using horses and wagons and buggies. Then they'd stop and some of them would stay anywhere from couple of days maybe to a week or so there at the place and they'd visit that grave.

JR: You know I don't think I ever met an old cowboy that I didn't like. I sound like [unintelligible]. There probably were some ornery cowboys.

VT: Yes, of course there was.

KT: [unintelligible] never met a man he didn't like, but...no Russell, but—

JR: Will Rogers.

KT: Will Rogers. But, I never met anybody I wouldn't give a chance.

JR: Yeah. That's a better way.

KT: Well, just like it said there that book I'm reading, you know, that old Bob Moore (?) of...well, she wouldn't know them anyway down there, but this woman that done this has got a sister and a brother that lives down in Stevensville yet today. She had three brothers around here, the Smith boys. You come around long enough, that there name will come up. They was old Hyde, Burt and John. Their older sister Kate was married to a guy over there on the river by the name of Bob Moore, and he'd get drunk and beat the hell out of her all the time and just pound her fierce. She left him and went over to the Big Hole, and he followed her over there and she kept telling him. He beat her up and got drunk and laid down and went to sleep. She went and got the axe and cut his head off. She cut it off, I mean, clear off. She got out of it too, but old what-you-call-it, talking about there in that one book said... but old what-you-call-it said that he never met a man he didn't like. Well, he sure as hell didn't run across old Bob Moore, or he would have changed his mind.

JR: He was really mean?

KT: Right, right.

JR: Was he a cowboy?

KT: I don't think so. I never knew him. That happened in 1921.

JR: But she got it because he was mean enough he deserved to have his head cut off. [laughs]
Woman jury verdict.

KT: Woman living in Hamilton, Ted Haddock's (?) wife, Ada, her folks was...well, had a little soda fountain like and things over there at Wisdom at the time. And she and her brother-in-law was the sheriff over there at the time so that they knew all about it. See, he was the one that went over. She's living here in Hamilton now, Ada is.

There was another guy down there that was a miner by the name of James, and he claimed to be first cousin to James boys—Jesse and Frank James. Sam James was his name, and he struck it rich. That is in them days, you know, a little money was quite a bit of money that is. He got a few thousand. He had a little place down there...well, I imagine it was Ebenezer Bar (?), set on one of them bars along there, I suppose, in there. He'd, every little bit, especially in the fall, he'd gather up a few of them old prospectors and they'd party all winter. He'd furnish the bill and stuff there at that place. So they all got on a big drunk and went to Salmon and was having quite a party, and the rest of them thought it would be funny, so they went out and they rustled up an old gal and married her off to old Sam while he was drunk. Got the preacher and the whole goddarn thing.

JR: Is this a cowboy sense of humor, now?

KT: Well, it all mashed in with that...down and around old Shoup. He woke up in the morning and she was there, and he wanted to know where she come from. She said, "Well, we got married."

He said, "Like hell we did." He got up and he took off and went back down on the river there. Few months after that he died, and she had the papers where they'd got married and made it stick and she got 70,000 dollars that he had of his money. Just from that little—

JR: Quick marriage.

KT: Yeah, right, or that guys having a lot of fun with him.

JR: That was Sam James?

KT: Yeah! Oh, there are all kinds of that travel on the river went on.

JR: I know it! I heard about it [unintelligible] just before he died.

KT: That old hacksaw Tom. He traded off a woman one time for a six shooter.

JR: I heard about that! How they used to shoot at each other across the river.

KT: Well, that was old Burnett. [laughs] Just like some of the old boys over there said if either one of them died or hit the other one, why, the other one would grieve himself to death. They were just trying to scare the hell out of each other. [laughs]

JR: I don't think they ever killed anybody, did they?

KT: Well, they did. They was quite a little killing different times went on the river, but not them like that.

JR: They just having fun.

KT: Course, the book that I had, I knew some of the old-timers around, but they was one outfit down there, two fellers was mining and one of them bought the other guy out. He bought everything he had.

But he stayed there, stayed on for a while. When he got ready to leave, he took the sourdough jug. He said to the other guy...they got into it, and one of them, he killed him and buried him out back of the house. That was down there at the mouth of Wind River, you know that picture you painted of that told house.

JR: He killed him over the sourdough jug?

KT: Yeah, right!

JR: Were they cowboys?

KT: No, they were miners, prospectors. Course, there was an awful lot of cowboy riding went off there into Idaho all right. But Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, I think...Course, Nevada had an awful lot of sheep in it. Awful lot of sheep, but—

JR: Montana was a cowboy...and Wyoming.

KT: Yeah, right. Pretty much, I think. Then you get down the other way down into Texas. They had, you know, and that.

JR: That's true. We can't forget Texas.

Do you remember the cowboys singing a lot and stuff?

KT: Well, they'd ride...yeah, when they'd be riding along, they'd be singing. Some of them used to whistle a lot. Or they'd be going along, talking to theirselves. Well, they did! To their horse or dog or—

JR: Well, you know Joe wrote so much poetry, you know the Henry Grant (?) and some of the people are going to get his poetry. That reminds me, I promised to [unintelligible]. But I asked Joe...I thought a lot of the cowboys wrote poetry. He said, no, he said they kind of made fun of anything "sissified". He said that was one of the problems with the cowboys. They had this great, manly thing so they couldn't be interested [unintelligible].

KT: And a lot of them liked to fight. I've seen them in the bunkhouse, they'd get to talking about something and they'd go out and come right back in again, you know, nothing happened. Right! Oh yeah.

JR: Did you like to fight?

KT: Oh, not too well.

VT: He still does. He likes to argue.

JR: Oh, he likes to argue, but not with his fists.

KT: Oh, no, not so much. Had a brother that used to get into it. [laughs] I remember one night him and a friend of his, Lee Wilson (?), they got into it, and Lee beat the hell out of my brother, pounded on him. The next day, why, Lee come up to our place and sat there and cried and cried. [laughs] Hell, that kind of stuff.

VT: [unintelligible]

KT: I've seen some pretty good fights here in Darby after we come over here.

JR: Well, what did the cowboys do for entertainment? Go to the saloon?

KT: Oh sure.

JR: Joe told me something hilarious. He had a great fondness, one of his favorite poems is about the saloon. What do you have?

KT: Right! When my time, there wasn't any saloons—

JR: You're too young because he said they really changed. They used to be really neat.

KT: They did! Well, Salmon over there, they had a bunch of houses out in back there that the red light district, they always had alcohol—bootlegging—there. There was one old guy that used to make home brew and wine a lot. We'd go down there quite a little bit. You could always go. Oh, yeah, Frank Sharkey...or not Frank. Frank Hyatt (?) and...what was that other old boy's name? They had a still piece and made whiskey all the time. It wasn't hard to get something to drink, but they didn't have saloons [unintelligible]. Now, they had pool halls and like and cards...where they'd go to play cards. Course, you could always in the back room get a drink, I suppose—most of them. But it wasn't setting right out on a bar like it is anymore.

JR: The old saloons were the only diversion for those guys.

KT: I never will forget, Howard Edison, he was an old old-timer...well, not really old either. I think Howard, when I was...well, after we was married, I imagine, in my 20s, why, he was probably in his 60s. But his dad had been an old...well, real old rounder. When liquor stores come in, old Mr. Boston, was what he was drinking. I've seen him come home with a month or two wages, that's what he'd go buy, the whole goddarn thing and have it cached all over the place. Goddarn bottles of whiskey everywhere. He was quite a drinking guy. Course, he growed up that way. But his dad run horses and never owned a place and had...evidently he must have had probably 2,000 or 3,000 head of them the way he talked. Had an awful lot of Mexican help down around New Mexico and Arizona and down around the border. He said that they...Well, at that time, they was using lots of horses. Stage coaches and, you know, was all horse work. He was raising these horses, and they'd go...It was all free range so wherever they was feed, that's where he'd go. Then in the wintertime, they'd get in a river bottom someplace where they was feed and like that. Sloughs would freeze over and places wherever they could get. Howard's mother died when he was little, and he grew up riding a pack horse in a pack...had a Mexican that was cook and kind of took care of him and all until he got big enough to get started.

JR: That's a great way to grow up.

KT: He was one of the best packers I ever knew. He was a good packer. I learned quite a lot from old Howard. But boy, he sure done a lot of drinking. Beer would come in, and you could track old Howard all over the hills with a beer can. He'd get a case or two of beer in a gunny sack and hang it on his saddle horn, and god, there was beer cans along the trail everywhere from old Howard.

JR: Like the gingerbread boy—

KT: And he was a rawhide man. He built some of the nicest rawhide ropes and [unintelligible] all kinds of stuff. He was a good one.

JR: Did a lot of the cowboys do leather work?

KT: Well, quite a little leather work, yeah. You took pretty much care of your own outfit.

JR: So you had to know something about that.

KT: Yeah, right. But not so much rawhide, that is [unintelligible]. But like [unintelligible]. Oh yeah, you had them working on their saddles about all the time, some of them. Over home there, they was a feller by the name of Bell, old Charlie Bell, and he was a harness maker. He had an outfit that he had an old...well, it'd been an old car fixed up into a pickup like, and an outfit he could run by foot that was a sewing machine fixed up. He'd come around to the ranches them big outfits. Maybe he'd stay for sometimes two or three weeks: fix all the harness and the saddles and the boys' boots and all that sort of stuff. Then he'd go on, and he'd just make a trip.

JR: He had a heavy-duty rig?

KT: Yeah, right. And just make...the outfits around like that. Then they was two guys that were blacksmiths that used to do that too. Old Wheaton—old Del Wheaton (?)—and Bonnie (?). What the hell was old Bonnie's first name?

VT: Joe.

KT: Joe Bonnie? Yeah, I guess it was old Joe.

She'd have had a ball if she'd ever run into old Williams—old Bronco Henry—old Henry Williams. [laughs]

JR: I've heard about a guy, not a cowboy, but...I don't know what he did. But he was an old guy, Ninemile Bill, lives up in the Nine Mile here. You know that book, *Tough Trip through Paradise*?

KT: Yeah.

JR: Well, he was a pall bearer at Andrew Garcia's funeral. I'm hoping he's still alive. I heard about him a year ago, and I've never been up to see him and he's old. Well, if he's Garcia's age, or a little younger, he's in his 90s.

KT: Well, old George Waldo that was here. I didn't know him. Lot of this stuff I didn't know about old George until after he died. He lived right here, and I knew him pretty well. His daughter, they've got that little second...there on 2nd Street, the magazine there, you know, that's Rouss'? She was a Waldo. Maude Waldo. I've got quite a little things, you know, that she can remember, and she said her dad was quite a friend to that old boy.

JR: Garcia?

KT: Yeah, right.

JR: He was quite a guy.

What about your fancy clothes when you were a cowboy? Well, I guess during your day, you'd just go down and buy them at the store. I'll have to ask Joe where—

KT: Yeah, they pretty much kept overalls. Used to wear a "cranberry" shirt or what...it was kind of a little grey checkered like shirt. You could buy them for 30 cents.

VT: You mean chambray, don't you?

JR: He was close.

VT: Well, cranberry, that's close enough. [laughs]

KT: Another thing back in them days, you're working for an outfit like Mahaffey's, [unintelligible] or Benedicts or the Idaho Livestock, Woods Livestock, they had a country store. You could go to that country store and get anything. Course, it was a...well, they had everything.

JR: The big outfits?

KT: Right, if you was a steady hand. You could go there and get whatever you wanted: your tobacco or your clothes or anything. If they didn't have it, they'd order it, and you just signed the bill. Now, them outfits only settled up once a year with that store. Then it was held out of you in the fall when they'd settle up. You worked for an outfit, you could always get a couple of dollars from them or so if you had to have help, but you never got settled up until in the fall to get plumb settled up.

JR: Did the guys chew like they do now?

KT: Quite a lot of the old fellers. Oh yeah. Well, most of them [unintelligible]—

JR: Did you chew?

KT: Oh, I have when I used to hay some, maybe or something like that, but no, I wasn't much of a tobacco chewer. Smoked for a long time.

JR: Did you? Chewing is really in again.

KT: Yeah, it's getting that way, but...a lot of the old, old fellers chewed tobacco and lots of it. Yeah, you could tell...over there they had one old guy that when he started smoking his pipe, spring was...you could figure, well, spring's coming. And when he started chewing in the fall, look out, it was going to...Chew in the winter, smoke in the summer. He'd have that pipe in his mouth. That was one of the...I don't remember whether it was [unintelligible]. They was of them together that had the flour mill up there. Old [unintelligible]—

JR: They'd chew in the summer and smoke in the winter? Or they'd smoke in the summer?

KT: No, they'd smoke in the summer. Most of the time, he'd that pipe in his mouth all the time. And he'd chew all winter long. [unintelligible]. Guess they were [unintelligible]. They had a flour mill. Used to haul wheat up there and get it ground up.

But my dad, even after he left Mahaffey's and, well, he bought six acres and had it in the garden. Had an old horse that we cultivated with. Course, I was working there at Herb's often and that was after we was married quite a while. They'd come down there wanting Dad to go out to cook. "I ain't gonna go." They'd keep after him until [unintelligible], and I'd say, "What do you want. What do you want me to get?"

He say, "Flour and lots of it." Sourdough, you know, and made everything—pies and donuts and cakes and every cockeyed thing.

JR: Flour was his staple?

KT: Yeah, right. If you had flour, you could [unintelligible] beef or something. I've killed oodles and oodles of deer like that to feed the outfit. Buy a sack of beans. If you went to the thrashing [thrashing] outfit, get them for a dollar—100 pounds of beans. I can remember my dad...we baled hay...we stacked it. It was timothy and clover. The Forest Service over there wanted it. They wanted the bales to weigh 110 pounds apiece. They had the scale out there, and they'd...[unintelligible] bales to see that they were staying about the same. We baled it with a horse outfit. Sweep (?), baled it out of stack. Eight dollars a ton for that cockeyed hay, and the last year that we baled it was 12 dollars a ton and Dad, oh boy, we was in the money. We was really getting rich, 12 dollars a ton.

o I got to go and I'd keep out dreamily. Now go on and I say What do you. What do you want. Why do you want me to get me a flower and lots of sour dough you know and really made everything pie doughnuts and cake and every car thing I you far with the staple. Yeah right. That was if you had flour you'd give back and you don't kill me for me don't you.

I'm sure the place we had there was 640 acres, but a lot of it was out on the hill. So I imagine somewhere around 160 was farm and grain—

JR: Did anybody else in your family take the horses the way you did?

KT: Well, Dad was pretty good hand. One brother...Course, we always worked horses. That is, the boys if you was out haying, got a job haying, why that was all horse work, yeah. Like that—

VT: Wouldn't you believe it, I'm the only one now [unintelligible] cares anything about horses.

KT: But Dad always figured after you sold your hay and sold your whatever you wanted and paid up everything in the fall, if you had 500 dollars for the whole year to put in the bank, boy, you was in the money.

JR: What kind of boots do you prefer, Kenny?

KT: Well, these, I just picked up in an auction sale. It's pretty hard to get it right good boot anymore like you'd like. I think Paul Bond is what...at the time, we used to...Bluchers.

JR: Blucher? But they don't make boots anymore.

KT: No, Blucher don't. Well, I seen an ad not too long ago [unintelligible], but Paul Bond I think was learnt from him. But [unintelligible] boots that they make, I suspect it'd cost you 125 dollars. Anyway, that way—

JR: Well, did a pair of boots last you a long time when you were working?

KT: Well, it depends on what you was doing. I've gone through a pair of boots in pretty fast shape order, if you was out wallering around in the mud corrals and stuff [unintelligible]—

JR: But that's all cowboys wore.

KT: Oh sure! They was for six, seven years, I never owned a shoe.

JR: Did you have fancy boots and regular boots?

KT: Sometimes. Yeah, I bought a pair one time, I think, they was about five or six different colors in them where they was inlaid and stuff. I didn't have them for, oh, I don't know, six months...or six weeks, I mean, or so, and I loaned to a feller. He was going to go...he had a job rounding up some horses, and he frosted his feet. It was in the fall and didn't have any horse shoes. He cut them boots up so he could get them on. I remember that.

JR: So he could get his boots off.

KT: Get them on. Get them off and on. Yeah, he split them down like that, up the side.

JR: That was the end of your fancy boots.

KT: That was of that pair.

JR: Do you ride in tennis shoes like I do? You have boots.

VT: [unintelligible] boots that don't fit.

KT: She got a couple of pair, but she don't wear them.

VT: [unintelligible] because they fit better. Besides it's been wet when we've been riding.

KT: Pair in there that's pretty near new, just like the ones that Joe...I think I had them for Joe probably. Them black with the red stitch in the end. Then there's a pair in there, pair of Highers (?) that I bought in '59. There still good boots. Highers don't...Barry Mayhan (?) bought Blucher out...or, not Blucher, but, oh, them others in there. Highers.

JR: Well, is it hard to get a good fit?

KT: Well, they ought to let you get them made to order. Now, the two boots that we had over home was handmedowns was Kirkendalls and Buckingham and Eck (?). Buckingham and Eck wasn't too bad a boot. That is, it fit pretty fair. But them Kikendalls, they wore good, but they never did shape your foot. They were terrible. But you could buy a pair of boots for six, seven dollars, just common boots. But if you got a pair made to order, why...oh, sometimes it'd take about a month's wages if you...depended on—

JR: I got a kick out of my sister because she works in this...she works as a guard in a women's prison in Fond du Lac [Wisconsin]. She wears fancy cowboy boots. Never gets near a horse and insists that they're really comfortable.

KT: Oh, they are!

JR: Yeah, but they have these big, pretty high heel. But they are, cowboy boots are comfortable. If they got the right heel.

KT: Yeah, right, but the heels on them...you never saw nothing like this at all. Your heel was built to fit a stirrup. You never seen any flat heeled boots—

JR: So I asked my neighbor. He just came back from...He's a writer and he was in London and working, I asked him if they're cowboy crazy and Western crazy. He said yeah and he said they really wear strange, little short boots with fringe on them. [laughs]

KT: We used to get a jacket...well, in the wintertime, it was a tan, kind of canvas like. Not really canvas either, but it was on that order. It was short, and it had a sheepskin lining in it. Not in the sleeve, just a short...You used to wear the sheepskin and come out and you'd wear it for a vest. Course, you'd always have that jacket tore up by spring. Then you had a leather jacket that had the sleeves leather, it had the sheepskin down the front and down the back, and it had a leather belt that went around and back. A lot of the guys, quite a few...you remember them? Quite a lot of the guys wore them. You don't remember that?

VT: No.

KT: Oh, yeah. There was a lot of them around. I think I had—

VT: You got around more than I did.

JR: You were stuck home [unintelligible]?

VT: I was in a children's home when he was running around.

KT: They always was, as far back as I can remember, was Pendleton. Pendleton clothes and blankets.

JR: Old brand?

KT: Yeah, right.

JR: They still make good stuff.

KT: Right. I know. It was high then too for the work you do it. And they'd come around about once or twice a year. Minnesota Woolen Mills was another one that would come around. You could get your blankets. Now, there was no such thing as a sleeping bag.

JR: Right, you had your bedroll.

KT: Right, and a tarp—a bed tarp. They'd come around and take orders for your stuff. There was a guy come around over there one time, and the boots that he was selling and they were pretty well made to order. He took a shape your foot, you know, kind of...it was Teachels (?). That's the only time I ever saw them, but when I come over here, I was talking to old Charlie—

[End of Interview]