

Maureen and Mike

Mansfield Library

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

Archives and Special Collections

Mansfield Library, University of Montana

Missoula MT 59812-9936

Email: library.archives@umontana.edu

Telephone: (406) 243-2053

This transcript represents the nearly verbatim record of an unrehearsed interview. Please bear in mind that you are reading the spoken word rather than the written word.

Oral History Number: 288-001, 002

Interviewee: Pierre Charbono

Interviewer: N/A

Date of Interview: Unknown

This is a self-recorded reminiscence. Occasionally, an unidentified speaker asks Charbono questions.

Pierre Charbono: I am going to tell you about a little deal that I had. I had quite a few horses in the corral. The guy rode by and there was one in there that belonged to him. He stopped there. He was looking them over. He said to me, "Hey, I'll sell you that black horse there."

I said, "How much?"

He said, "You give me ten dollars for her and you can have her. But I am going to tell you before you get her that, if she wants you off, she is going to throw you off."

That didn't worry me much at that time. I said, "I'll take her for that money." I bought this horse. I was batching it then there. That night it was real bright, a full moon. It was pretty, real pretty. I had to check my mail. It had been quite a while since I had gotten my mail. I thought, "Well, I will ride that horse into town." It was ten miles.

I got on her and I went. It was real pretty that night. It must have been about eight or nine o'clock before I decided to go. I got on her. Geez, she was a high life horse, real pretty horse. She handled herself good, but he said to me before I bought her, "I am going to tell you one thing though: this horse, when she wants you off, she is going to get you off." He said that she would throw his brother anytime she wants to. I knew his brother. He was a damn good rider. It still didn't worry me any.

I saddled her up and rode her into Lambert. When I would get close to his place, I would ride right by his place. I rode by. I can feel this little hump coming every once in a while from in her back. Of course, the closer I got, the bigger the hump got. I got pretty close. I thought, "Next time, she will probably try to throw me." I had my sharp spurs on. I just gave her one hell of a jab right in the ribs as hard as I could put it. That changed her mind. She would take my advice. I went into Lambert. I went and got my mail and stopped at the bar. I don't suppose I got out of the bar till ten, twelve, maybe later like one or two o'clock. I don't know. It was way late anyhow.

I was riding her home. I had to go by his place again. Pretty soon, this damn horse, she starts throwing that little hump in her back again. Each time she threw it a little bit bigger. So, I let her out of there as far as I got her. She went right over by the place.

I would ride her down through the clearage every once in a while. She would wait until she got damn good bucking. She would then tear loose. I knew damn well that someday that horse was going to kill me. I was getting good, but I think she was getting better. I had just about all I could do to stay on her anyway. She did that quite a few times. She would buck me. I thought, "Damn her! She is going throw, sure as hell." I said, "I know one place that I could put you that you are not going to bother." So, I took her and put her in a gang pound (?).

I was working her in the gang pound and here came a guy down the road. He had a hell of a good little horse, but she switched her tail all the time. He didn't like that. He rode up there and I was at the end of the field. He said, "Hey! I'll trade this one here for that black one you got out there."

I said, "It's a trade. Take your saddle off." He took the saddle off and I took ours off. I let him take her. I put the other on the plow. He got on there and rode her. He had a bunch of sheep. I worked for him for five years herding sheep. That was before I started farming. He put her right out with the sheep. That horse was one of the best sheep horses that you would ever want. You could turn her loose out there and leave a half of day, and she wouldn't be a block away from where she was.

He started getting her bred. Every year, she would have a little, spotted colt. I don't know how come. She must have had some spotted blood in her because he bred her to some different kinds of studs and they weren't spotted. What she had was always a little, spotted colt. She must have had about three or four of them. Every year, she had a spotted colt.

Finally, I got one of the colts, but I broke it a little too young. She finally broke down on her hind legs. So, I sold her to a guy down there in Savage. Hell, I only got 35 dollars for her. Then he took her. She would just break down once in a while. She wasn't too bad, but I broke her too young. I was chasing those damn horses around those hills. I rode her too hard is what I did.

Anyhow, he was going to take some horses or some cattle across the Yellowstone River. He got her out in the river, and he drowned her. That was the end of her.

(Break in audio)

PC: I have been telling you now about some of my cowboy days. Now, I am going to tell some the things I shouldn't have done, but I did anyway. I got married in '38. My dad died in '38. Then they started helping my mother. They gave her a job at the sewing room. Just a month after my dad passed away, I got married.

I didn't have any money to speak of anyway. She was still damn rough going. Anyhow, I got married. That is the year the grasshoppers came in. We didn't get enough crops that year. The grasshoppers came in just sicker than hell. Two hours' time, you didn't have a spear out in the field. That winter, there came a lot of rain. All of these heads of the wheat that the grasshoppers cut, they started growing. So, the wheat got nice and green. The fields were nice and green again. It was about six inches or so. There were a lot of horses running the fields, a hell of a lot horses. I had never eaten horse meat before, but I have heard a lot about it.

My uncle came over one day. There was a hell of a storm going on. I had been just been newly married only about four or five months. I didn't have any meat and not too damn much feed, really. He came over and he said to me, "Let's go out there and butcher a horse."

I said, "That's fine with me, but I haven't eaten any horse meat before. I sure as hell will try it."

We went out there. We took our saddle horse and rounded up a horse. I knew this horse. It was a gold mare that had been up there for I don't know how long. She used to have a colt every year. I said, "The guy that owns her will know. He claims that he never got anything stole on him because he reads a teacup. He said that the teacup will tell him who did it and all this and that. Are you going to take that chance?"

He said, "I am not scared of that."

I said, "I know I'm not."

It was a two year old colt that was still sucking this mare. I rounded her up behind him. We rounded up two or three others. They were pretty wild. They were all wild as far as that goes. All I had was a shotgun. We had a couple kerosene lanterns. So, we had them in the corral in the morning or in the afternoon. We left them there until dark so that nobody would ride up and catch us. It wasn't my horse, but I knew who it belonged too. It had been long enough. That old mare had been running in there for six, eight years that I knew of.

I got her in the morn. I had a couple saddle horses with her. He had his saddle horse tied to my barn. We had three or four head of others in there. I took the damn shotgun and shot this two year old colt. When I shot the colt, the concussion (?) knocked both lights out. Jesus Christ, I tell you, I didn't know where to go. I jumped into the manger, but that was just as bad because I didn't know where the horses were. I didn't even know if I had that one knocked down or not. My uncle ran out of the barn. The wind was blowing. He had a hell of a time trying to come back in. He finally got back in. I was all right. I had the horse down.

I let the rest out. We butchered it out. I had a big, steel water tank. There was about two, three, or four inches of snow on the ground. We took the meat and put it underneath this water tank. Next morning, when I went out there, Jesus Christ, there were dog tracks all around that thing. That was a dead giveaway.

I told you that my mother was living and my father was dead. I took her some of this meat. I never did tell her. I never told her all her life. I never told her what I was feeding her. She thought it was beef.

There was a guy who stole a beef off of me. I had to run onto the head, and I see where it had been shot. I knew who did it. I always said that someday I was going to get my old beef back.

I took this horse meat into my mother. She was living in Sidney. She had a lot of her old friends around there. She was feeding them. She thought she was eating beef the whole time. I gave them about 12 pounds—11 or 12 pounds.

For me, he was down for dinner, him and his wife. He wanted to know where she got the good beef. My mother made up a story then. She thought that sure as hell that I was going to go to prison any day because I told her that I just went and got my old beef back is all. But she was eating horse meat.

This old friend of hers and his wife came down. They had dinner there. My mother fried up some of this horse meat. He said, "Jesus Christ, where in the hell did you get this beef?"

My mother made up a story. She said, "My brother came out there to Missoula. He bought a quarter of a beef down there in the valley some place. I don't know where, but he didn't want to carry it clear up here. So, he gave it to me."

Well, it was horse meat that she was eating. I ate several after that, but I never did tell my mother that I fed her horse meat. So, that is the end of that story.

(Break in audio)

PC: I have another little story I want to tell you. We used to do it quite often, particularly on a Sunday. There were a lot of horses out there. We would round up a bunch and bring them in. We would ride them on a Sunday. There was a little bay in these parts. It was a pretty sneaky little bay. I had an uncle from my mother's side who was not too good of a rider. This little horse could buck pretty hard. I rode her once or twice. It was a pretty hard little buck.

My uncle got on her—my uncle Frank. He got on this horse and rode it. My other uncle was standing there and said, "I bet you ten dollars that you can't ride it a second time."

Frank said, "I rode it once. I can ride it a second time too. I bet you ten dollars." I think it was ten or five. I don't know. It wasn't too much.

This horse was just scared to death of barbwire. When they let it out the chute, they brought it in the chute again. My uncle took a throw rope. Just when he let the horse out of the chute, they took that throw rope and threw it out. It hit the horse across the chest. Frankie was ahead of the saddle, then behind saddle, and off he went. That was the end of that ride. We never could get him to ride another horse after that. That is the end of that story.

(Break in audio)

PC: This is a little story that kind of hits me in a way. I am going to put it on this tape.

(reads in poetic rhythm)

I met a heap of cowboys, which some were real top hands.
I saw a million cattle and read a lot of brands.
I saw some hard, cold winters, where nearly all the cattle died.
I rode some cunning horses that could turn right in their hide.

I ate my share of beefsteak, and I drank some whiskey too.
I done a little dancing when there was nothing else to do.
I tried to ride some old outlaws, which I couldn't start to ride,
and I had seen some good old buddies go over the Great Divide.

I'm making my last stand with friends and family, too,
and I hope to be on horseback when I reach the promise land.

(Break in audio)

PC: ...I don't know just how that went. Anyhow, I asked about that horse of mine.

(Break in audio)

PC: I'm going to tell you a little story about another horse I used to own. I had two of them, in fact. They got away on me when they were about two years old. I castrated them both and branded them. They went clear down to that...they called it the Garden Coulee Country (?). I heard about them there, but I never got to see them. Those horses were in there for about two years.

There were one of my uncles and a couple of my cousins; they rode along. We rode down in there. It was about twenty miles from where I lived or better. There was somebody that built a barbwire corral up there near a corner on a fence. We saw a bunch of horses out along the creek. We went out there and rounded them all up. We put them in that corral. I didn't see mine at all. We had them in the corral, going around and around.

Pretty soon, I spotted one. Of course, I hadn't seen them for two years. They were pretty damn sneaky, too, at that, for not seeing anybody. I spotted this one. I look for my brand and it was on it. I had them both branded and castrated. My cousin had one maybe two...I don't remember what he had in there. The other boys', theirs wasn't in that bunch.

We cut all the others out and left mine and Floyd's in there. We turned all the others out and ran them back into the badlands. Then we started back home with mine and his. We took them over to my place. I put them in the corral.

The next morning, I went out there. God damn, they were wild, touchier than hell. I roped the one I wanted. He looked like he might make a pretty damn good saddle horse. I had the rope on him. Pretty soon, my dad came out. He said, "What do you plan on doing there?"

I said, "I am going to just try to ride this horse."

He said, "No you are not. You are not going to ride that horse. But I will. You got to saddle him up out there and take him out to the field."

I saddled him up. I can't remember for sure if I had him hung or broke him in. Anyhow, he wasn't too hard to get out in the field. I got him out there. My daddy walked out there and I had him in the field. He said, "No, I am going to ride him. I don't want you to, not yet." So, he got on. I still had him tied to the horn. When he got on and all settled down, he figured he was going to get a hell of a good ride, which he did. I don't know if I could have ridden him or not. I always wanted to try.

When he got all settled in there, he didn't know he had a hackamore on him. He said, "Will you hand me that rope?" I handed him the rope and turned him loose. That son of gun—he just bucked. I don't know if I could have stayed with him. I think I could have maybe. He rode out first.

I was still going to school. I started riding this damn horse to school every day. There was this woman that lived a couple miles from me. She used to take her kids to school in her car. Every time this damn car would go by, I would race this car with this horse to the school house. It was three miles. I did that for quite a while. Every time that car would go by, I would take in after that car. That horse just wanted to race cars all the time.

One day, I wanted to ride him into Lambert. I rode him into Lambert. There was a damn car. There wasn't too many cars on the road at that time, very few. This car went by me. All at once, he wanted to run. I held him down. Next thing I knew, he reared over backwards with me. That is something I am scared of. I always have been awful damn scared of that. I would rather have a buck any day than rear over backwards with me.

He reared over backwards with me, but I didn't get hurt or anything. By that time I got up to go on him again, the car was far enough so he behaved himself. I rode on to Lambert. Then coming home, god damn, there was another car that came by me. Shit, I couldn't race with every car. He did the same damn thing. When I tried to hold him down, over backwards he went. He damn near got me that time. I said, "To hell with this noise. I am not riding this son of a bitch."

I decided I would sell it. That went on for a few days. One day, I told my dad that I was scared to ride that son of a bitching horse and that I was going to sell it. I rode him into Lambert. It was ten miles into Lambert and 27 miles into Sidney. My mother was living in Lambert at that time. I said I was headed for Sidney. I don't know what the hell I rode around by Lambert for. I rode that way for something. My mother fixed me up a lunch to carry along.

I rode as far as Old Todd Merle's (?) ranch. I had to cut across the section there. There was a creek going through there. I used to stop there when I wasn't in a hurry. I stopped there and let the horse graze. I ate my lunch. I rode him on into Sidney.

When I got into Sidney, I found this horse buyer. I had him look at the horse. All he would give me was six dollars for the damn horse. I sold the horse to him. I told him, "Now this horse hasn't had a damn thing to eat all day. He has had a hell of a hard ride. I want him fed."

"Oh yes, I'll feed him," he said.

Instead of putting him in by himself, he put him in with the other bunch. He had 15 or 20 head in there.

I went back the next day to look at him. Hell, he hadn't fed him a damn thing. That night, I was with Floyd Stergus (?) and Son Miller (?). I was telling them about it. I said, "That little son of a bitch, he hasn't fed them horses. They are eating their own manure."

That night we went down. He had them railroad locks on the stock yards. You hit them with a rock, you could knock them open. We knocked them open. We knocked the lock open and

chased the horses out. Those sons of bitching horses were so hungry they would eat anything there was. Anything they could grab, they would eat. There were roots, thistles, and weeds against the fence. They didn't even get a half a mile away from the corral that first night.

He didn't have any trouble rounding them up the next morning. We went down there again in the afternoon to look. They were all back in the corral. They had nothing to eat. We went down again that night. We did the same damn thing. We broke that lock open and chased the horses out. We chased them a little ways this time. They got clear to the river, which wasn't too far. It was a couple miles, two or two and a half miles.

He had to hire some boys to round them up for him. He got them all rounded up and put them back in the corral. I went down there and looked. They still didn't have anything to eat.

We went down to old cop Hearse (?). He was the cop there in Sidney. I went down there and said, "That little son of a bitch down there. I sold him my horse. I rode that horse for over 30 miles, but that horse has had nothing to eat. We did go down last night."

He said, "Oh yes? I have already had a report about that."

I said, "I am the one that did it. I turned those horses out. I want to see something to eat in there tonight or I am going to turn them out again tonight." It was late in the afternoon then.

He got a hold of this old Kippenhaver (?). That was his name. I was staying at my cousin's place there. He had this damn old car. It was just a car, but it was cut down and had box on the back of it. Here I see him going down. He had five or six bales of straw. It was something to eat anyway. We went down later on. He had put it in all right.

I didn't pay any more attention there. I waited there for a few days. Then I asked someone, "Whatever happened to those horses?"

He said, "He shipped them to Butte." They had a cannery up there in Butte. I don't know. The Humane Society got on them because they starved their horses. I guess you can't can a horse if he's fat. He has got to be poor. I heard that anyway. I asked about that horse of mine.

He said, "That horse got downed. He got so poor down there they had to drag him in the boxcar with a team." That's the last I heard of that horse.

I don't know what really happened. That is what kind of a guy he was. I don't believe in that kind of stuff. I believe if use a horse, you better feed him or don't have him at all.

(Break in audio)

PC: Now I am going to tell you a story that I don't tell very much because most people don't believe me anyway. I got through with spring work. I had a small team of mules. I decided I was going to go over to North Dakota to visit my uncle that lived over there. It is 180 miles over there.

I started out in the morning. I drove as far as Glendive. I was there in time for dinner. Glendive was sixty-five miles from my place. I ate dinner in Glendive then I started on. I never took that team off the track all day long.

Towards the evening, I came to a nice camping spot, which there was a small creek on it. I stayed with one mule and let the other one loose. I fixed my supper. I shot a prairie chicken. I also had things along with me, but I had a prairie chicken. I had a good supper I thought.

Pretty soon, the mules quit eating. They laid down for a while. Then they got up again and started eating a little more. I thought, "Hell, I'll hook them up and go a little ways farther." I hooked them up. I suppose I drove maybe a good 20 miles farther. Then I stayed there all night. I camped there. It wasn't a bad place to camp.

Next morning I got up good and early. I took off. I drove clear to New England, [North Dakota]. Then I had to swing south from there over into Amidon, North Dakota. My uncle lived down in the Quakes (?) from there. I drove down to his place. I drove 180 miles in two days. Most people didn't believe I could do it, but I did do it. It still wasn't dark when I got there.

I stayed there two weeks—two and half weeks. Then I thought that I should probably get back home again. So, I started out again. Coming home, I took two days. I got close to Glendive; it started raining like hell. It rained from there almost to Intake.

There was a place they called the Red Top School House. They had it locked. It was raining like hell anyway. I went down to this guy to see if I could have the key to the school house. He said, "No, you can't go in there."

I said, "I think I am going to all right because I am not going to stay out in the rain. All my bedding is wet."

I went back. I took a nail and I picked that lock open. I got in and built a good fire. I got all my bedding out. Then I had to walk clear down to the Yellowstone River—that was over a half mile—to get some water. I pulled water out of that Yellowstone River, which I don't think it was too good either. I brought back to the school house. I boiled it and made my tea. I fried some potatoes. While I was at my uncle's, my aunt made me a whole basket of sugar cookies. I had a pretty fair supper.

The next morning, I got up again and started home. The mules were getting pretty sore footed. I stopped at Intake. I bought some horseshoe nails. I had some belting. I put that in the buggy on purpose. I took this belting and put it on their front feet.

I still had about 40 miles to drive yet. It was on the third day that day. Anyhow, I got home. It was getting quite light when I got there. I drove 180 miles in two days. I think that is about all I got of that story too.

(Break in audio)

PC: This one is going to be an awful funny story that I am going to tell you. I had a lot of fun. There was a masquerade going in Lambert. I don't know how old I was. Anyhow, I only wore size three shoes. My mother had a niece living with her. I didn't know how in the hell I was going to dress for this masquerade. They said that I should dress like a woman. It's a little different when you take a lady part when you dance. I did a little practicing with my mother's niece and my mother.

When the night came of the masquerade, they dressed me all up. I had silk stockings and panties. I had a bra with cotton put in. They had me all cogged (?) up pretty well. I went to the masquerade.

I saw two girls right across the room from where the dance floor was there. I went down there and sat in between them. I knew this girl. I used to work with her quite a bit in the hotel. She was dressed as a sailor girl or sailor boy rather. She didn't know who I was. I didn't ever talk because I knew she would recognize my voice.

Anyway, I sat there in between those two girls. This here girl that I had worked with quite a bit, she would dance with me a lot. There was a few of the old cowboys around there. Of course, I was just at the right age where I liked to raise a little hell anyways. I just really played up to them guys. They were trying to make dates with me. I was tired of dancing. Jesus Christ, I was dancing every dance.

All at once, this little sailor girl came up and said, "Do you girls have to go out to take a leak?" Jesus Christ, I didn't know what the hell I was going to do. The other two nodded their heads. So I thought, "Well hell, I'll nod my head too, I guess."

We went out. It was a hardware store, but the top was a dance hall. Behind, there was a big warehouse. We went around that damn warehouse. (laughs) They all squatted down to take a leak there. I didn't know how in hell I was going to work that deal. I thought maybe I would pee on my shoes. Anyhow, I squatted down with the other two or other three rather. I took a leak along with them.

You had to take your mask off at 12 o'clock. I was playing up to these other boys. They were pretty much all good friends of mine. I rode with most of them. Anyhow, I was having one hell of a time. When I took the mask off...That was at midnight. We had to take our masks off. Some of them guys would have liked to kill me I guess. Anyway, I had one of the best times that night than I had in a good long time. I guess that is enough of that.

(Break in audio)

PC: Now I am going to tell you a little bit about this town of Lambert. It was quite a little town in its day. I rode in that town many a time. Have seen both sides of the streets lined up with nothing but saddle horses. The town is only two blocks long, but I have seen that town when it was nothing but saddle horses tied on that sidewalk.

One day—this this was with a guy too—here was a horse standing on the side of the street there. He wasn't tied up. He was just standing there. He looked like he had been rode half to death. We walked by him. Willy picked up his tail and put a little stick under.

(unidentified woman laughs in background)

The damn horse went down the street just bucking to beat hell. He stopped right in the middle of the street, just as soon as the stick fell out. He stopped bucking. He dropped his head. He was standing right in the middle of the street.

We got down there to the bar a ways. He was headed for the bar. Here was another horse that was standing right along, but he was standing sideways, lengthways, on the sidewalk. Back in those days, if you wanted to fight, all you had to do was kick in a man's horse or dog and you would have a fight. This horse was on this sidewalk. Willy grabbed it by the bit and he gave it a kick in the ribs that straightened him out with the rest of the horses.

Just then, Herby Claire (?) came out of the bar and he seen that. They were good friends, real good friends. There was damn near a fight right there. It wasn't even Herby's horse. He was just breaking it for a guy. There was almost a fight.

Back in those days, it was nothing to see a fight going on in the street. You never paid any attention to them fights. You wouldn't pay much more attention to it than if there were a couple dogs out there fighting. A lot people think that wearing these pistols and all that. I had one. We all wore pistols, but that pistol wasn't put on you for killing another man. That pistol was put on...Of course, they killed. There had been killing. Guys shot one another and all that. That pistol was out on you so, if you caught in your saddle, you had a chance to shoot your horse. That is what that pistol was for. It wasn't carried around to kill a man.

I carried a .44 Western pistol. It was heavier than hell. I could sure shoot. I shot many jack rabbits with that damn pistol.

(Unidentified woman speaks; unintelligible)

This town of Lambert, she was a wild little town at one time and she was a nice little town. There were two banks, three bars. There was...they called them "blind pigs" at that time. They didn't call them bars. They called them blind pigs on account of it was prohibition days. We always got all the whiskey we wanted. I wasn't one much to drink anyhow. I made a lot of

whiskey myself. Then I would sell it. (laughs) This town was quite a little town in those days. I have seen some high old times in that town.

This one time...I didn't really know these guys, but they had a grey team. They called them the Galloping Greys. They would come down and get about half drunked up. It was in the winter time, this time that I remember.

Everybody had a lot milk cows around town. We had one ourselves down there. My folks did down there. When you get your milk, you would let them go.

This guy with the Galloping Greys, he had 150 (unintelligible). He got about half drunked up and was giving them sleigh rides up and down the streets. Of course, the horses were all sharp shod. When he turned the corner, the sled would just slide like it was on ice. I guess there was ice back through there. They were having a hell of time.

Some damn old cow went out there and shit right out in the middle of the road. It was frozen. That sled took a swing and it was just full of people. Nobody got hurt. Anyway, that sled made that whirl and hit that pile of cow shit. It tipped the damn sled over. They were all in a heap and away went the team for the barn as far as they could run. That finished the sleigh ride for that night.

I can say that Lambert was one of the most coming towns in that part in that time. I don't know. I just can't think of anymore...

Unidentified Female Speaker: Oh yes. You finished the boy's friends...

PC: What?

UFS: Who are the boy's friends? (unintelligible)

PC: Are they friends you say? Well, they talk. After he kicked his horse in the ribs, you take the...They were real good friends. We were all good friends. We all rode together. Willy was the one who kicked the horse. Herby Claire was a good friend of mine. I never had any trouble with him at all, but I knew better than to ever kick somebody's saddle horse. Even today, if somebody kicked my saddle horse, I would fight quicker than hell. I might do it myself, but I am not going to let anybody else do it. Back in them days, you never monkeyed with the other guy's horse. That is the way it was in them times.

When I think back about it...you walked down the streets. You would see everybody had their pistols on them, but if you did get in a fight, they would never reach for their pistol. Just some of those god damn boys were just pretty damn rough. They would sit in the saddle all the time. They were hard and tough.

As far as that goes, I have never been whipped. I have been in a few fights, but I have never been whipped yet. I have put up some hell of a bluff, where I knew damn well the other guy could whip me, but I put up enough of a bluff that I always could get out of it. Of course, I have been whipped. I have been whipped good too.

This one time, I had a big team of horses. This guy was running a ditcher. He had just a little team. I went and drove up there with this big team. He was running a ditcher. He couldn't pull that. He couldn't even pull it half a block. He got frustrated. I said to him, "You better take that blue team off and put mine on." He did put my team on. Jesus Christ, he went down...I don't know how far it was. It must have been a quarter of a mile. Then he turned and went the other way. I wasn't watching him. I thought, "Jesus Christ, he has to stop and rest my team every once in a while."

He went right down to the other end, turned them right around, and drove them back all the way back on that ditcher. I was kind of mad all right. It burnt me up a little bit. I had always been a little touchy with my horses. There was something said anyhow. I went into the house to drink a cup of coffee. I don't know. It just seemed...

[End of Tape 1, Side A]

[Tape 1, Side B]

PC: I got on my saddle horse one morning. I had a trap line going. I rode over to it (unintelligible). I tied my horse right up out there by the garden close to the house. My brother and my dad came over. They said, "We better stay for dinner. It is getting close to dark." So we stayed.

While I was eating dinner, Frank looked out the window and said, "Jesus Christ, look out there!" I couldn't even see my saddle horse standing out there. That storm was blowing and snowing so bad. I don't think my horse was twenty feet from the house.

Pretty soon, my dad and brother got through eating dinner and said they were going to go home. He took right straight across for home. He came out right where he wanted to. You couldn't lose him anyway. I was scared. So, I followed the fence all the way around right went through the boonies. I was right next to it and could hardly see that fence sometimes. I followed it all the way home.

Then I put my horse in the barn. I went to the house. The next morning, my dad came from milking. He said, "After you get through with breakfast, you have to go out and kill your saddle horse."

I didn't want to go. My mother said, "No boy wants to kill his own horse."

After we got through with breakfast, my dad went out and got the ax. He said, "Here, now you go out and kill that horse." I had a pistol; I had a high-powered rifle; but I didn't want to use them. He said, "Take that ax and go kill that horse. I don't want to see her suffer anymore." So, I did. I went down and killed my horse. He drug her out though. He drug her out over in the breaks (?). That was one of the worse sons of bitching storms that I had been in a good many years except for one other time.

I was married. I even had two kids. This was in March. I didn't water my horses for three days. I couldn't get to the hole. I lost a bunch of pigs in that blizzard too. I had a load of hay in front of the barn. When that storm was over, I didn't have one damn straw left in that hay stack.

UFS: Who did it?

PC: And then...What?

UFS: Where it went?

PC: The wind blew it out. It was a hell of a big wind. You couldn't see anything. Sometimes it was 20 minutes or more...I would get a glimpse of my colts' heads. Then I would run for the barn. When I would see the barn, I would run for it.

In that barn, I had everything closed up. It was so damn hot in there. The water would run right off of my horses. I had one stall full of pigs. Even some of them got too hot and died. I don't remember how many I had in there. I probably had about 12 or 15 head in that stall.

The only way I could feed was to go out and pull the hay out of the hay stack with my hands. You couldn't put it on a fork. I would poke through the hay hole until I could get the hay pulled. I would take it out of there and distribute it to all the other animals. I even had the alley way (?) with the colts in it. I didn't dare leave anything open. It was just that hot in there.

The third day the storm broke. I did up all my chores. Then I went to see how my neighbors were doing. I road over to Clarence Souther's (?) first. He had a little shed. There was only one door in that house. He had a little shed, but there was no door on that shed. That storm whipped that damn shed full of snow. He didn't get out to the barn at all. For three days, he didn't feed, water, or nothing. I fed, but I didn't water. I couldn't. It was cold too.

He shoveled his way out with a fire shovel the third day. It was a nice day that day. It was cold, but it wasn't blizzarding or anything. There was a three day storm going before that day.

I had seen that he was all right, so I went over to my next neighbors, whose name was Mark (unintelligible). He had about 150 head of sheep. They all got in the coulee. They were all buried up under six feet of snow. I worked all that afternoon. Then I went home and took off my drawers. I ate supper. I rode back after supper. I worked all night getting those sheep out.

UFS: Were they dead?

PC: No, they were alive. There were two or three dead ones, but not too many. We shoveled them all out and put them in the barn. About ten days later, they started dying. He lost quite a bunch of them. He had a dug-in barn. He had lots of hay, but the hay was clear down in the meadow. He couldn't get to it. He fed them seaweed from his stock. He didn't have too much seaweed either. Seaweed was hard to get then.

He had one little window out...It was a little square. It was about a foot square right by the team. He had it right by the door. He had all his cattle in there. He didn't have all his horses in, though. They were running in the meadow though (?), I think. Anyhow, I worked all that afternoon and all night. Ten or eleven o'clock the next day, we got them all shoveled out of that coulee.

His team, where that little window was, it was just their necks sticking out of the snow. The wind had blown over the top of the damn barn and whipped right in. It was all over the top of his team and way back in the barn. Some of his cattle were belly deep in the snow. I helped him shovel that all out, which was the first thing, even before we started getting the sheep. Of

course, he watered everything in the barn. I don't know what time it was at night. I wasn't there when he did that.

The next morning, anyhow, he had to load the hay on. I worked there the next night till dark. That's the way that son of a bitch can get back there in March weather.

UFS: Do you remember some other stories about March weather?

(Break in audio)

PC: I am going to tell you another story. It happened the tenth day in May. I was farming about 240 acres of grain that year. The reason I know it was the tenth day of May is because I farmed...I put in grain, wheat, up until the tenth day of May. Then I started putting in barley, oats, corn, and stuff like that. It was a Saturday night. It was snowing. It had great, big flakes. It was warm. The snow was coming straight down.

The next morning when I got up, it was a regular damn blizzard. I don't know how cold it got. We didn't have thermometers in them days. Anyhow, she was damn cold. It was storming so bad that I was too scared to go out and look for my horses. I didn't dream of a horse freezing to death.

After the storm, I went out to get my horses. I had one work horse left. The rest were all froze. Some of them froze to death while standing on their feet. When I took the hide off, I had to push them over. I had five saddle horses out, but they were okay. They hadn't shed yet. The work horses had all shed their winter fur. I lost them all.

UFS: How many?

PC: I lost all but one horse.

UFS: How many?

PC: Five head. I didn't what in the hell I was going to do. I looked up the road and I see the mail man's steed coming out. I knew they were tough. They had been on the mail route all winter. They had grain and were fed all winter. I grabbed them two right away, but I still didn't know what I was going to do for the rest.

I went to the bank. When I went back to the bank, I asked him, "Say, do you have any horses that you would let me have just to break or to use." He gave me a list of brands about a foot long on paper.

I went out on the open range and I rounded up a bunch of horses. I took anything that had any kind of a mark in the right place. I just took them. The hell of it is you better have twice as many horses than you are going to need because those green horses haven't done very much. Here I had a whole barn full of them damn kicking son of a bitching horses.

I got the rest of my crop in anyway. I turned them out. But that was a rough son of a bitch.

(Break in audio)

PC: Back in them days, they used watch the stock, the horses and the cattle, that was on the range for storms. They didn't have any radios or anything that would tell there was going to be a storm. Everybody, even I, used to watch all the stock out grazing.

One day, my granddad, he was going to load up a load of grain. He lived right across the hill from me. He loaded up a load of grain. He looked over the edge of the coulee and he seen the milk cows sniffing the air. He just unhooked his team and put them in the barn. If he would have went on with that load of grain, he would have got caught about half between there and Lambert. He didn't. He unhooked them and put them in the barn. That was one of the god damnedest blizzards you had seen that night, or afternoon rather.

If you see a bunch of cattle grazing on a side hill and they are grazing all day, they are overloading their stomachs for a storm. You can just bet that there is going to be one hell of a storm coming if you see that.

(Break in audio)

(Music playing)

PC: I want to tell you some of the funny things that have happened to me. Frank was going with the school teacher up there. No, it wasn't the school teacher, but he used to take this girl to the school house. I was right at home when he borrowed my uncle's car. I was talking to him. He had a quilt over his arm. I asked him then, "What in the hell are you going to carry that quilt for? Hell, it ain't cold out. It is warm."

Just as soon as he pulled out, I jumped on my saddle horse. It was three miles over there. I rode like hell. I took my saddle horse and tied it on the fence. I took the saddle off, so, if he shown his lights on that horse, he would think it was just horse standing there with no saddle on. I took it off and ran like hell to the school house.

I had only gotten into the school house for a few minutes when he and this girl of his came in. They drove up out in front first. They sat out there in the car for quite a little while. I was just a young guy. I was probably 14 or 15 years old. Anyhow, I crawled underneath the teacher's desk. I was all hooked up under there. I couldn't even wiggle. It was so damn tight underneath that teacher's desk.

They sat there and they talked and talked for quite a while. I thought they were never going to leave. Jesus Christ, I was getting cramps and everything else underneath that desk. Pretty soon, he went to work. He sat in that teacher's chair. Then she sat on the teacher's desk. She was swinging her feet. She was missing my head by about a half inch. I don't know. It was dark in there. Finally, I guess it was about midnight or so. They got the hell out of there. I never was so damn tickled to see someone get the hell out of there. I went on home then.

The next morning I had to get up to milk the cow. My uncle, he saw me over there. He knew what I was going to do. I told him what I was going to do. Anyway, I went out to milk the cow. The cow was right there on the edge of the coulee. He came over there right away. He wanted to know what I had seen and heard all this and that. I told him everything that happened. Then I had seen Frank later on in the day. We started kidding him a little. He said, "No, you weren't in there."

I said, "Yes I was." I started telling him some of the things I had heard.

Well, he knew damn well...He said, "If I would have caught you in there, I would have kicked your ass."

I said, "No you wouldn't have," because I knew too much then. I said, "You wouldn't have done a damn thing more than what you are doing right now." I never tried that trick again.

(Break in audio)

(Music plays)

PC: now I am going to tell you a story about what happened to me on a round up one time. It was an 80-mile ride on one horse. We started out at four o'clock in the morning. There was a young boy there. He was about 12 years old. I was about 15 or 16, somewhere in there. We all started from the stock yards. They said that it was going to be one hell of a hard ride.

This Hardy, he had just a damn pony, a Shetland pony. I told him earlier when he left the stalls that morning, "Hardy, you better not ride that pony. That son of a bitch isn't going to make it home."

He said, "Oh, I think I will." He was about 12 years old then.

We started about four o'clock in the morning. We drove all through the Richey and Redwater country. We rounded up every horse that we could see. There was a bunch of us. I was riding sideline myself. I had a few hard rides, some of them old mares with them colts. They would try to break. If they broke too many times, somebody had a rope on them. They would cut that cord in their front leg. They just took the leg out (?). Well, that kept them in the muck.

It was 11 or 12 o'clock at night when we got that bunch all in. When we got them all in, we had one full section of nothing but horses. We started cutting, branding, and all that kind of stuff. This guy that I was working for, he was a training officer in Lambert. I was handling the gate. He told me to let that bunch out. Instead of letting them out, I jumped in front of the gate. He came over and he kicked the hell out of me. He didn't hit me with his fists. He sure did kick me around. I don't see why the other cowboys let him do it. I told him at the time that someday I was going to go out and he was going to take the damnedest beatings he would ever have.

I had already moved up here to Missoula. One evening, I was sitting here. I was just thinking about this. I told my wife. I said, "You have been brave. I'm grown up now, I think. I got married. I have two kids. I'm going back, and that son of a bitch is going to take one of the damnedest beatings he ever had." She got ready right away. The next morning we were on the road, and I was back there.

The following day after that, I went into Lambert. He never paid me anything for that ride. I rode 80 miles that day on my own horse. I corralled all those horses up. I cut for two days. The third day, he beat the hell out of me. I mean he beat the hell out of me too.

UFS: Why?

PC: What?

UFS: Why?

PC: Because I jumped in front of the gate. I jumped in front of this gate. He wanted that bunch of horses out. I jumped in front of the gate and put them back with the others. Jesus Christ, he kicked me! I told him then, "Someday, I am going to come up and beat the hell right out of you."

I went back to do it. I drove 600 miles. I left my wife over at my father's place, which was ten miles out. I went into Lambert. I stopped at the bar and got myself a double shot of whiskey. I headed to the printing office. When I got to the printing office...Every step I made I was getting madder, madder, and madder. When I hit that printing office, he was setting print on a high stool there. He said, "Jesus Christ, Elby (?), I haven't seen you for a long time." He came around the end and put out his hand. I'll be damned if I didn't grab and shake it.

UFS: (laughs)

PC: Which I guess is just as well that I did. But I forgot about it all, just that quick.

(Break in audio)

PC: I got another little story that I will tell you. We had the old steam outfit. I was the water man. When I hauled five tanks a day, it took me until ten o'clock at night. I had my saddle horse down there ever since seven in the morning. I had him tied to a fence post. When I came in with my last load, it was way after dark. I drove up in there and saw that my saddle horse was gone.

I went in and ate my supper. The rest of the boys were all in making their beds along by the haystack. I went to one guy. I figured it was him. I said, "Did you turn my saddle horse loose?" He started cussing like hell. He took after me. I was a young man, but he took after me. He was chasing me. Just as I went around the end of the haystack, there was a three-tined pitchfork there. I took that son of a bitching fork and took after him. I meant to run it through his damn belly. I put him on the run.

Anyhow, he went around the haystack. I knew then that he was the guy that let my horse lose. My horse was loose for three days with a saddle on, running in the hills. I went to sleep. I was sleeping with my cousin. I got in bed. There was another fellow there by the name of Heliver (?). He was a North Dakota guy. He came out to the Montana side. He farmed up there for three or four years on the Montana side. He was only four miles from where I lived. Anyway, we were all sleeping out there. He said to me, "Did you leave my gate open and let all those horses in my field?"

I said, "No, I didn't. I didn't leave no gate open."

He kept saying, "Yes you did."

I kept saying, "No, I didn't."

He said, "Yes, you did."

I said, "No, I didn't."

The first thing I know he is on top of me just slapping the holy hell out of me.

We got through with that. Late that night, we got through with that farmer. We moved over on ours with the thresh machine. I never told my dad a damn word. I never said a word about getting slapped up. My cousin was sitting up alongside of me. We were sitting in the shade of the hay rack while they were getting the machine ready to start threshing. Old Heliver was just coming in from the field. Murray, he was my cousin, he told my dad. He said, "That old son of a bitch sure beat the hell out of Elby (?) last night."

My dad turned to me and said, "What for?"

I said, "He said I left his gate open and all the horses got in his field."

My dad said to me, "Did you do it?"

I said, "No, I didn't do it."

My dad just sat there for a little while. He [Heliver] was coming in from the field. We went up to him and he said...He was still on his hoe. He stopped his team there behind the rest of the hay racks. He stopped his team. My dad walked down there and said, "I understand you beat the hell out of my boy last night."

He said, "No."

My dad said, "I want you to come down. I want to see if you can whip me too."

But he wouldn't get off his hay rack. He was still working for us. If it would have been me, I would have quit. I wouldn't have taken the cussing like he took from my dad, but he didn't. He stayed on.

Then I was farming 240 acres. I had one section that I was farming that was two and half, three miles from where my place was. I was over there farming. There was a guy that started bootlegging there. They came and asked me to see if they could bootleg at my place. I said, "Sure, go ahead. I don't care." The Revenue Officer was after him pretty heavy. They had to get away from the Yellowstone River. They had to come up there. I would ride home about every other night to see how they were doing. They were making whisky there and moonshine.

One day, I said to one of them, "I'll trade them the whole damn works for five gallon of moonshine. You make the moonshine and pay for this yeast (?)."

He said, "I'll give you the still." The Revenue Officer was getting pretty close to him.

I said, "That's a deal."

So I started making moonshine. I had quite a few pretty good customers. I went into Sidney. I had my pockets full of bottles. I took them into the basement of a bar. He had a place down there where he told me to hide them. I would hide them down there. He would give me a glass of beer. You couldn't buy whiskey, but you could get beer then. Beer (unintelligible). I was drinking that beer. I looked down the alley or down the bar. Here is old Heliver. I recognized him right away. Then I was a man. I wasn't married yet, but I was a man.

I went over there. I grabbed him by the shoulder and turned him around. I said, "Is your name Heliver?"

He said, "Yes, it is."

I said, "Do you remember beating the hell out of a kid one time."

He said, "No, that is something I never did."

I said, "The hell you didn't. I happen to be that boy. You slapped the holy hell out of me. You broke my glasses. Now I am going to see if you can do it again."

Joe Mosco (?), he owned the bar. He said, "Oh hell, Elby. He's getting old."

I said, "That's okay. I was young. I was just a kid then. I could drive horses as good as anybody, as far as that goes. I can ride just as fast. I can handle them just as good anybody in the country."

I was going to take him out the back door. Old Joe came and said, "Oh hell, Elby, forget it. It happened many years ago. Let it go."

And I did. I guess maybe that turned out all right. I don't know. I had the notion though that I was going to take him and work him over good. That is what I had in my mind. When I walked down that bar, I had the notion to do it right there. Then I thought that it would just cause a big...If I would have dragged him out the back door, nobody would have seen what the hell I would have done. I meant to give the boot to hell right down the son of a bitch (?).

(Break in audio)

PC: I am going to tell you about another round up that I was on. I rode my horse. It was 12 miles to the corral. When I got to the corral, they had maybe 50 or 75 head of horses in the corral. Anyhow, I drove my horse 12 miles. I asked some of the boys there, "Hey is there anything in that bunch that is broke to ride?"

They said, "Well, yes." They pointed me out a certain horse. So, I roped it. I let it ride in.

It acted like a real good horse. I put the saddle right on it. I could see that there were some little grins on their faces. I was a pretty good rider at that time. Anyhow, I got on this son of bitching horse. That bastard, I tell you, she had a son of a bitching buck. I was a hanging on everything I could get a hold of. The damn horse ran inside the corral and broke its neck.

By that time, I was getting pretty damn hot under the collar. I took my saddle off and turned it in. I said, "You got any more of them son of bitches that aren't broke or their necks broke? If you have, just point him out to me."

They picked me out another horse. It was a good horse. It bucked a little bit, but it didn't buck hard. It was a good horse.

I and Mike Ernester (?), we were riding together. There was quite a bunch there. There was about ten or fifteen cowboys. Mike and I started out first. Mike was riding a big roan gelding. It seemed to be a good horse. This one he picked out of that bunch too. We started out. That damn horse didn't buck a damn thing. We got about a half a mile from the corrals and that son of a bitch tore loose. Old Mike was a damn good rider, but old Mike was holding on that time.

We rode about 10 or 15 miles. We were bringing in everything that there was. Every horse that we had seen, we brought it in. I don't know. We must have had about 300, I guess. We brought them in. I know we had a hell of a lot more than the cow folk because we had to put some of them in out with the herd. We had to get the rest of them out before we corralled them. Coming back, we were bringing...That damn horse would wait until we got to a nice good slope. He would cut three times that day with Mike, but he never threw him.

I went back all those years later. Mike had his stroke then. He had one heart attack after that. I was sitting on the porch at my brother's house and he recognized me. He came over. We started talking about some of the old deals that we had. He said to me, "Do you remember the time that you broke the horse's neck in the corral and you got pretty mad?"

I said, "Yes, I sure do."

He said, "You know, they picked me out that horse I was riding, too."

I said, "Yes, I know."

Then he said, "It was a pretty good horse. I didn't think it was like it was. It would kind of catch you on surprise. Then he would try to throw you. He was kind of an ornery son of a bitch."

But Mike was a good rider. He rode him.

We got back that night. I rode on home then. It was 12 miles to my place from the corrals. I had nothing to eat all day. That damn Ray Nicholls, he wouldn't feed anybody unless he absolutely had to. I rode home and came back the next morning. We started working horses. I worked horses. A lot of these people think that cowboying is just a goddamn, big bunch of fun. But, what the hell, they should try it sometime. It is nothing but work.

I worked those horses that day. I worked all day. I was so damn tired. When I got through that night, I just rode up to the corral house to get something. I was asleep in two seconds, I guess. It's a rough going.

(Break in audio)

(Music plays)

PC: I am going to tell you a few other things that happened to me in my life. I don't think I had such a good life. Anyhow, my dad was...Six or seven years before he passed away...At that time, they wouldn't help my mother at all till after he had passed away. For six or seven years, I took care of the family: my mother, my dad, and my three brothers. It was one of them dry years in the late '30s. It was rough going. In fact, I rode 40 miles a day on a damn saddle horse. I picked spuds all day. One sack of spuds is all I got for my pain. I worked all that summer. I didn't get any crop. I went to the valley. I went 20 miles (unintelligible). I rode 20 miles down in the morning and 20 to home at night.

When it got to be winter, I herded sheep all that winter. When spring opened up, I would go back to farming. I didn't get that much more of seed back the next year. Then in the winter, I went back to herding those damn sheep again. I herded sheep for, I think, three years. I herded sheep just in the winters, not in the summers.

I was getting up there then. I was about 19. The girls started coming pretty quick to me then. On Saturday afternoons, I would quit the fields, take a bath, and put on my best clothes which were a pair of overalls and a clean shirt. I would ride 30 miles into town to see this girl.

This girl she liked (unintelligible). I thought she was the only girl in the world at that time, of course. I went with her for about three years. Every Saturday afternoon in the summer, not winter, I would quit the field and go into town. She knew just about how long it would take me to ride down. It took me four hours to ride those 30 miles. That is hard riding.

I ride into town this one day. She was sitting in the same booth where she always was. I walked by. I watered my horse out of the mop bucket, I guess. I staked it out in the back of the bar. There was good grass out there. I would stay there for Saturday afternoon. On Sunday, we always went to a show. I didn't get out of the show till 11 o'clock. I didn't get out of town till 12 o'clock. Then I had 30 miles to ride home.

Many times I would ride home or ride off by the barn down by the racing pit that my work horses were in. I would put them out in the corral. I would plow all day. It didn't bother me though because I was young.

Anyhow, I thought she was the only girl in the world. One day I rode in, she quit me. There was another couple sitting there, but I didn't see them. She wouldn't introduce me to them. She wouldn't even talk to me.

She wanted me to get married. I told her, "Hell, I can't get married. It would just cause trouble. You can't let your mother and dad down. I have to take care of them." I guess she figured there was no use in going with me anymore. I wasn't smart enough then to figure that out till later.

Then she married one of my best, well actually, my best friend. He and I rode together for a long time, many years. His name was Willy Bell (?). She married him. So, she had never spoken to me for a year, maybe longer. I don't know.

I rode into town. It was of course horseback again. I went into the bar. It was a hot day. I rode in and got a glass of beer. My gosh, here comes Willy Bell. We both sat there and drank a glass of beer. Pretty soon, he said to me, "Say, I got something I want to show you." He went outside. When he came back in, he had a little girl. She was probably two years old. She was old enough that I could buy her a bottle of pop. She drank and had a laugh.

Pretty soon, I said, "Well Willy, goddamn, I have got to go. I got quite of few things to do, and I still have 30 miles to ride."

He says, "I got to go too." When I went out the door, we both went out together. That's the first move she made. She didn't wave at me.

She stayed with Willy for about...He had two kids by her. Then she married the most worthless, no good son of a bitch there ever was. He stayed drunk all the time. She still stayed with him. I don't know how come. They had another kid or two. I think they had two of them. One of them got sick and died in a hospital in Glendive. The sheriff from Savage took her down to see the kid. On the way back, they hit a tanker. The tanker was parked and they drove right in to it. It killed them both.

You know them little crosses they put on the road to tell where someone has been killed? They are still there today. Every time I go by there, I still feel kind of bad about that. Anyhow, that is how that turned out.

(Break in audio)

PC: You think talking about what a damn fool a guy can be and all kind of that stuff. I was riding on the range one day. I had seen a horse out there. This horse had killed a man. Back in them days, if a horse killed a man, they would cut the ears off. They trimmed them neat though. I see this damn horse out there. I was just crazy enough that I wanted that damn horse. I wanted to see if it could kill me or not.

I looked at the brand and found out who owned the horse. I got a hold of this fellow. I was carrying an old .25-20 rifle. I said to him, "I will trade you this rifle for that crop-eared mare out there."

He said, "Oh god, friend, you don't want that horse. That son of a bitch killed a man."

I didn't know the guy that she killed, but I traded him.

I rook the damn horse off. When I got home, I thought, "I am going to see what this horse will do." I wore a dull pair of spurs. I had a sharp pair in the house. I got on her. I rode here a little ways. I stuck her with the spurs. She would kick me right in the heels. The damn thing had started bucking right away, just as soon as I touched her with that spur. I knew then how she killed the other guy. She thought she had me caught, but she didn't. I just turned her around and rode her back to the house.

I put on my sharp spurs. I took her out again. That time I had her bleeding from as far up as I could reach to as far back I could reach. That turned out to be one of the best little rope horses, cutting horses, that I ever owned. I rode her for two years—quite a few years. She was a small horse. I never had that horse thrown off her feet by roping. They could drag her around, but they couldn't throw her off her feet.

Finally, she got to be so...she got ringbone. So I gave her to my sister. My sister rode her for four or five years, I guess. I never used her anymore. All of a sudden, the damn horse disappeared. I couldn't figure where in the hell the damn horse went. I knew she must have been dead some place because she was getting old.

One day, I was riding through the boonies. There was a fence through there. There were a few trees. It was kind of like a horseshoe bend on both sides of the fence. I rode down in there. My gosh, that horse went in there, and she died right there. I recognized her by her feet. That is the way that horse was. After she found out that I wasn't around just to fool her. I cut her up with them sharp spurs. She was a good horse. That is the end of that story.

(Break in audio)

PC: I am going to tell you a story about another horse I used to have. I had these horses in a corral. The guy that owned one of these horses came by. He said to me, "I'll sell you that black mare." She was really a pretty horse. She had a bald face and three stocking feet. She was a built horse. He didn't lie to me about the horse. He said, "I'll sell you that horse for ten dollars. I will tell you that if that horse wants you off, she is going to throw you off."

He said that his brother couldn't ride her. I knew his brother. His name was Hank. He said that Hank couldn't ride her when she wants throw him. But he said that she was a good horse otherwise. I said, "I will take the chance on that."

I gave him the ten dollars for that horse. It was a real pretty, moonlit night. I was batching it. I thought, "I will just see what that damn horse is like." I already had her in the barn. I saddled her up. I hadn't gotten my mail in a long time. I was batching it.

I saddled her up. I had to ride by this guy's place to go into Lambert to get my mail. I was riding her down the road. She was just fine as she could be. She was kind of a high line horse. She carried herself real good.

Just before I got to his place, I could feel that little hump coming in her back. I wore my sharp spurs that day because I was thinking on something. The closer I get to the (unintelligible)...Every once in a while, she would throw a hump in her back. I was getting close; she threw that hump in her back. She threw a good one. I just rammed her in the ribs just as hard as I could put those spurs. It took away from her. She got on down.

I rode on to Lambert. I rode her pretty hard. I got my mail and stopped in the bar. I didn't get out of town till midnight, maybe a little late. Anyhow, I fooled around. I hadn't been in town for quite a while.

[End of Tape 1, Side B]

[Tape 2, Side A]

PC: ...I rode (?) into Savage. I stopped at this place again. I asked his wife. I said, "Do you have anything to eat for me? I am kind of hungry."

She said, "I ain't got one thing in this house to eat, not one thing."

I said, "You mean to tell me you ain't got anything to eat in this house?"

She said, "No sir, I haven't."

I hooked up my team again and drove back down to the store. I didn't ask her about what she had to have or what she wanted to have. I just went down and started buying up. I bought 15 dollars' worth of groceries. At that time, 15 dollars' worth of groceries was quite a lot of groceries. I drove back. She fixed me dinner then.

After I got through the dinner, I started for home. Along the way home...He was working for a fellow up there by the name of Albert Thompson (?). I see him coming down the way (?) with (unintelligible). I stood in the field, waiting for him to get there. I drove up and said, "I just came from you place. I stopped there for a couple days and there wasn't one damn thing in that house to eat for her. Now you are up here where you got a belly full all the time, but you don't give a damn about your family down there. You don't have to worry right now. I bought her 15 dollars' worth of groceries, and that is enough to last her for a while. I never want to drive back to that place again and find there ain't anything to eat there for her. If I do, I am going to beat the hell out of you a damn sight worse than I did the last time."

(Unknown person yelling)

I stopped in there a time or so later. She always had something to eat. I guess I helped a little on that deal too. Anyway, that is about the way that goes.

(Break in audio)

PC: I am going to tell you something that probably shouldn't even be on this tape. Anyhow, it's kind of fun for me. There is a woman living in my other house here. I am not going to mention her name because she is too well known. She belongs to this lonely heart or some matching making deal. She got connected with one of those guys from down there, so she left my place and went down there to his place. She was down there for a month or two and, goddamn, he died. She went through him pretty quick.

There has been several guys that have been coming over there, but they don't...She moved back up here close to where I live. She gets one of them guys from down there from that club or whatever it is. She will stay with them for about a week and then they are gone. She is hornier than a two-peckered owl to start with. She goes through them fast. Well, I wasn't going to say too much about her.

There is another guy that is coming to my place. He is a real nice fellow. She wants to get acquainted with him. I don't know how long that will last either. If she doesn't try to diddle him to death, she'll be all right.

She is a real nice person. She is nice to talk to, honest, and awful friendly with everybody. She comes to my place quite often, yes, as far as that goes. I had a lot of good laughs with her. She must be pretty rough because she goes through them one after the other. She has had about eight or ten. She was going with a guy when I was first acquainted with her. He was with her three or four years, I guess. He must have been a tough son of bitch; otherwise, she would have gone through him, too. But she finally quit him.

This one guy, she went through him in a hurry. I can't think of too much to say about her. All I can say is that she is a nice person. I know she is hornier than hell, too. I will let it go at that.

(Break in audio)

PC: I am going to tell you another little deal that happened to me. I was starting to go with the girls at that time. I was too young to get married. My dad, he was just starting to get sick then. I was already a moonshiner. I had a big granary. I used to put on dances in this granary. That way, I had little moonshine at the same time.

Anyway, I asked this girl to marry me. She said she would. My dad had been staying in town. He wasn't feeling too well at that time. He was still running his own farm. I asked my dad. I said, "I would like to get married."

He said, "Who?"

I said, "It is Hazel Polk (?)."

He said no. I guess he knew her better than I did, as far as that goes. I didn't know her all the well. I wanted to marry her anyway. I told him that I would like to marry her and he said no.

He said, "I will not sign any papers to marry that girl. If you want to marry Eva, I'll sign the papers, but not for her."

I put on this dance out there at my granary. I had her out there. I never came so close to shooting anybody as I did that night. I am sure glad I didn't. I went to the house for something. I didn't even miss her out at the dance hall. It had been hot weather. I had my bed out alongside the house. I was sleeping outside. Just when I went by, I thought I saw my bed move. I wasn't quite sure. I had my rifle hanging right above the door. I grabbed it and went to the front door. That's where I my bed at, right by the front door.

Here, that guy had my girl in my own bed. I damn near shot the both of them right there, but I didn't and I'm glad I didn't. I told them, "You get the hell out of here and go damn fast. You pick up that other guy who was along with you, too. Don't you ever come back on my place because the next time I may shoot you." They went away.

We fooled around the rest of the night. We had a good time. Everybody seemed to have a good time. Every time I put a dance on up there, everybody had a good time. I never had to pay for the music. It was always a few volunteers. I played some myself at that time. My brother Tom (?). A few of the others around there would play sometimes.

I didn't go around with her anymore. I had enough of that right there. Then I started going with the school teacher. She was tall and slender. She was as tall as I was. I am five foot eleven. She was nice girl.

I rode up to the school house one night, which was three miles from where I live. There was another saddle horse right out in front. His name was Bud Mitchell. Goddamn, he almost stayed as long as I did (?). Anyway, I sat there and sat there and sat there. I thought that son of a bitch

was never going to leave. Finally, he had seen that I wasn't going to leave, so he pulled out. As soon as he pulled out, I pulled out too. She had to teach school the next day. It was way after midnight then.

I went with this teacher for...I don't know. I went with her for three or four months, I guess. They were Advents. Her folks lived clear north Lambert. He [her father] heard about me taking her out. I took her to a few dances. I took her around to some of the neighbors who were close by. Her dad came. Her uncle (?) was on trustees. I guess a couple of them were. He went to them. He had them fire her. They fired her all right. They did what he said because they were all Advents. Deep pockets. They fired this school teacher.

She still wrote to me a long time afterward. Then she quit writing. I don't know whatever happened to that woman. I never got any more letters. Maybe she got married. I haven't heard anything from that woman from that time on to this day. I don't really know what become of her. I guess that is it.

(Break in audio)

PC: I am going to tell you another little story. It happened...It was on a sheep ranch. They had a dance there. I had a good time. In fact, I had one hell of a good time. She was a married woman. She started playing up to me. Her husband was there. It was a pretty warm night that night. I asked her to see if she would go out. Well, she would go.

I was sitting in the window. Her husband was sitting there. I said, "You go through the door. I'll go out through the window. I'll meet you out back in the hog house." I met her out there.

Hell, I knew that place as good as I did my own. I worked there for quite a while. I took her clear out to the sheep sheds. I don't know. Hell, I wasn't too old. She was quite a lot older than I was. She was probably 15 years older than I was. I took her back to the sheep sheds. I took a crack at her. Jesus Christ, I thought the end of the world was going to come. Christ, she took to me like a love chain dragging to the crack of my ass and catching everything with grub hook on the end (?). It was all right. I figured it was pretty good stuff.

We went back to the dance there in the house. I let her go to the door. I came through the window again. My cousin was sitting there in the window. He said, "Where in the hell have you been?"

I said, "I haven't been too far."

He said, "Her husband is looking for you."

I said, "I'm not too hard to find. I am sitting right here in the window where I have been."

He said, "You haven't been here for 40 minutes now." We kind of laughed and joked about it for a little bit. He asked me what happened out there.

I said, "Well, nothing happened." I wasn't going to tell on this woman.

I took her out there all right. I got what I wanted. I guess she did to. I don't know. She seemed to enjoy it. That's about all there is to that.

The next time...They had a dance at the same place. Her sister was there. Her sister was a damn hell of a good looking woman too. She was my age. She was a married woman, too. She lived in Billings. She came up to visit her folks and sisters up here. She came to this dance. Right away, I started playing up to that gal. This time I asked her outside. She said, "I'll go with you out."

I took her out back of the hog house. I took a crack at her too. I thought, Jesus Christ, that was pretty good stuff too.

Anyhow, the same girl that I was going to shoot was at the dance that night. My brother grabbed her. He took her out by the hog house too. He rammed one of his damn feet in the hog wire. He got caught and couldn't get his foot out. (laughs)

There was a guy there by name of Jerry Mitchell. He laughed and told that story many times, how Bob had Hazel out there by the hog fence, rammed his damn foot by the wire, and couldn't get it out. Jimmy came out there and took his foot out of the fence. He turned him loose. We had a lot of laughs and fun over that for long time, years. There have been a few of them kind of deals.

The sister to the first one that I was out with was a big woman. She had an old Chevy car. They didn't have any defrosters in those days, so they put little fan there to keep the frost off. My brother he ate supper with her that night. They went out in the car to eat. He asked this woman, "What is this little fan doing up there?"

She said, "That's to turn on people when they get hot."

He said, "Turn that son of a bitch on to me, will you?"

She just started up her car and turned onto the open road, which is an open section. They call it Section Five. They drove up the coulee a ways. I guess he took a crack at her too. Hell, she was twice of what he was.

I didn't know about it at the time. Later on, I was riding home on horseback. He said to me, "How did you do tonight?"

I said, "Oh, I done all right. How did you do?"

He said, "Oh, I done great." Then he told me the whole story. We laughed and had a pretty good time over our deals. That's kind of... Well, I went to many dances.

I rode clear up to that Tree View (?) country to see her there... She had divorced her husband then by that time. She had been doing a little chasing up there by Fort Peck. Fort Peck was just right at the dam. They had just built that Fort Peck Dam. She went up there and got dosed up [infected with gonorrhea].

Anyhow, I saw her at the Tree View School House. The first thing I did was ask to take her out. She came out all right, but her sister came with her. I didn't have no brains, or I would have said, "Hell, how about your sister?" I didn't think about that. I was just thinking of her. I got outside and she said... I will give her credit for that though. I give her a lot of credit. She said, "I tell you. I got a dose. I don't want to give it to you."

Her sister was right there. I should have said, "Well hell, does your sister have a dose too?" But I didn't.

I turned to her and said, "Jesus Christ, I don't want no son of a bitching dose. That's the last thing I want." I went back into the school house. I guess that it is about it of that too. I can't think of anymore at the time being anyway. There were a few of them deals I had.

(Break in audio)

(Music playing)

PC: I am going to tell you another little story that happened to me which I thought was a pretty good deal too. I was going over to (unintelligible) Ruth Jackson. She was...I don't know. She might have been a half breed, but I doubt that she was really that much Indian. She was hornier than a two-peckered owl, too. Anyhow, I had supper over there that night. I think Ruth had her over there because I was going to be there, for one thing. She came over, so we had supper there.

We started talking about fiddling. This Ruth told her husband...she said she didn't get one tail she wanted...She said that she didn't get as much fiddling as she wanted. Ralph was his name. He said, "Jesus Christ, I don't know how much more you want. I can prove how much I give you. I mark it on the calendar every time I take a piece." He took me over to the damn calendar. Jesus Christ, it was sometimes as high as three crosses in one night. Every time he took a piece, he would put a cross on that damn counter. Sometimes it was just one, but it was one a day anyway. Every time she had her period would be a few days rest for him as he used to say.

Anyway, we started talking about fiddling all the time. I got kind of horny. I guess this Indian girl did too. They went to bed, but they lived in one big room. Kitchen, front room, and bedroom were all in one. It was a big room. I was sitting behind the table. I was kind of fooling with her. I had my hand on her snatch. I played with that for a while. Pretty soon, she kind of stretched out on the chair behind the table. Well hell, the other couple was in bed. We were all in one room. I think this was one of the first pieces I ever had. I didn't know too much about it. Anyhow, I stretched her out on these chairs. I took a crack at her, but I must have gone off right away because she didn't seem to be quite satisfied.

She went and told the other girl I knew there. She said, "Well, she took a crack at Elby. He didn't seem to know too much about it! I think he is kind of young at this business." I guess I kind of was. I don't know. I didn't get too far on her. I got a lot of good out of it anyhow. I was just getting started at it was all. That's the way that went.

(Break in audio)

PC: This time I was out herding sheep. There was a woman...She lived down on the Burns Creek country. I was herding sheep about five miles away from there I guess it was. She had a dog. She was riding a saddle horse and wearing bib overalls. She was rode up where I was herding sheep. She had one tit hanging out of them damn overalls. Shit, I didn't know what the hell to do. I looked at that tit pretty close though. That didn't mean too much to me. I couldn't figure it out. I was pretty young yet.

She was looking for this dog. I said that I hadn't seen the dog. I guess it was a pretty high priced dog. She said that she would sure like to find it. It was a bitch dog. That went on for a couple days.

I don't know why I wasn't with the sheep. I was on my saddle horse. There was a place along in there that wasn't too far where I was herding these sheep. There was a little house sitting there. I rode up to this little house. I see this dog in there. She was in heat. There was another dog with her.

It wasn't very far from there to her place. I guess she must have been a little on the horny side too. I don't know. She was a married woman. I thought well, "I'll go tell her where her dog is anyways."

I rode down to her place. She happened to be home alone. Her husband was usually around. This time he was gone all right. I had danced with her several times at the dances. She was full of fun—jolly, and a nice woman. I went and told her. I said, "Your dog is up there at old Ed Pool's (?) place. Her and another dog are up there."

She said, "I suppose that son of a bitch is coming to heat. Now, I'll have a bunch of pups."

I said, "That is what is happening."

She wanted me to come on in. It was kind of a hot day. She wanted to fix me a cup of tea. I said, "I'll be more than satisfied with a big cold drink of water."

She said, "I'll sure fix that for you too. I think a cup of tea will do you better than a big cold drink of water."

I said to go ahead and do it. She acted a little bit on the high strung side too. Of course, I was too young then to catch on to them kind of things at that time.

Then there was this Orville Sanders. He was good friend of mine. He and I rode together quite a lot. One day, after I got older, I started telling him some of this about her riding up there where I was at with one tit hanging out her overalls. She was wearing bib overalls, but she had one tit hanging out. He said, "Jesus Christ, couldn't you take a hint of any kind?" I said that I was kind of young then. Things like that, I didn't know what the hell they meant. He said, "I have stayed

there a lot. I been with that old gal more than her husband did." (laughs) He must have been with her four or five years. It is funny her husband didn't catch on some time or another, but he didn't. Anyway, he stayed there for quite a long time I know.

We used dance out there. He had a big (unintelligible) barn. I used to go to all the dances down there at that place. It was a good place to dance. They always hired a good band to play. I don't know. I passed up a lot of good chances in my day, I guess. I didn't have brains enough to know it.

UFS: (laughs) You was too young.

PC: I was just a little bit too young to do it. Of course, after I got married, I didn't snoop around any. I passed up a lot of good chances. I knew what they meant then. When I was younger, I didn't know what the hell was taking place. After I got married, I was wised to everything then. Even after I was married, I had lots of chances all right to take women out.

Even after I lost my...I worked up here at the Elkhorn. I got people from all over the world: Canada, Germany...I don't know how many places. I had a bunch of them there from Holland once. I had some Russians up there once. There were a lot of Germans that came.

Anyhow, there was a couple from South Dakota, two women. Two women and two girls came. One woman didn't have any kids and the other had two girls. Goddamn, I guess she had the loot too. I guess I hadn't lost my wife very long so I didn't want to fool with her too much. In fact, I didn't fool with her at all. She was always around the corrals with me, bullshitting. I know she must have had money because she had too damn good an outfit that she was running.

After that fall, I got through with work up there. I got a letter from her. She lived in South Dakota. She told me all about her trip. She went into Canada and through the Black Hills in North and South Dakota. I suppose she had probably been there a lot of times. I know damn well I could have had her.

UFS: Why didn't you?

PC: What?

UFS: Why didn't you?

PC: I just lost my wife. That would look pretty bad to check out another woman right away.

Anyhow, there was another woman from Arizona. She tried her damndest to get me, but she was a lot younger than I was. She had some ground over there. She had three filling stations. She was in the restaurant one day. She was buying some T-bone steaks.

Her boy was with her. He was a good size boy. He was probably 20 years old or something like that. Anyway, she was buying two of them. I said, "Buy three and I'll be down for supper." She just kind of laughed and walked off. She thought it was a joke.

That night, she never cooked them steaks. The next night, she came over to the corrals. She said, "I didn't cook them steaks last night, but you come on down tonight and have supper with us. I am going to barbeque them." I didn't care much for barbeque steaks, or I didn't think I did at that time. I didn't like that burnt taste going through the meat. She cooked them in a way so they didn't have that. She put some kind of sauce on them to kill that taste.

I started trying to get better acquainted with her each day. She was there two or three weeks I guess. She had planned on staying a month when she came. I got pretty well acquainted with her. I wanted to blaze another trail up over the hill. She was around there. I sent two men out to blaze this trail. She was there. I said, "You grab yourself a horse and follow them up. It's pretty nice country up in there. There are a lot mountain sheep up in there." So she did.

They didn't get back till quite late that night. I don't know if she got a phone call or a letter. She said, "I got to leave. I hate to, but I am having trouble with one of my gas stations down there. I just heard about it. I have to leave in the morning. I have to get that straightened out." This guy she had on there, he wasn't taking care of business or something.

Next morning, the first thing she did was come over. She said, "I hate to leave you, but I would like to take you along with me." That is what she said. She said, "I would like to have you go with me on (unintelligible)."

I said, "I said I'll go with you."

She said, "Go and buy a bunch of good horses." She must have had the money. I don't know. She was driving a nice outfit anyway. She said, "I got (unintelligible). I have a damn good corral on the place. There is a double wide trailer house there, but there is no barn." There had to be a barn built. Of course, I had lost my wife only a short time. I just wouldn't have anything to do with that part. I think I probably would have had a pretty good life up there. She kind of wanted me to be the horse trainer.

(Break in audio)

(Music plays)

PC: I took off on a saddle horse. I was going down by...There was a bridge that was probably close to three miles, no two and half miles, from where the corrals were. I rode down there. Here they were on the side of the road. They had a flat tire on their big outfit. They were staying in a trailer on a truck. A mobile home, I guess they call it.

I stopped there and help her fix this tire. I got her already to go again. Just when they got ready to go, she grabbed me and gave me a hell of a good, big kiss. She started crying. I think maybe she thought that I was a pretty good fellow. I don't know. Maybe it was just her ways.

Anyhow, she grabbed me and gave me a good kiss. Then she cried. She said, "I really hate to leave you up here."

I said, "I guess there is really nothing you can do. You got to go home and take care of your business. I'll probably be there next year. I'll see you then because I plan on coming back."

I was going to come back to work there. I had 18 head of horses on the trail up there.

That son of bitch, Martin, he fired me. I still don't know what for. He got another outfit for this last year. Now, I got married just seven months after my wife passed away. I got so damn sick of being here home alone. When my wife passed away, I figured I never would get married again. I found this woman. She came right from Czechoslovakia.

She is nice person, real nice. I think a lot of her. I am married to her now so, all this other stuff, I kind of bypass. I guess maybe that will take care of that end of it.

(Break in audio)

PC: The only thing bad about this deal is that I can't fiddle with her as much as I would like to.
(laughs)

PC: I am getting old. They all say I am 71. I was born in 1913. This is 1985. They say I am only 41. You think, when you get that old, you kind of slow up a lot. I had seen a time where I could diddle all night. Now it takes me all night to diddle!

(Break in audio)

PC: I'll tell you another story now. Back in the sheep herding days, you take all the cowboys in a country to a sheep camp. That is where they head for something to eat. There was a guy who rode up to my camp where I was herding. He had dinner with me. He asked me, "What do you do when you want a piece of tail?"

I said, "I got 1,800 head of sheep out there."

He said, "You don't mean you diddle the sheep?"

I said, "Well Christ, what the hell else is there to diddle? You can't ride 40 miles to town if you want a piece of tail."

He said, "You mean you diddled those sheep?"

I said, "Hell yes, I diddled them sheep. There is only one thing about it. It is kind of hard to get the son of bitch to lay with you with her head on the pillow."

Anyhow, I think I started to get him to believe this shit I was telling him. He was asking me all kinds of questions.

I said, "When you find the right kind of a sheep, you take a handkerchief and tie it around her neck. Then you can always pick her out." I said that I had a favorite in that bunch and that I tied a handkerchief around her neck. I could find her right away with that red handkerchief around her neck.

I said, "One day, some son of a bitch went and caught that sheep. He stole that handkerchief off her neck. I had to go through that whole 1,800 before I could find that son of bitching ewe again."

That is a sheep herder's story. They used to say that you had to be crazy to herd sheep. They always say that a sheep herder talks to himself and all of that. Well, that is kind of true. You don't really talk to yourself, but you do a hell of a lot of talking to your dogs. I can say that.

I had the tongue (?) propped up in the evening. It was always dark all right. I was herding sheep that summer. I had the tongue propped up there. I would always settle on the tongue in the evening, back in them damn hill where you don't see anybody...sometimes I didn't see a living soul for six weeks at a time unless a cowboy or somebody like that rode in.

Anyhow, I was telling this guy all that shit about diddling that damn sheep. I herded sheep for that guy...I herded sheep all that summer for him. All that winter is what I should say. I started early in the fall that year. I herded sheep all that winter.

The next spring, when it was getting close to lambing time, I had to bring the sheep over to the ranch. I got the sheep all there. It was about a week or so before they started to lamb. There was eighteen hundred head. He said, "If you boys lamb me 100 percent, I'll buy you each a case of beer."

When we got to them, we conned him out. Of course, we didn't dock them all at one time because they get too big if you wait till the last of them. We docked about four times during the lambing season.

UFS: Too hot. Elby, the stove...would you close it?

PC: What did you say?

UFS: It's too hot. Can you close it?

PC: I didn't hear.

UFS: Close the stove a little bit!

PC: Turn the stove off? Okay.

Anyhow, I was lambing there for him. I was getting damn sick of herding sheep anyway. I was eating there at the ranch house, with all the damn sheep brought in (?). We had another guy bring in...they brought in 1,200 head. He was eating supper there. He said, "Hey Elby, after you get through eating supper, you go out there to the muck house and get your bed roll. You go down there to the big springs." He said that he wanted me to sleep with that bunch of sheep that night.

I said, "The hell with that noise. I have been with sheep all day. I sure the hell am not going to sleep with them tonight."

He said, "Oh yes you are!" To hell with that noise, I ain't...

I got through eating supper. I went out and sat on the steps of the bunkhouse. He came and said, "Elby, you'll find a bunk back in there. You go over to that springs and stay with that bunch of sheep there tonight."

I said, "I'll quit before I do that." I was getting tired of herding the damn sheep anyway. I said, "To hell with that! I am not going."

He said, "You got to go."

I said, "Like hell! I'll quit. My saddle horse is in the barn right now."

He let it go at that. So I said to him. "I am going to quit."

He said, "I guess I can't stop you from quitting, but I wish you would give me three days till I find another herder." The law was that you were supposed to give a sheep man ten days before you quit, but I wasn't going to give him a damn ten days or anything like that. If I was going to quit, I was going to quit. Anyhow, I told him I was quitting away.

He said, "Give me three days, will you? I'll see if I can find me another herder then."

I said, "Okay." I worked three days, but I sure didn't go over to those big springs to stay with them son of bitches all night.

UFS: Who went?

PC: They had another guy there. His name was Sid. He was an old guy. He went over. He took him over there with his car. He rolled his bed roll out. The next morning at breakfast, he went and died really early. That is an early and late job.

Anyhow, he took this other guy over there. I said, "Okay, I'll give you them three days, but that is all." I was getting tired herding sheep anyway. I worked all through lambing. The other bunch was just going to start lambing. I lambed out this 1,800 head. I gave him three days. He went Glendive, Richey, Lambert, and all around there. He couldn't find anybody to herd the sheep.

That is one thing I didn't have to worry about. I could always find a damn job herding sheep. In the spring of the year, I got letters all over the damn country wanting me to herd sheep for them.

I gave him three days. He came back and said, "Hey Elby, goddamn it. You are going to have to give me three days more."

I said, "I don't know about that." I said that I would, but I said, "When those three days are up, I am done. You better have a herder."

Let's see...I think he went clear to Miles City. He tried to find a herder. He couldn't find anybody. He came back on the third day. He said, "Elby, you are going to have to stay with me for the rest of this summer."

I said, "No. I am all done right tonight. I told you I would give you three days and I gave you six. That is enough. I am going home. The only thing more to have to do is to write me out my check."

Well, he got a little hostile. So did I, as far as that goes.

I was getting tired herding them bastards. I had been herding them all winter. Hell, there were times I didn't see anybody for six weeks. I knew he had been there because my groceries were there, but he would never come out to see me. I think he was afraid I was going to quit in the middle of winter or something if he talked to me. Maybe I would have.

Through the winter, he bought me a nice radio. It was a battery deal. That is one thing a sheep herder can't have is a radio because you turn on that music...I used to get that old time music out of Canada, which is all old time music. I like that. Anyhow, he brought me this radio. It was a nice little radio. I would turn that on and get so damn lonesome. You start thinking what you used to be doing on Saturday nights, especially. You start to think about what you used to be doing and what you are doing then with a damn bunch of sheep. I just couldn't turn it on. I couldn't stand the radio. Hell, I would have quit probably if I listened to it. I couldn't listen to it.

Anyhow, I quit that night. I started for home. I done that 100 times with this little horse I had. She was kind of small.

[End of Tape 2, Side A]

[Tape 2, Side B]

PC: I had to stop to open the gate. I was five miles in from my place, maybe a little better. I don't know. Anyway, I used to just leave the reins over the horn. Hell, I done it 100 times with her. That damn horse...I told her to come on through gate, so she came. I hollered "whoa," and she didn't stop. She kept right on going. I was just far enough behind that son of bitch that...I walked all the rest of the way with that horse right ahead of me a little ways. If I would have had my rifle or pistol on me, I would have shot her right there. I walked every damn step of the way home that night. Hell, it must have been ten or eleven o'clock when I got home. When I caught that son of a bitch, I worked her over good so that way I never could catch her then. Anyway, I quit that job.

Then I went on over to Box's (?) Ranch. You could ride all day on his ranch. You never could get off his land. He had a hell of a good set of corrals, big corrals. He had lots of room. You could put seven hundred head of cattle in the corrals.

There was a guy who came over. He had 60 head of bulls. He asked me if I would castrate those bulls. I said to him, "I really don't like to castrate somebody else's cattle."

He said, "If you would, it would sure save me a lot of work. We can do it over between the corrals there."

I said, "Okay, I'll do it."

He came over there. He watched me castrate the first one. He never came back in the corral after that. So I castrated 60 head of bulls that day.

We got all through. He said to me, "Hey, I got a cow in there that's (unintelligible). I put it in a couple times, but I can't keep it there. Do you know anything about it?"

I said, "I don't know. I'll do what I can." I sent one of the other guys up to the house to get some disinfectant stuff so I could wash it off. It was all dirty and...It has got all those damn buttons on it and everything.

I went out back of the granary. I found me a wine bottle. I washed that wound all off. It was kind of a damn dirty job all right, but I did it anyway for him. I washed that wound all off. I put it back in. I put this wine bottle in there. I tied the neck of it to her tail. Then I went home for a while.

One day I was in Sidney and I ran into him. It was in the spring of the year. Well, I asked him then. I said, "How did that cow ever turn out?" I told him, "You sell that cow this fall. If she does come out of it all right, you sell her." I saw him in the spring just before lambing. He only had, I think, 200 head of sheep is all. That is all he had.

He had a bunch of cattle though. I asked him. The first thing I said was, "Say, how did that cow ever turn out?"

He said, "That cow turned out fine, but her tail came off."

I said, "I knew damn well she would lose her tail all right."

He said, "Otherwise, the cow was all right."

I said, "Did you keep her?"

He said, "Yes, I still got her all right. I am going to sell her."

He asked how would I like to lamb out that bunch of sheep. "I'll give nine lamb, and I'll give you twenty bucks a night." That was damn good money at that time, 20 bucks.

I said, "No, I got another job. No, I promised this guy that I would lamb out his bunch." He had a band of sheep. He was an ornery son of a bitch though. You would see him in town. He was nice guy. You would want to talk to him. But out on the place, he was a mean bastard.

I went out there. He lived 25 miles out of Sidney. I went out there and started lambing for him. He was over the hill by himself. I was up on top. I see him working with this old ewe down there. I went on down to see what the hell was a rift down there. He was pulling as hard as he could pull on this lamb. I said, "Ah shit, that ain't the way you do that. You are trying to pull the back lamb before the front one."

He was a cussing and going on. He said, "That's a god damn sick ewe."

I said, "No wonder. You are trying to pull the wrong lamb. I know damn well there is another one back in there. Let me take over." I tell you it is quite a job. Your hand gets so weak that you can't hardly move your fingers.

Anyhow, I pushed that lamb back. As soon as I got that lamb back, I felt the other lamb. I grabbed it. I pulled it right out. Hell, the other lamb came out right behind it. He said, "Jesus Christ, I have had sheep for 30 years. I have never had anything like that happen or saw anything like that."

I said, "Well, once in a while it does."

Then he had another sheep. She started to womb (?). I just had to tell him I would never hurt her (?). This other sheep started to womb. I don't really know how the sheep would have turned out anyhow. This other herder told me that, if it ever happens, you just put that womb

back in. Then you take a rock about the size of your two fists and put that in her. The he said to lay her with her head downhill. She'll be all right. Be sure to mark her because she will never have another lamb. So, I did. I think probably that sheep would have come out of it.

Anyhow, he told his wife about it and what I done. She raised so much hell. She hollered to him, "You go out and kill that sheep. You are not going to leave a sheep out there like that." He went out there and killed that sheep. Actually, I don't know just what the hell that sheep would have turned out like. I think she would have turned out all right.

I worked there for a while. The lambs started coming pretty heavy then. Everybody was pretty busy. He sent me over to the shop to get an ingate rock (?). He started cussing me. He said, "Jesus Christ, work is piling up and here you are just walking."

I just turned around and said, "God damn you! You ain't paying running wages around this place. There is only one more thing you have to do. That is, write me out my check." I forgot about it being Sunday. It was Sunday morning. God damn, it was still early with good day light. He didn't feed very good either. It was damn poor feed. I had better feed in the sheep wagon than I did in the house by far.

UFS: Who was it?

PC: Al Velsic (?) was his name.

UFS: (unintelligible)

PC: He was an ornery son of a bitch. He had three crews working for him. He had one crew a coming, one crew a going, and other another crew working. That is the way he worked. I was only getting three buck a day for doing it. I was working hell of long hours.

Anyhow, I quit. He gave me my check. I didn't even thank him or anything. I just grabbed my coat and took off down the road. It was 25 miles into Sidney. I walked every son of a bitching step of the way. The only ride I got was on the ferry across the damn river. That cost me a dollar to cross the river.

I walked into Sidney. Jesus Christ, it was 25 miles. That was about the longest walk I have ever taken in one day. There were no fences. There was nothing but the farms. They all went together. They put a two by four up every so far to run a telephone line down through there. That is all I had to get behind is a damn two by four. That isn't very much to get behind.

I saw this bunch of cattle down along the creek about a quarter of a mile. I supposed that was where the road was. My feet were so damn sore that, every creek I came to, I stopped to wash my socks. My feet were damn sore. I walked all that way to Sidney.

I saw a bunch of cattle down there. We took a lot of cattle along that creek all right. There wasn't no son of a bitch who had a bell around her (?). Jesus Christ, I bet there was 150, maybe 200, head come right up there. They never seen a man walking. If you were on your saddle horse, they probably would have never picked their heads up and quit eating. I was walking. That was a different story with them. They were all pretty wild cattle. Them sons of bitches started circling me. My dad told me one time. He told me two or three times. He said, "If that ever happens to you, once the cattle start circling you, you take your coat and start swinging it like hell. You holler to beat hell. They will leave you. They won't attack you."

Well, I didn't hear all that much (?). The cattle came. They started circling me. That's what I did. I took my coat. I started hollering like hell and swinging that coat. Pretty soon away they went. They all went back to the creek. But there were lots of cattle along there. I didn't know how long it would take for some bunch to try the same thing again.

I walked back to Sidney anyhow. It was just about dark when I got there. I stopped at one place on the road to get a drink of water. He was right close to the road. God damn bastard, he was eating dinner. I told him that I quit old Velsic's. He laughed. He said, "That old son of a bitch up there, he has got three crews working for him. He has got one a coming, one a going, and one a working."

I said, "I know he is a pretty ornery son of a bitch all right. I didn't think about this being Sunday. I wouldn't be on the road. I would have waited an extra day. Then I probably could have gotten a ride from somebody."

He never even offered me anything to eat. I went all day. I didn't eat a hell of a lot of breakfast either that morning. It was too early. I walked all day.

I could see that smoke stack at the sugar factory. Jesus Christ, I would walk and walk. It seemed like I never got any closer to the damn thing. I got into Sidney that night. I went up to my aunt's. I told her about this. "Jesus Christ," I said, "(unintelligible). My feet are so damn sore I can't hardly walk and I am played out. I walked all day long. I walked 25 miles."

She already had supper two or three hours before that I guess. She fixed me my supper. I went to bed there. I didn't go to bed. I lied down. I laid there for I don't know. I laid there for three or four hours. It was around ten o'clock. By that time, I was rested up pretty good again. So I thought that I would walk on downtown and see what the hell was going on.

I had a little money then. I thought I was up with the rest of them anyway. I went in. You couldn't buy beer at that time, but you could buy pop. First thing I did was buy a bottle of pop. I thought that was pretty good. Then I went over to the restaurant. I bought me a roll and a cup of coffee. That only cost you 15 cents then. I had a few bucks in my pocket. I was feeling pretty big.

I think that was about the last time I done any lambing. I can't remember. I think that was my last job I went out on a lambing crew. Then I will tell you a few little bunches I have about my own. Anyway, that is the way that damn story went.

(Break in audio)

(Music plays)

PC: Now I am going to tell you a little deal with another story that I had. It was kind of fun. It was back then when you could buy beer. I went down to the bar. I got pretty well looped up, which I never did too often. I went into the restaurant. I bought a lunch in there. I gave this waitress a dollar bill. When she gave me change back, she gave me change for a five dollar bill. I said, "Lady, you made a mistake."

She took the money again. She counted it out. I was half drunk up anyway. She counted it out again. When she got it all counted out, I said, "Lady, you still made a mistake." By that time, she started to get a little bit hostile. She took the money again and counted it.

She said, "No, I didn't make no mistake."

I said, "All right, you didn't make any mistake. I gave you a dollar and you gave me change for a five."

Then she wanted the rest of it. I said, "No lady. You said three times to me here now that you didn't make any mistake. So I guess you didn't."

I put the money in my pocket. I went out the door. I know that if waitresses are short, they have to make that up. Anyhow, that is the way that went.

I used to go in there quite a lot. It was just a little lunch counter. Every time I would go in there, she would try seeing if she could get the rest of that money off of me. I said, "No, I told you you made a mistake. You swore up and down that you didn't."

That is it. I never did pay her. She made me kind of mad. I let her go. I never did give her the extra change on that either. I just said, "No lady, you never make any mistakes in this place. That is the way it is going to be." I walked out.

(Break in audio)

PC: This is getting back when I was quite young, long before I was married. My dad took... He drove a team into Sidney. He ran into a guy down there that had a big mule. He goes to work. He trades his horse for this damn old mule. He was an old lazy bastard anyway. He brought this mule home. I said, "What the hell did you do? Where did you get that damn thing?"

He said, "I traded Shorty for it." But Shorty was a hell of a good horse. He was one of our best horses we had to break others with. He said that he had traded Shorty for it. He said, "Would you like him?"

I said, "I sure as hell don't. I don't think much of that thing."

Whenever he would turn all the horses out, I could always catch that mule. I could catch that mule any place. Every time I caught him, I would get on him. He would buck a little, but a mule can't buck very hard anyway. That is the reason you don't see them in the rodeos. Anyway, the mule would buck a little, but not hard. It was just like a kid (?) you might say. I would ride the mule and bring the horses in with that damn, old mule.

He worked the mule on the farm. That lazy, god damn mule...in fact, he used a crow bar on the son of a bitch when he rapped him on the ass with it. He kept rapping the mule on the ass to keep the son of a bitch going in the field. Finally, he broke the tail on the mule. Now the mule couldn't use his tail anymore.

He had that mule for a couple years. There was only one thing good about the son of a bitch: you could always catch him. I used to catch the mule all the time and ride it. I would bring the other horses in.

I bet that mule was 30 years old. One day, she was lying over there on the side hill. You could hear that bastard breathing for a half a mile I guess. I heard her over there and told my dad, "I guess that is the end of that son of a bitching mule. I think she was about dead over there." He never said anything. The mule did die. Then he...

Dad and I rode another horse that he called Dick. He said, "This fall, I am going to turn Dick out on the ranch. He is old enough now. He did his share of work." He turned him out on the open range.

I had a calf. I thought, "Well hell, as long as long as he doesn't want old Dick anymore, I'll trade him off to somebody." I took off. My uncle had an old Model T car. That was one of the first Model T's I had. I told him I'll trade him my calf, and I would trade him Dick. I guess he didn't turn him out on the open range. He said to me one day, "I wonder where Dick is. I haven't seen him for quite a while."

I said, "Well, you said he wasn't any good anymore, so I traded him off. I traded him off the same time I traded that calf off for that Model T car I had."

He said, "You go right down there and get that horse."

I went down there. It was my uncle. I said, "I got to get old Dick back."

He said, "I am not just going to give him to you back. You are going to have work him out."

I started hauling this coal that fall. I helped him dig 20 tons of coal for his place. Then he got the schoolhouse coal, which he put 12 ton of that in for the teachers. I helped him dig that coal out. Then he gave me old Dick back.

I had to work my damn ass off to get that damn horse back. That was the last time I ever tried trading one of my dad's horses off. I guess that will probably be the end of that too. I sure as hell know better than to take one of my dad's horses and trade him off.

(Break in audio)

(Music plays)

PC: Then I got this son of bitching old Model T. It wasn't worth ten cents. Every time I took it out, I had to walk back. I had it for about two or three years. I don't know. That was the most worthless son of a bitching thing that you could ever drive around. You had to have a full tank of gas or you couldn't get up any hill. If you only had a quarter of a tank, you had to back the son of a bitch up and go again. That car hardly ever did bring me back. I always had to walk home some place. Then I had to take the team to go get the son of a bitch and pull it home. If you left it out in damp weather, you had to bring the coils in and put them along by the heater. You had to keep them dry because they would short out.

I kept it for a while. I don't even remember what happened to it. I went to work. My cousin, he had a better Model T. He drove it around quite a bit. I thought that was a pretty good, old Model T. I gave him 300 pounds of flour and 25 dollars for that Model T.

That was a little better Model T all right. I got so that I wasn't worried about my gas. Whenever it would start raining or anything, I would take the coils all out. I would bring them in and put them by the stove so they didn't get damp. If they did, they wouldn't work.

I drove it around. That damn Model T, it did bring me home a few times, but I still walked a lot. Every once in a while, that son of a bitch would stop somewhere along the road and I would have to walk home. I drove it around for a while all right. I still can't remember what the hell I done with that damn thing.

A little later on, I got me a '25 model Chevy car. Now that was a good car. The only thing with those '25, '26, and '27 models was they were four cylinders. They had such a poor head on them. If you got them hot, you had to...If you just started from the pump (?), the head would crack.

I had a girl up there at my place. I had to take her home. It was in the winter time at that time. You didn't have anything to put into the radiators to keep it from freezing except water. You would kind of cover them a little so they wouldn't freeze up on you.

Anyhow, the son of bitch was kind of cold. The damn thing froze up on me. I stopped at the school house and put a little water in it and cracked the head. I didn't know how in the hell I was going to get this girl home then.

Marco (?), he was living down below there. I used to herd sheep quite a lot for him. I went down to see if I could borrow his car to take this girl on home. I had about 12, 15 miles to take her. He said, "I'll let you have the car, but you are going to have to herd sheep ten days for the use of the car."

I said, "Okay."

He never let me herd the ten days full out. Whenever he wanted a day off, he would come and get me. I spent half of the winter working those ten days off. When it seemed it got the coldest, that is the time he would come and get me. That's the way that went.

If this woman wanted me to call her, I wouldn't think much of it if I had to put the gas in. But then I had to herd sheep ten days on top of that. That's the way that went. I did finally get the girl home okay. I sure didn't care for that too much.

Anyhow, I had a .44 pistol. I took it down there to the wrecking yard in Sidney. I didn't have any money, of course, again. I said, "I'll trade you this .44 pistol for a silver head if you got one." I had my pistol along and he had one. He was glad to make the trade all right. I traded him that pistol for a silver head. I brought it home and put it on.

I drove that car all that summer. That was a good little car if you could keep her cool and put the water in. If you got her hot, though, that head would crack. I could get 25 miles to the gallon. It didn't make any difference what the roads were like. I still got 25 to gallon. I kept that car then, I don't know, a few years. I was satisfied with that car. I could always go home. Usually, I would get home with it anyway.

This one time, there was...It was just before Christmas. My dad, he rode to town with another guy in a Model T truck. They bought a lot of things for Christmas. I remember he bought a box of apples. The damn thing broke down somewhere. I don't know. It was somewhere by Crane. It was 15 miles from Crane to our place. My dad, he walked home. They left all that stuff at the truck.

He came on home. The next morning was cold. Jesus Christ, I don't know how cold it was. He said, "The boys are going down to pull the old Model T home." I guess they must have had a truck that was probably another old Model T. They pulled that old thing home.

They said they were going to do it the next day. I went down after dinner. It was about five or six miles down there. I took the team and went down there. I got all of his groceries and the bunch of apples. I thought those apple would be frozen solid. By gosh, when I got them home, they weren't. The outside ones were frozen all right. The ones that were all in the middle were okay. My mother, she picked all of them ones out that were froze. She canned them right away. She kept all the center ones for our Christmas.

Anyway, I got pretty cold that day going down there. I was quick. I was small enough. I was pretty small then. I don't know if that is after I got my Model T or if that was before. It must have been before. Anyhow, I got all the stuff home.

Dad would have been his later years (?).I was married then, hell. It has probably been six or eight year ago, something like that. I drove back there to Savage. My sister lives in Savage. I

went down there to the bar. My brother owned the bar there then too. I went into Butch's. She ran the other bar, and they called her Butch. She said, "I never will forget about Bob telling a story back in the '30s." He told them all in there. He was quite a guy for joking. He told them all in there.

He said, "That is one thing my dad did. He always was...For Christmas, he always bought us a brand new pair of overalls. Then he would cut the pockets out so we would have something to play with too." (laughs)

I was sitting there. Butch, she said there was nothing going on in her bar. So she went over there. She said, "I never will forget when Bob was telling about how his dad bought them overalls. But he always cut the pockets out so us kids had something to play with too." I guess that is about it of that too.

[End of Interview]