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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: 327-001, 002
Interviewee: Herbert “Herb” Knuth
Interviewer: David Germain
Date of Interview: November 13, 1994

Note: An unidentified speaker, likely Mr. Knuth’s wife, occasionally speaks during the interview.

David Germain: —at his home in Whitefish, Montana, on November 13, 1994. Mr. Knuth has agreed to talk with me today on his family’s experience in homesteading in Montana. The interviewer is David Germain, archive management student at the University of Montana. [unintelligible] help in doing research on this.

My first question is what was homesteading like in the early 20th century, from what you’ve heard?

Herbert Knuth: Well, it was pretty out there in the sticks. You just made the best of it with what you had, more or less. I’m sure it wasn’t very easy. A lot of homesteads were there for several years, and during the dry years in the ‘30s there, why, they lost them all. It was pretty tough going for most of it. They only had 320 acres to begin with. There was no way that they could make a living on it. There was just absolutely no way that they could stay there. They had to have more than that. Then, of course, them days there was horses—farming and horses and stuff. There was no big operations going. But somehow or another, some of them stayed there, made their living, which my granddad, my mother did—my dad. They got their homesteads going, then they gathered up other outlying ones that some people left and put them together. Then they had enough to make a living on.

DG: Did that involve making another claim through the Homestead Act on lands around—

HK: Not that they were claiming...proving up on it. They stayed there, what was it? A year, was it? I’m not sure of the time frame on that, how long they had to stay there, but they had to do so much improvements and then they had to stay there a certain length of time. I’m thinking a year, but I’m not sure about that. You’d have to look into that.

DG: The history classes kind of give us the acts as they went along, and it seems like they made things a little more lax just dealing with the reality of—

HK: Yes, I think later on you could get more than 320 acres. I’m not sure about that neither, whether you could get 640 or not. See, that’d be a section of land, and then there’s no way you could make a living over there with that because you could only run about 30, 35 head of cattle on that range. If you farmed it, it was probably...that was pretty tough. Most of that country’s pretty tough to farm because it’s rocky. Some did, and we did to a certain extent.

DG: Your grandfather’s income was supplemented by blacksmithing that he did in town?

HK: Yes, well, he lived in town and had a blacksmith shop there. Of course, I didn't remember anything about that. But from what my mother had told me, why, he had a blacksmith shop in Malta [Montana] first. Then he moved to Saco, and he had a blacksmith shop there for several years. Then he gathered enough money that he went out there and bought some land and homesteaded some and started this cattle ranch. While he was there, he had a blacksmith shop on the ranch, and he did work for the neighbors around, building stackers and repairing machinery and stuff like that. Supplemented his income some. So he was able to gather enough to run about 200 head of cattle, which was a lot of cattle in them days, and a good living. He figured, in them days, that you could make a pretty good living on 100 head.

DG: You said it was hard to grow things there, but you were able to grow hay?

HK: You could grow hay. Down there where my granddad was he had a meadow and it was bluejoint, and it flooded if they got snow in the wintertime and flooded, why, he always had hay there. Then a lot of them put up rye—fall rye. It was a bearded product. They could keep the cobs alive, but it wasn't a good hay. Beards would get in their jaw once in a while and make it sore. You'd have to catch them and work it out or sometimes sell them.

DG: Were they able to keep a garden?

HK: Yeah, that was pretty near a primary source of a lot of canned food was the garden. On our place, we had a well that was 28 feet deep. We had a windmill on it, and it just pumped day and night—never was dry. Across the way, a quarter of a mile, was the old Teiden (?) Ranch, and their well would go dry. People around the area, a lot of people around the area, their wells would go dry, and they'd haul water from our place until the fall and usually the water level would raise and then they'd have water again. My uncle lived four miles south. He had a hand-dug well 150 feet deep, and he still didn't have enough water for 40, 50 head of cattle that he had there. He had to trail them over to the crik. It was about a mile over to the crik. Had to trail them over there and water them every day. A place without water you don't have nothing.

DG: Does your sister still live on the ranch, or does your family?

HK: No, no, it's sold. My cousin lives on the Hess Ranch (?), which is my granddad. He lives there now, and he's got quite extensive [unintelligible]. He's added to what the Hess place was, and he—on his dad's side—he got that part was joined, so he's got quite a bit of holdings there. He's retired now, [muffled scraping noised] and one of his boys is running the place.

DG: And he still raises cattle out there?

HK: They still raises cattle, yeah. And sheep. Some sheep. Not too many sheep, but some.

DG: Did you have any horrendous stories about blizzards and things like that growing up?

HK: Oh yeah. Oh yeah. We had them too when I was there too. You bet, we get a three-day blizzard there, and you didn't do much moving around. You could go from the house to the barn without taking the chance sometimes it'd be so thick. Then you had to lay some hay or something. Or feed. You could feed around the windbreaks. Like down in my granddad's place, down there of course, he was in the breaks and in the coulees. If they missed a day or so, why, it didn't bother him too much, because they had shelter. But up on the flatland out there, why, it's a different story. You better have shelter belt or some windbreaks or something for them and preferably straw—covered sheds. They used to build a lot of sheds there, put willows and branches and stuff all over the top of it. Then they'd put straw, probably a couple feet of straw on that. Cattle could get in there out of the weather, and that was comparatively cheap. They had it. They didn't have to buy nothing to make this with. They cut their own poles out of the coulees. Maybe on the sideboards, why, they had to buy lumber there, I'm sure, because it was lumber [unintelligible] boards.

DG: Did your grandfather pass on his smithing knowledge to his son?

HK: No. His son, no. He didn't take up on it too good. He probably passed on a little to me. I'm sure that I could weld in a forge, yet, today. He passed that on to me, and I helped him quite a bit. Used to turn the blower while he was blacksmithing. When we was building these hay derricks and repairing machinery and stuff, I can remember helping him with that. He had a big drill press there with a great big wheel—fly wheel on it—and once you got that going, why, it'd go through most anything. He had a pretty interesting shop there.

DG: I thought something must have trickled down to you, because you're repairing things even now, right, in your shop there.

HK: He built sleds, which I built. I've built quite a few sleds here, from before—years past. I'm sure it was some of the knowledge that he passed on to him, but not all of it. I picked up some on my own, of course, too. A person always does.

DG: Right. That was [unintelligible]. Do you think that he saw it as a dying art, in his own time?

HK: Oh yeah, I'm sure. He saw that, because he saw the electric welder come in and he saw the gas welders come in. Yeah, I'm sure he realized that it was a dying art. You bet.

DG: Something I was thinking of later on was the educational process? You really had to make a choice back then about...between helping out at home and how far you got through school. Did your grandfather—

HK: I have no idea what schooling he had.

DG: Is that right?

HK: I have no idea.

DG: Was he...He read?

HK: Well, I can't say that neither for sure. He always took the *Great Falls [Tribune]* paper at home, and that was passed on down to us when we'd go down there. We always got the papers. We used to get down there every week or two. Sunday paper always had some funnies in it as I remember as a kid. See, he was at Fort Benton too before with the blacksmith shop—years before. So he followed the news from there Great Falls, Malta, Saco, and he liked to get the paper. I know he did that.

DG: We've been studying in my Montana history class the Populist and then the Progressive movements. Did he take part in the politics at that time?

HK: No. No, no. He wasn't no politician [unintelligible]. No.

DG: Just kept busy working. [laughs]

HK: Yes.

DG: Keeping the ranch together. You still have a lot of family in the Saco area then?

HK: I just got the sister there now. Several nephews and nieces in Malta and Saco. Well, mostly in Malta.

DG: How big is Saco now?

HK: Oh, probably 700, 800—something like that. Not very big. It's shrunk pretty bad, like all the little towns have over there. You know, they go into Glasgow and Malta. Cars done that. Used to be a pretty thriving little town. Gas company there. They struck gas there, and when that first come in, it was quite a pretty thriving little town. That was after my granddad moved up north. They struck the gas up there. But he didn't have gas on his place.

DG: He had the water though. That was fortunate. Chet Huntley came from that area. Did you cross paths with him at all?

HK: I never did. But I know where his homestead, or where his place, was. They moved the house in to Saco and had that historical deal. But no, I never knew him.

My granddad, he was pretty handy at making things around the place. He made a gate that was made out of steel and wires twisted all together. Then he made a foot pedal, so that when you come along with an armload of wood or your arms full of something, you just step on that

pedal, the gate would swing open. The hinges was made so it'd kind of swung the gate out and self-closing. Then in the house he had a washtub, which was in front of the kitchen range and about five feet over was this countertop. Underneath that was this washtub that would tip out, like that, and then he had a cistern pump over there that he could pump water in up over the pipes and put it in the reservoir. The same way he could stick a pump in the reservoir and pump that warm water, hot water, up over the top and it come down into the bathtub. It was a galvanized steel bathtub. That's the bath where they took their baths all the time. It was a little different. Everybody in the country kind of marveled how he had plumbed that all in, but it worked, anyway.

DG: I noticed in the story you talked about how—well, not necessarily luxurious—but how it was a pleasant place to be at his ranch, comparatively.

HK: Compared to a lot of places, it was quite a place. It was interesting, because of the way it was built. Then he had veneered these rocks over this log structure on the outside. It made it look quite extravagant, really, for them at that time compared to a lot of the homesteader shacks around there. He done a lot of work there. It's too bad that it was destroyed, but just kind of rotting down. The logs just rotting down inside. It would have been quite an effort to kept it restored and all. The mice took over. The snakes moved in. All that stuff.

Then he had a root cellar out there, dug into the hillside. He had three doors to go down into the root cellar, and they kept all their vegetables and canned foods and stuff down in there. The bull snakes would den up in there in the wintertime. We never had any rattlesnakes. Bull snakes and garter snakes. He had a stick that he had made a corkscrew on. You could see these bull snakes once in a while in between the logs. They was cribbed up the logs. He'd jam this corkscrew that he had made on the end of this pole—it was about three feet long—and he'd jam that into them. Then he could kind of screw it into them, and pull them out of there and take them off and kill them. This one time I can remember I went down there. There was a snake up there—he'd take a flashlight down there because it was dark—a snake up in the crack. I see my pole down here, and I [unintelligible]. I reached down, and I grabbed onto another bull snake. That was kind of a surprise. [laughs]

DG: [laughs] I bet. So did you grow up with a fear of snakes then?

HK: No, no fear of snakes. But they had quite a few rattlesnakes around there. My granddad had another boy, his name was Frank. Cecil was the other boy. But Frank, he was two years old when he got bit with a snake. By the time that Granddad got to town with him, it was too late, and he died. Granddad was pretty bitter about snakes then. He'd ride a good many miles to kill a snake if he knew he could get [unintelligible] and thought he could go to a den or something, let's put it that way, because I went with him to a den up north of [unintelligible] there watching him kill snakes in the fall and spring when they'd come out. They'd be laying there in the sun, sunning themselves, and he'd have the rubber boots to his...Well, no, not rubber boots. These here leather leggings that you wrapped around and you tied them off. He'd go in

there, and he'd kill snakes. I watched him from a distance as a kid, I remember. He would never let me get down there. But he hated snakes, and [unintelligible] be reasonable.

DG: Would he set them on fire, or bash them, or—

HK: No, he'd just go in there with a club and hit them in the head—mash their head in. Go to the next one. Sometimes they'd be out, sometimes they wouldn't, I guess, when he'd go over to these dens. But he'd made a pretty good circle on them every fall and spring in every den. They was a couple different dens there that I knew of. I suppose he maybe knew of more. I don't know.

DG: I imagine he was pretty chivalrous then, if a neighbor wanted snakes killed or something?

HK: Oh yeah, he'd kill a snake every chance he got. You bet.

DG: I'm looking at that picture of your grandparents. They seem really comfortable together.

HK: Yeah, they were, I think. Actually, she didn't get off the place very much as I remember, but she was older then. I can remember my granddad. He had a white saddle horse. He'd get on that white saddle horse, and he'd go visit for two or three days and leave her down there all alone. He'd just take off cross-country, and he'd wind up, maybe, 30 miles north up there and stayed with a bachelor that used to live up there. That seemed to be kind of his circuit when he'd take off that he'd take off for two or three days and leave her down there all alone. I never could quite understand that after I got older. I didn't think much about it when I was younger. But she was Dutch and English, and he was German.

DG: Maybe a way of dealing with cabin fever?

HK: Well, maybe that was his way. I don't know. Could be, but what she did for it, I don't know. She seemed pretty content, as far as I remember. She was a very nice lady.

DG: Did she seem like the stereotypical strong pioneer woman?

HK: Well, she didn't, no. She didn't. She didn't strike me as the kind, but I guess she put up with it or maybe she was. I don't know. Of course, when you was kids, you didn't think about that so much until you got older and then you wondered.

We used to go down there and all and visit, and Dad had a '28 Chevrolet truck. He had a spare tire in the back. Of course, it was just a skeleton rim pumped up with 60 pounds of air, and we'd roll that thing up on the hill up there above the place. It was a pretty good-sized hill. We'd let her go, and that thing just would go a-bouncing, bouncing. [slaps table for emphasis] But one day, we had it going the wrong direction, and it went right into the side of the shop. Had

this blacksmith shop. Went through the wall and went into the next partition. That ended that little deal.

Then he had a buggy—small light buggy—that he drove this white horse on. We pushed that up one day. We took the tongue out of it and put a rope on it—on the axle—so we could set back here in the seat and steer it, see. So we pushed that up on the road that went back up in there. We were gonna...We all piled in there, and my cousins were there. There was three, four of us. Piled in, and we started down the hill. We had a brake on it, but it didn't work very good. Pretty quick that thing jack-knifed, and we broke a wheel. [laughs] Of course, Granddad's a blacksmith, and he could set the wheel and he could fix it but it took a lot of work. We caught heck over that deal. No more of that. That was the end of that.

DG: It sounds like you had a normal childhood though.

HK: Of course, Grandmother passed away first, and then he was there alone. He had to have somebody to do chores, and I got roped into that. It was quite a deal for a feller that was 16, 18 years old. I don't remember how old I was, something like that. Stayed down there and take care of him and do chores. My cousin, who lived up north there a couple three miles, he liked to come down there, and he liked to cook. But Granddad was running him off because he had to feed him. He didn't want to feed him. It cost money then, and he didn't have a whole lot of money. But Lawrence (?) was a good cook, and he'd run him off. That made me so mad. I can remember that yet. He got pretty ornery. He had a stroke, and he got pretty ornery over that. He couldn't do what he wanted to anymore. I can understand it, but it was quite a job to take care of him. That lasted about a year and a half. Then he moved up with my mother and dad. He lived several years that way. Between my brother-in-law and sister and myself, why, we took care of the place down there, running it. Fed the cattle [unintelligible] in there [unintelligible] three or four years, I don't remember now.

DG: Did he ever encounter any Indians during the time there? Was that still a time when—

HK: I don't remember him talking about it. I remember some horse thieves that come in there. They tell me about it. I wasn't around then. But Mother told me about it that some horse thieves come in there and stole all his horses. He got on his saddle horse and he was gone for ten days. He got his horses back, but what all curtailed Mother didn't know. He followed them, I think, into Dakotas and found his horses somehow or another and got them back. He had 1uite a few horses in them days.

DG: He wouldn't let on how he—

HK: No. She don't remember how that happened. But she remembers it happening. That's all I know. But knowing him, he'd a-stayed there. If they went to the East Coast, as long as he knew he was on their trail. He would have been persistent.

Used to be some neighbors up north there, Otto [unintelligible] was their names. They were about the same age or a little younger than Granddad. When I was doing chores down there, why, Otto he offered to do chores for me if I wanted to go to town like on Saturday night and come back Sunday. I drove a team of horses there, and I was using them to feed with. I told him, I said I'd get the team in—the old team in—so he could feed with them. And he says, "No, I'll get along with them. If you can get along with them, I can get along with them." Of course, he was a good hand with horses—I knew it. Anyway, I went to town and I come back—stayed all night, Saturday night, come back Sunday morning—Otto, he come out of the back bedroom, and here he was, he had bandages over his head and he was all blood. What he done, he'd pulled up with a rack out there to the feed yard, and he'd jumped off the rack and went by this horse to open the gate and the horse had clobbered him. Then they'd taken off, and luckily they'd hooked up on the corner of the corral with the rack and that stopped them. When he come to, they were standing there. He managed to get them unhooked and tied to the rack and then went to the house. That's when I come home. He could have really gotten hurt there.

DG: My father used to talk about how mean the cows were. Milking cows was always...Seemed like one that was ready to crush him. Just didn't want to be milked. Just didn't want anything to do with it.

HK: Well, some of them are that way, yeah, yeah.

DG: Did they raise dairy cattle there as well?

HK: Most everybody had a milk cow. Pretty near all...all the homesteaders did. At least a milk cow, and some of them—three, four, five—and they had a separator and they would make butter and take the cream to town. That was to supplement their groceries on. But yeah, they did. Granddad used to milk cow down there. Last ones that I remember, was a [unintelligible] Hereford cross. Looked like somewhat...looked pretty much like a Hereford, but it milked pretty good. That thing would come in in the morning to be milked—didn't have to go get it—and would come in in the evening to be milked. It would sit there and bawl until you went out and milked it. I can remember doing that. And they had a bell on her.

It was my job during haying season down there, when I was a kid, to wrangle horses. I'd be out there at daylight, and it was hilly ground and lot of draws and hills in it. And it was sometimes hard to find them. Ponies had bells on them, but they'd stand perfectly still, you know. If you watch your saddle horse and watch his ears and if he's looking over somewheres, why, you better go over there and investigate, because you'd probably find some horses. That was my job, to wrangle them horses in for haying. I was just a kid then. Wasn't very old. Probably 12 years old, somewheres in there.

We hayed on the lower place there, and that was his place. It was all done with horses them days. Later on, why...and this was, I'm sure, stemmed from helping him making buckrakes [unintelligible] making buckrakes and [unintelligible] stackers and stuff. I took an old Model A

and turned it to rear end over and put a buckrake on it. That was one of the first power buckrakes in the country, and I was a pretty popular feller. I bucked hay all over the country with that thing. You could buck more hay with that thing than with three or four buckrakes, you know—with teams. A team of horses on the buckrake was good for about half a day. Then you had to change because that was tough work on them—hard work. Dragging that hay up out of the fields and putting onto the stacker.

Then we had rattlesnakes there. Once in a while, you'd throw a rattlesnake up into the stacker. You'd just kind of cover it up and move over to the side and get another load up there. Stack them right in there. You never found those snakes in the stack when you opened them in the wintertime. I don't know. They must have crawled out. Some of them must have been able to get out, 'cause you never found...I never found a snake in the stack. Opened all those stacks and all that hay—loose hay. It was all put up loose them days.

DG: So, you wouldn't want to take them apart just to get the snake out?

HK: Oh no. No, you couldn't do that. Just ignore him and cover him up. Go about your work, you know.

[End of Tape 1, Side A]

[Tape 1, Side B]

DG: I'm also curious, just from looking at that photo, did they finally get wired for electricity and some of the amenities of the time?

HK: Yeah, that happened about the time that I went to service there. In '43, '44, they started coming in with the REA [Rural Electric Administration]. They got up on the bench there first, and then of course it went from there. It was quite a few years later that Granddad got that. In fact, he was already gone when they put that in down there. He never did know what electricity was like down there.

DG: Was that part of the New Deal? The REA?

HK: REA. Yeah. [unintelligible] put in rural areas there.

DG: Did they pay—

HK: Rural electrification is what...REA.

DG: Probably administration, right?

HK: Administration or something like that.

DG: Did they see some paved roads there that they hadn't seen at that time as well?

HK: Well, no paved roads in that area. It's gravel. The road has been built up. It didn't use to be, just prairie roads. You didn't go to town in the wintertime. It was about three months there. If you went to town, you went to town with a team and horses in the wintertime. But now they've got the roads graded up down through the years and gravel in them. The wind blows the snow off pretty much except in the cuts, and you can pretty much maneuver wherever you want to go in the wintertime. You don't get snow there like we used to get. We used to get a lot of snow. We used to get six, eight feet, ten feet of snow in the shelter back there behind the house, and that would drift in there. I remember us kids making tunnels and stuff in the big snowdrifts. It got hard. You could walk a horse over the top of them, they were so hard.

DG: Did that keep you out of school a lot?

HK: Oh, not a whole lot. They usually keep me out during spring's work and I'd help with Dad with spring's work—seeding—but that was only a week or so. But that was expected for all farm kids around there.

DG: At that time, were you able to get away then hunting? Did you do any—

HK: No, I didn't know fishing. Never did, don't remember ever going fishing with Dad. Well, I remember going hunting with him once, is all, but that was after I got back from the service. He never hunted. But I remember the first deer that he shot, he thought there was nothing to it. It come up out of the coulee and there it was, running, He up and blowed away. Well, he'd never shot at a deer before, but he'd got it right now just a good, lucky shot because it wasn't experience. He thought that was all right. Then he hunted a little bit after that, but he never got too enthused about it like I have.

No, there wasn't much time for play them days. It was all work. We used to pitch on...Before the buckrake come along, why, we used to pitch on hay onto a wagon. Of course, wheat crop, had dried out. Grasshoppers were coming in, and there was a lot of thistles in the crop. You'd cut her down with the mowers and pile it up, or rake it up and then throw it on by hand. I remember we'd throw as much as we could get on for it, and then I'd have to get up there and tromp this all down. You needed a pair of tin pants because of the thistles. It was all sticker-y. Oh, I hated that. I hated that, loading that hay. After you got it tromped down, it wasn't quite so bad if you kept it tromped down because then you'd be on top of it. But when you first get up in there, why, you're really wallowing around in it.

DG: So you got called away for World War Two?

HK: Yeah.

DG: Was it your father who was [unintelligible] for service during World War One, when things got—

HK: No, he wasn't in...He never got in World War One. I had an uncle that did—Cecil, that was my granddad's boy. He got hauled away. He got wounded, but actually he come out of it pretty good. He come back. He never married or anything. But he wasn't quite right all the time, but that's beside the point.

DG: When you learned your haircutting techniques at first, was it...I mean, did they first have you shaving heads in boot camp?

HK: No, I'd cut hair around home when I was probably 12, 15 years old—16, 17, yeah, 18, 19—before I went to the service. Cut the neighbors' hair and Granddad's and my dad's and stuff like that. I got pretty good with the scissors, but I didn't have no electric clippers. We had the hand clippers them days, and then I got in the service and I had my clippers and stuff sent to me. I was cutting hair down in division at night a little bit. I was just a deckhand, and one day while I'm down there in the division...I was getting some cigarettes—wasn't supposed to be down there in the sleeping quarters during working hours—here come the boatswain mate. He says, "What are you doing down here?"

I says, "Getting some cigarettes."

“You know you’re not supposed to be down here.” He was kind of an ornery old bugger anyhow. Says, “Come on with me.”

Then he took me up to the barbershop, and he told this barber, “Well, this is the fellow I was telling you about.”

The barber, he says, “You’ve been barbering down in sleeping quarters in the division down aboard ship.”

I thought I was catch hell for that then, and I said, “Yeah, I guess I have.”

“Well,” he says, “we need a barber.” He says, “Would you like to try out as a barber?”

“Well,” I says, “sure, I wouldn’t mind.”

So they had the chair empty there, and it was one o’clock in the afternoon and he had to show me how to turn the electric clipper on. I never had electric clipper in my hand. We stayed there, and we closed at five o’clock. I was there for about a year, cutting hair, and that’s where I learned how to cut hair. Took the state board when I got out, both Washington and Montana—not at the same time. When I moved to...bought the barbershop here in Montana. But the state board in Washington first, then I come here and took the state board here. That’s how I become a barber.

DG: You said something about doing it on the coast, which...was that Washington?

HK: Yeah, that was between Seattle and Tacoma at Steel Lake area there. Just a little shopping center in there, and I couldn’t wait to get out of there, there were so many people around there. Nothing like there is now, but still a lot of people around there. I wanted to get back to Montana.

DG: Looks like they’re catching up with you in Whitefish now.

HK: Pardon?

DG: They’re catching up with you in Whitefish?

HK: Oh yeah, all the people. Yeah, you bet. Lots of people here now. People are coming in here. You wouldn’t believe what’s going on here.

DG: When did you first—

HK: I come in here in '47. A pretty peaceful little village then, compared to now. We never locked our houses, didn't have to. Now it seems you got to lock them and watch them too. They'll steal you blind if they got half a chance. But people move here from different areas, and they're trying to get away from all this and this stuff seems to follow them. I guess it's progress.

DG: I guess that's one way of defining it. Okay, I think—

HK: I don't know.

Unidentified Speaker: [unintelligible] breaking horses. Did you tell him about that?

DG: Do you have any good stories about breaking horses?

HK: Well, yeah.

US: [unintelligible] started.

HK: We used to run wild horses out of the Missouri breaks over there when I was just a young feller. Out of several head, we might get two or three that was pretty good. We used a guy's place out there on the Missouri breaks for headquarters. We come trailing a little bunch of horses in there one day, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and pretty quick, why, dinner was ready about that time. The people that owned the place there, she had cooked up some nice steak. They was good, peppered up, seasoned up pretty good. That afternoon, I was out there in the corral, and we were working these horses out and getting sorted and one thing or another. There was a cow hide...or a horse hide hanging on the fence there.

I'd been wondering about this meat, and I went over to old Luke Schultzs (?) there, who was the owner of the place. I says, "What kind of meat do we have for dinner today?"

He said it was horse meat—two-year-old colt. He took the top grade from the horse and drug the rest of the carcass out to the hogs and the hogs cleaned up the rest of it. He says, "I can sell a cow for...well, if I sell a horse, a two-year old colt, I'll probably get six, seven dollars for him—[unintelligible] a pound, that's what they were paying them then, for [unintelligible]. And he says...I don't remember what they got for cows. It was probably four or five cents. So they'd get quite a bit more for their cows than they'd get for these colts. So they eat horse meat all the time. We eat it about a week when I was out there for the first time.

We'd take these horses home. There was always two or three of them that would be, maybe, fit to make saddle horses out of. Then there'd be two or three of us or maybe...yeah, two or three usually out there doing this. Well, then, somebody had to come up with...you had to come up with "one of these horses is better than the others." So we'd draw straws. Whoever got that straw, we'd rope this horse and choke it down, get a halter on him and a blindfold. Then we'd screw a saddle on it and we'd get...whoever got the straw would have to get in the middle of

this horse and would pull the blindfold off and he had to ride it. Well, most of the time we rode it. We hardly ever got dumped them days. Then you'd get the horse. But if you didn't ride it, then the next guy down the line, he got...he got a chance at it. We'd take these horses home—it was 40 miles home—and break them out. If you got 25 dollars for a horse in them days—a broke horse—why, you got the top price. You ride them. We used to have coyotes and we'd pack them for a while, and we'd be riding them and get them broke and sell them to somebody.

DG: Coyotes?

HK: What?

DG: The coyotes?

HK: We used to trap coyotes, yeah. These horses, they were pretty good little horses once you got them broke. They were throwbacks from the Matador Ranch, some of them. They were Thoroughbred horses. They had Thoroughbred blood in them, and they made pretty good horses. In the wintertime, when it first started...first good thaw that come along and then froze up and got good and icy, we'd shoe up our horses and then we'd go out there and run these horses and [unintelligible] them a little better. A lot of times, we lost them all or most of them, and wouldn't get any. But if it was good and icy, you could get in with your sharp-shod horses and head them off.

Then we had work horses from this Luke Schultz that we worked out of this ranch. We'd take them out there and hold them at the foothills. Then when we come up with a little bunch, why, then of course, the guy that's holding them, he'd drift them our way and we'd try to get these wild ones to go in with the tame ones. If they once got in with the tame ones, then the tame ones would string out for the ranch, and the wild ones would follow along pretty good. That worked out the best. They were tough to handle them wild ones. They would head off. They just wanted to go back to their range.

Yeah, we took some pretty nasty rides. None of us ever got hurt. I can't imagine that. Dad always...The first time I went out there, I brought home three of them. Dad says, "What are you gonna do..." No, I brought home one horse. That's what I got that time. He says, "What are you gonna do with that thing? It looked like a drowned rat, you know—little scrawny thing—and thin. They'd been out there in the winter hard. Long hair on it. It looked like a rat. Well, I broke that horse out. It fattened up and made a beautiful horse. Dad kept that horse until it died. My dad was no cowboy. He could drive horses all right. But he was no cowboy when it comes to riding horses.

We did that quite a bit. Then when I went into the service, three of them left there. We had a little black buckskin and an appaloosa, and then I had another little year-and-a-half-old there that I'd started. Belonged to...come out of a neighbor's horse up there. So then I had to sell these when I went into service—get rid of them. Sold one to my brother-in-law, and it got to

bucking with him. Finally, got to where nobody would ride him, so they canned him. I had him going pretty good, but he needed my care for a while to really make a horse out of him. My brother-in-law wasn't no bronc rider neither. Sold that appaloosa to another party—another friend of mine—and the same thing happened. Then the little buckskin, I sold to a fellow there at Saco, and they had a ranch out south of Malta...or Saco there next to, or close to, where this horse used to run. Be darned if the horse didn't get out and get back in the hills, and they never did get him out. They's none of them that turned out to be useful for anybody.

DG: They needed you there.

HK: Yeah, I broke a lot of horses up there and over here too. I was telling her [unidentified speaker] about one today. He was a buckskin horse, and he was a five-year-old. Somebody had fooled with him, spoiled him. I got a hold of him. The guy wanted him broke. I took some pretty wild rides on him. Got him broke. I used him for hunting and fishing in [unintelligible], which I did quite a bit of in them days. Then I took him back down on the range at Big Arm. Cut him loose. Then the next year, why, the fella that owned him, he come back up and he was in Arizona. He lived in Arizona. Come back up and he wanted to know if I would rig...or if he'd go down and get the horse, if I would get him started. Because he wanted to take him into Bob Marshall [Wilderness]. I told him I wouldn't, I did. I said, "That horse is not everybody's horse." I says, "He will buck, but he hasn't bucked for a year now and I get along with him fine." I says, "You may not."

He says, "Well, I'd probably get along with him." He was pretty good at handling horses, I knew that too. But he took him into Bob Marshall, and he really loved that horse. That horse could walk just...he was just a good horse. So he put a partition in his pickup, down the center of it, and he was going to put some stuff on one side and the horse on the other side and going to take it back to Arizona with him. But he had the horse down here. He had a place down by Columbia Falls, and his son or daughter, I don't remember which, lived on the place. Anyway, he went down there, and they were gonna go for a ride. This granddaughter of his and him were gonna go for a ride. Well, the granddaughter's on the off-side from what you get on the horse normally, and she was going to get on her horse and she was gonna ride bareback. He got up on his horse that I broke—Climax was his name. I named him, because he always had a climax of what he did—he went as far as he could. Anyway, he was getting on and the granddaughter jumped up to get on and she fell down. Of course, he was about three quarters of the way on. The horse that he was getting on spooked and went to bucking. He tried to stay with it and got bucked off. I didn't know anything about this for a day or so. Then they come back to the barber shop, said he done this, and I went up to see him. He was in the hospital. He had a broken pelvis and several ribs. I took the horse, and I used it that summer, the rest of the summer, and hunted with it. Drug an elk out with it. He worked good for me.

Then took him down on the range again, and a couple years later here come Earl. Earl Moody (?) was his name, and he wanted to give me that horse. I says, "No, you don't want to give me

that horse. You paid me a lot of money to break that horse. You sell him to somebody, or I'll buy from you."

"No," he says, "you get along with that horse." He says, "I'm gonna give him to you." He says, "You must have earned that horse on the way somewhere."

I says, "Well, no, you paid me well for everything I did on him." Anyway, he talked me into it and we went down—there was no telephone down there—so we just drove down there to get the horse. Come to find out he had never paid a cent of pasture rent on that horse. Well, he was five years old when I got him, and I had him a couple three years, so he had never paid any pasture on that five years at least. The guy sold the horse for what he could get out of him. He told Earl, he says, "We're even. I sold the horse. I got the pasture rent back." He says, "I know the story on the horse, and you probably don't want the horse."

Well, he knew he was gonna give him to me. But anyway, he had gotten rid of the horse, and that's the end of the story. He wouldn't tell us where he sold it, whether he canned it or whether he sold it to some individual or what. I maybe could have went back down there after Earl left and found out, but I didn't. I kind of wished I'd went and kind of pressured him a little bit to find out, because I really liked that horse. You spend quite a bit of time on a horse and you get attached to them, even though they are [unintelligible].

But I done a lot of that. I done a lot of that down through the years. And I enjoyed it. I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I still enjoy it—training a horse. But I don't go about it like I did then. I do a lot of footwork anymore.

DG: Were you ever tempted at the time to join a rodeo circuit or something?

HK: Oh, no, no. I never could see riding in a rodeo. I never could see that. Never had no inkling to do that. I might have been good at it, but I don't know. The horse, usually...If I had a pair of spurs on, I could usually ride a horse, most any horse. But...no, never did.

I still got horses, and I've trained a couple of them here just lately. Got one down here that wants to buck a little bit with me right now. I'm doing a little more education on him. He's [unintelligible]. I'm sure he'll come out of it. It's something that happened that got him started. You know, it don't take much to get them started. He never bucked with me before, but I got on him and the saddle was a little bit loose and I had one of them fleece saddle pads on. They were slick, and I had the same thing on the cinch. It turned the saddle a little bit, and instead of just [unintelligible] off again, I tried to straighten it. He didn't like that. He kind of got to me a little bit. Rattled me around up there before I got him stopped, and then I did get off. He kind of bruised me up. Guy's 73 years old, you shouldn't be doing these kinds of things. [laughs] You should quit that. Like my son says. "You got to quit that, Dad."

DG: Does your son offer to do it?

HK: Oh, no. He's no cowboy. I rode this horse here that I had for 17 years. You had to watch him every morning you get on him, he'd want to buck. He wasn't very big, but he could sure wipe 'er up. More on than time, I put on a show for the dudes when I had him out hunting. He'd go to bucking on me, but he never did get me dumped but he sure splattered my son one day. Right down here about two blocks. Come up from the barn and got up there and splattered him right on the gravel. He would never ride him after that. But I rode him, put up with him for 17 years, and another one, a half-brother to him. But he wasn't as bad. He was pretty dependable little horse. But I drove them as a team. I give a lot of sleigh rides them days. In the evenings, I give sleigh rides to people that...anybody that wanted a sleigh ride. I had anybody from drunks to church groups to...I had 23 kids in my sleigh at one time, and I could haul 14 grown-ups in my sleigh at one time. It was interesting. A lot of fun.

DG: Sounds like a good community-minded thing to do.

HK: Well, yeah. They paid me for it. Now, the insurance has got so high, I can't afford to do it no more. You can do it with your friends, if you don't charge, your homeowners [insurance] will take care of it—up to an extent, anyhow. I really enjoyed it at that time.

DG: I meant to ask you that too. Were your grandparents religious people?

HK: No, not at all. Not at all. No.

DG: Does that seem to—

HK: My grandmother might have been. I really don't know. But they never went to church to my knowledge.

DG: Seems like it was a far piece to travel to get there if they had.

HK: Oh yeah. No, they were not churchy at all, I'm sure. She might have wanted to go, I don't know, but I know my granddad, he wasn't. My dad wasn't. My mother was. She was pretty religious.

DG: Well, I think that pretty much does it. Thanks for talking to me today.

[Break in audio]

HK: About when I trapped skunks?

US: [unintelligible]

HK: Oh, that was when I was in grade school then. I was in the seventh, eighth grade, somewhere in there. Sixth or seventh. I think seventh grade, when I started trapping skunks. I bought a bicycle from the International dealer in Saco, and it had a little round, a little small rubber tire—hard tire, not hard rubber—but small tires like they had in them days. I wanted bigger tires. So anyway, I got to trapping skunks. You could get a dollar-and-a-half or so for a skunk hide them days. Seventy-five cents to a dollar-and-a-half. Dollar-and-a-half was tops. I had a pole on the back of my bicycle, and I'd run all over the country. Under old houses, and in rock piles, and maybe a hole in the ground or somewhere where I'd see a skunk, I'd set a trap them, and I'd catch them. I'd kill the skunk, and I'd tie it on the pole in the back of the bike and head home with it. That'd be in the morning usually. Then in the evenings, why, I would skin these skunks out. I must have smelt like a skunk all the time that I was in school. I know I did.

I got enough skunks that I could buy this brand-new bicycle. I fiddled all over the country with that bicycle. Dad turned the saddle horse out. When they wanted the cows in or the milk cows in or the horses in, why, it was my duty to go on this bicycle and head out to get them. Them horses just hated that bicycle. The minute they see me coming, they'd head for the corral. I was the envy of all the kids around after I got that bicycle, but I earned the thing. [laughs] I didn't mind the smell of the skunk. I still don't to this day really mind the smell of a skunk too bad. But some of them I had...the weather would get cold and I'd have to take them in the shop and skin them out and build a fire in there, you know. It'd get pretty stout in there then.

I got a coyote one day. Went out there. I had a trap set in a carcass—a couple traps set in a carcass out there. It snowed that night, by golly, I went out and could see something was in there or had been in my traps. I walked up to the carcass and out come this coyote. He'd crawled in the carcass. Oh, it just scared me. He would have bit me if I wouldn't have been quick enough to get going to him. I still had that hard-tired bicycle. Back to the house I went. Didn't even have a .22 with me. Got the .22. Went out and shot this coyote. Boy, I was proud of this here coyote—my first coyote. I took it in the house on the front room floor, laid it down, showing Mom what I'd done and Dad. Fleas were coming out of that thing. I got booted out of the house damn quick with that. [laughs] But I remember, I think I got close to five dollars for that coyote hide. That was quite a boost towards my bicycle. I think the bicycle was 25, 27 dollars, something like that.

DG: What would the people do with the skunk hides?

HK: Oh, they'd make coats out of them. They dyed them and dyed the stripe black, and it'd be skunk coats out of them. Whether they called them skunk coats, I don't imagine. Fur coats they'd call them. They wouldn't call them skunk, I don't imagine. Shipped them to Sears Roebuck or Goldberg, and they had to ship them back East to market them. I remember one time there I got, by golly, I got these hides a-going. There's that old tomcat we was wanting to get rid of, so I skinned him up and I sent that hide along with the rest of them. I didn't get nothing for it. They wouldn't buy a cat hide. [laughs]

Rabbit hide. They were worth a little bit, too. You get a lot of rabbits, a lot of jackrabbits them days. We put sheaves of oats out in the front yard, and these rabbits would come in from out on the prairie and come down through by our yard and back down into the haystacks in the wintertime to get something to eat. Of course, these sheaves would be sitting there and they'd stop to eat on that, and we'd crack the door on the house and poke the shotgun out and watch these rabbits as they'd come in. Maybe some nights you'd get some, some nights you wouldn't. Maybe even you'd get one or two. Usually not over one or two or three at the most. But this morning, this—

[End of Tape 1, Side B]

[Tape 2, Side A]

HK: Granddad, huh? Who are you interviewing, though? It's overrated I guess, somewhat. They used to shoe a lot of horses here too. They'd go all over town shoeing horses. Some of them were hard to shoe, some of them weren't. Then I got to where I didn't shoe out anymore, I made them bring them here. A feller he called up, said he was going to go out tomorrow and he wanted to get all his horses shod. I said, "Well, you bring a horse over, I'll shoe it." He brought it over, and I knew why then because he couldn't handle the feet on it at all. I roped it up, and it would throw itself. I was working on this house at that time. I could see down there in the corral. I'd rope it up. At first it just threw itself. I come up to the house and I'd get a Hot Shot [cattle prod], and I stick that under the horse's tail. Give him enough room to get up. Three or four times like that, he kind of quit that. Before I was done with it, why, I could handle its feet a little bit. I could see why he'd want me to shoe it. I charged him double for the job, and he thought that was terrible.

I said, "Doc," I said, "You know why I charged you double." But then I got the sharpening saws and the knives and repairing shavers, and that was a lot easier and safer and I quit shoe. My son kind of took that over for a while, and then he got on the railroad and he found out that that was a lot easier than shoeing horses so shoeing horses went by the wayside.

DG: When you were talking about your Model A invention, was that a big moneymaker for you too?

HK: Oh, that was a good moneymaker. I think I got ten dollars a day for that. I think rough wages at that time was a couple dollars a day at the most. I got ten dollars a day for me and my contraption to buck hay with. I bucked hay all over the country. A lot of that was stubble and soft ground. It was hard on the machine, but it stood up. Of course I was able to maintain it. Mainly from my granddad's experience as blacksmith, which I inherited some of. Of course, mechanical-wise, he wasn't that way, but I did maintain it and keep it going. I done pretty well there for two or three years with that. Now they've got buck rigs—four wheel drives—you take where they put up loose hay, like the Big Hole. They've got the four-wheel drive, and they got power cylinders on them. It's all-together a different story. But they used the beaverslides and stuff like we used there as well. We used over overhost stacker mostly, but down in the Big Hold, they used the beaverslides. It's a little different kind of a stacker, but it does the same thing. They really sophisticated buckrake with the four-wheel drive and the hydraulics really work nice now. They're made out of heavy trucks. Mine wasn't that heavy in them days. It worked. Yes, it worked.

DG: Would you actually like stay with people, then, if you were out doing jobs?

HK: No, I usually went home.

DG: Is that right?

HK: Yes, it was usually just around the neighborhood.

DG: That was a big neighborhood though, at the time, wasn't it?

HK: Oh, yeah. It wasn't scattered like it is now so much. There was more people around. As long as there was hay to put up, why, if I was available, I got the job. Of course, I couldn't be every place at once so they still used horses a lot.

DG: So did you develop a taste for horse meat after that?

HK: Oh, not really. I never ate it after that, but it didn't bother me none to do it, to eat it. It wouldn't today. I don't know if I could eat my own saddle horse. I don't think I could do that, but I wouldn't bother me to take a two-year-old colt and eat it, I'm sure.

DG: It just made me kind of curious, too, when you were talking about killing the snakes, whether you ended up eating those.

HK: Well, not until later years. We went down into Oklahoma one time on a trip, and they had a snake round up down there and they killed about 1,500 snakes. They had these snakes in canvas pits, in tents. They were butchering them and milking them, and the public could go around and watch all of this. Then they had a toaster there, and they had cooked snake meat. They'd put you a little, maybe two-inch portion of the snake on toast, and you could eat it. You get a bunch of snakes together, they smell snake-y. They smell like snake. They got an odor to them. That's the way this all smelt in these tents. Well, eating this snake, and that's the way it tasted—it seemed to me like at that time. I've eaten snake several times since then on wagon...We go on wagon trips across the country, three or four days, and kill snake down in Ronan area and cook them up and they were excellent. They didn't taste that bad. I think it was probably in my head that they were going to taste snake-y because of this odor from all these snakes. Maybe not, maybe they did taste good. I know it sure seemed like they did, but since then, no. It's white, flaky meat, and real good. Yes, it's real good.

DG: Maybe it's just those Oklahoma snakes.

HK: Maybe. Maybe Oklahoma's trying to...[laughs] I don't know.

I'll have to tell you the story about the dog running across the yard there at home. There's a rattlesnake laying there, and this snake made a dive at the dog and missed the dog and hit the log laying there. That log swelled up, and we had wood for two years. [laughs] Better not put that in there because they probably think it's all a big lie.

DG: Yes. Did you keep a lot of pets of your own? Did you have a variety of animals when you—

HK: Oh, not too much. Dogs and cats is about all we had when we were kids. Oh, I guess when I went to the service, I had about 30 heads of cattle myself. I sold when I left, and I never went back into them. Well, I did too when I come here. I've always had a few head of them around. I enjoy cattle. I enjoy feeding them. I've got some here now. I kind of liked working with them.

DG: I kind of assumed you had some sort of attachment to the critters because I saw [unintelligible] birds out there, put a hummingbird feeder.

HK: Yes, the hummingbird feeder there. We get a lot of birds here. They come and go.

DG: It's a regular sanctuary here.

HK: Keep that feeder full, and they'll dump that in about two weeks—that thing. When you fill it up, two weeks, two and a half weeks, why, they eat it up. The coons [raccoons], they used to come up there and get in there, but I kind of got rid of the coons around here it seems like. I haven't had much trouble with them. I've got pictures of a coon on each end of that feeder, and they're hanging on the top of the ridge on there and they're reaching around with their paw here and they're eating. They come up at night after dark and come right up there in the lights. We've seen them out there so we've got flash pictures of it around here somewheres of that. Cute little buggers, but they're sure destructive.

DG: Do you have any examples of your grandfather's work? You know, some small artifacts at all?

HK: I don't have anything, no.

DG: Did he have any inclination to make the toys or anything for the kids out of metal?

HK: Oh, never have really, no. I guess about the only thing he really made was knives—hammered out some knives—and I got one of them left yet. I've got an old pair of spurs somewheres that I made out of a gun barrel, I guess it was. An old gun barrel, [unintelligible] down and split it and then opened it up and made spurs out of it. I'm not sure. I haven't seen them in ages. They must be around here somewheres. You get so much stuff that you don't see it for a while—a long time down through the years.

DG: So what kind of things do you repair here? What's your—

HK: What do I repair now?

DG: Yes.

HK: Oh, I'm just sharpen saw blades if they catch me out. Since I retired I don't try to stick around. They have trouble getting them, because I'm not here and they bring them and I'm not

here. It's about my sharpening business has went way down. Then I got a son-in-law that's taking care of the shaver repair business. I had quite an extensive shaver repair business along with my barber shop. When I wasn't busy barbering, why, I could jump back there and keep right on going, making some money and repair shavers. Once a while I'd have to go down on the weekend to catch up, but most time I could keep up. That worked in pretty good with barbering. I done that for 35 years, I guess. But my son-in-law, he takes care of most of that now.

DG: Including the barbering or is it just the—

HK: No. No, I sold the barber to a woman that used barber for me. Three years ago now. I've gotten to where if I get a chance to go have some fun, why, I go have some fun rather than working. But that's going to have to come to a halt, too, pretty quick here. I've got to get this house finished up. For my new bride sitting over there. [laughs]

DG: It looks pretty complete. Are you building her another wing here?

HK: No, no. I've just got a couple bathrooms to finish up and some trim to put on, and I've got some soffit to put on out here. I don't know. It's been that way for 20 years. I don't know why she's getting excited about it now. [laughs] Oh, oh! Hit a snag now. [laughs] I've built five different houses, and this is the fifth one. Sold them. Lot of times I'd be pounding nails at one, two o'clock in the morning here and other places where I built houses. Be done at the barbershop at nine o'clock and go to work. Do the same thing the next night—night after night. I don't know how I stood it. You kind of acclimate yourself to it, I think.

DG: Do you think it makes a difference if you're doing it for yourself?

HK: Well, oh yes. If you work for someone else like I worked for myself, well, I'd tell them to go jump in a lake. They couldn't pay me enough.

DG: Is your shop is still here—your barber shop?

HK: Oh, yes. I was in one place for 30 years. Another, I was down the street two years before that. I think that was 12 years. Eleven years in the other one. Thirty-three years total barbering here in Whitefish—47 years of barbering. Been good to me. I ain't got no qualms about it.

DG: Maybe I'll go get the camera and get a picture of you for [unintelligible] too.

HK: Sure, that's fine.

DG: Do you have any more—

US: He has a steer that weighs 29—

HK: I've got a steer out here that's six foot two and he weighs 2,905 last fall at the fair. He's a big animal.

DG: You took home a ribbon, I assume.

HK: No. No ribbon, just display. Just on display. There's no competition.

DG: You know, I think my wife might have been talking about that. She went to the—

HK: Big Boy was his name. She talked about that?

DG: Yes, pretty impressed.

HK: She's [unidentified speaker] got the picture of it, too. One that she got before she ever met me. I think she hunted me up on account of my steer.

DG: Is that right?

US: [unintelligible].

HK: [laughs] She wanted to be a part of that, I guess.

DG: Hunting for the man with the biggest steer.

HK: Yes. He's right up there with the world record for height, not for weight certainly, but for height.

DG: That's what she said. She said it was the tallest steer that's she'd ever seen.

HK: I thought it was at that time, but I had it officially measured and he's just up...He ties him. So I can't get him in the book of Guinness. Guinness. I was going to get him in the book of Guinness as being the tallest steer, but I couldn't do it after I had him officially measured. I thought he was a couple inches higher at least than that. Just the way I measure him, but when you get to a veterinarian to measure him, when they do it, they've got everything to do it, do it right. That's the way that turned out.

DG: Does he have a temper to match that?

HK: No, he's very mellow, he's very easy to handle—no problem. A lot of Holsteins, they do get mean, but most of the bulls they get really mean. I got some in-laws down at Worden, and the one way they can move some of them bulls around is with a payloader. Shove them around with that. It's amazing how quickly they can turn, [unintelligible] with them payloaders.

DG: My father once told me that when my oldest sister was an infant, she'd crawled under one of those nasty milk cows that he was dealing with—just sitting under it [unintelligible]. But my sister, she was kind of mean to the farm animals around there at the time, but you get the sense that she was going to...if it didn't kill her, she would avenge herself or something. Yes, they were pretty concerned about that.

HK: My wife, she [unintelligible] when she was a kid. Went to crawl underneath a cow, and a cow stepped on her and broke her leg right up in the thigh area. She wore a scar there for her lifetime.

DG: Doesn't take much when you're [unintelligible] that kind of weight.

HK: No.

DG: My sister used to—

[End of Interview]