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DON'S MEMORIES

Don Nearhood

Buick, British Columbia

1997

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Foreword

I wrote about my life as I remember it. Stories in this book are not necessarily in order. How can you remember things as they happened in 80 years of living?

There is no hero in my story, just an ordinary fellow trying to make his way in this world. A fellow who met and dealt with life's many challenges and is willing to share his memories.

If there is a heroine in these stories it is my wife, Marie! She left a comfortable home, family, friends, and two children to move to a new home in Buick, BC.

Some of the names in these stories have been changed.

Don Nearhood
Buick, B.C.
December 1997

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Chapter 1

Early Memories

Montana

I was born, Donald Wayne Nearhood, February 26, 1916, in a hospital in the little town of Buckley, Washington. My mother was Mrs. Maggie May “Fisher” Nearhood. My father was Mr. Samuel Jacob Nearhood. The attending doctor was Dr. Quaff. We lived one mile east on what was later called the Collins Road. In the spring of 1916 we moved to Ovando, Montana. It was a place called “Kleinschmidt Flat”. It was in the foothills of the Bitterroot Mountains.

At this time I had one older brother, Glen, and two older sisters, Helen and Velma. During the next six years I was joined by two younger brothers, Keith and Sam.

My Dad had leased a section of land. It was partly under cultivation and had some trees also. The elevation was 4,000 feet. Everything was done with horses, and that is where I grew up with a love for them. Of all the horses my dad had I will only mention a few. One was a team of buckskin mares, mother and daughter, they were the driving team and gentle saddle horses. It was a happy time for me!

Some of my earliest memories, I recall riding to town in the buggy pulled by Betty and Polly, “the buckskins”. The buggy was a two seater and the team usually trotted the 10 miles into town. About halfway to town was a correction line in the road. It was about 150 yards long. This is where, if time permitted, I demanded that I drive the team. So if I was allowed to drive, the team would be allowed to walk. Twenty-nine years later, when I took my family to see the old farm, I

still remembered that place in the road and told my family about it.

I also remember my dad plowing with four, four horse teams (16 horses). A couple of times I begged my dad to let me go along. I was five or six at this time. He would put me on the left wheeler (team closest to the plow) and I would ride until I fell asleep, then my dad would take me off and put me in the stubble and I would sleep. When I woke up I would stand up and he would put me back on when he came by. My mother sure used to get mad at us, but this was fun for me.

Some people think that animals don't have any reasoning power, I know some of them do. In the spring of 1922 my dad had 70 head of beef cattle. In the summer he would put up a lot of hay as the winters were hard. One late March morning I begged him to let me ride Betty and go with him. He finally gave in. In those days we had to ride bareback. Dad once saw a young boy get hung up in a stirrup and get dragged to death. So no saddles were allowed for his children. Anyway, he put me on Betty and he got on the sleigh to get a load of hay to feed the cattle. Just as he was ready to start out, a big three year old gelding that was pretty mean took after Betty. Betty was scared to death of this horse but when he wheeled around to kick she backed up tight against him so he couldn't. In the meantime I had fallen off in the snow and crawled under the fence. When I was in the clear, Betty broke off and ran to the barn. Dad was scared to death. He jumped off the sleigh and tied the team to the fence and ran to the barn to get Betty. He got on Betty and took a pitchfork off of the sleigh. The colt took a run at them. Here he met head on with a sharp three tined fork. I can still see them in my minds eye, the big colt running flat out through the snow and it was just a flying. Betty kept right up to him and my dad was using that fork to a good advantage with no mercy. From that day on if someone came by on foot or horseback that gelding got out of the way fast. Now if horses don't have intelligence, why did she back up tight the gelding when she was scared to death of him until I was out of the way?

The flat included some rolling hills and quite a bit of prairie land. In the winter a blizzard could come up in minutes and you couldn't see a thing. If you didn't find shelter you would freeze in a very short time. In 1916 when the folks moved to Montana they had to buy more horses. My dad was a very good horseman. He bought a matched bay team of what were called "broncs". They would weigh between 1300 and 1400 pounds each. When he started to lead them, they reared up on their hind legs and struck at him. Yet three or four years later they were his favorite team.

Scott was the gentlest. Bert was gentle unless you tried to ride him. If you held him so he couldn't buck, his eyes would turn red, he was mad.

Back to the blizzards. My dad went to town with Scott and Bert hooked to a sleigh and about a mile from home a blizzard came up. It was late in the afternoon. In those days you carried a robe or a heavy blanket. When the blizzard hit, my dad tied the lines to the stake on the sleigh box and got down in the straw and pulled the robe over himself. In a blizzard, animals will drift with the wind. After a length of time the team stopped. My dad spoke to them but they didn't move, so he got out and walked around them to see what was the matter and he walked into the side of the barn. You can see how dark it was. The team had taken him right home even when the wind was in their faces' part of the time. Dad ended up with frost bitten hands.

In 1922 I started school. We lived two miles from the one room school house. The teacher's name was Mrs. Marble. She would stay with each family for a short time during the school year. There were 10 students in the eight grades. The building was heated by wood. A boy living closest to the school would light the fire early each morning. In good weather we would walk. The school had a well with a dipper that hung on the well. I know that it had a string or small chain, so it couldn't stray. There was also a large horse barn. Students had to furnish their own horse feed. The last time I saw the old

school house it was used as a granary, the school had been closed years earlier.

Leave it to a kid to do some funny or foolish thing. A teacher at one time was boarding with us (I don't remember her name). At the supper table one night, supper was over and Mother, Dad, and teacher were sitting at the table. I was fooling around and I looked under the table and noticed that the teacher and my dad were sitting there with their legs stretched out and their feet were almost touching. So in a loud whisper I said to my mother, "Mrs. ? (teacher) and Pa have their feet together." Teacher and dad reacted so suddenly and violently that they banged the table. All three of their faces were very red, Mother's from trying not to laugh, Dad and the teacher's from embarrassment.

I remember at school some kids rode horseback and some had a cart or light buggy. One boy was pretty mean or ornery. He was about 10 years old. After school he would chase us with his saddle horse. My two sisters and I would crawl under the fence. Then he would race around to the other side and chase us back. He'd do that a few times, then take off on a hard run for home. His folks never knew that he was doing it. After a couple of days of this my oldest brother was with us. Glen was 15 at the time. After the kid chased my sisters and me under the fence, he headed for my brother. But Glen picked up a small club about five feet long and took after him. The horse shied violently and the kid pretty near fell off. He then started bawling and headed for home as fast as the horse could run. Just like all bullies or smart alecs, when he got home he told his folks that Glen had tried to hit him and the horse with a club. He said that he was just sitting there. Well, his dad went to school the next day to complain to the teacher. When his dad was told the truth he believed the teacher and not his kid. From that day on when school was out he was a very subdued lad. He would get the horse out of the barn, get on and at a walk or trot he would head for home.

Some of us kids would walk home together. I remember that we would try to scare each other. The one thing that we would

try the most was, "Here comes a car." We would scatter like quail, then look. One night, one of the kids says, "Here comes a car." So we all scattered. This time it was a car! In my memory, it was the first car I can remember seeing. It was my aunt and uncle. I didn't know them but my brother and sisters did. It was about a 1919 or 1920 Dodge touring car. It was the first car that I can remember riding in.

One day my Uncle Charles and brother Glen took the team and went to town. Betty was Polly's mother, then Polly had a colt called Dolly. They had a lot more life than Betty and Polly. Coming home from town, Uncle Charles got hungry and when in town he had bought a roll of bologna and crackers. So he got the bologna out and had it in his hand when a car passed. It had a piece of canvas flapping. It scared the team and they took off on a dead run. Uncle Charles stood up so that he could pull harder on the lines. When he got the horses stopped he looked and the bologna was just ready to fall off. He had squeezed it so hard trying to get the horses stopped that he almost lost their lunch.

When Dolly was three years old, the folks let some cowboys break her. The cowboys must have been pretty mean because Dolly jumped the fence to go home, and she wire cut herself pretty bad. The next day they came to take her back. My mother gave them a tongue lashing, which was unusual for her. My dad finished breaking her. Unlike her mother and grandmother who were buckskins she was a shiny black with a small white star on her forehead.

In February or March my dad was asked to be a pall bearer at a funeral in a small town, Helmville, 10 or 11 miles away. It was cold, well below zero. He told my mother that he was going to ride the colt. My mother tried to talk him out of it but he said that she needed the exercise. It would help break her. He dressed warm and I can still see it in my mind's eye. They got about 400 feet from the barn, him having trouble keeping her going. She had enough of it so she unloaded him. He picked himself off the ground and brushed himself off. He then laid down the law to her. When he got back on the snow

flew, but she wasn't bucking anymore, she was sure making time. Dad rode to the funeral and got pretty cold. In the funeral parlor there wasn't any heat. By the time they got home he was really cold. Dolly made record time going home. I don't think that she gave him any more trouble.

Like I said, my dad was very good to stock and his family. I can remember he did something to a horse and when it was over he had tears in his eyes and hugged the horse and said he was sorry.

Polly had a spell where you would harness her, hook her up and when the team started to go she'd throw herself. He looked at the collar and shoulders but there were no rough spots or sore spots. He thought that she was just throwing a fit. One morning he had enough of it and got out a large work horse and put a chain around Polly's neck after she had thrown herself. He then hooked the big horse to the chain and started to drag her. When she had been dragged a few feet my dad couldn't stand it anymore. He unhooked the chain. Polly got up, whinnied, and walked over to him like she was trying to tell him something. He then knew that something was very wrong. He took her collar off and went in the barn and got the other horse's collar. He put it on her and she walked right off! When Glen had unharnessed them he had mixed the two collars up and hung them on the wrong pegs.

In the fall my dad and neighbors would go deer and elk hunting by pack and saddle horse up in the Bitterroot Mountains. It would be in later October or early November. This particular year I must have been four or five years old. When they got back from the hunt the buckskins were in the large barn lot. The buckskins were gentle but they were very hard to catch. I asked my dad if I could ride Betty, he said yes, but you have to catch her yourself. So a little while later they looked out the window and I was riding her. It was peculiar, this was the first time that I had ever tried to catch her. When I walked out I had gotten the bridle. I walked up to her real slow and she just stood there. I scratched her leg and shoulder; she then put her head down and let me put the bridle

on her. We had a small warehouse with a loading dock in front. I led her around to the dock and she stood still while I climbed on her back. My folks were flabbergasted!

I must have been in 1921 that my sister Velma broke her leg. I can't remember how she did it. Anyhow, about a year later she was bringing some eggs to the house and tripped over a horse shoe peg. The first thing she said was, "Did I break the eggs?" You might think this is funny but it likely saved her life. When they repaired the first break, they had to put in pins to hold the bones together. When they operated on the last break the doctors found that her leg had become infected and gangrene had set in. She was in serious condition. The doctors had to scrape the thigh bone as it was green with gangrene. She was in the hospital in Missoula, when the folks quit farming and moved to Buckley, Washington. Velma came later by train. I can still remember her arrival. The conductor opened the window on the coach and then passed her out through the window. She was on a stretcher. My dad and Uncle Al (dad's brother) put her across the back of a Model T Ford touring car to take her home. We were staying a short time with our Aunt Nell and Uncle Al until dad found a place to rent.

Back to Montana. I think it was in 1920 that my dad came down with tuberculosis. When he went to see a doctor, the doctor examined him and told him that he had six months to live and they couldn't do anything to help. My dad asked the doctor if there was anything that he, my dad, could do? The doctor told him not to eat anything cooked, stay out of doors, and no exercise. He said to eat raw eggs and whole milk. This was quite a blow to all of us. My dad had a tent that they set up behind the house. We could stand outside the tent and talk to dad, but we couldn't go inside. I think that it took three or four months but my dad ate many dozens of raw eggs and many gallons of milk. When my dad began to feel better he would walk around a little. When he finally went back to see the same doctor, the doctor didn't know him. Dad told him, "Six months ago you told me that I would be dead by now." The doctor gave him an examination and said he couldn't

believe it; my dad's lungs were all healed with no scars. Then he said, "I thought for sure you'd be dead before now." My dad was still very weak and he didn't dare get tired, as it could make him sick again.

That fall, the Proast boys, big strapping young men, asked my dad to go hunting with them. It was a pack trip with horses. My dad wanted to go but was afraid that it might be too much for him. They said, "No Sam, you just laze around camp and we will do everything. If you want to do a little hunting around camp it would do you good." So my dad took his team and the buckskins. My dad could do pretty near anything with Bert (horse) but no one else could. After they got in camp and settled, dad took it easy for a couple of days. He would walk a little every day to get a little more strength. On the third or fourth day, one of the brothers, Herman said, "Why don't you come with me today? I'll take it easy." Dad wanted to go along but he was a little afraid of going because Herman was big and strong. Well, everything went along okay for a little while, then Herman picked up the pace. My dad kept up but he was worried. He did manage to shoot a spike buck, which Herman packed back to camp for him. When he got back to camp he was played out and furious. He had told the other brothers not to try to pack Bert unless he was there. Well, they had killed a nice bull elk and were going to pack it into camp. They were going to pack Bert. When my dad got back to camp the ground was all tore up but they couldn't pack Bert. When they finished hunting, my dad packed his horses including Bert. All they said was, "You should shoot that S.O.B."

My brother Keith and I were always together. Remember, I am two years older than Keith and we left Montana before my seventh birthday. A little way from the house there was an irrigation ditch. It was about eight feet across and twelve to sixteen inches deep. We were warned to stay away from it. Like most kids we didn't listen this day. We were playing on the bridge and Keith stepped on the end of a short loose plank and fell in. The bridge was only two and a half feet above the

water. Keith started yelling and starting to float away. It sure scared me and I jumped in and pulled him out.

Keith developed a bad habit. He would sneak away from the yard and start down the road to our neighbors. When he was down the road a ways, he'd start to holler, "I'm running away, I'm running away." Then I'd run and catch him and bring him home. One day when he did this Dad and Mom were outside. When I started to get him, my dad said, "No." Keith ran a couple of hundred yards and looked back. But he kept on running a little slower and not yelling so loud. Then every little bit he'd look to see if anyone was coming. He just went a little further and turned around and came back, bawling every step of the way. When he was nearly back, I ran and got him. Needless to say he didn't do it again.

Country kids are inventive when it comes to entertaining themselves. Keith and I would infuriate our mom. We had a light horse buggy that he and I would take down to the gate below the house. There was just a little hill. Then we would try to pull it back, we could do it, but when mom saw us struggling to get it back, she had to come and help us. Then with a warning, that she wouldn't help us again, she'd go back to the house. In a few minutes she'd look out and the buggy would be down again. Then she just couldn't stand to see us struggling so hard and here she'd come and help again. Finally she just gave up. And we just kept on having fun. But when we got through with the buggy it was always back where it belonged.

The man that owned the land that my dad leased was named O'Donald. He owned a race horse that had a very good track record. When he retired this horse he brought him out to the ranch for my dad to use. I don't know what the horse's registered name was but my dad called him Muzzie. Dad trained him to work cattle; the horse worked very well on a rope. One day dad told my brother Glen to saddle Muzzie and do something, but not to try to jump the irrigation ditch. My dad happened to look up in time to see Glen go flying by; he was going to show dad. Muzzie had other plans. He ran up to

the ditch and put on the brakes and Glen went sailing over his head and did a big belly flop into the ditch. Muzzie just stood there. Glen came out wringing wet. He was going to show that stupid horse. Dad saw what Glen had in mind and hollered, "Oh, no you don't!" Glen was mad so he waded and led the horse across, then finished up what he was supposed to do.

We had a gentle gelding named Charlie that mom rode or drove to town. So I don't know why she rode Muzzie this day. Everything went fine going to town, but coming home the horse decided to run, which he loved to do. Mom couldn't stop him. Mom's hair, which was four feet long was flying straight out in back of her head. She lost every hair pin. She was aggravated at the horse, but she did say it was fun and the fastest ride she ever had.

The year before we left Montana, there was an emergency, I don't remember what it was but a trip had to be made to town (10 miles). Glen saddled Muzzie and made a record ride. It was raining when he got into town and found the doctor. Glen rode home with the doctor in his covered buggy. I can't see to this day why he didn't lead Muzzie home behind the rig. He left him outside tied up in the rain. That foundered him. It ruined him for any endurance or hard work, what a shame.

We had a shepherd dog named Pup. My dad trained him to help work cattle. Pup was a very protective dog. No one could lay a hand on us when he was around. One winter afternoon Glen, Helen, Velma, and I went to do some sleigh riding down a nice little steep hill. Pup would run down in front of the sleigh barking. As we used the run it hardened up a little bit and became faster. On one trip down Pup got caught in front of the sleigh and my brother and sister ran right over him. Was Pup ever mad, but after that he ran along side, not in front.

One day my dad and the hired man had a falling out and my dad fired him and paid him off. My dad then went back to the spring work. This hired man was mad at Dad and he came to the house where my mother and us kids and the dog were. My mother was scared of him and was sure he meant to do her

harm. She was inside the yard fence. She stood us kids in front of her and the dog too. The fired man was pretty rude but he never came inside of the gate. Every time he touched the gate Pup would growl so he finally left.

Pup had a sad end. When the folks left Montana they gave Pup to a neighbor. Pup wouldn't stay there. He would go to the old place. The neighbor would get him and take him home with him. Finally Pup went wild; no one could get near him. So I know that a neighbor shot him. He said he thought that he was a coyote. A sad way for a good dog to end his days.

Coyotes were a real problem in those days; they would run in packs. If a mare was about to foal and was not brought in from the range, the chances were that the coyotes would get the foal. My dad had a good Percheron mare that was to foal. He looked and looked, but the mare had hidden. The next day he found her by a lake. She had put up a real battle but there were too many coyotes. She finally went into the lake and gave birth to the colt; it had drowned. The coyotes were afraid to go into the water after her.

One day dad saw a coyote a long way out in the field catching mice. He got his long octagon barreled Marlin 22 rifle and shot at it. He thought that he had missed it. But the coyote laid down. My mother laughed at him and said, "The coyote is just making fun of you because he knew that you couldn't hit him." Dad didn't know what to think. But the coyote just lay there. Dad started to investigate. He expected the coyote to jump up and run at anytime. When he finally got up to the animal, it was stone dead. Mother just laughed and said, "You probably scared it to death."

One day my mother saw a coyote coming up to the chicken pen. She was afraid of guns. but she got the 22 and went out to scare it off. The coyote was so interested in the chickens that it didn't even see her. She was afraid to shoot at it so she shot in the air. That got his attention and he scooted right out of there. Mother sure got a kidding about that.

The year 1918 was a very good year for farming. The crops got rain when they needed it. There were no grasshopper infestations and a nice fall. My dad had a bumper crop of wheat. The price was very high on account of the first world war. He made a lot of money that year. My mother said if they had quit then and left they could have lived comfortably for a long time.

My dad bought a ranch and a lot of other things. The next three years were crop failures and we had to leave with hardly enough money for train fare. Well, so much for looking back.

Chapter 2

Back Home

Buckley

The folks packed up and sent all their belongings to Washington by railroad. In Buckley we stayed a few days with Uncle Al and Aunt Nell while Dad and Uncle Al looked for a place to rent. They finally found a house and were dealing on it. The men that owned it were Czechoslovakians. They were talking in their language trying to figure out just how much rent money that they could get from Dad. When my dad and uncle were little all that they could speak was Dutch. But through the years they just about forgot how to speak it. Anyway, Dad said something to my uncle in Dutch, my uncle caught on and answered him. So they just kept on talking to each other. Most of the time the two men listened trying to understand them but they couldn't. My dad and uncle were so tickled that they had a hard time keeping their faces straight. The other two men started talking English and put a price on the rent. Dad rented the place. Dad and Uncle Al laughed about the look on the faces of those two men for a long time.

I had started school in Montana but just went a few months. So in Buckley I started in the first grade again. This was a very bad time for me. There were around 300 kids in the eight grades and I had not been used to such a large bunch of people. Seeing how I had lead a sheltered life, I was very shy and afraid. My first cousin, Mabel, was a godsend for me. Whenever I started to cry, someone would call her and she would come and comfort me and get me settled.

There were boys that made fun of me and my clothes, which was just being mean, my clothes weren't any different than

anyone else's. There was a very tough and mean girl six or seven years older than me who was always going to do something to me as I walked home from school. She really had me scared! Luckily we didn't live in this house very long, we moved to another house on the other side of town. This stopped her from harassing me.

My folks rented a house from an old bachelor, his name was Christenson. The house was lousy with big bed bugs. So my folks fumigated the house. They told the old man not to go in because of this. He had no reason to go in, but he did. He almost didn't make it out. All he said was it was pretty strong stuff. It did kill the bugs, but in a week or so they fumigated it again to kill any eggs that might have hatched.

Our neighbors were the Tony Shays. They had a son my age. So we grew up together and were friends for life. There was a well on the place where we got our water. It had a stand on the top of the well on which a "pitcher pump" was placed to pump water into containers. If the pump lost its prime you had to add water to the top of the pump so it would pick up its prime again. One day a couple of my second cousins came down to play. Frank, he was the mischievous one, lifted the handle up and the pump lost its prime. I told him that he shouldn't have done it. He said it's okay. He got up on the stand and peed in the pump. Ha. It did get its prime back. My mother wasn't too happy about it, but she had to smile. To this day, 70 years later, if we should meet the first thing that I'd say to him is, "Have you primed any pumps lately?" And laugh about it.

In a year or so dad bought a seven acre place from a Miss Jacoby, she was an old maid. We lived two miles from school so we walked rain, shine or snow. I think that it was two or three years before we got our first school bus. It was a 1923 Model T Ford Jitney truck. It had a long narrow box for a bed and was covered with canvas. It had a long bench on each side. This is what we rode in as long as I went to school which was until 1932. I think that it was in 1934 that the school bought a conventional bus. The 1920's and 1930's were very

hard times. My dad did team horse work and whatever he could to make a living. This little seven acre farm that my dad bought had cost \$1700. This was a small fortune at that time.

A neighbor, Bert Nelson, lent my dad the money. Dad finally got work in a creamery. I think that his wages were about \$70 a month. The folks always kept three to five cows, two pigs, 40 to 50 laying hens and a beef. Mom canned the beef. The pork was made into ham, bacon, and sausages. The lard was rendered. The sausages were fried and put in large crocks. Hot lard was poured into the crocks over the sausages. The hams and bacon were put in brine (very salty water) and left there for some time. Then they were taken out and hung in a smoke house. The smoke house was a tall square building about 10 or 12 feet tall and four to five feet square. A small fire was then built and green wood was used. It was usually alder, maple, or willow. It had to be a hard wood. If a conifer was used the meat had a pitchy taste to it. The hams and bacons were very salty and had to be parboiled before you could eat them.

We always had a large garden. We raised potatoes, corn, beets, cabbage, pumpkin, squash, onions, garlic, etc. The potatoes and carrots were put into a covered pit lined with straw and buried. Cucumbers were made into pickles and cabbage into sauerkraut. The onions and garlic were dried and hung in the attic. Some of the beef was made into hamburger and fried, then put into a crock with hot lard poured over it. This way it would keep without spoiling. When you were ready to use it you would dig it out of the lard, fry it, pour the lard off, add a little water, and steam it. It always tasted fresh. In the old days when there was no refrigeration, there were ways of doing things. So with the large garden and large root house we ate very well.

Along with the vegetables, there were cherries, prunes, plums, apricots, peaches, raspberries, strawberries, and wild blackberries. My mother canned hundreds of one and two quart jars every year. Mother would peel and quarter apples and put them on sheets of paper. We would put them on the

porch roof in the sun to dry. They had to be taken in every night so they would not get wet. If they got wet they would rot.

We didn't have much pastry but we did have good wholesome food. Often on Sundays in the summer time we would make a gallon of ice cream. We separated the cows' milk and saved the cream. The skim milk was fed to the pigs and calves that were being raised. We also drank skimmed milk but had whole milk for our breakfast cereal. We weren't allowed to drink coffee. Sometimes we had tea or postum and always good fresh water.

We had a shallow well and in the summer it sometimes went dry. Then I would harness the horse and load five wooden barrels on the wagon and go to my Uncle Al's. They had city water. It was piped down from the foothills from a set of springs. Al thought that they were called Deamer Springs.

An incident happened that left me very mad and frustrated. I knew that under any circumstances I was not allowed to run the horse. Well, every time when I got home my mother would say, "You have been running the horse again." Of course I denied it, but it happened every time I hauled water. I couldn't figure out who was responsible for this. Finally my dad said, "If you run this horse again you're going to get a licken." So the next Saturday when I got home my mother said you did it again. I denied it. So when dad got home that evening he said, "I warned you." I was sixteen years old at the time. I thought that I was too old for a licking. Anyhow he whipped me. It hurt my feelings worse than the pain hurt. The next Saturday Dad took the horse and wagon to haul water, and I rode on the back of the wagon. I was still peeved. There was a little slope past our neighbors place, and the old horse would sort of shuffle down. It wasn't even a trot. When we got to the bottom, I said to my dad, "Who's going to lick you now." He gave me the funniest look. What we didn't know until we got home was that it was the neighbor lady who was calling my mother. She called my mother and said, "Don's running the horse again." My mother was a pretty even

tempered person. But when Mrs. Miller told her this she really blew up. She said that was Sam (Dad) driving that horse and don't you tell me that he was running the horse. "And further more," she said, "don't you stick your nose into anything more that doesn't concern you." So that ended me being punished for something that I didn't do. But after a while I forgave him. I thought of the things that I should have been punished for that he didn't know about.

Keith and I were really close, when he was ten and I was twelve. We were the same size for a while but when we got older he grew to over 6' tall and I stopped at 5' 8". We dearly loved to box and wrestle. We were given an old set of hard boxing gloves. So we made up rules. We couldn't hit below the belt and above the shoulders. We would stand toe to toe and slug. It was pretty tough at first but our stomach muscles hardened up and it wasn't too bad. One day a neighbor lad, Doug Miller, came over to play. When he got there Keith and I had the gloves on. He watched awhile and said let me box with Keith. He was Keith's age and build. So we told him the rules and they squared off. Keith hit him in the belly and his face got kind of pale. He managed to say, "That's enough, you're hard!" Keith and I never wrestled or fought in anger, to us it was fun.

I can only remember once when if I had caught Keith he would have gotten it. Dad had a full time job so he couldn't plow the ground for the garden and small hay field. So every night after school, I would hurry and change clothes. I would get Nell harnessed and start to plow. Keith would finish his chores and come out to where I was plowing. Old Nell was a wise old horse. If you breathed the word whoa, she would stop. Every round I would let her stop and rest a minute. When I would get her started Keith would say, "Whoa." I would get her started and the same thing would happen until he got tired of it and left. I told my mother to keep him away. She said, "Oh, it can't be that bad." So I knew that I'd have to do something myself. The next night after he finished the chores he was back. He started the same thing again. This time I didn't pay any attention to him. What he didn't notice

was that the lines were on the outside of my arms instead of underneath. When I plowed the lines encircled my hips so that I could guide the horse by just twisting my body. Well, Keith stood there giggling and I didn't pay any attention to him. He kept getting a little closer all the time. I wanted him to get close enough that I could grab him. He finally got pretty close. I shot those lines over my head and made a grab for him all in one motion. I didn't get him but my fingers scraped his back. Talk about someone getting into gear, he sure did. He ran like a scared jack rabbit for the house and he didn't bother me again. I finally got all the ground plowed and worked up and we got everything planted.

It was in the late 1920's, horse drawn buggies were fast going out of style. Someone stripped a buggy down and abandoned it along the county road. I wanted it. It didn't have any shafts or tongue on it so I took a rope and dragged it home. I built a tongue for it and made a little set of double trees and a neck yoke for it. Then for a harness, I got two leather straps about two inches wide and two feet long. I put a wire in the end in each strap and connected each wire to a hole in the end of each single tree. Keith and I then became the horse power to pull it. I made a box for it and pulled it all over the country. We had a lot of fun and experiences with it. I'll relate a few.

One time my dad got some big fir short logs for firewood. The truck unloaded them by the barn. When the logs were bucked into short blocks and split there were several cords of wood. To get the wood to the house one had to make a tight left turn around the barn then past the barn and make another tight turn; it was then about one hundred twenty feet to the wood pile where it was ricked. We loaded that old buggy pretty heavy. When we started we had a little slope to go down then a real sharp left turn. We had to get a little speed up going around the barn to make it up a little slope to the wood pile. My little brother, Sam, was four or five years old at the time. We would let him ride when we came back empty. That wasn't good enough for him, he wanted to ride both ways and we wouldn't let him. He went in the house and told my mother that we wouldn't let him ride. Now my mother worked hard to

keep us and our clothes clean. She scrubbed the clothes on a washboard for a family of eight to ten people. She didn't want to be pestered! She told us to let him ride both ways. I told her that we loaded heavy and that Sam would fall off. She said, "Don't load so heavy." This didn't fit well with me so we loaded like we always did. Sam sat on the top of the wood in the front of the wagon. I told him when we go around this first corner hang on or you will fall off. He said okay. When we made that sharp turn he sailed right off and his head went right through the spokes in the wagon wheel. Keith and I dug our heels in the ground and stopped just as Sam's head came back up to the wagon box. That scared all three of us so bad that we felt weak. Sam didn't want to ride any more on a load and we did get several cords of wood hauled.

As a farm kid I did get some big ideas. One time I thought that it would be fun to get four kids from town to come out and we could make a real big hitch. It would make three teams. I made two more sets of single trees and in school the next Friday I asked four kids to come out and play. They came out all right. This is where I found out that there was a big difference between farm kids and city kids. None of them were going to be horses. They all jumped on the wagon and wanted to ride. Keith and I pulled them around a little bit until I said, "That's it!" When they saw that the ride was over they didn't stay around very long. So my grand idea of a six horse hitch went right up the chimney.

One time a neighbor, let's call him Tony had some oat straw. He told me I could have it all if I wanted it. I told my dad about it and asked him if he wanted it for bedding for the cows, he said that he didn't care. Dad said, "How are you going to haul it home?" I told him that Keith and I would haul it home on the little wagon. He smiled and said it was OK with him. This was in August before school had started. So the next morning Keith and I took the buggy and went for a load. It was about a half a mile away. We loaded a big load and it was hard to pull because the soil was very sandy. Keith and I were really pulling for all we were worth. Tony just stood and watched us. When we got it out to the road where it

was easy going, he said to us that he'd like some of it in his barn too. Now we could have loaded a lot lighter but that wasn't our way of doing things. I was so disgusted with Tony, a grown man watching us pull for all we were worth and not offering to help. I told Keith, "This is the last load, we're not going to haul that lazy guy any." And we didn't.

We had a lot of fun with that old buggy, we had it for several years until we grew up, I don't know what ever happened to it.

When I was fourteen or fifteen, a neighbor, we'll call him Jim, asked me to come over and plow a garden spot for him. Dad said OK so, the next morning I harnessed old Nell and loaded a wood beamed walking plow on the wagon and drove over to his place. It was a nice April day. It was on a Sunday. The soil was sandy and it was a heavy sod with quack grass. Now this made it heavy pulling for the horse. Jim wanted a garden spot about 100 x 100. With just one horse pulling the plow the horse had to be rested frequently. In the middle of the afternoon the sun was pretty hot, Jim went to his cellar and got two bottles of home-brew. He gave me one and he kept the other. Now this is the first time that I had ever tasted alcohol. It was chilled and it sure tasted good. As the afternoon wore on and the sun kept beating down, Jim made several more trips to the cellar. My younger brother Sam came by and watched awhile and left. When the plowing was finished Jim helped me put the plow on the wagon I started home. I was so drunk that I walked along side the wagon. I was afraid to get on to ride. When I got home I took care of the horse and put her in the barn and fed her. I took the harness off, but I couldn't hang it up. Be aware that my folks, especially my mother, were dead set against cards, dancing, and drinking! I went in the house, I told my mother that I was sick, and went to bed. My mother thought I had worked too hard. My ??? little brother Sam came home and mother said to him that I was sick. Sam said, "He's just drunk!" That's when the roof caved in. My mom came roaring upstairs, I was barely conscious, she asked, "Are you drunk?" I was just about out of this world by then. All I could do was groan. She said that she was going over to shoot Jim. Then my dad came home and

she sent him up to talk to me. He didn't get anything out of me either.

That was my introduction to alcohol. The next day was Monday, a school day. I was so sick with a big hangover that I could hardly see. I got dressed and went to school. I knew that I didn't dare stay home. That was one of the worst days of my life that I had experienced up to that time. I also learned that home-brew wasn't like root beer.

We had a neighbor who was quite a storyteller. He was an Englishman. At the time he was 72 years old, he asked me if I would plow a patch of land for him. After my dad quit doing team work, we only had one horse. We'll call this neighbor Henry. Henry also had a horse called Nig. He was a pretty good old horse. He weighted about 1400 pounds. Nig and Nell made a pretty good gentle team. Henry milked cows for a living. He had very little money, the same as the rest of us. Anyway I was to get 50 cents a day. I loved to do any kind of work that involved horses. In a few days I had the land plowed, disked, and harrowed. To hear him tell it, I was one of the best plowmen and horsemen in the country. Of course I just about had to get a larger hat. When he paid me off it was in five, ten, twenty-five, and fifty cent pieces. He gave the money to me and neither he nor I counted it. When I did count it I was five cents short. I didn't think too much about it. That afternoon he came over in a huff. I couldn't imagine what he was mad about. He said, "Why didn't you count the money?" I said that I thought he had. He said, "I found another nickel in my pocket and I was just sick, thinking that I just about cheated you." Can you find that honesty very often today?

A year or two later, Henry was up on a ladder picking fruit and fell down. He hurt himself pretty bad. He had a broken pelvis and internal injuries. He wanted to see me, so I went over to see him. He wanted to give me old Nig. I felt pretty bad that I couldn't take him but we couldn't keep two horses on our small acreage. I guess that I was a good listener when it came to horse stories. Several times a week he would walk over to talk. He and his sons weren't very close and he would

get lonesome. He never ever told the same story twice but Henry did have a very vivid imagination! He told me some very tall tales about Nig and him. A short time later he died, I missed him.

Old Nell got to be a pretty smart old horse. When it came time for spring work or anything else she would be lame in one front leg, usually her left one. Dad would clean her hoof out real good and put horse liniment on it. It happened so often that when Nell saw my dad coming with the liniment bottle she would put up a little fuss, but she would get a dose anyway. The year that I was fifteen my dad let me take her and plow gardens and small acreages. I charged seventy-five cents an hour. My dad got half and I got half. I guess up until that time it was the most money that I ever had. As I remember, I think that I made about \$25.

My brother Keith, as I have said, loved to wrestle. Most of the time it was nip or tuck who was going to get the best of it. Well, after a few days of handling the heavy plow, I started to get muscled up. Our mother never liked it when we scuffled in the house. This one day Keith grabbed me and I put him on the floor. I let him up and he said you can't do that again. Mom just started to say don't do that in here when I put him down again. It took only a second longer the second time. Keith got up and said, "That wasn't fair, you've been working and you're hard." Even Mom had to laugh.

In the late twenties or early thirties my first cousin acquired some river bottom land along the White River east of Buckley. Claude and cousin Floyd from Colorado decided to make lagging for a coal mine. As I recall the lagging was six or seven feet long, two and a half inches thick and eight or ten inches wide. A fir tree was felled, bucked into blocks and then split into lagging. They built a 16' x 16' shack out off rough boards to live in while they were working there. A few days of work and they gave it up as a bad job. They weren't making much money. Claude told me that if I hauled the lagging home I could have half of it. Uncle Al got the other half.

One morning Keith and I took old Nell and the wagon and started hauling it. The night before the neighbors had come over and we had a ball game in the cow pasture. One of the neighbors, a young bachelor, chewed tobacco. When he was running from second to third, I saw his tobacco fly out of his pocket. When it was our turn to go out in the field I sauntered over to where I saw the tobacco land. I picked it up and put it into my shirt pocket. I had plans for it. The next morning when we started out to haul wood. We went by Tony Shays place. Tony came out and wanted to go along. Well as soon as Keith and I left home I took a bite of tobacco "my first taste" as soon as it started to make juice I started to spit. When Tony came out he wanted me to go in and ask his mother if he could go along. I said, "No, I'm chewing tobacco." Well, Keith wouldn't go in so I spit all the tobacco out, I thought. When I got in the house, I found that I hadn't gotten rid all of it. So I had to swallow it. Well, Tony's mother let him go. By the time we got back to the wagon I was violently sick. I couldn't drive, so Keith drove. I stood up behind the seat and hung on the sideboards of the wagon. In a while, the sickness passed, I threw the rest of the tobacco away. I couldn't stand the smell of it for years!

Dad used to pasture old Nell in a big pasture. It was several hundred acres of small mountains and logged off land. One hill, probably 300 feet high, I used to climb and look around to find her. There were three or four horses with her.. During certain times of the year horses have a strong odor. If the wind was right I could smell them over a half a mile away. I had found her several times this way. I don't know if anyone else has experienced this or not

My oldest brother Glen always smoked. He would buy cigarettes by the carton. When Keith and I went out to find Nell, which would be just about every Saturday, we would steal a pack of cigarettes if there were several packages left. We didn't think that he would miss one. When we left home and started looking for Nell we would start smoking. We didn't inhale the smoke, just sucked it in and blew it out. By the time we got back home with the horse we had smoked the

whole package. I can't figure why our mom didn't get wise; we surely smelled to the high heavens. Glen might have suspected. One day when the folks were gone, Glen said, "Have a smoke." Keith was smart, he said, "No, I don't smoke." I soon wished that I had said the same thing. But instead I said okay. Glen lit one up for me and I started to puff on it. He said that isn't the way to smoke, inhale! So I did. I took a big drag and I thought that I was going to die. The folks had a rain barrel to catch rain water for washing clothes. The barrel was full. I couldn't breathe, in desperation I stuck my head in the rain barrel and when I could breathe again I lost all desire to smoke for quite a while.

Two or three months after this, my friend Doug came over one late afternoon. He had bought a bag of Bull Durham tobacco. We sat on a little bridge on the road in to our place. It was about four hundred feet from the barn. We rolled a smoke and just lit up. I looked up and saw my dad by the barn watching. So I hurriedly threw the cigarette in the ditch. Most roll your own cigarettes would go out in a minute or so. This one didn't, it landed in some brush with the fire down. A small spiral of smoke slowly rose. Dad came walking down to where we were sitting. He said, "What are you kids doing?" We said just talking. I'm sure my dad had a hard time keeping a straight face because that stupid cigarette kept sending that little spiral of smoke straight up in the air.

Keith went over to Doug's place one day to visit. Doug's folks had several hundred laying hens. Doug's mom went out to gather eggs. When she looked out the window in the chicken house, she thought that their pump house was on fire, it was a damp day, but smoke was just a boiling from the pump house. She very excitedly ran down to the pump house and here Doug and Keith were just smoking up a storm. There were three very surprised people. She was relieved that the place wasn't on fire. You can imagine the rest.

Now to go back a little, I said that Keith and I used to wrestle. I didn't win them all. I was about a couple of years older when we started to wrestle out in the front yard. He said I'm going

to give you an airplane spin. He picked me up and got me waist high. He couldn't lift me any higher and he got upset and dropped me on my head, then at the same time fell across my seat. He came so close to breaking my neck that I couldn't lift my chin from my chest for a couple of hours. He had put some vertebrae out of place in my neck. In those days we didn't know about chiropractors. For about three years I was like this. If when I went to bed I couldn't raise my head to get out of bed I had to slide over and put my legs over the side then I could roll over and get up. There will be more about this later on how I got cured or healed.

About this time I got to thinking about the shack that Claude and Floyd had built sometime before. I thought that would sure make a good clubhouse. So I could hardly wait to see Claude to see if we could use it for a clubhouse. He said sure go ahead. I asked him if it would be okay to lock the door, and he said to go ahead that most likely he would never use it again. There were five of us boys about the same age, Keith, Doug, Bud, Tony, and me. We made a couple of bunks. There was an old mattress in the shack. We got an old straw tick, it was just a mattress cover filled with straw. No one had sleeping bags in those days so we would just take a couple of homemade comforters with us when we stayed overnight and carried them home the next day. There was an old airtight heater in the shack. We would take a frying pan and some lard, bacon, potatoes, and homemade bread and butter. We always picked and stored apples in the fall, so we would take some apples also. None of us drank coffee and White River was just a few feet from the cabin door. And of course some pages from Sears and Roebuck catalogues. We had a lot of fun there. We would hurry up and get the Saturday chores done and if the folks would let us go we would go down and spend the night and come home Sunday evening, tired and starved to death, but we loved it. We didn't get into any trouble. We climbed the foothills and explored. Sometimes we fished but with very little luck. In the spring of, I think, 1930 there was quite a flood. Keith and I went down to see how the shack was. We were crazy! We had an awful time getting to

where the shack had stood. The shack was gone and the river had washed the bank away to where the shack had been. Bud's dad was the supervisor of the diversion dam on White River. Stone and Webster had built the dam to divert the river into a system of flumes and settling basins to get the silt out of the water for a hydroelectric plant owned by Puget Sound Power and Light. Bud's dad bought lumber and I hauled it with old Nell to a new location closer to all our homes. There, we kids mostly, built a nice little house about 16 feet by 20 feet. We split cedar shakes for the roofing. We put two nice big windows in it and put on shutters and a door like deal so we could lock it up. A neighbor gave us an old cook stove. We built a couple of bunks and Bud's dad got us some mattresses. There was a nice little spring just a few feet away, so we always had a good water supply. White River was about 200 yards away. There were some sandy places where we could play when the weather was good. There were some old dead trees that we saved up for firewood. We spent all the spare time that we could down there and had a lot of fun.

I think that it was the summer of 1931, Dad got a job logging cedar blocks. They were cut into 54 inch lengths from big cedar logs. Dad rented an old Fordson tractor that had tracks instead of wheels. It had what was called a front end attachment on it. It was a single drum to which a cable was attached and that is how we pulled in the blocks. You had to pull the cable back out by hand, "very modern". To make the blocks pull easier we hung a cable block in a tree to give the blocks some lift. Dad chose an old dead snag about three feet in diameter. He told me climb the snag and hang the block. The block weighed about 50 pounds. We borrowed a set of spurs from Claude. We had a rope and belt to help climb. You put the belt around your waist and the rope around the tree, as you climbed you kept working the rope up. That was the first tree that I had ever climbed. When I got up about ten feet, I told my dad that was as high as I could get. He got sorta mad and told me to come on down, which I did. He put the spurs and belt on and couldn't get off the ground. He said, "You put them back on and get up." Which I then did. I got up about

thirty feet. I was pretty scared. We had a half inch rope that we tied on to a short piece of cable that would go around the tree to hold the block up. I lifted the cable up and got it around the tree. Lifting that heavy block was something else. We finally got the block hung and the cable threaded through the block that we pulled the logs in with and started to work. We pulled a few blocks in. Dad was operating the tractor and Keith and I were pulling the cable back out for more blocks. My dad just started to pull a big block in when this old dead snag fell down. I thought that it fell on the tractor. Everything was quiet. I yelled to my dad, "Are you all right?" No answer, I started to run in to see if he was okay or not. The snag missed the tractor but dad was pretty scared. We got Claude to put the block in a good sized green tree, and went back to work.

One summer two of our neighbors took a contract to cut 200 cords of cottonwood and cut it into specific sized slabs, to be used for excelsior. It was used to pack things in crates. It had to be stacked in cord piles and left to dry for one year before it was hauled to the plant. The neighbor wanted Dad to haul it out when it was dry. Dad didn't want to do it because there was very little money and a lot of hard work. As it turned out Dad couldn't find any work so he took the job. He had hauled for some time and one night when he got home one of the horses, Rocks, had axle grease in streaks all over his back and side. I said, "What's the matter with Rocks?" Dad never answered me. He wasn't talking which was unusual. That night at the table when supper was over he said, "Rocks tried to commit suicide today." He said that they were pulling the hill with a load. They got about halfway up and Rocks stopped and started to pull towards the bank. He refused to go any further. Dad got off the load and unhooked the horse. Rocks plunged head first over the bank! My dad was shocked. He thought that he might as well go down and pull the harness off. He had just started down when Rocks groaned, got to his feet, and jumped again. He went a little farther that time. Again, he lay there like he was dead. When Dad got just about to him he struggled to his feet again. Since he was at the

bottom there wasn't any place left to jump. Dad walked up, spoke to him, rubbed him, talked to him a little, and with a lot of trouble got him out of the jungle of brush. When they got back up to the wagon, the horse tried to jump again. Dad said no, once was enough. The axle grease on the horse was to coat all the scratches that the horse got when he tore through the brush. That was the last time that he tried to commit suicide.

Rocks was a funny horse, he was gentle but he didn't want to be petted or made over. Dad said, "Don't you kids ever blow in his face." Which we didn't. One evening when Dad went out to feed the stock for the night, we were standing in front of the horses and they were eating hay. Dad blew in Rocks face. The reaction was swift and deadly. Rocks lunged for Dads throat and his teeth just popped. Dad threw himself backwards but Rock popped the top button off my dad's shirt. Dad's face was white. Then he said, "I told you kids never to blow in his face." We said, "We never did, you did." He had a sick smile on his face and said, "Ya."

Chapter 3

Working Life

Eastern Washington

In the spring of 1932, I was in the 10th grade in school. Glen was working on an irrigated farm out of Wapato in eastern Washington. He got me job working there with him. I quit school and went over there by railway. The job paid 50 cents a day with room and board. That was three dollars for six days work. Sunday you did chores for your board. We had real good hours. At 4:30 in the morning we got up, fed and curried the horses and cleaned the barn. Then Glen and I went down in the pasture carrying three, ten gallon cans and two pails. We would chase the cows up into a corner in the pasture and milk them there. I don't remember how many cows there were but we would get the cans full of milk. We carried the milk up to the house and the farmer's kids would separate the milk. In the meantime, we would be harnessing the horses if they were to be used that day. By then the milk would be separated and then we would give the skimmed milk to pigs, chickens, so on. It was then about 7:00 and we had breakfast. At 7:30 we had to get ready to go to the fields. If we had to get the irrigation ditches ready, we took an old truck. If we had horse work we took a four horse team. At noon we had to have the horses in the barn and fed. Then we ate. At 1:00 we were on the way back to the fields. At 5:00 we went back to the barn and took care of the stock. We ate supper at 6:00. Then we milked the cows and fed the pigs, etc. It was then after 7:00, we had just finished a days work. Sometimes we would walk to a little country store after work. It was five miles away. We would buy a bottle of pop or candy bar, they cost five cents each

then. If we couldn't get a ride we would walk back home. Four thirty came awful early.

That job lasted until the middle of May. I then went to work for the boss's nephew. This was a nice place to work and the wages were still the same. But there weren't any chores to do. Just carry a few pails of water to the house. We'll call the people Bill and Mary that owned this place. They were in their early thirties. I worked there a couple of weeks and then it was haying time. The mowing, raking, and hauling was all done with horses. Men shocked the raked hay and it was hauled on big sleds to the stack. It was stacked with a big rig called a derrick. Our wages were now 20 cents an hour for a ten hour day. We also got room and board. We didn't work on Sundays. The only time that we shut down was one afternoon when the temperature got up to 112 degrees Fahrenheit.. I think that we put up over 200 tons of hay.

When the haying was over I went back home, my job was over. That summer I worked putting up hay for people around home. I started to school that fall. An impetigo epidemic hit the school. After about six weeks I got it too. I had big sores on my face and feet. The principal told me that I had better stay home for a while. I turned in my books and never went back. Until September in 1934 I just did chores around home, cut wood, and got a few days of work at different places.

Chapter 4

CCC

Civilian Conservation Corps

In September of 1934 I enrolled in the Civilian Conservation Corps. "CCC's" It was a federal government program to give young people 17 to 23 years of age a chance to work and learn a trade. It was a chance for the city kids to get off the streets. There were 200 man camps built across the states. The camps were run by the army. The cooking and barracks were all under army supervision. The US Forest Service handled all the outside projects. The basic pay was \$30 a month. There were two ratings that went to the more experienced men, \$36 per month and \$45 per month. You also got all your clothes, both work and dress, medical care, dental care, and school classes. The program was also sort of a relief program, \$25 was sent home to help the folks. Of the \$25 of my pay that was sent home, my folks put \$10 per month away for me.

When I was first inducted, I went to Camp Lower Cispus in Randle, Washington. My first job was splitting cedar into shakes. After we finished that job, I went out on road construction. I didn't much like this, too much mud and pick and shovel work. So I went to work washing dishes. This was a lot nicer, we got to eat lots of pastry and it was always dry and warm. After a short time I was made a student cook. There I worked under the experienced cooks. The enlistment was for six months. When my first enlistment was up I signed up for six more months. In April 1935, our camp moved to Ohanapecosh, in Mt. Rainier National Park. They sent a crew of men to a side camp building trails. Two of us went along as cooks for the side camp. We each would work a week and get

a week off. There were 24 to 30 men in the side camp. It was a tent camp. All the supplies were packed in by horses. The camp was high in the Cascades. The men were building the summit Cascade Crest Trail, when finished it would run from the Mexican border to the Canadian border. It was a really nice summer. The one draw back was that it was eleven miles from the main camp. The camp closed down the first of September because of the possibility of an early snow. We then moved back to main camp. I went to second cooking. In less than a month Camp Ohanapecosh was disbanded. The men were given a choice of quitting or going to another camp.

Back in high school I had met a boy named Lee Nation. After I quit school I didn't see him again until in April 1935 when he came in with the new enlistees. We got to be friends. When I started cooking he got my job as dishwasher. When the camp broke up at Ohanapecosh, Lee and I went to Cathlamet on the Columbia River together. Lee had gotten married in the summer of 1935, so he found a little house close by and rented it. Then he moved his wife in so she would be close by. Lee and I went falling snags at this camp. Neither one of us had ever felled anything larger than a 14 inch tree before. We were issued a 7 1/2 foot falling saw, two saw handles, two spring boards, two wedges, two falling axes, an eight pound maul, a gallon saw oil can, corked boots, rain gear, and gloves. I was right handed and Lee was right handed so I told him that I would learn to work left handed which I did. These axes and saws weren't the best but we got along fine. You were supposed to fall 60 square feet of wood. They measured the stump tops and calculated the square feet in the surface of each stump (three stumps five feet in diameter gives about 60 square feet). In the winter it was a pretty rainy country. The rain clothes were real heavy so it was hard to chop and saw with them on. In the evening when we took them off the coats and pants would stand up by themselves.

The biggest tree or snag I ever saw was down there. It was a cedar snag. The insides had burned out. At the bottom there was a little teepee shaped hole just big enough so that a man could get in and out. It was hollow up about 80 feet where a

hole had burned through. Like I said it rained a lot. One day I got inside the snag and there was a lot of room in there. So the next day three sets of us, six men, took our lunches in there and built a little fire. We toasted our sandwiches and dried out. A couple of days later while we were eating we could hear footsteps and our foreman pushed his head in the hole. He said that the last couple of days he could see smoke coming out of the hole in the tree and he couldn't figure it out. So he came in and had his lunch with us. The shell on that snag was almost three feet thick. Inside we could lay two seven and a half foot falling saws end to end and still have a little room left. The snag was at least 21 feet in diameter. We eat in it for several days. One day after we had eaten, one of the guys threw a bunch of saw oil in the fire. When the fire blazed up that snag just exploded. We just barely got out of there alive. The old snag burnt pretty good for several days. When the fire went out it was just standing on several spindly legs. I was afraid to fall it because it could split up and then what would happen would be anyone's guess. I'm sure that the first big wind that came up would have fallen it.

Lee and I worked there until in January. One day when I was wedging a snag over, a piece of the wedge flew off and cut to the bone the middle knuckle on my right hand. I couldn't work with my hand like that so they sent me to the hospital at Fort Lewis, Washington. There they x-rayed my hand. At Fort Lewis they had a CCC camp. It housed 3 C's men that worked in the head offices. It was also a casual company. That meant that men being transferred from one camp to another could stay there until a truck could take them to their new company. They called this camp, D.H.D. It stood for District Headquarters Detachment. While I was staying there the first cook found out that I had worked in the kitchen. He asked me if I wanted to stay there and wash dishes. I said, "Sure!". It beat working out in the cold rainy weather. So I transferred there. I washed dishes a little while and when one of the cooks quit I went to work as a second cook. There I got a \$6 a month pay raise. I was quite excited about that. I worked as a cook until May 1936 and then took a discharge.

Chapter 5

Logging and Farming

Beginning

During the summer I worked in the hay fields of eastern Washington for Bill and Mary, for the first, second, and third cutting of hay. Bill had a nice team of Belgium mares that I drove. The two horses were full sisters.. They were sure a nice team. They were raised as pets of the family. I felt proud that they chose me to drive them. They were rolling fat when I first started to drive them. So at noon and at night I would bath their shoulders with cold salty water and then rinse it off. This would help toughen their shoulders up so they wouldn't gall their shoulders.

In the summer of 1937, my folks sold their place to Washington State. The state bought several farms as a site to build a custodial school and a home for the mentally retarded. When the government started clearing land, I got a job there. While I worked there clearing land, a fellow cut hay for the state with a big team of bay mares. One day he came out at noon when we were eating and said, "Are you Don Nearhood?" I said, "That's what they call me." He said, "I'm Corolous." That didn't make much sense, I just looked at him, then he said, "I'm Esteline's brother and Lee Nation's brother-in-law." That made sense, I knew Lee and Esteline. So we shook hands and started talking. Lee had told me about his brother-in-law many times but I couldn't figure it out from only his name.

I worked a few weeks and came down with quinsy. I was sure sick, I lost 30 pounds in the first week. I couldn't eat or drink and had a burning fever. It took me some time to get over it

and then I was pretty weak. Before I was ready to go back to work, Lee Nation came over and said that he had a job for us falling and bucking alder trees into logs. My mother was pretty mad. She didn't think that I should go to work in my weakened state. But I needed a job. We each made three or four dollars a day. We were working for a fellow named Dewey. We had worked a couple of weeks when Dewey asked us if we wanted to take on the job of skidding the logs out too. Lee's brother-in-law Corolous (C.J.) Riddle had horses so we went down to see if he wanted to work. He did, so he came up to work with us.

We received three dollars per thousand for falling and cutting the trees into eight foot logs. Corolous would get three dollars per thousand for skidding them to the landing. Dewey would get ten dollars per thousand for loading them and hauling them to market. Everything went along okay for a couple of weeks. We were paid every week. Then one week Dewey said that he didn't get paid that week. The next week we didn't get paid again. He said that he had to buy a new tire. We could see that we might be working for nothing. So we told Dewey that if we weren't paid up the next day we were quitting. The next day he was very arrogant when he came out and said, "If you quit you'll never get paid!" So we talked it over and decided to quit. Before we left we hid his tools on the premises. We told him that when he paid up, we would get his tools for him. He ranted and raved and said that he would have us arrested. We told him to go ahead. In the meantime I went to work at Wapato, Washington on a large farm picking potatoes. I had worked for a week when I got a check in the mail. Dewey finally had paid. Lee went up and got his tools for him.

Chapter 6

CCC

Rainier Cook

I had worked at picking potatoes for about a week and my dad drove over to get me to go home. I had gotten a call to go back into the CCC's. I was inducted in Tacoma and was sent to Camp Rainier at Rainier, Washington. I went to work on one of the road construction crews. I worked on it for a little while. Then one day a first cook, Clyde, said, "Don, do you want to go to work in the kitchen?" I said, "Sure." I knew Clyde from Camp Ohanapecosh. I had worked as second cook under him when the camp disbanded. So I went back to washing dishes. I washed dishes into the first of March, 1938. Forestry was setting up a camp at a little town called Dotty. They had a fellow cooking there, but they had to have two. It was a thirty man camp. When I got there the other cook told me that he had a good job lined up for the summer, but he didn't tell me what it was. We each worked a week on and a week off. We had to make our menus ourselves and order our supplies. I hadn't done this before, so I had to think about how to order supplies to make everything last from one shipment to the next. We got supplies twice a week. So I thought if I made the menus out ahead of time for several days then I would know what was needed. We were allowed thirty-five cents a day to feed a man. This didn't count flour, sugar, salt, etc., just food stuffs. I got along real good. It turned out that the other cook didn't know how to order so sometimes he would be very short on supplies the day before the supply truck would come. The crew was building a bridge across a small stream. Every time they would lay some stringers, the stream would rise and wash them out. When the stream went down they had to do it

again, a job that wasn't to take one month, took two and a half months.

When this job ended the forestry superintendent and the mess officer came out and told me that I had a new job. I was to break in four new cooks to do the ordering and make menus out for two side camps. That sounded good to me. I didn't have to sign in and out of camp. I was free to come and go as I wanted to keep both camps going.

I had just gotten started when a large forest fire started at Riderwood, Washington. It was started by a logging donkey engine. We didn't have the extra cooks trained yet. There was a side camp there, but it wasn't in use yet. This side camp was to be the headquarters for the fire. I started to cook; we had gotten a large supply of food. There were cooking utensils there. I started cooking one morning and I worked straight through for 28 hours. The kitchen and camp was designed for forty men. I had an assistant who wasn't familiar with kitchen work, but he sure caught on fast. In a little while we were cooking for 140 men. After my first long stretch, they brought in another cook. I just got seven hours rest and I had to go back cooking again. This time I worked 18 hours. Then they had it set up so that we worked 12 hour shifts. I got the night shift. When I started at 6:00 at night I made about 150 lunches. Then I'd bake cakes, pies or cookies. Then it was time to make breakfast. Then I was finished until 6:00 in the evening. The first morning, just after I had gotten off work, the state forestry superintendent came looking for me. He said, "Don, I want you to cook me some hot cakes." I told him that I was off shift. He said that doesn't make any difference. I felt sort of embarrassed. What do you say to a cook on shift that someone wants you to cook his breakfast? When I told the cook that he just laughed. He thought it was pretty funny that I had to cook Mike's breakfast instead of him. Anyhow, until the fire was over, I cooked Mike Webster his hot cakes, bacon, and eggs every morning. In later time this proved to be a great help to me.

That was one of my best summers. It was a real good job. The other cook, the one that told me he was getting a real good job, quit. I had unwittingly gotten his job. The reason was that the men were unhappy because of his cooking habits and short supplies. When the summer had passed and one side camp had closed down, I went back to cooking at the other side camp.

The main camp needed a cook and asked me if I would come down and cook. They said if I didn't like it I wouldn't have to stay. I went down and was a second cook for a week. I didn't like it. The first cook didn't treat me like a helper, just someone to clean up after him and do the undesirable jobs. So at the end of the first week I told them I didn't want to stay. They said all right that was the deal. They asked, "What would get you to stay?" I said, "If I was the first cook." So back to the side camp I went. A few days after this, one evening just as I was putting supper on the table the forestry superintendent and the mess officer showed up and had supper with us. I thought that this was strange. I thought that they had something to discuss with our camp foreman. After we had finished eating, they came over to me and congratulated me. I didn't know what for. They said, "Aren't you curious about the congratulations?" I just grinned and said, "I think that I'm going to find out." They said, "As of now you are the first cook at the main camp. Get your stuff together, you are going with us." That was okay with me. My wages increased from \$36 a month to \$45 a month. When I had enlisted the second time my dad had a good job and the family didn't need the help so I got all of my wages. Nothing was taken out for home.

I loved cooking on the side camp. I taught myself to bake all kinds of pastries, even bread. At the last side camp I had a large stock of canned goods on hand. I never exceeded the ration allowance. The fellows coming home from a fire could never stop at main camp to eat. They always bragged about how much better they ate at this side camp. So my extra effort paid off for me in the satisfaction I got from the men.

When I started to cook at the main camp, the fellow that was the cook when I was there, was the mess sergeant. He did all the ordering, made out the menus, and did all the books. His name was Jess. When I started to cook, he was good, he never interfered with me. I broke in a young fellow, Jim, to be my second cook. I got along fine. One Thanksgiving Day my folks came out for dinner. Mom was disappointed. She thought that I was cooking that day. Our shifts had been changed a short time before.

One Tuesday a month we had what was called camp night. We would have entertainers and sometimes dignitaries came out from Tacoma, Washington. One evening the camp invited the mayor of Tacoma and the city council and their wives for supper. I was first cook at the time. The menu that night was turkey with all the trimmings. After supper the ladies came up and congratulated me. They said the turkey was moist and good, how did I roast it. We usually got frozen turkeys. So what I did was I put them in big boilers and put in seasoning and onions and celery. I brought them to a boil, then drained them. Then I would stuff them and season them. I would then put them in large pans and roast them, all the while basting them. This way the turkeys didn't taste like they had been frozen and were very moist.

I enjoyed cooking and got very comfortable doing it. I learned a great deal about making and preparing large amounts of food and how to get it all cooked so it would all be ready to serve at the same time.

After I had cooked about four months, Jess decided that he wanted to go back cooking again. Since he had seniority, he was allowed to do so. I was offered the job of mess sergeant but I never liked book work, so I went back to forestry. It seemed good to be outside again. My pay was back to \$30 a month again. I worked with the crew for a month.

At that time it was the end of an enlistment period, so several men were let out or didn't want to re-enlist. I was given an assistant leader rating and \$36 wage. In three more days I was then given a leader's rating, \$45 wage again. I then went on

the snag falling crew, I was assistant to the foreman. I held this job from April 1938 until May of 1940. In 1941 our company was split up and sent to other companies. The cadre or the rated personnel stayed. We then got a full company of boys from Tennessee and Arkansas. I enjoyed them very much. They were mostly farm boys and some of them got very homesick.

In the CCC's, a rated man was not supposed to take out a crew of men without a foreman. At the time I had a crew of 17 men cutting firewood for camp. The regular crews were made up with 30 men. We had a fire not to far from camp and I was sent out with my crew. The crew that fought fire the day before didn't make quite a mile of fire trail. The forestry superintendent asked me if I would try a new system. I told him sure. With the old system, when the last man finished his part of the trail he would go to the front. While he was walking to the front he would stop every one from working until he got by. What he wanted me to try was when the last man finished his part to holler, ho. Then every man would move three steps. It proved to be a lot more efficient. My seventeen men made well over a mile of trail the first shift. The state forestry fire warden and superintendent were out and saw what we had done. They were very impressed.

Camp life at Rainier followed a set routine. The morning whistle would blow and everyone would get up at 6:00. Then there was 10 minutes of calisthenics. Then the men would wash up, shave, and get ready for breakfast at 6:30. After breakfast they made up their beds and mopped around their bed and straightened up their foot lockers. At 7:15 everyone reported to go to their respective jobs. If you worked on a project you would get in the trucks and at 7:30 you would go to where you worked. You were usually at work at 8:00. Lunch at 12:00, at 1:00 back to work. Be at the trucks at 5:00 to go back to camp. Then out of your work clothes, clean up, and put on uniforms. At 5:30 retreat, we stood at attention while the flag was lowered and folded up to be put away. Supper was right after this. The rest of the evening you were

free to do as you liked. In the good weather we played football or baseball.

One night a month we could go up to the high school gym and play basketball or box. We had some lively sessions at this. We weren't brutal boxers in those days. If one boxer was knocked down or was getting too much punishment the bout was stopped. This wasn't so in a grudge fight. You used your bare fists and when one gave up or was knocked down and didn't get up the fight was over. If two fellows quarreled for too long and got on the other men's nerves, they were taken outside. The boxing gloves were put on and quarrelers told to get at it. You'd be surprised at how often the same two would get to be friends after this. I learned to box and had a lot of bouts. I was never a professional but I could hold my own and a little more with most of the guys in camp.

Sometimes on Wednesday nights there would be a recreation truck to take us to a nearby town to the show hall. The tickets cost 25 cents. For the fellows that stayed in camp on weekends there would be a truck to a dance or a show. There was some drinking, not in camp, but at the dance. When a company truck was taken to any form of recreation the driver and a rated man were in charge to see that the men all made it back to camp. If they took off and didn't show up at a reasonable time, they had to find their own way back.

The CCC's in their time planted 2,350,000,000 trees. Some of the trees that were planted in the 30's were logged in the 70's. Some were 30 inches in diameter already.

Chapter 7

Fire Warden

Thurston County

When I quit the CCC's in 1942, I went to work for a large logging company. I had just worked for two weeks when they went out on strike. I heard that Thurston County was hiring fire wardens so I put in for a job. Since I was known to them from previous fires I got the job. It was my job to patrol with my car and then spend the day on a hilltop where I could see most of the country side. I was paid 25 cents a mile for the car plus \$70 per month. That year Weyerhaeuser Timber Company started putting up lookout towers on places where they could see the country. Then they put men on them to keep surveillance.

When I was sworn in, I was given a commission and a badge. I could arrest a person if they were breaking the law. The closest I ever came was one day as I was patrolling. No one else was supposed to be on the road but a fellow in a car just about ran into me. I quickly turned around and caught up to him and stopped him. He said that the gate was open. I told him that I could arrest him because all of this area was closed because it was extreme fire weather. He pleaded innocent. I knew he was lying. I escorted him out. Then I drove back to check on the gate where he came in. He had lied. The gate was locked. His brother was a foreman in the CCC's truck shop and he most likely had gotten a key from him. I knew his brother well. On the way home that night, I stopped in at the shop. I asked him if he had given his brother a key to project #8 gate. He looked sort of funny and said no. I told him he had better get the key back because if I caught him behind the gate

again I was going to have to take him in. I never did catch him again.

That summer there were lots of wild berries behind the closed gates. When the weather was good, people could go in and pick. When the weather was dry the area was closed to everyone. There was a working rock quarry a few miles in. A watchman at the gate would let the workers in and out. They all had to have passes. They couldn't take anyone else with them. One day at the gate an elderly fellow walked up to where the watchman and I were talking and he wanted a pass to go in and pick berries. I told him that no one was allowed in. He said, "I'll give you a dollar to let me in." I was surprised, I asked him if he would break the law and take the chance of getting fired for a dollar? He just looked at me and walked away. The watchman burst out laughing and said, "Don't that beat all?"

When I wanted to do something extra with my car, I'd fill up the gas tanks (I had a state credit card) and disconnect the speedometer cable. When I was ready to go back to work I'd fill the tank back up with my own money and hook up the cable.

When the job was finished that fall, I asked my foreman Al Davis if I could get a couple of new tires. He said that he didn't think so, but he'd try. I couldn't get any action from him, so I drove down to Olympia to see Mike Webster, he was boss over everyone. I went up to his office in the capital building and asked his receptionist if I could see him. When I told her my name, Mike came right into the reception room and gave me a big hug. He told her that I was the one that kept him going with my hot cakes. So he took me in his back office and asked me what he could do for me. I said that I had been a fire warden that summer and I was trying to get me a couple of spare tires for my car. He called to his receptionist and had her bring in my records. She did. He sat there and added up my expenses and the mileage. He said, "Don you've got a lot coming to you. If you want, I'll make an appointment for you at the county shop. They will overhaul your motor and put on

two new tires. Is there anything else?" I told him that the front spring is broke. He said to just tell them at the shop. So the next week I took the car to the county shop and left it. One of our friends went down with me to take me back home. In a week I got word that it was finished. My friend took me down to get it. A few days later, Al came to me and said, "You can only get one tire." I was really disgusted at him. I said, "Forget it. I saw Mike Webster, he looked up my records and I had a lot coming. I got a motor overhaul, two top of the line tires, and a new spring." He looked pretty sheepish and said, "I don't see how you got all that mileage." I said, "Al, I didn't get it by going to parties or on trips to other towns to parties. I was honest." He didn't say anymore, he just left. Al was well known for his escapades.

Chapter 8

Marie

Life's important chapters

This chapter is probably the most important one in my life. We have to go back to 1937. When I had gotten acquainted with Corolous J. Riddle, I met his wife Alice. C.J., Alice and C.J.'s folks had moved to Washington from South Dakota a short time before. Alice's sister, Marie, came out to live with them after Riddles had been here a short time. Marie was a nice, pleasant, shy young lady. We didn't go out on a date for a while. C.J. and Alice moved from the Smith place to the little town of South Prairie. I went to visit them but I couldn't find the place where they had moved. After I finally found where they lived, Marie and I had our first date. Marie was still going to school. She had missed a couple of grades. Her dad passed away when Marie was still a little girl. Her mother couldn't afford to send the children to school all the time. As time passed by Marie and I became engaged to be married. I was still in the CCC's. As the date came closer I began to get worried. I guess that it was what is called pre-marriage syndrome. I thought, where are we going to live? We have no furniture or dishes or anything. I was really worried. Then I did a stupid thing. I wrote her a letter calling it off. Then I really stewed. So on my next days off I drove up to see her. I really apologized and she forgave me.

We were married the third of June, 1939. We were married in the Lutheran Church in Puyallup, Washington. We had the reception at my folks place. We spent our honeymoon night there. The next day we borrowed my dad's four wheel trailer and moved to our first home. I had rented a two room cabin in

Rainier, Washington. It was two miles to the CCC camp. There was a cook stove in the cabin so we bought a bed, table, chairs, and a used radio from a furniture store in Enumclaw, Washington. Five dollars down and five dollars a month. I had some dishes etc. from my bachelor days. After we got settled we counted our money. It came to six dollars. We had running water but no bathroom. The rent was three dollars a month. Electricity cost us one dollar a month.

We had been married a week when I was called out on a big fire at Forks, Washington. It was a very large fire, we were there for 21 days. Marie went back to Buckley and stayed with C.J.'s folks. She got a job picking raspberries. When I got home from the fire I drove to Buckley and brought her back home. Lo and behold, I was just home for a week and again I was called out on a fire. Marie and my sister Betty were at Sumner, Washington picking berries and living in one of the cabins. She stayed and picked berries and beans until the season was over.

We got along pretty good on \$45 a month. We had good neighbors. The little community that we lived in was an old mill town. The mill had long since shut down. The Masten family had six children. The parents just took us under their wing. We always called them Ma and Pa. There was a lot of affection between us. For recreation we would go to their place on Saturday nights. Some of the other neighbors would come. We would all bring something to eat. Some of them could play musical instruments. We didn't dance but we visited and enjoyed the music. We lived in the little cabin until after Christmas then we rented a three room cabin close by for \$3 a month. In February, our son was born. The forestry superintendent, Mr. Forbes, gave me a week emergency leave with pay so I could be at home and help Marie.

I was supposed to stay in camp at night but the company commander gave me permission to go home at night. I'd walk home after six every night, unless I was in charge of quarters.

Then in the morning I'd get up and walk back into camp by 6:00.

Chapter 9

Logging

Orting

When the fire season ended, I turned in my commission and badge. I then got a job working for Weyerhaeuser Logging Co. This was still in the days of railroad logging. They had built a large trestle. It was a new design. There was a small stream that ran under the bridge so the piling was driven in at an angle where it straddled the stream. Four other fellows and I were hired to clear the hillside 70 feet on each side of the trestle. We carried away all debris, which had to be buried or burned later. The young fellows working with me were a little on the lazy side. The foreman's name was Charlie Roder. He was a good old guy. We got to be friends. When this job ended he got me a job as a buckler at Camp #2 at Vail, Washington. I had to stay in the logging camp during the week, I wasn't too fond of this. I got another job at Orting, Washington working for Jerry Arts Logging Co.

Marie, Donnie, Rose Marie, and I moved to an old farmhouse near Orting. There were 120 acres, that was the size of the farm. But all we got for our rent was the house and use of the barn, chicken house, and a garden spot. It had running water and electricity. We had to pay the power bill and the house rent was \$8 a month. When the Jerry Arts job ended, I then went to work at Buckley Logging Co. It was a 15 mile drive to get to the speeder.

We had just gotten moved when Pearl Harbor was bombed. It was a scary time. If raids had been carried out on the west coast of Washington, they could have knocked out the ship yards and a lot of industry including Boeing's airplane

factory. All house, yard, and street lights had to be out. There were people who worked in shifts, mostly watching from fire halls or other prominent locations. This was all volunteer work.

Emil Hardke was the farmer's name that we rented from. He was an old horseman. He had a team of bays that he broke. They were a pretty good team but one horse was very head shy. Emil wasn't in very good health, he had a bad heart. When it came time to put up hay, I helped him. One day he asked me if I would harness the team and take the wagon to the ranch where I lived. He had two ranches. So I did. I never had a bit of trouble with them. He was really impressed. One Saturday, later on in the fall, he asked me if I would help him haul bundles. I said sure. The neighbors would help each other when there was field work to do. Seeing as how he couldn't work, I went along to load bundles for him. Emil just drove the team and I loaded the first load. This was the first time that I had pitched bundles into a separator. I tried to do it right, but every once in a while a bundle would drop and go into the separator backwards. It was a small machine. The operator started getting a little personal with his remarks. I had enough of it, so I just started to throw bundles in sideways, backwards, and much too fast. The machine plugged up and he ran to shut the motor off. I jumped down off the load and stood there ready to fight or whatever. The guy started pulling straw out to unplug it, pretty soon all you could see of him were his heels. I thought that I would get run off. I saw that Emil was leaning up against one of his horses, his sides were shaking. When he looked at me he said, "I wondered how long you were going to take it." When the guy got the separator cleaned out, I didn't know what to expect. I didn't care. The guy came over to me very apologetic and said, "This is a small machine, it can't handle bundles very fast." He never said anything more to me. I got a lot of smiles from the neighbors that day. We did get all of the field threshed that day.

Emil died the next summer, he had a heart attack while he was cultivating his garden with one of the horses.

The Hardke's thought a lot of our family. They wanted to sell me this farm for \$12,000. At that time \$12,000 was like \$200,000 now. I couldn't see how I could pay for it. They said that I could pay for it as I could. I guess that I sure goofed. The next year they sold it to a doctor for \$30,000.

In the spring of 1943, my brother, Keith, bought a 10 acre farm three miles west of Buckley. he was slated to go into the armed forces. I was to live on the place until he got out of the service. He was inducted into the Marine Corps.

There was a family living on the place when Keith bought it. Their last name was Henry. Keith told them that they would have to move. He gave them a couple of weeks to get out. They owned a place about a mile and a half away. When the time was up I told them that I would be moving in the next Saturday. He said okay. The next Saturday they hadn't begun to move. One of the neighbors said that Mr. Henry said, that we would have a heck of a time getting them out. That got my dander up. So I stopped in and told them that Saturday morning I was moving in if they were still there we'd just put their things outside and move in with them. I guess they didn't believe me. When we got there the next Saturday morning they were just eating breakfast. When they looked out and saw our things loaded on a trailer, all their smiles vanished. They said a few unpleasant things until I said, "Just what did you say?" I must say that they got out in very short order. By evening we were all moved in and set up. We lived there until 1947.

In the early fall of 1944, Buckley Logging Co. finished logging all their land and closed the camp. I went to the sawmill in Buckley and asked a fellow by the name of Henry Hackman for a job. This mill cut nothing but hemlock. Henry had the contract to salvage all the wood that came up the conveyor to the burner. If a log wasn't suitable for lumber it was all cut into slabs 4 inches thick up to 18 inches wide and 4 feet long. The hemlock had to be pulled off the conveyor

and the bark peeled off if there was any on it. There was a 4 foot walk along side of the conveyor that I walked on and piled the slabs. Whenever I heard some of the saws start up I knew that I had a log coming my way. I would walk down to the lower end of the conveyor and when the slabs started coming I would pull them out as fast as I could, slowly being forced to back up all the time. When the hemlock slabs were all past I would take a single bitted axe and peel off all the bark. Every evening Henry would come in with a single axle truck and single axle trailer. He would load out about seven cords a night. This all went to St. Regis pulp mill in Tacoma.

The other species of wood would go past me and another man would pull them out and cut them into stove lengths. They would drop into a big hopper and Henry's driver would deliver them to people using wood for heating and cooking. Along about Christmas the logs were all out of the woods so the job ended and the mill shut down.

In the middle of January the owners of the old Buckley Logging Co. started up in another location and called itself the Eagle Gorge Logging Co. They weren't going to hire any of the men who had worked for them before that had seniority. Our union took them to the arbitration board. The board ruled that since they used the same machinery, they couldn't refuse to hire us just because they changed their name.

Things weren't the same in this camp. The company hired outside men. They let the new men use power saws for a bigger wage and the older workers from the Buckley camp had to work at a lower rate of pay. There was a lot of unrest. In the meantime, I was deferred from the war draft because I was working in an essential industry. My draft rating was being changed. My class rating was then 3B, then finally 1A. That meant that I was on call at anytime.

Things in camp came to a head. Seven of us workers on the cutting crew had enough so we all quit at the same time.

Chapter 10

Army Days

California

I went home and cut Marie enough wood to last a couple of years. Then I got enough hay to last that long too. In July, 1945 I got a call from the army to report to the armory in Tacoma to take a physical for the army. I passed and was taken to Fort Lewis where I was sworn into the United States Army. I was sent to Camp Roberts, California, to start my military training with the 92nd Battalion Infantry Company B. It's awful hard to leave a young wife with three children. It's hard on the wife and kids also. I was 29 years old at the time. I had been working at hard jobs and had grown sort of independent. It was awfully hard to keep your mouth shut when some young smart officer gave you a silly order. I would have enjoyed learning to fire different weapons if it were under different circumstances. I made pretty fair marks. When the army recruits you, you have to fill out questionnaires on what kind of work experience you have. Then they try to keep you away from what you know how to do, in order to teach you how to do something else their way.

When I was in my third week of training, I was pulled out of training one morning. The young fellow was an army trained cook just out of cook and baker's school. They had fish on the menu and he didn't know how to cut and cook it. They told me to leave my rifle and that they would take care of it for me, clean it etc. Well, I got in and was issued whites. They were using natural gas to cook with and I had never cooked with it up until then. We got out dinner and the fish were all cooked and served. When I got there the young cook just stood around

and watched. I hadn't cooked for about five years so I was a little rusty but everything turned out okay. I should say that in the army the shifts changed at 12:00 noon. The old cook who was supposed to come on shift in the afternoon never showed up. He had gotten drunk. The mess officer asked me if I would cook for the missing cook, which I did. I couldn't figure it out. The company officer and regimental officers inspected or came in several times in the afternoon and morning. When an officer comes in wherever you are, you call out, "Attention." Then the officer will say, "at ease", or "as you were", in which case you go on doing what you were doing. The men that were on k.p. were from the barracks and same company that I was in, so I knew them all. A cook in training camp doesn't have a regular crew. Every time he comes on shift he has a different set of K.P.s. So when I started my shift, I asked the men that were sent as K.P.s who wanted to wash dishes. A couple of guys said they would. Then I asked who wanted to be dining room orderlies, a couple more volunteered. Then I asked for a vegetable man and so on. They each chose their own jobs. This works a lot better than ordering them to do things. One of the fellows that knew his way around the kitchen became my second cook. All these fellows had been on k.p. before so they kind of knew what had to be done. There was no noise or yelling at these men to get busy. That was something that the old army guy liked to do to new recruits. Everything went really good. The guys worked like we had been together a long time. What the officers saw and liked was how I ran the crew. The meals were on time and well cooked, the kitchen was clean, all the guys were working at something. Out of the blue our company mess officer asked me if I hadn't been in the army or the services before. I said, "No sir." He asked, "Where did you learn to cook and run a kitchen crew of new men like that?" I said, "In the CCC's, sir." I then said, "If you give most men a job and treat them with respect, they will respect you and do a lot better job." He didn't say anything to that but he did say, "If we can get you out of training will you be our cook?" I guess you know what

I told him, "Yes, sir." But they couldn't get me out of training until I had my six weeks basic.

When I had my six weeks basic in, the officers tried again but the rules had been changed. You had to be in limited service, that meant that you had to have something wrong with you. I told them no. I was afraid if I changed my status that if I did have a chance to get out, that might ruin it. The stupid officer that was supposed to look after my rifle, issued it to someone else. I had zeroed this rifle in and knew how it shot. They issued me a rifle that was stored in cosmoline. That was terrible stuff to get off. Boy was I mad. The next time I had to fire at targets I couldn't have hit the side of a house if I was inside. I finally did get it straightened out. The next time that I was asked if I would go in and cook, I asked, "Sir, do I have too?" He asked why I was reluctant. I told him the last time that I went in to cook they said that my rifle would be looked after. It was issued to someone else and I got a new one full of cosmoline. He said, "What?" His face took on stern look and said, "Soldier that will never happen again." I don't know what took place, but every time that I was asked to cook after that, my rifle was returned and it was spotless.

After the second atomic bomb was dropped, Japan surrendered August 15, 1945. We soldiers were a happy lot. We thought that we would be discharged right away. This wasn't the case. We had to finish our nineteen weeks of training first and then only if we had 36 points. On point was guaranteed for every month in service. If you had children born before the war ended you were granted 12 points for every child. So I had 37 points on V-J Day. I received my discharge the 17th of December 1945. I got it at 2:00 in the afternoon. The first bus that came through was at 4:00 and I was on it. Then came a long two days. There were so many soldiers being discharged that all the buses were loaded. In San Francisco I stood in line six hours before I got on. If you left the line you had to go to the back of the line and start over. At Portland it was worse, there I stood in line eight hours. In Seattle it was good, I only had to stand in line a half an hour. The bus driver was sure good. He said all from

Portland get in first. Tacoma was as far as my ticket was good for. I caught a bus to Puyallup. C.J. and family were living there and they took me home to Buckley. The kids didn't really know me.

Chapter 11

Work

Horses, power saws, and hammers

I got a job for Ullery Logging Co. in a couple of weeks. I worked there for a couple of months and the job ended. I had one work horse so I bought another one. I took the team and plowed gardens and did some field work. There weren't very many small tractors yet. I didn't make a lot of money. I got \$1.50 per hour for the team and myself plus traveling time. A fellow by the name of Bill Emery kept after me to go horse logging with him. Up to this time I had never logged with horses. In Bill's desperation to get some logs skidded to the landing he hired me by the day. I got the logs all skidded for him then Sam, Glen and I went logging with him. We didn't get rich but it kept the bills paid. We then quit Bill, and went to work for the Dempko Brothers. They had a nice piece of timber not far from Buckley. There we got \$18 a day. They were using cats to skid their logs. Neither of them had ever logged before. Instead of letting us fall a few days before they started to skid, they wanted to skid it to the landing as soon as it was fell and bucked. We were always on the run with the saw to get out of their way. When you do that you're not falling trees so after a couple of weeks we quit. We started to log on our own. We rented a truck and I skidded with horses and loaded with a small donkey engine and a gin pole. We made pretty good wages until we ran out of timber. We then sold the power saw.

That spring some people by the name of Jerry and Mildred Kelly moved next door to us. They were our age. We got along good. They needed a small chicken house so I built

them one. I wasn't working and it only took me a couple of days. I think that I spent as much time talking and drinking coffee as I did working on the chicken house. Kelly's were in partnership with a fellow by the name of Ed (his last name escapes me now). Ed owned the land and Jerry owned the cattle. Jerry didn't have enough milk cows so he bought 15 more, that gave him 30 head. His barn would hold about 18 head so he had to build on to the barn. The barn was 60 feet long and he wanted it 40 feet longer. At that time the cows were milked in the barn, not a milking parlor. So I told him that I would build it for him. The wages were \$1.25 per hour. The floor was all cement. There was a 4 foot walkway in front of the mangers. The mangers were oval shaped, higher in the front than where the stanchions were. Then where the cows stood it was 5 feet and narrowing down to 4 1/2 feet. A five foot wide walkway was behind the cows. In all, it was almost 20 feet wide and 40 feet long. Ed, Jerry's partner, had bought another small farm adjoining the first farm. It had an old barn and a pretty good house on it. It had a good shake roof on the barn so I cut it into sections to save it. I built forms for the cement work, then we poured the cement and when it dried we took up the forms and finished the cement work. About this time I figured that I was working too cheap so I asked for 25 cents an hour more, that would be \$12 a day, instead of \$10. Ed said he wouldn't pay it, so I was going to quit. Jerry begged me not to because he was stuck with not enough space. He said, "I'll tell you what. You work six hours a day and I'll mark you down for eight." So I told him okay. We hauled the old barn over and built the walls. We put rafters every four feet. Then the roof that we had cut in sections and saved. I put skids up and started to slide them up on the roof. Jerry insisted that we use his horse. So we did, when he started his horse something squeaked and the horse took off. I could have been killed. There was a door into the hay loft that I drove into, just as all the walls came crashing down. I was pretty disgusted. We put the walls back up and rebraced them. Jerry said, "We won't do that again." I said, "Yes we will. I'll go home and get my horse King." Jerry said, "No, we'll use my other horse." Then I got my back up and said, "Like hell!

If you use your horse I'm out of here." He said, "Okay." King was a heck of a good horse. He'd stand untied for hours, if the flies weren't bad. He'd pull a load an inch at a time. So I got King and we slid the sections of roof in place. Not once did we have any trouble. When it rained it didn't leak, except in a place or two. It was better than the roof on the old part. The mangers had to have a very slight slope in order to water the cows at night. You just turned the water on in the upper end and it ran very slowly to the bottom end. The cows would drink all they wanted then you would shut the water off. The lower end had a drain in it. The mangers had to be swept clean before you watered the stock. The stanchions were all wood. After we knocked the wall out between the old and new part, Marie came over to see what I had done. The first thing she said was that you haven't knocked the old wall out yet. The new part looked just like the old part. This barn is still standing today, 50 years later. I built a couple of other buildings in the same community. A garage and wood shed combined and a brooder house. They both are still standing today also.

Work was starting to open up so I got a job working for White River Lumber Co. falling timber. I worked for them off and on until 1952 then I went to work for them salvage logging. We cleaned up areas that had been logged. We also thinned and logged small areas of hardwood. At times we used horses, a small cat and arch, and a high lead donkey engine. These are the names of some of the logging companies that I worked for: Whitman Logging Co., St. Regis Logging Co., Hansen Logging Co., Wilson Logging Co., Jerry Arts Logging Co., and Weyerhaeuser Co. This sounds like I didn't stay at a job very long. Those days the big companies had a steady crew. They would hire extra help for a short time, then all the extra workers were laid off.

Chapter 12

Burnett

Horses and Shelton

When Keith was discharged from the service in 1947, we bought a house and lot in Burnett. The lot was 55 feet wide and 265 feet long. We paid \$2500 for it and it was furnished. So I sold all my stock and machinery. In 1948, a fellow that I knew, we'll call him Cork, borrowed a dollar and bought a raffle ticket on a horse that was in the King County sheriff's posse. He was a light cream colored stallion with a white mane, tail and foretop. He was sure a nice horse. Well, Cork won this horse. Cork was pretty tight with his money. This horse had be hauled from Ellensburg to Buckley and boarded out at \$2 a day. The horse was valued at \$1500, when Cork won it. A fellow there offered him \$600 for the horse. Cork said, "No, I want a thousand." Then I heard about the horse. I had to go and see him. When I looked at the horse, he turned and looked at me. Right then something happened to me that I can't explain. I just had to have him. I had a 1932 Ford truck that I had just fixed up. My brother-in-law, Paul, had an old Model T truck that had just about had it. So I talked Paul into buying the truck. I heard that the horse could be bought for \$200. So I hunted Cork up and said, "I understand that you want \$200 for the horse." The horse's name was Sultan. Well, Cork hemmed and hawed around and said okay. So I gave him \$10 earnest money and the next day Paul paid me for the truck. At the place in Burnett, I had built a large garage with a woodshed on the end of it. This is where I kept the horse for the time being. In Buckley, a local hardware store had a pretty good sized warehouse sided and roofed with galvanized roofing. I bought it all, but had to tear it down. It cost me \$50.

On the back of the lot I built a 20 ft x 20 ft horse barn. I then got a bunch of good fir slabs from a little sawmill near by and built a corral. I got some shavings from a sawmill and covered the inside of the barn and corral about six inches deep. This was so the horse wouldn't get all dirty rolling in the dirt. This horse's owner had died and the horse had been kept in a box stall for over a year. He sort of went crazy, that is when you rode him with other horses, he was hard to control. I just had him a short time when he got completely over this. Our neighbor's little girl, Barbara Rose, rode him all over.

Things really slowed down in 1949. So I had a chance to work on a dairy at Shelton, Washington. I went to work there, I think that it was January 1949. The farmer told me that he would buy more cows and a lot of other things if I would work for him. I worked hard for him. Marie couldn't look after the horse, so the farmer said that I could keep him there. He had a team of blacks that he used for farm work plus an old Fordson tractor that would hardly run. When I went to work for him his health was very poor. Marie would come down with the kids and spend every other weekend with me. I wasn't getting paid. I had to borrow money for Marie and the kids to live on. I met some people in Shelton, on one of my Sunday rides and in a couple of weeks I sold the horse to a fellow named George Reimer for \$500. I had been working there over three months and all I had gotten was a veal calf and \$50.

The first morning I worked for Hackard, when we turned the cows out in the pasture, Hackard said that damn cow always jumps the fence. He had two strands of electrified wire around his pasture. We watched a few minutes and she walked up to the fence and just jumped it. She didn't even hesitate. I said I could stop her from jumping, he didn't like it but he asked how. I said, "We'll put her back in the barn." We put her in the barn. I had noticed that he had some small stake out chain. I found a piece about three and a half feet long and I put it around her neck and fastened it with a little piece of wire. Then we put her back in the pasture with the other cows. In just a little while she walked up to the fence. When the chain touched the electric wire she got a shock. She let a bawl out of

her and backed up. She still couldn't believe it. She tried it again and that was it, she had enough. Hackard had a disgusted look and said something that wouldn't have smelled nice. He was a queer guy, he never said thank you or that was a good idea.

He had some nice fir trees on his place. A logger came in and wanted to log them. Hackard made a deal with him. He could log the trees and clear the land for payment. The logger took the best trees and Hackard never saw him again. One day Hackard said, "In you spare time, you can go out and buck the trees and logs that are left into four foot lengths, and split them, then we can cut them into stove wood." So in the course of a few days I had about two cords cut and split. He had an air cooled gas motor and a buzz saw that he used to cut the four foot lengths into stove wood. I took his team and wagon out and loaded a fair load. I hauled it up close to his wood shed where he had the saw rigged up. I backed the team up a little bit and tied the lines snug to the front of the wagon and dropped their inside tugs. He looked at me sorta disgusted and said, "You didn't have to do that, they'll stand." Well, I wasn't born yesterday. When he started the motor up. He was right. But when I put the first slab up against the saw it made quite a noise. The team gave a big lunge and just as suddenly they stopped. If I hadn't of done it they would have scattered wood all over the place. He gave me a dirty look. And I gave him one in return.

One day I was building some fence. I had just dug a hole and put a fence post in and set it. There was an earthquake. It felt like I was going to fall off the face of the earth. Mrs. Hackard was a slender white haired lady in her mid sixties. She came running out of the house and down the steps, there were about twelve of them, just like she was a young woman. She ran out into the yard just a little ways and sat down on the ground. The quake, if I can remember correctly, measured 7 or more on the Richter scale. In Olympia it did a lot of damage. There at Shelton, most of the farm houses had brick chimneys that

broke at the peak of the roof. Some of them just fell apart. The old barn rattled, it's a wonder it didn't fall down.

Hackard had 10 or 12 Holstein heifers that he was raising for replacements. He had not put caustic on their horns when they were little calves so their horns were about 1 1/2 to 2 inches long and sharp. Hackard bought two nice milking short horned cows. They were really nice. Both of them were white and in good flesh with large udders. When he turned them in with his cows, those damn heifers went berserk. In a matter of minutes, before we could get them separated, they had the new cows all peeled up from hooking them with their horns. I told him, "Don't you think that you should dehorn them." He said, "Yes, it looks like it. I'll get the vet to do it." I said, "If you had a set of dehorners we could do it." He said that he could borrow a pair. He had one side of the barn fixed so that animals could eat through holes that he had left in the partitions.

After chores and breakfast the next morning, we went out to get the job done. He had talked about being a cowboy in Texas. He made it sound like he was one of the best. When it came to roping them he said, "You'd better do it, my arm isn't very good." Anyway, I just stood across the fence from the heifers and roped them. When I caught one, I'd drag her up to the fence and pull her head through one of the holes. We would put another rope around her neck and a half hitch on her nose. We would pull her head one way and then the other and cut her horns off. This wasn't an easy job, pulling the heifers that had never had a rope on before. I was pretty well worn out. About all he did was to cut horns off after I got their heads through the fence and put the rope around their noses. When we got through he said that he should have gotten the vet, that it was just a lot of foolishness to do it like we did. He said if the vet had done it, it would have just cost \$1.50 per head. A neighbor just down the road about a mile had a registered Jersey herd. He had a vet come in about the same time. He had about the same number and it had cost him \$15 a head. I was pretty put out. I saved all that money and he just

shrugged it off. It would have cost him even more because his animals were a lot bigger.

Later on I did get a good laugh at him, behind his back! When I went to work for him, he didn't have a holding pen to keep the milk cows in when he turned them out to be milked in the milking parlor. Sometimes you would have to run after them and chase them back to get them back in the milking parlor. I built a four strand wire fence around the lot to hold them. Then, instead of a gate, we just stretched a wire across and hooked it up to the fence charger. The charger didn't work so I fooled with it. I don't know what I did but boy oh boy did it work. It had a wooden handle on the wire where it hooked on to the barn. Inside the handle there was a coiled spring. The next morning when I went out to the barn sparks were shooting out of the wood. A hole had burned through. Then the sparks stopped. After the chores were finished I went to unhook this electric fence. I got a heck of a shock. I thought that I had touched the fence with my leg. So very carefully I reached down and started to take a hold of the handle again. Boy I jumped and turned loose just as Hackard came up. He said pretty nastily, "Are you allergic to a little electricity?" He reached down and grabbed the handle. He let out a yell and jumped, I think if it wasn't for his hat being on, his hair would have stood straight up. All I said with a straight face was, "It doesn't look like I'm the only one." He didn't like it much but he was the one that said it first. From that day on we would go into the shed and throw the switch off.

One morning when I was out in the woods cutting wood I heard someone say, "Hello, hello." It was so clear and sounded very near. There were no leaves on the trees and I looked and looked, but I couldn't see anyone. I thought that someone was playing a trick on me. Every once in a while it would happen again. I never did see anyone. At dinner time I told Mrs. Hackard about it. She laughed and said that one of the neighbors had a pet parrot. It would stay home a few days, then it would fly down in the woods someplace and would say hello. I guess in the beginning, it had a lot of people puzzled.

Down the road about a half a mile lived an old couple by the name of Cook. They owned a few cows and sold milk. He had a bull that he broke to work. He used a horse harness, only he turned the collar upside down. He used the bull to haul water and wood. One morning after the earthquake when he went out to the barn he found a hole about thirty feet from the north side of the barn. The hole was about six to eight feet across with water boiling right up to the top. He was curious and got a pole 18 feet long and stuck it in the hole, he couldn't even touch bottom. In this area there were several underground rivers. The earthquake caused this to happen. After a few days Mr. Cook got his little dump truck and tractor with a front end loader in front and went to a gravel pit close by. He hauled sand and gravel for several days before he got this hole filled up. As far as I know it didn't happen again.

I did a lot of work on Hackard's place, I won't go into it. But Hackard was feeling better and he started to get under my skin. Here I was working for practically nothing and he complained that he had to feed me. Then after I had finished milking the cows with a milking machine he would come along and strip after me. That did it. I called Marie and told her to bring the car and horse trailer down, I was coming home. The old man was really mad. He said that I owed him for room and board on the horse. That did it. I said, "Where're all the other cows that you were going to buy? Where? When did you cull any cows that weren't producing? You didn't buy any good hay, you fed them hay that was good horse feed." To this he just walked off. I went to the house and told his wife good bye and thanked her for the courtesy that she's shown me. So we loaded up the things that belonged to me and went home.

With half the money from Sultan, I bought Marie a propane cook stove with a trash burner and a hot water tank. The other \$250, I bought a nice six year old half American Saddle and half wild horse. The American government used to turn out good blooded stallions with the wild horse bands after the wild studs were killed off. The offspring were a lot better animals. Some of the wild horses were so inbred that they

were very poor specimens. Chief was caught when he was about a year and a half old. He was easy to train and gentle. Chuck was the fellow that bought him from the dealer, Archie Rowe, who dealt in wild horses. Chief was a dark bay with a black mane and tail. He didn't weigh 800 pounds, but he was like steel springs. Chuck ran him pretty hard and he could run! You couldn't use him to catch anything. He would run right by. He was good to ride with other horses, he wouldn't squeal or act up. With a saddle on he acted just like a good gelding. Take the saddle off, then he became a stud, but he never raised a fuss over it.

Chapter 13

Hill Top Ranch

Horses - training, packing, and trading

In 1950, we sold the place in Burnett for \$1200 and a 10 acre place with a house on it. Under the government G.I. bill I got a loan and bought a 40 acre place six miles west of Buckley. It cost us \$6750. There was a good house, barn and a 24 x 48 foot implement shed on it. The place had a dandy spring on it. There were about 12 acres in cultivation. There was also some timber on it. I had to pay \$600 down and \$40 a month for 20 years.

While we were on this place we had another daughter, Barbara, October 19, 1952.

I started doing a little horse trading and training on the side. I finally got enough horses and rigging together for a pack string. I packed some for the Park Service, Geological Survey, University of Washington. Most of all, I liked best just to go out on a pack trip with family or friends. One time I took our saddle club on a pack trip up to Basin Lake. It is near Crystal Mountain ski resort, just over the mountain. There were 25 of us on that trip. I took along three pack horses. I think that it took four trucks and a couple of cars. I got all the food, supplies, and cooking gear. When we got there I set up camp. I had a system that I set up to do the cooking. There were two married women and some older girls that helped out. They were pretty surprised that food could be cooked under such circumstances and come out like it should. Not burnt or half raw. We had a good time. One of the young lads, Jake, kept some of the other lads awake most of the night. The next

morning they threw him, clothes and all, into the lake. It was cold but it did keep him quiet for a while.

The dude ranch at Upper Fairfax called me on a Friday night and wanted me to come up and do some packing for them. I had packed many times for them before. I was going to take my saddle horse but they said just bring a pack horse. I was to regret this later. The story was that they had a cook stove and other stuff to pack into the James Lake cabin for the Park Service trail crew. Bill the young fellow from the dude ranch had been with me and had watched me pack several times. He thought that he could do it. It's a little tricky to pack an 80 lb. cook stove. The first horse that they packed, fell and rolled off the trail and hurt himself. Then the next day they took another horse. In one place a tree had blown down and instead of unpacking the horse they tried to go up a steep bank and around the root wad. He got overbalanced and fell over backwards. It didn't hurt the stove, but it banged the horse up. That's when I got the call. I took the horse up on Saturday morning. They had one of their dude horses for me to ride. The stove was about a mile from where they had started. I loaded the stove on the horse. With a load like this you have to put the load up high. Then on the other side to balance the pack I loaded some rocks in a sack along with a roll of telephone wire. I let it hang low, this way the pack was pretty well balanced. It was about five miles farther to the cabins. We made it in, with no trouble.

When we started back out, I just let the pack horse follow. She was gentle. When we came to a stream, we stopped and let the horses drink. The pack horse finished drinking first and started out. I didn't want her to go ahead. I spurred the dude ranch horse to get ahead but all he did was hunch his back and stand there. For a second I didn't realize when the pack horse crowded by my spur was hung up in the britchen of the pack saddle. It pulled me right up on the saddle horn. It twisted my ankle and my knee out of joint and pulled my boot off backwards. The horse went a few feet and stopped. Bill got my boot and gave it back to me. By this time my ankle was as big as a softball. There was no way that I could get it back on.

It was six miles to the truck and eight more miles to the dude ranch. My foot and knee didn't hurt. So I just put my foot in the stirrup and let it hang there. When we got to the dude ranch I went into the lodge. In a little while, I had to go to the bathroom. While I was sitting on the stool all the feeling came back. I just about had to crawl back out of there. I could sure feel it then. Bill took me home. We left my horse and truck there. They brought them home in a couple of days. The next day, Sunday, Marie took me to the hospital. The doctor taped my ankle every which way and put an elastic bandage on my knee. It had popped out of place when my boot came off. I walked out of the office.

Monday morning, I went to work. It was a real warm May day. At the time, I was on a tree planting crew. We were supposed to plant 600 trees a day. Boy I suffered, when the doctor taped my ankle he got some skin in between the tape. Every time that I moved it burnt like fire. At noon I took my boot off to let my foot cool off. I told the crew what had happened. They said that I was nuts to have come to work. Well, we needed the money. I lacked about 50 trees of filling my quota. There were seven other fellows in the crew. They took the rest of my trees and planted them. The next morning, the superintendent came over to the bus and said, "Don, I've got another job for you today." They had the steel tower skidder set up where the sky line, haul back lines crossed the road. All I had to do was sit there and let traffic through when it was safe. The weather wasn't so warm that day, so I built a fire and sat there all day. The traffic was light so I didn't do much more than keep the fire going.

Weyerhaeuser was starting a new program. A crew went ahead of the fallers and cut the small hemlock trees less than 18 inches diameter and bucked them. Then another crew came in and pulled the logs out so they wouldn't get smashed when the big trees were felled. I finished the week as watchman and the next week I went to work cutting the small trees. My foot and knee bothered me for quite a while. I had to take the tape

off as I couldn't stand it. I used an elastic bandage instead. I never missed a days work.

The University of Washington, U of W, sent up their engineering class to send up gas filled balloons to chart the air currents on Mount Rainier. I knew the names of places on the mountain pretty good so they would tell me where they wanted the loads of helium gas or food, etc. The gas came in cylinders about 7 inches in diameter and 30 inches long and they weighed 75 pounds. each. This is funny they weighed more empty than when they were full. They were very hard to pack, going up, you used one kind of a hitch, going down you had to put on another kind. I would pack two cylinders on a horse. I packed through the dude ranch at Upper Fairfax. They had the concession on that side of the mountain. After a few trips, the U of W's brass thought that they were paying me too much. I charged them \$8 for each pack horse and \$16 for my saddle horse. I didn't charge them for the hauling. They got pack boards and each student was to pack one bottle. Seventy five pounds is a lot of weight to carry if you're not used to it. They got rescue carts, a seven foot basket mounted on a bicycle wheel. There were handles at each end. This went on for a week. Then I got a hurry up call on Saturday morning, will you please bring your pack horses and pack some gas bottles. It seemed that the young men couldn't get the bottles up to where they were needed. So I went up and picked up full bottles and took them where they were needed and brought out the empties. Never again did I hear that I was charging too much.

One little incident did happen that I got a charge out of. The person who bought the dude ranch was a school teacher. He was a real nice person. His wife was too. He had three horses that didn't do anything but eat and get fat. He got to thinking why didn't he pack the stuff instead of getting me to do it. He had watched me several times. He hauled his horses to the park, it was about eight miles from the ranch. He got one horse packed and got one bottle on the second horse. It then got scared and bucked the bottle off. The first horse then got scared and bucked off his two bottles. Then they broke their

halter ropes and ran all the way back to the ranch. Again I got a hurried up call to come in and pack two bottles. It was just a short job, four bottles to pack. So I called a friend who liked to ride in the mountains and asked him if he wanted to go. He did so I loaded up a few supplies and three horses. I picked up him and his horse and we went up to the park. We stopped at the dude ranch but the wife said that her husband was waiting for us up at the park. When we got there he was there. He said, "Watching you, everything looked so easy. Why did my horses get scared when I tried to pack them?" I said, "You've got real nice horses, but they're overfed and under worked. I feed my stock well and treat them well but they understand that it all doesn't come free." Anyhow, no one tried to take over the job. When the season ended I was sent up to all the camp sites to pack out any garbage cans, etc. So I got in a couple of more days and that was all for U of W work.

In the middle 1950's, the forestry division of White River Logging Co. hired me to go on some of the mountains and pack out tree seed cones the men had picked. The cones were put in gunny sacks and weighed 70 pounds. each. They didn't want to pay me for a saddle horse. Just pack horses. They said it's too rough for a saddle horse. I said, "If it's too rough for my saddle horse, it's too rough for pack horses." Anyway they hired me. I left home early. It was to be a two day job. When I got up to the meeting place they weren't there yet, so I unloaded the horses and gave them a little hay. Pretty soon the two fellows showed up. They said this is where the first bunch of cones are. They started walking ahead of me. In a little while they stopped and said, "Are the horses broke to ride?" I said, "Sure." So they stepped on a log, when the horse came by they jumped on the pack saddles. It was about a mile to the first pile of cones. When we got there, they said, "I can see why you said no saddle horse, no work." The farthest cones were about a mile away. The closest were about 200 yards. That day I packed out 96 sacks and 4 half sacks. I packed 3 sacks per horse. I packed 17 loads with two horses. There were just a few sacks left. So they hired a fellow to pack them out on his back. When I got paid I got \$20 more than I was to

get for a day. I also got a real nice letter from the company saying that it was great to have a real packer for a change.

One time two men came out to our place and wanted me to pack out two cow elk. I only had two pack horses at that time. They said that they would show me the way in, it was about 15 miles from home. I asked if there was a trail to the elk, they said yes. So I loaded the horses up and we went as far as we could by road. We then took off through some pretty thick second growth trees and downfall. It was getting late in the afternoon. The elk were about 3 miles from the road. I asked them if they had a flash light, one guy said yes. When we got back in away there wasn't too much thick brush. Pretty soon one guy said they are around here some place. After a little bit of looking around I spotted one. Then the other guy found the one he had shot. They had just gutted the cows. The cows were still warm. I quartered the elk. I had some meat bags that I put the meat in. I loaded three quarters on each horse. That left on half of one animal there. Since the meat was warm, the sling ropes wouldn't stay tight. By then it was very dark. The flashlight, hah, you had to strike a match to see if the light was on. The batteries were nearly dead. One of the fellows said, "I'll go ahead and you can follow me out." The horse that I was riding was a pretty smart horse. He would backtrack himself when you went somewhere. He would smell the trail out and take you right back to where you started from. We had just gone a little ways and this guy hollered and said he was lost. So I hollered back and he said to wait for him. Well, the trail was so rough that snags and brush would rub the packs. And with all the pulling and jumping that the horses were doing a pack would slip. When this happened the horse would stop and not go any farther. I couldn't even see the horses it was so dark. I'd get off and find out which horse had the slipped pack. Then I'd feel around and get the meat off and readjust the saddle and load the meat back on. I'd put the diamond hitch back on and we would go a little farther and the same thing would happen again. In the meantime it had started to rain. I'll cut this story short, I think you have the picture. I got home at 1:00 in the morning. I took care of the

horses and went to bed. I had just made \$20. Five thirty came awful early. I was working at St. Regis Logging Co. at the time.

Chapter 14

Timber, Mountains and Horses

Mud Mountain, White River, and Hill Top

In the spring of 1949, I heard that the army engineers in Seattle were hiring men to work at Mud Mountain Dam. An old friend, Howard Nelson, and I drove down to see if we could get on. We had to take a physical to see if we were healthy. We passed okay. They told us that the starting wage was \$1.25 an hour. We told them no. The type of work that we would have to do was dangerous and that we would have to have the next scale, \$1.48 per hour. They agreed but when we went to sign the final papers it still said \$1.25. So Howard and I started to leave. The engineer told us to wait a minute. When he brought the papers back the starting wage was \$1.48. When we started to work, we got all the dangerous work that their old crew wouldn't do. I won't go into it but a couple of things stick in my mind. There were some pretty steep banks or cliffs about 200 feet high. After every heavy rain or frost, we had to go down on a long rope with a safety belt and pry out any loose rock that might fall onto the road below. The first trip over was pretty scary for me, but after that it didn't bother me. We had to fall all the trees from the steep sides. We would go down with a safety rope and belt to fall some of the smaller trees with an ax. For the bigger trees, we would let spring boards down with a rope. We would then go down carrying our axes and saw while hanging onto a safety rope.

I remember one time there was a five foot cedar tree growing out of a bank, it was at the top of a 40 foot drop off. The tree grew out, then up. It was just about like a grip on a pistol. When we got out to it Howard said, "Well lad, now what?" I

said, "We'll chop spring board holes." He thought that I was nuts. So we each chopped in our spring board hole and put in the spring board, then we jumped the boards as far as we could towards the front of the tree. We got on the boards and we could look at each other. That was how far the tree leaned out. A big smile broke out on Howard's face. He said, "Now what lad?" I got on the back side of the saw. I knew that with the lean of the tree that we didn't have to worry about it splitting up. Now this was with an old falling saw, not a power saw. We sawed in about 18 inches and I told him to take his handle off. Then I would saw his side of the tree a ways, then he would saw my side of the tree a ways. The tree had such a lean to it that it cut easy. In a short hour's time the tree broke off a slab of about a foot and fell down the cliff. I said, "How about that lad!" He just laughed. I said, "Well I guess we might as well go back to camp." He said, "Hell no! We'll just sit here 'til quitting time." All of the bosses had said that the tree would have to be blasted down, that it couldn't be fallen.

Howard was a master at tying knots. He had a book at home on how to tie 1200 knots. So that day he tried to stump me on tying different knots. Howard was a good natured fellow. He was 10 years older than I was. Anyhow on one unusual difficult knot, I figured out how to do it. He said that it took him a lot longer to tie it. I said, "Yes, but I'm a lot smarter than you." He broke out laughing. I told him that if I had told him that, I would have said, "Yes, but you had a better teacher." He grinned and said, "I knew there was some reason." We sat there until quitting time and then we went back to camp. We put the tools away and went to the room that was used to keep our work clothes in. The crew was all there. The first thing they asked was, "Did you get it down?" We said, "Yes, but it was sure a tough job." They couldn't believe it. In the morning they all walked the mile to where the tree had stood. They looked at the stump in disbelief. They all said that must have been a hell of a tough job. Howard and I both said, with straight faces, "It sure was." We never told them any different.

At this dam there were two tunnels for water flow. The lower tunnel was a 13 foot tunnel, 3,000 feet long. Back down from the mouth of the tunnel about 50 feet there was a heavy steel gate that could be raised or lowered. To do this they drove a shaft down about 12 feet square. At the top of this shaft sat a little house that housed a motor. There was a set of gears and there was an eight inch steel shaft to the gate. This was used to raise or lower the gate. The upper tunnel was a 23 foot diameter tunnel. There was no gate in this tunnel. This year there was a pretty bad flood. The water rose very rapidly. The upper tunnel was over 70 feet higher than the lower one. When the water got up and was flowing through the upper tunnel it was also pouring water through the shaft. It created so much turbulence that the shaft crystallized and broke. When the shaft broke, the gate collapsed and slammed the tunnel shut. With 3000 feet of water sucking on the gate and over 80 feet of water pressure pushing on it, it went out like an egg shell. They never did find it.

When the flood subsided and the water flow got back to normal, the gate had to be replaced. The engineers went to eastern Washington and got scrub oak timbers 12" x 12" x 14' long and made a gate out of that. When the cement was poured there were slots made in the cement walls. They were put in just in case of an accident. At the head of this tunnel there was an abutment that was 4' wide and 14' long. In order to lift this heavy gate there had to be a spar tree rigged to raise the gate. Then there had to be a heavy deal rigged up to hammer the gate down. Then the gate had to be raised when the repairs were made. This spar tree would stand right up against a rock wall. There had to be guylines to hold the spar in place that had to be anchored on the rocks. They brought in a crew with a jack hammer to drill holes for the anchors. They drilled two holes for each guyline. Two inch steel rebar was heated, bent, and put into the holes. Sulfur was melted and poured into the holes since it was better than cement for holding. A fourth guyline was stretched out in the other direction.

They gave Howard and me the job of rigging this spar. There was a rigging foreman and superintendent. But they wouldn't come near when we were putting this thing together. If we asked them a question they wouldn't commit themselves. There also had to be a line called a squirrel line. This was used to guide the pile driver to drive the gate down. There was a heavy skyline that ran across the river gorge. It had a carriage that you could ride in. There had to be an arrangement of blocks and cables to pull the gate out with 80 feet of water behind it. When the gate was put in, it worked like a charm. The water was allowed to build up to 50 feet behind the gate and the gate was lifted. It still worked good. All the head engineers were out for the demonstrations. When everything worked fine the superintendent and rigging foreman strutted around and said it worked just as they figured. Howard and I were forgotten souls. At the very least, they could have said that we two had put it all together. But never a word. All the good that we got was a good rating. Every so many months you got rated on the work that you did. Howard and I got one of the highest ratings. A couple of the bosses got the same rating that we got.

One of the men working there smoked a pipe. If it wasn't chained down so it could have walked off. He didn't take it home, he left it in the change room. The pipe that he took home wasn't so bad. In those days we had a special shoe grease that we made to put on our shoes so they wouldn't leak. One night Frank left before some of us did. I took it and put some of this shoe grease in the bowl of the pipe. The next morning Frank lit up. He smoked all day and didn't know the difference. That night after work some of the guys got to teasing Frank. When they told him, he got mad and said you guys ruined my pipe. Then they did laugh. He bought a new pipe to smoke at home and used the other one to smoke on the job. But he never left it there at night anymore.

That job ended that fall and I went to work for Frank Whitman Logging Co. The day that I went to work he needed a man to second load. I had never second loaded before but I knew how it was done. I worked all day unhooking the

loading tongs from logs and got along okay. Just a little before quitting time the operator, Bob, who was running the heel boom loader was having trouble getting a small fir log from behind a tree that had been left standing. I was sitting astride the reach bracket for the trailer. It was mounted on the cab protector for the truck. I just started to get a little nervous when it came loose. I started to move but it smashed into the fleshy part of my upper leg. Boy it hurt. I thought if I could get on the little deck of the truck it wouldn't hurt so bad. I dropped down there and it still hurt. There was about a foot of mud on the landing, so I then dropped into the mud. The outfit had an old army 4 X 4 that they had parts in. It was loaded. The men got a stretcher and put me on it. They moved stuff around and put me inside with the junk. This vehicle was loaded so heavy that it was riding on the axles. You can imagine riding down a real rough road on a rig like that. They had radioed in for an ambulance. It met us about five miles down the road. When we got to the hospital I was just about in shock. Dr. Adams asked "Is your back hurt?" I said, "No, just my right leg." He put his arm under my back and his other arm under my legs. Then he started to lift me. Boy did I holler at him. He said, "I thought that you said your back wasn't hurt." I said, "That's right, it's my leg." He said, "Okay." I told him to take a hold of my big toe and lift while I slid over onto the cart that they had brought out. They had taken off my muddy boots. My leg was pretty black already. When they got me inside they took off all my muddy work clothes and gave me a sponge bath that I needed. I was given some pain tablets and put to bed. I was in bed, I guess a couple of weeks before they let me out. In the hospital my back, seat, and legs were black from the broken blood veins. I didn't suffer too much with the accident, I was given pain tablets every few hours. There were four of us in this ward, three from accidents and one with a hemorrhoid operation. We did a lot of joking and telling stories. Sometimes the nurses would shut the door to the ward because we were making so much noise. The two doctors, Adams and Asmanson were pretty good guys. Whenever they had a serious operation they would come in our ward to unwind. They would bum cigarettes from one of the guys and

sit there and smoke and join in the story telling. After a half hour or so when the tension had left them, they would get up to leave. Then they would grin and say hold it down a little will you. We had really good nurses. We used to kid them good naturedly. When they would come on shift and come into our ward, the first thing that they would say was hello you stinkers. I was out in a little over two weeks but it was three more weeks before I could go back to work. I was still pretty sore. I didn't go back to second loading, I went to falling timber.

My falling partner was a big guy, we called him Snuffy Smith. He was 6' 2" and weighed 260 pounds. It wasn't fat. He had trained to be a weight lifter. He was a very active man for his size. He also had a sense of humor to match. We got along fine. Bob Nelson was the man in charge of the falling crew. He was also a joker. He had cat and cougar hounds. At that time there was a bounty on cougar. Snuffy always wanted to go on a cougar hunt with Bob. One day Bob got a call from a guy who said, "A cougar just crossed the road in front of me. I'll leave my white handkerchief on a bush on the right hand side of the road where the cougar crossed." Then he told Bob what road and the location. So Bob called Snuffy and away they went. As soon as they got to the location, the hounds went wild because the scent was so strong. In just a short distance the cougar was treed. It was in a real brushy draw. Bob had a 22 revolver that he used to shoot the cougars. Snuffy said, "Bob, will you let me shoot it?" Bob said, "You really want too?" Snuffy said, "Yes, I've always wanted too." Bob said, "Okay, but don't try to shoot it in the head. Shoot it in the belly, because if you try to hit it any place but in the belly it will jump out of the tree mad and raise heck with the dogs." Snuffy said, "Okay." He got almost under the cougar, it was on a limb about 30 feet up the tree. When he shot he missed the cat. The cat gave a big leap and jumped way over his head and took off. Snuffy was so scared that he said to Bob, "That cat jumped right at me." Bob laughed and laughed. He said that Snuffy cleared an acre of brush that a couple of minutes earlier he couldn't crawl through. We kidded Snuffy a

lot about it. He would just laugh. The hounds treed the cat again in a short distance. The reason that Bob shot the cats in the stomach was they would get sick and when they were pretty near dead they would fall down. Then a shot in the head would finish the job. I never went on a cougar hunt.

We lived next to a swamp and there were raccoons in it and sometimes bears. One Sunday morning I could hear hounds chasing something, I didn't know what they were after. The noise kept getting closer and closer. As you can imagine I was interested. Finally a big old raccoon was treed right across the road from the house. I could see the animal, he was about 60 feet up an alder. One of the hunters came up and asked me if I had a rifle. I told him that I did. He wanted to know if he could use it to shoot the top of the tree off.. I said, "Sure." I had a 30.06 and some 220 grain bullets. I got the rifle for him and he asked if I would come down and shoot the top off for them, because I was used to the rifle. I said okay. He kept saying don't kill the raccoon, we want to keep it alive. So I went and shot about three feet under it. The top of the tree jumped up about two feet in the air and came down like a spear. The raccoon rode it all the way down. When it hit the ground, the dogs had the 'coon, the 'coon had the dogs, talk about the racket. One of the fellows had a staff with a pair of jaws on one end. He had a hard time getting it on the raccoon's neck. One of the fellows had gotten a hold of the raccoon's tail and was holding it up in the air. With the other two men trying to get the dogs tied up and the 'coon was trying to get a hold of the fellow holding it up, it was quite a circus. That was for the bystander. Finally they got the staff around his neck, it just went around, it was a large raccoon. When they dropped it in the sack, I'll bet that 'coon went around that sack 50 miles an hour. He almost got out. They got their 'coon, and I got a lot of entertainment.

One time when I was horse logging alder and maple for furniture wood, the deer started to show up using my skid trails. This was pretty brushy country and the chance of getting a deer wasn't too good. Anyway, the deer got to be pretty common. Sometimes they would walk just ahead of the

horse. At first she was afraid of them. After a little while she got used to them and didn't pay them any mind. Well along came hunting season. I went into a hardware store to get my license, the owner said, "Don, save your money, deer are awful scarce this year." I said, "I'll take my chances." A young soldier used to come out sometimes. He asked me if he could go with me logging some day, as he had never seen it done. I told him sure. Just after dinner that day, a nice little two point stepped out onto the horse trail. He walked past the landing. Kenny was by my truck. I said, "Kenny get my rifle and load it for me." He asked, "Why, do you see a deer?" I said, "Look." The deer was about 60 feet from him. The deer walked a few steps and the little buck stopped to eat. He turned around to look at me. It was almost a crime to shoot him. In about 20 minutes I had him dressed out. I went back to logging and got my load and put the horse away. I had a portable horse barn that I hauled out to where I was logging so I didn't have to haul the horse home every day. When I loaded out we put the buck on the cab protector and tied it on. That was one of the easiest deer I ever got.

Another fall, my brothers, Glen and Sam, and Bill Whitaker went elk hunting together. I was going to do it easy that year. I had a wagon that I made out of a 1938 Ford chassis. I had it all planned out. Instead of packing our gear in six or seven miles, I would put it in the wagon with hay and food supplies. We would use four horses to pull it to within two miles of Government Meadows, which was where we would camp. The team was made up of two mules and two horses. The mules would be the lead team. One horse belonged to Bill. Bill rode his saddle horse and I led mine. We towed the wagon behind the truck to where we would leave the truck. Then we harnessed the horses and hitched them up. The mules were well broke but I had never used them as leaders before. I told Bill, "You go ahead and if I have any trouble crossing the bridge you can help me." That was a big mistake. We got started out, his saddle horse got to the middle of the bridge and stopped. Luckily the mules just stopped too. I was afraid that they might try to double back. I finally had to tell Bill,

"Get off the damn horse and lead him!" Which Bill finally did. Some help. It was pretty chilly, after a while I said, "Bill, how about you driving for a while?" You never heard so many alibis. He had told me that he used to drive eight horses at one time. We all used to enjoy Bill's stories and I suspect that he couldn't really drive a team. We finally got to the place where we were to leave the wagon. We took the harnesses off and put on the pack saddles. We packed in everything but some of the hay. At the meadows there was a saddle shed about 9 feet wide and 20 feet long. I had packed in some tarps. I had made a stove out of a 15 gallon oil drum. I made a little crib about 2 feet high and filled it with dirt. There was a 8 inch peeled pole that had been used to put saddles on. I tore this out and we cut it up for dry fire wood. Then I set the stove and put up stove pipes and I had a metal strip with a hole in it for the chimney to go through. I had cut the round part of the barrel off and I had two top pieces from an old wood stove that I then laid on the side of the barrel, (it laid flat) this is what I could cook on, just almost like home. We had a flap that we would open up and we would have a nice camp fire outside. The heat would come inside so it would be nice and cozy. Glen and Sam came in the next day. Bill and I took the horses and packed in the rest of the hay the next day. It made a real nice camp. We broke a bale of hay to sleep on. Then fed it the last day. Everyone took turns lighting the fire in the morning and cooking breakfast. The rest would go out and feed the horses. I had a wool army blanket and a 5' x 6' canvas tarp for all my horses. On the fifth night, I asked "Who is going to build the fire in the morning?" No one said they would, so I said that I would. I had it all figured out how to do it fast by this time. I had taken some fir pitch in to start the fire with. We had used some every morning. Well, I cut some kindling and small chunks of wood. I had it all in a large paper sack. In the morning when the alarm went off I jumped out of bed, stuffed the paper sack in the stove, struck a match, lit it and was back in bed in about thirty seconds. In a few minutes the place was warm and we got up and dressed. Then Bill started to cook breakfast. I said, "Oh no you don't, I got up and built the fire." Bill said, "Yes, but it didn't take you thirty seconds." He didn't

like it very well, but I saw a couple of grins on my brothers' faces.

One evening a guy walked into camp. He was something else. He had on a pair of oxford shoes and carried a little pack and a rifle. He asked if he could use our fire. Before we could say yes, he threw a can of beans in the fire. We were somewhat surprised. We thought that the beans might explode. But in a little while he fished them out and ate them. He then told us that he would sleep by the horses. We didn't really want him around because we thought he might steal from us while we were hunting. But in the morning he had another can of beans and we did give him some coffee, then he left.

There was another hunting party camped just a little ways from us. We used to divvy up camp meat. We had a lot of fun, but didn't have any luck getting an elk.

We hadn't any more and got home and a couple of guys came out to our place and said, "Don, we got a couple of bull elks by Green's Pass." That was just a little further than where we had hunted. They asked if I would pack them out for them because they were played out. I was making about \$16 a day. So when one of them said that they would give me \$30 or part elk and part money or all the elk, I couldn't turn that deal down. So going in I didn't get quite all the way in and the darn fan belt broke on the truck. I unloaded the saddle horses and the two mules and traveled to where their vehicle was. I could see where they were at because there was snow on the ground. I got in part way and I met them coming out with the last quarter of one elk. They left their packs there and we went back to where the other bull lay. It was on a steep hillside. I left my saddle horse tied up on flat ground. I tied her with a good rope. I led the mules to the elk then tied them up too. The elk had to be quartered and split in half. Which I did. To load the meat on the mules we would put a quarter on one side then turn them around and put the other quarter on. Then put on the diamond hitch. Then I just tied their lead ropes to the pack and turned them loose. They would take a few jumps then stop and get down on their knees and rest. When they

were rested they would get up and do the same thing again. When they got up to my saddle horse they went right up to her. If I hadn't had a good rope on her she most likely would have run off. One of the men was pretty well worn out so I let him ride and I walked out to their rig. There they asked, "What do you want, money, meat, or money and some meat, or you can have the meat on the mules." They said, "We've got all the meat that we want." I said, "Okay, I'll take the elk." I had told them about the broken belt. They said, "We will go ahead and after a while we will start back with a new one." It was about six or seven miles to where the truck was parked. When we got to Green River about halfway I stopped to let the animals drink. One of the mules, Pete, walked right up to me so that I stood at his hip. I thought that just maybe something was wrong so I gave him a good looking over. I found that the hind leg bone of one of the elk quarters had wore a little bit of hair and hide off of his hip. So I rearranged the pack. Then he drank and we were on our way. When we got to the truck I unpacked the mules and loaded them into the truck. I had built a platform above the cab to haul supplies on. I loaded the elk up there and covered it with a tarp. I then took a rope and unraveled one strand. I took the measurement of the fan belt and built a belt out of rope. The first try it was too long, the second try it worked. I made it to about ten miles from home and met them coming back with the belt. They stopped and I got the new belt and made it to Buckley. I called the manager of a grocery store. He had a cold storage locker to put the meat in. When it cooled, he skinned it, cut, and wrapped it and put it in three piles. I stopped by Glen's place and told him that I would sell him half an elk for \$30. He lived in town. He said, "Hell yes." I said you also have to pay for cutting and wrapping your half. He said that was okay. So I got half of an elk and made \$30 also. The elk dressed out 380 pounds. and it was very good meat. Sam didn't want any because he had venison, pork, and beef already.

Now I don't want to give the impression that I never made any mistakes. I had my share. I had a very inventive mind. I was

always thinking of different ways of doing things. Some worked and some didn't.

When my son, Donnie, was 12 years old I let him go to work for me. He didn't have to do any hard work. Just little things that saved me steps. The pay was \$2 a day. That was better than the 50 cents a day that I made when I was sixteen. It doesn't sound like much, but that was about \$15 a month. Donnie was a very bright young lad. He was always near or at the top in his class. The teachers all liked him. He wasn't a smart aleck and had a quiet humor. He studied very hard, with no urging from us. Donnie saved his money and after he turned sixteen he bought a 1942 Plymouth Sedan. It was really well preserved. When he was in college, he had to get a newer car. He, like most kids, had to be more up to date. He wanted to trade for 1954 Ford Sedan, but the Ford company only offered him \$50 for his car. He had quite a bit more of hard earned dollars in it than that. I felt sorry for him and gave him \$100 for it. So he bought the Ford. He then had a better car than I did. I had bought a 1952 Ford Sedan brand new. When Donnie was a sophomore in college he went to work for Weyerhaeuser Co. in the summers. Students going to college and taking a forestry course could get work with Weyerhaeuser Timber Co. They did a variety of work including timber cruising, surveying, slash burning, and fighting forest fires. I don't remember what their pay was, but it was pretty good. It helped the young men pay for college expenses.

I would take Donnie's old Plymouth out on a Saturday or Sunday and drive it around a little just for fun. One day some young fellows who used to come around, sometimes to see our daughters and sometimes to see my horses, were at the house. This time a young fellow by the name of Bill Kiner came with them, I'll call him Billie so not to get confused with my old friend Bill Whitaker.

Billie had a nice little bay mare that he had spoiled so bad that he was afraid to ride her anymore. She would run away with her rider. The last young lad to ride her was Buddie

McGeehee. She ran off with him and ran under a log that was up in the air enough so that she could get under, but the rider couldn't. I think Buddie suffered cracked ribs. The mare then kept on running. The next morning she showed up in a neighbor's yard dragging the bride reins and the saddle was still on. They took the mare home and she was turned loose in her pasture. It was the next year when Billie was at my place.

The kids looked at the horses and then we went up to my big shop where I kept my Arab stallion. Billie saw the Plymouth sitting in the end stall in the shop and asked me how much I wanted for it. I said, "Billie, I'll trade it to you for your horse." He just about jumped out of his shoes. He said, "You will!" I said, "Yes, but your dad has to agree to the trade first." I knew that they wanted to get rid of the horse. In a few days his dad and Billie showed up. His dad acted like they had a very expensive item that was being traded for an old car. I explained to them that the car was in very good condition, but it wouldn't hold up for any racing. Billie said, "No, no, I just want to drive it to F.F.A. meetings and to school." His dad said they would have to try it first. I said, "Okay, but you have to be with Billie when he drives it." He agreed.

In a couple of days he came back and said that the car needs new brakes. I said that it did not. He said that they had taken it to a mechanic and he said that the brakes needed relining. I said they don't. One of my neighbors was a heavy duty mechanic so I took the car to him. The next day he called and said, "Don, come and get your car." So I went and got it. He told me that the other mechanic tightened up one side of the brakes and loosened the other side. I called Kiner and told him the car was ready. He asked, "Did you reline the brakes?" I told him no. I asked him, "Who was that mechanic that adjusted the brakes?" He never did tell me. I said that if he learned how to adjust brakes he wouldn't make such a dumb mistake. My mechanic told me they got brakes now! When they wanted to stop, they could just take their foot off of the gas and the car would slow right down. They had to have the

brakes loosened up. Kiner told me that they would be home when I went to pick up the horse.

When I got there no one was home. The horse had run in this pasture almost a year with no care. I didn't know if she would let me catch her or not. I walked out to her real slow and started talking to her before I got up to her. I let her look me over pretty good. I walked up to her and started scratching her shoulder and finally got a rope around her neck and a halter on her. She looked pretty rough. Her mane had been roached and was now about a foot long and was full of cockle burs as was her tail. On three of her feet, she had shoes that should have been pulled off months before. I took her home. I started to work on her. I roached her name and pulled her tail, that is I got all the curls and burs off. I started trimming her feet and put on new shoes to get her used to me. She was nice to handle. She wasn't used to very good treatment. When Billie saddled her they went out of the yard on a dead run and that was the way they came home. I curried her every day and just gave her a little handful of grain at night when I put the horses in the barn. I didn't try to ride her for a couple of weeks, until she got to know me. I had a good hackamore bit that could be severe if applied hard. But since she had run away I knew that I had to have something that would stop her. The first time that I rode her, she didn't know what to make of the way that I rode her. I just got on and made her walk. Pretty soon she settled down. She had a real nice running walk. I rode her several times. She was a joy to ride. She was easy gaited. In the meantime her hair had slicked down.

Our saddle club had a playday coming up. Now Billie nor any of the young guys had seen the mare, I had named her Bell, since I had gotten her. When the day of the playday arrived, I hauled her in my truck to the affair. When I had unloaded her the same bunch of guys said to me, "Gee she's a nice horse, where did you get her?" I said that I had traded for her some time back. She looked so good, acted and reined so well that none of them recognized her. They all admired her. Finally Buddie recognized her. All the guys came up and petted her.

Young Billie started to cry, saying, "I should have had you retrain her!"

Now about Billie and the car. Billie's dad told me that I had to take the car back, because the motor blew up. But I knew more about the motor than Billie's dad did. Billie had some young fellows in the car one night and he got the car going 72 miles an hour. He somehow got the gear shift down to second gear and when he let the clutch out the motor turned over so fast that it threw a rod out the side of the block. I told his dad, "If I had treated my horse like Billie treated his car I wouldn't have had a very good horse." I then informed his dad what really happened. He suddenly knew that Billie had lied to him.

I had Bell for about a year. She was all that you could ask for in a saddle horse. One day I got a letter from a lady that wanted to trade a 1953 Mercury Monterey. It was a real nice car, the seats and upholstery all light tan leather. So I gave her a choice of three horses. Two were real gentle, the other one was Bell. She brought a young fellow along to advise her. He told her to take Bell. I explained that I thought that she would have trouble with her, as I didn't think that Bell was a lady's horse. Behind my back, the young fellow told her, "He doesn't want you to take his best horse." So we traded. The trade included a nice light saddle. I heard in a couple of weeks the mare had run away with a sixteen year old girl. This lady then hired a horse trainer. Bell ran away with the trainer. The trainer returned Bell to the lady untrained. I wasn't at the sale, but I heard that Bell sold for \$50. If I had been there I would have bought her back.. I saw the young fellow that had advised the lady to buy Bell. I said, "I told you that Bell wasn't a ladies horse." He said that he had seen me ride that horse a lot of times. She had always seemed so well broke that he hadn't believed me.

Chapter 15

Horses and Horse Sense

Mules too!

Some young people moved in and bought a farm not too far from where we lived. They were going into high priced registered Arabians. When they bought the farm there were two big bay geldings on the place. They wanted to sell them, so I bought them. They asked \$80 for the two. The two men that sold the farm were older middle aged bachelors. When I went over to get the horses, I borrowed a set of harness and drove the horses home. On the way home, I had to pass the place where the two bachelors had moved. When they saw me coming down the road. They came out all excited. They said, "Do you know that this is the first time that the colt has had a harness on?" The colt was only five years old. The bigger horse was named King. He weighed 1840 pounds, the colt weighed 1700 pounds. The colt was a surly young horse. King was worth more than what I paid for both of them. I sold the colt shortly afterward for \$90. King had never been worked single and not a whole lot double. He broke in to work single real good. His best trait was at loading logs. He would stand and hold a log anytime that you said, "Whoa." Since I was logging with horses he was a good addition to my team.

One day I got a visit from a man from Chicago. He was staying with some cousins that had a dairy and chicken farm. He had been working on a newspaper office for thirty years. He hadn't eaten properly. As the result of a diet of cigarettes and coffee his health had broken. So he had come west to get his health back. The first thing he did was to buy a horse. This horse was named Banjo. I'll call this person Evert. He petted,

curried and fed the horse the best of hay and grain. This sounds great, but not for Banjo. As soon as you started to ride Banjo, he would buck. After Evert got bucked off and his cousins had gotten bucked off a few times, they came over to see me about taking him under my wing, so to speak. I told him straight out, take the grain away from him and ride him at a walk every day. Evert just couldn't treat poor Banjo like that. So I took Banjo home. We had a lower field that was pretty soft. I rode him down there. He crow hopped a time or two. I kept him at a fast trot. Very soon he began to sweat and get mad. After a bit he really turned it on. The saddle had a good horn that wasn't just to look at and I used it to a good advantage. He didn't buck very long. So I rode him at a walk for a while and rode him up on solid ground and rode him until he had cooled off. In those days I got \$25 for training a horse and \$5 for putting on horseshoes. I furnished the shoes and nails. I would ride Banjo for two hours every day. I used a hackamore bit on him, so I could control him.

Evert's cousins, I can't recall their names, were in their late twenties. They had some timber and wanted to go horse logging. They had come over and wanted to buy King. I didn't want to sell him, because he fitted into my own plans. I sent them to a couple of horse traders, but they came right back and said the dealers didn't have anything decent. I tried to tell them that King hadn't done a lot of work and that he was soft. If they used him they had to load him light until he became used to heavy work. I also told them he was very quiet and if they yelled at him he would become nervous and excited. So they bought him for \$125. That was a big price at that time but I thought that he was worth it.

In a couple of days, I got a call from them and they said that the horse was no good, he wouldn't pull. So I saddled Banjo and rode over. The boys also had bought a double set of work harness from me. I had a little trouble with Banjo going over. He would shy in front of a car if one came along. My brother Bob was driving a big Co-op feed truck and came by. He would drive by slow and stop. Then I would ride back past the truck. We did this three or four times and the horse stopped

shying. I then rode over to where the boys were logging. They hadn't paid any attention to what I had told them. They were surprised to see me riding Banjo. And that he didn't try to buck me off.

They had King hooked to a log three feet in diameter and eight feet long. It wasn't a good log. They said he's no good. I was pretty mad. I gave them hell. The horse was a proud horse so he pulled proud. That meant that you had to have a good belly band on the harness. He had broken the belly band. Every time that he tried to pull, the collar would pull up on his neck and cut his wind off. I took one of the lines off and doubled it several times to make a belly band. I then swung him sideways so when he started to pull it wouldn't be a dead pull. I petted and rubbed his head and shoulders. I took the other line and tied the end to the bridle and spoke to him. He started right off pulling the big log. They said that's good. One of the boys said to the other that the big horse they used to own wouldn't do that. I then hooked him to another good sized log. I drove him to the landing. The boys were real happy. I told them again to take it easy until he got broke in better. They both agreed.

I learned later that they spoiled that good big horse. They beat him and then turned him out, he just about starved to death. A farmer I knew bought him. He was skin and bones. The farmer fed him and got him in good flesh. When the farmer tried to hitch him up he would jump around expecting to be beat. The farmer gave up and sold him for slaughter. I didn't know about any of this until some time later. If I had known I would have bought him back. It was too bad. He was sure a nice horse.

The fellow that worked for me logging, Art, used to be a cowboy and truck driver. When he moved his family to Washington he lived in a house that belonged to his sister and brother-in-law. It was just a little ways from our place. When Bill and I quit logging together, I asked Art if he wanted a job. He was hauling ten gallon cans of milk for a farmer that had the contract. Art got \$7 a trip. I asked him if he had ever driven mules. He said no, but he had driven a lot of horses. I

told him that I would start him off at \$16 a day and I would pay him more if I could. In three days time I raised his pay to \$22 a day, five days a week. I had partnership papers made out for him and me. That made us a company. I then took out insurance on his car, truck, and life and accident insurance on him. I would pick him up in the morning and bring him home at night. At that time I hired a trucker to haul the logs for us. The year that Bill and I worked together we only took in a little over \$11,000. The first year that Art and I worked together we took in \$46,000. Now don't think that this was all clear. I had bought a John Deere cat, had a blade and winch put on, had an arch built and bought a six wheel logging truck and set of bunks. This sounds real good, but at income tax time I had an accountant do my income tax for me. I owed \$1200 income tax. I sold \$600 worth of cows and I had \$600 in the bank. Seeing how I bought all that stuff I had no depreciation for the first year. When Art started to work he had never logged. The trees weren't too big and we cut them into 16 foot lengths for the conifer and 8 foot lengths for the hardwood. They went to different places. I did the falling, bucking and limbing. I had built a portable horse barn and we kept the animals on the job.

Mules can be very smart. We just used one mule at a time. When one mule would get to sweating, Art would turn it loose and it would go to the barn where the other mule was. The mules' names were Pete and Maggie. Pete was a clown. When I got the pair, they had never been worked together. Pete had done a little work, and a little packing. The fellow who had owned him and pretty near every kid in town had ridden him. Pete was never mean, but he did get smart. I won't go into it, but it took some doing to bring him out of it. For instance, when I would go to put a chain around a log he would lunge. I was afraid that I was going to get hurt. I put a J.I.C. bit on him, so when you pulled on the lines the bit would squeeze his mouth. I wrapped the lines around a tree and went to hook him to the log. He lunged with this severe bit and broke a pair of good strong lines. So it was time to take very strong action. I drove them to the barn. I had a bit that was later called a jaw

breaker. For the curb, that is the piece that goes under the chin, I put hay wire. I know that it was severe, but he was the one that would be making it so. I put on another pair of lines and drove the back to the woods. I then went to hook them to the log. When he lunged I squatted down and braced myself. When he hit that severe bit, he stopped so quick and backed up, almost in the same motion, that he came very close to sitting down. I said "Whoa Pete." He stood there switching his tail but never moved. That stopped him. In a couple of days I put a chain curb on and took the wire off. The bit had what we call shanks on it, one on each side. Every morning you had to put the lines in the bottom of the shank. He would try it to see if the lines were there, if you didn't he would still lunge. After dinner you could put the lines up in the middle ring and he would be good for the rest of the day. He would never try to lunge if he was being hitched to a wagon or sleigh.

Art got to telling me how much stronger Pete was than Maggie. I kept telling him that Maggie could pull as much as Pete. One day I ran out of power saw gas. As I was walking to the landing to get more gas, Art was standing by a log. I thought that he was resting Maggie. When I just about got to her, she started up and took the log right to the landing. I never gave it a thought. That noon Art was pretty quiet. I didn't know what was the matter, so I didn't say much either. We got about half of our lunch eaten and Art said, "You didn't say anything." That had me stumped. I said, "What do you mean, that I didn't say anything?" He said, "Maggie could hardly pull that log, yet when you came walking by she took it into the landing with no trouble at all." Then it dawned on me. She had been pulling Art's leg making him believe that she could hardly pull. He looked sort of sheepish that he had been so completely fooled. I told him if she ever does it again, just get a little switch and slap her easy. He never had to, she knew that she had been caught.

One day we had both mules out, working them together. Some of the logs were pretty good sized. When dinner time came, Art unhooked them and turned them loose. When I saw what he was going to do, I said, "Art, don't do it." The mules took

off on a fast trot. Art took off right after them. I jumped in the van and took off after all of them. To this day I don't know how Art ran so fast. When I caught up to them, Art had already caught them. He said when he got to them, they had just stopped and started to eat. He rode Pete and led Maggie back to the landing. When we were eating our lunch, he asked me how I knew that they were going to do that. He said that they never did it before. I said, "No, but you never turned them loose at the same time."

I got to know Pete so well that I could read his mind. Maggie was of a gentle disposition and she never thought up things to aggravate you like Pete would.

Sometimes people would like to borrow Pete for a green person to ride because he was good for a lot of laughs. My brother, Sam, borrowed him one day. His wife and her younger brother, Pug, about 15 years old, wanted to take a ride in the mountains. When they started out Sam told Pug to watch pretty close, that Pete was pretty tricky. Pug held onto the saddle horn like he was just about to get bucked off. As they went down the trail, Pete would easily step over any little log that laid in the trail. Pug realized that Sam had been kidding him. So he turned loose of the saddle horn. The next little log that they came to Pete jumped. Sam and Florence just about died laughing at Pug. He grabbed the saddle horn for all he was worth. Pretty soon they came to a place where a tree had blown down. They all got off their mounts and led them around the root wad. It came Pugs turn he led Pete up and around the root wad. As he started down on the other side, his feet slipped out from under him and he landed on his back. He just laid there hanging on to the reins with his eyes shut. He expected Pete to jump on top of him. Pug opened one eye a little, then the other. Pete just stood there holding Pug by the reins. Well, Sam and Florence had another good laugh. From then on Pug loosened up, he knew now that Pete was just having fun with him.

Sometimes on Sundays some young fellows would come over to see if I had any new horses or to talk. Once in a while we

would saddle up and go for a ride if I had time. When people would come, sometimes the horses would run out of the barnyard and go out in the pasture and look at the barn. I would open the barn door and we would stand and talk. To begin they would say, "Aren't you going out to get the horses?" I would say no, there's no use. In just a little while the horses would all come back. We would stand around talking and petting them.

One day three or four young fellows came over and we were standing around. I had a neutered tomcat. He would rub around your feet wanting you to pick him up and pet him. He wasn't paying too much attention to who he was rubbing. He rubbed up against Pete's front legs. Pete reached down and picked him up by the nape of the neck just like a person would do. He didn't bite the cat hard, just enough to hold him. Old Tom thought that it was one of us. I hissed at the other fellows to get their attention. They all saw what was going on. About that time Tom looked up and saw who had hold of him. He turned into a real wildcat. He let out a hiss and his claws were really open and going. Pete just opened his mouth and dropped the cat. He stood there and I'll swear that he grinned and I think he thought, "What's the matter with the cat?"

Only once did I have to really get rough with Pete. I got really rough with only two animals. Pete was the first. I did quite a bit of packing and hauling the animals to different jobs. Pete got so he was hard to load and I let it get out of hand. I had a ton of supplies to pack to a lookout station. This morning it took me over an hour to load him. I got the supplies packed to the lookout and Pete wouldn't get back into the truck. I had a tailgate on the truck that was as wide as the truck. I had backed up to a bank so that all the horses had to do was walk in. He just wouldn't. It took way too long to get him in. I knew then that something had to be done.

One Saturday morning a couple of weeks later, I took Pete to task. I tied his lead rope to one siderack and I tied a plank up to the other side so that he would have to go in. He lunged and broke the plank. So I had just enough out of Mister Pete. I

went into the barn and got a five foot trace chain. I worked on that mule until I had to stop and rest. Then I started again. It didn't take Pete long that time to change his mind, he jumped into the truck without touching the tailgate. I climbed into the truck and petted Pete and told him that he'd better smarten up. I then led him out. Again he wouldn't go in. It only took a couple of wacks until he jumped in. Again I climbed in and petted him and led him out. I had an idea, I just walked around the truck jingling the chain and a little old fashioned cursing. Before I got to him he was in the truck. From that day on if he didn't want to get in the truck all I had to do was walk around the truck and jingle a chain and swear and he would be in the truck. I hated to do it to him. But if he wouldn't load, he would be worthless to me.

We had some big logs to move. This was when I was still working with Bill. He had a big mare that weighed 2200 pounds. She was a good horse but no one had ever taught her how to start a load. She would lunge, if the load started she would then pull it.

One Saturday I went to the auction barn at Enumclaw. I had told the auctioneer that if he knew of a big horse for sale to let me know. When I got to the auction barn, the auctioneer saw me and said, "Don, I've got a big horse in the barn. Come in and look at him." We went into the pen where he was. The horse was a big black. He weighed around 1800 pounds. I asked him what he wanted for him. He said \$85 so I said okay and gave him a check for the horse and he wrote me out a bill of sale. When we were in the pen with the horse, a guy on the outside said, "You're getting in the pen with that horse?" I just looked at him and said, "It looks like it." I never gave it another thought. The horse did lay his ears back but he just stood there. After the stuff sold that I was interested in, I loaded and hauled him home.

Monday morning I loaded him up and went to work. Bill would go in one direction and fall and buck trees and I would go in another direction. When we each figured that we had a load cut we would skid the logs into the landing. I had a big

heavy halter on the new horse, Nig. I thought that I would try to work him with an open bridle. That was one that didn't have the blinders on it. I would just use a bit with a snap on each side to make a bridle out of the halter. Bill took off with his horse, Swede, and I started out with Nig. Nig made up his mind that he was going with Swede. He laid his ears back and acted like he was going to charge me. I took the lead rope and tied him to a tree. His eyes were turning red, he was a very spoiled mean horse. I told him to back up. He lunged for me but the halter rope held him. Now just stop and think for a minute, you have just bought a big horse that was spoiled rotten and mean too. What would you do? I picked up a stick that wasn't too sound and told him to back up, but he wasn't having any of that. He lunged at me again. I hit him across the face with the stick, it broke. I hit him just a little below the eyes. I told Bill to cut me a little alder tree about 1 1/2" thick and 5 feet long. Bill said, "You'll kill him." I said, "If I don't, he might kill me. He's no good like this." Bill cut me a good sound switch. I walked up to the horse and said, "Now back up." He was getting more vicious all the time, that time when he lunged at me I hit him a pretty good whap. His knees sort of buckled. Then I let him stand a minute to think it over. Instead he made a big lunge and I made a big home run. Nig's eyes rolled around in his head, his knees buckled, and his nose hit the ground. I let him get his bearings back, then I said, "Are you going to back up or do I have to do it again?" He backed up, the red left his eyes, his ears came ahead like they should and I went over and rubbed his neck and tied his lead rope to his harness. That was the last time that he ever showed any meanness to Bill or me.

He turned out to be a good old work horse. I had him about a year and then didn't have any more need for him. One day a fellow came up and bought him for \$150. He used him three or four years. One morning he went out and old Nig had died during the night. I know when some people read how I treated Nig they will say, "How cruel." My little session with Nig lasted about 10 minutes. If I hadn't straightened him out he would have had to been sold for dog food. Nig probably had a

headache for a little while. He never had any aftereffects. When Nig got his priorities straightened out he was a very good work horse. He had been a very good horse until someone had teased him and made him mean.

Chapter 16

More Horses

People too!

The Labor Day weekend was a three day holiday that used to be our family holiday. We'd pack food and bedding; load up the horses and go on a three day holiday. We would go to Government Meadows or to Twin Camp and ride out from there. It was a fun time for us. Marie always remarked how nice and quiet it was. When I used to take young fellows out on trips, I would tell them no radios. They thought that I was sure mean. When we would get to our destination, they would remark how nice and quiet it was. There were usually birds and it was nice to listen to them instead of a radio blaring.

One time some friends and our family were at a campground. A young boy, about 12 years old, came up the trail with a radio. The volume was turned up as high as it would go. People glared at him but said nothing. When he came to us, I stopped him and started talking to him. Of course he couldn't hear me. So he turned the volume down. What I said to him was, "If you don't turn that volume down or shut it off, I'm going to throw that damned thing down the mountain." I said, "People come out here to where it's peaceful and quiet and to get away from all that racket." He glared at me and I matched his glare with one of my own. I wouldn't let him get by. He shut the radio off and I let him by. He went down the trail looking back once in a while. He might have turned it back on, if he did, I didn't hear it.

When the first motorized bike's hit the mountain trails, they were called Tote Goats. They were geared so low that they could climb a wall. Now if the horses saw one on the road,

they would pay very little attention to it. But to meet one on a mountain trail, you would think that it was the devil himself. Most of the early tote goat riders were very courteous. If they saw horses coming they would pull off the trail and lay it on its side with the motor shut off. Then horses didn't make much of a fuss. But every once in a while a smart alec would come along and wouldn't get off of the trail. They would demand that you get off. The most serious of the meetings that I observed was at a stream crossing. The tote goat and rider had just crossed the stream and started up the trail when he met a pack string with some riders coming down the hill. They asked him politely if he would go back to the stream that was only a little ways and there was plenty of room to get by. I couldn't hear what he said to the packer, but he shouldn't have said it. The packer grabbed him off of his machine and tumbled it over the bank. He was a very frightened young fellow. He scrambled up on the bank and got out of their way. After the packer and people got by, he got his tote goat and left. His machine hadn't been hurt.

I have been on a lot of pack trips and just pleasure rides on the mountain trails. I only ran into one forest ranger who was rude. There were four of us riding together. We met the ranger just above a place called Twin Camp. He looked us over and asked us where our fire tools were. I told him that when I went on a pack trip I always carried them, not when we were just on a pleasure trip. He was riding a tote goat. So I asked him, "Where 're yours?" He said that there was a muffler on the machine so he didn't need one. So I smarted off and said, "Our machines don't need any mufflers. He said, "I could make you take your saddle blankets off to see if they're clean or not." I said, "Yes, that's the law, all you have to do is say so. By the way, what's your name and your badge number?" He didn't have it showing. I said, "It is required that you wear your badge in a conspicuous place. I think that I'll have to have a chat with Nevan McCullough." He was the head ranger. I said, "I know him well." He didn't show me his badge or give me his name. He was just a worker trying to act like he had some authority. He told us to take off. We shouldn't have done

it, but we just laughed at him. We told him we would when we got ready. So he left in a huge cloud of dust and exhaust. One of the fellows said, "You took a chance, talking to him like that." I said that I didn't think so, because a ranger always has his badge where it shows and has a uniform. He didn't have either.

I liked to take young people out on the mountain trails. I tried to teach them responsibility. If they wanted to smoke we would all stop and they would sit in the middle of the trail and smoke. I explained to them that there was no rubbish along the trails and it should be kept that way. In camp there was always a garbage pit for the cans and bottles. The papers were always burned in the campfires.

When people bought jeeps after the Second World War, things changed. They formed clubs and found the mountain trails and campsites. The trails were widened in some places. Then you began to see potato chip bags, bottles, cigarette packages, and Kleenexes all along the trail. They would have contests to see who could get through soft places. Up in the mountain meadows the land is fragile. Where they had their contests, the soft places became bog holes. In hunting seasons the people were on the trails half the night. It was strictly illegal but they still did it. We always packed in with horses when we went hunting. One night a guy in a jeep got stuck out in the meadow. He came to our camp wanting help. We refused him. We told him that what he was doing was against the law and we weren't going to help him break it. He got mad. He then went to another camp and borrowed a shovel. He got out but I don't know how. He broke the handle out of the shovel and left it lay. He didn't return it or offer to pay. One thing that turned out good was that there were no more vehicles running around the place that night.

One time I took Gene H., Bud M., Jake D. and Roy H. into the mountains for a pack trip. Gene was an old retired navy man. Jake was one that was always flighty. He wouldn't listen to anything that you tried to teach him. He would short cut switch backs. This was bad, because water would run down

his horse's tracks and sometimes wash the trail out. He would do anything on the spur of the moment. One day I said him, "Jake, you know that there are big bears around these parts and they aren't afraid of you. Just suppose that around the bend that you would run into one, then what?" Jake had just taken a short cut to get ahead of us. When I had a group out I always insisted that I be in the lead. When I said that, he stopped his horse, swung it around, and jumped it onto a three foot bank and waited for us to pass. We all smiled but didn't say anything more. We had just gone a little ways when I spotted a herd of about 20 elk grazing about 200 yards away. They hadn't heard us. I stopped my horse and put my hand to my mouth to let them know to be quiet. Then I pointed to the elk. Gene and the others did the same thing. But Jake looked and started yelling at the top of his voice, elk, elk! It took the elk 30 seconds to disappear. Did he ever catch hell about that.

When we had been loading up the guy's horses and supplies, Jake's dad said, "Who does the dishes?" I said, "I do the cooking and everyone takes his turn doing the dishes." Jake's dad said that he had never done a dish in his life. I said, "When we get back you won't be able to say that."

We were camped at a place called Jug Camp cabin. It had gotten its name years before. Years ago the government permitted sheep to be grazed in the mountains in the summer time. The sheep had to be corralled every night on account of coyotes and bears. They had put up a pretty good sized corral made out of logs. One time when the packer brought in supplies he brought in a gallon of wine. That night he and the herder got stinking drunk. In the morning each of them had a bad hangover. So the packer hung the empty jug in the tree in memory of the occasion. That jug hung in the trees for years. Then when a lot of latecomers started using the trails, some smart so and so used it for target practice and broke it.

When it came time for Jake to wash dishes, he fooled around and fooled around and let the fire go out and the water get cold twice. We all had about enough of his stalling so the fire was again started and the water heated. I asked the guys, "If

Jake lets the water get cold again, what should we do to him?" Outside the cabin there was a nice spring. The water was so cold that if you drank it too fast it would make your headache. One of the guys said, "I think if Jake lets the water get cold again we should take his pants off and set him in the spring and let his water cool off." Jake grinned and said, "You guys are just kidding." One of the guys said, "Just try us." Jake got up and did the dishes, and good too. The first thing that Jake's dad asked when we unloaded his horse and stuff was, "Did Jake wash the dishes?" Jake said, "They were going to set me in a real cold spring." Both Jake's parents laughed and laughed, then his dad said, "I couldn't figure how you were going to get him to do them, we never could." Jake never got mad at us, he was pretty easy going, he was just stubborn.

One weekend I took our son, our two daughters, my brother Sam, his wife, their two sons, their two daughters and a neighbor lad who was about 10 years old to Government Meadows on a little pack trip. There was a small stream flowing through the meadow. It was called Meadow Creek. There were native trout in it. In some places the stream was only a foot wide and three or four inches deep. The trout weren't very long, mostly six or seven inches, although my nephew did catch an eleven incher. They were very fat. As you walked along the small creek you could see them just lying there in the water. To catch them, you baited a hook with a worm. You would put the hook and worm into the water and let it drift slowly to them. When the bait got right in front of a fish, it would open its mouth and swallow the bait. Sometimes when you lifted a fish out of the water it didn't even fight. We had a big fish fry that night.

Chapter 17

Scares and Laughs

Through the years

Sam's boy, Gary, kept trying to scare the younger kids. After a while, I thought I would see how brave he was. I got a saddle blanket and pretended that I was going to the bathroom. I walked out into the meadow a ways and tried to think of something that I could do to scare him. When I just about came to where the campfire light showed, I got down on my hands and knees and started panting and trying to go as fast as I could. Pretty soon I heard Sam's wife, Florence, say, "Gary quiet, what are you trying to do?" We had a piece of plywood 2' x 4' on two blocks of wood to be used as a table. Gary knocked it over and spilled all the stuff on it. He was standing, hugging his mother when I showed up. She asked, "What's the matter with you?" He said that he thought that a coyote was trying to get him. He was the only one that I scared.

There were so many of us, that Sam and I tied a pole between two trees and tied a big tarp over the top of it for a shelter. We had brought plenty of blankets and comforters along. Sam and I rigged up several scares for the kids. Before we laid the bedding down I laid a rope on the ground under the blankets. Then we ran a rope over the tarp with a can with rocks in it so that we could slide it up and down. And last, on Sam's side we tied a rope to some cans in the garbage pit and weighted it with rocks. When we all went to bed, Sam slept on one outside and I slept on the other with all the kids in the middle. When we were all in bed, Florence said, "You kids all lay quiet now and don't mess up the bed." I let things get quiet and I pulled the can up on the tarp and let it slide down. A

whisper said, "What is that?" I said, "Just some animal playing around." Then in a little while Sam rattled the cans in the garbage pit. They said, "What's that?" Sam said, "Probably a bear. Just be quiet and it will most likely leave." We let things get settled and I told them that Clarence Hamilton was a packer who packed all through the mountains for years. I told them that he said that the side hill gougers were just coming out of hibernation. The kids wanted to know all about side hill gougers. I told them that they were little animals that burrowed in the ground in the winter time. When spring came they would come out. I told the kids that they were harmless. If you should feel something just lay still and everything will be all right. I told them that the gougers would just crawl away, that they wouldn't bite. I left this sink in for a little while then I gave the rope a hard yank. In unison the kids all rose up. The blankets flew and my daughter, Rose, screamed, Mama, Mama! Sam, Florence, and I burst out laughing. The bed had to be remade. Then we all laid down for a good night's rest. The kids were a lot smarter after this trip. I shouldn't laugh, I've have my share of scares.

One scare I remember was near the Johnson place. One day Mrs. Lee and her little girl started over to see Mrs. Johnson. It was less than half a mile. She was on the road when a young cougar jumped out of the bush and knocked the little girl down and started to drag her off the road. Mrs. Lee screamed and tried to drive the cat off. As luck would have it, a car came along and scared the cat off. The little girl got off with a bad scare and a few scratches on her neck. A call was put out right away for the state trapper. He came with his dogs and they got two young cougars that day. The next day Mrs. Johnson went out to their milk house to get some cream. She got a real scare. There was a cougar inside lapping up the milk they had cooling. She ran in the house and locked the door. She didn't have a phone and she was afraid to go outside. In a couple of hours she ventured out. The cat had gone. She ran down to a neighbor's place where they had a phone. She called for the state trapper to come back. When the trapper and his dogs came back the dogs picked the scent up right away and

they caught the cougar shortly afterwards. The cougars were about two thirds grown. There had been fires in the mountains and the trapper thought that was why they were down so low. They figured the cougars were brother and sisters. There were cattle close by so no one could figure out why the cats didn't kill one of those. A few days after this happened I was walking down the road where the cougar had tackled the little girl. Of course, I had this in mind. A grouse flew up just a few feet from me. I think that I aged ten years in two seconds!

This next story is true. I did not experience it but was told many times when I was growing up. This fellow, we'll call him Jack. I don't remember what his first name was. He was deathly afraid of the dark, so he very seldom ventured out very far at night. This night, for some reason, he had to go to town about a mile away. When he got to town he was reluctant to go back home. One of the town jokers thought that it would be fun to scare him. He dressed up in some fashion and put a blanket over his head. He then walked out a little ways and waited for Jack to come. What he didn't know was that Jack usually carried a short steel bar or hammer, my memory fails me on this. When Jack got to him he jumped out and moaned and said, "I'm the devil and I'm going to get you!" That was the last thing that the joker ever said. Poor Jack ran back to town scared out of his wits. He burst into the pool hall saying, "I just killed the devil." He was so scared, that at first the men inside just laughed. They knew that his fellow had gone out to scare Jack. Finally they began to realize that something was really wrong so they got Jack to show them this devil that he had just killed. He had hit the joker over the head and killed him instantly. They had a hearing in court and let poor Jack go. The verdict was that the joker had brought on his one demise. That was the last time anyone ever tried to scare Jack. That is all that I remember about this, I don't know if Jack moved away or what.

One Halloween, my brother, Sam, was about five years old. We made a jack-o-lantern for him and put a candle in it and lit it. My dad had put the cattle in the night pasture. He saw the jack-o-lantern sitting on a fence post and thought he would

have some fun. The fence was a picket fence. He would throw a rock and hit a picket, Sam would say you quit it. My dad threw a couple more and Sam said, "If you don't stop, I'm going to tell my old man on you." Then my dad's aim was too good, he knocked the jack-o-lantern off the post and broke it. He sure felt sorry about it. And Sam was sure mad at the guy who broke his pumpkin.

When my friends would come over at night to play it would still be daylight. They would stay until it got dark. Then they would be afraid to go home. It always ended up that I would have to walk them home. When they wanted me to walk them home, I'd say how about me getting back home. They would say, you're not afraid. Little did they know, but I didn't dare admit it.

I remember when Dad and Mom bought a new davenport and chair for the living room. That was the first time that they could afford it. My dad was sitting in the living room enjoying it. Sam wanted Dad to come out and do something that they had planned. Sam got impatient, the first thing that we knew, we could hear a chain rattle on the front porch, the door opened and Sam came in with a log chain. He had old Nell harnessed outside. He said, "I thought that this is the only way that I could get you out of that chair." We all had a good laugh, Dad just grinned, got up, and went out.

One day Keith had just fed the pigs. We had to go through the cattle pasture to get to the pig pen. Dad had a young Jersey bull just six months old, but he was an ornery little cuss. When Keith was going back to the house, the bull ran up to Keith, put his head between Keith's legs and upset him. My dad saw it and thought that it was pretty funny. Not long after this, my dad went out to feed the chickens. The ground in the chicken pen got pretty slick when it rained. Dad's old rooster was pretty ornery. The old rooster flew at my dad and he kicked at it. He had on his heavy steel toed boots. When he kicked, he missed the rooster and landed on this back in the mud. The rooster perched on his chest. Keith laughed and told

Dad that a bull got him down, but never a rooster. Dad could have killed the rooster, but he had to laugh.

Dad belonged to the Eagles and Odd Fellows Lodge. They had meetings once a month, this was his recreation. My brother, Glen, was the night policeman in Buckley at this time. He saw Dad's car parked outside the lodge and took a piece of plain paper and put it under the windshield wiper. When lodge was out, dad got in the car. He then noticed the paper. Glen had it timed and he came strolling by. When Dad saw the paper he thought that Glen had given him a ticket. He was furious, he kept saying, "What did you give me a ticket for?" Glen kept saying, "Did you look at the paper?" When Glen finally got him to look at the blank paper, Pa was still mad. That is one of the few times that I ever saw him mad.

On the Model A Fords, you could lift the gear shift straight up and swing it sideways. It was meant to give you more leg room in the front seat. Dad didn't know this when he bought his first V8 Ford. It was a 1932 model. This is the year that the V8 engines first came out. They were a pretty snappy car. Keith and I used to sit with dad in the front seat. When he wasn't paying attention, we would lift the gear shift up and swing it away from dad. The car would sail along at 60 miles an hour if you wanted it to. Dad usually drove 50 miles an hour. He would be driving along in second gear. Then we would ask him how far he had to go before he shifted into high. He'd grin and reach for the gear shift. When he couldn't find it he'd get a little flustered and take his eyes off the road for a second. Then when he swung it back he'd say you're going to break something.

Mom and Dad took a trip back to Indiana to see Mom's folks one summer. Mom had to remind him every once in a while if they hadn't gone far enough in second gear. One time Glen bought a Model T Ford. The early Model T Fords didn't have a gas throttle on the floor. It was a lever under the steering wheel. Glen came home to show it to us. At that time there wasn't a road to the house. Glen left it parked just a little way from the house. When he got ready to go he asked Keith and

me if we wanted to ride. We said sure. Glen had backed the car off of the road. He cranked it and got in. When he put his foot on the low gear pedal it just shot full speed ahead. He got it stopped just before it hit a stump. He sat there scared, and said, "What the dickens is wrong with this car?" Of course the motor had been killed. We got looking around, I had my foot on the gas throttle on the floor, and when he started the car I had shoved the throttle to the floor.

Bud's dad was the boss of the Diversion Dam on White River. When the water had been shut out of the flume awhile, sometimes steelhead salmon would come up to spawn. When he got ready to turn the water back into the flume we would go down and try to grab a salmon or two. The fish were always used. But this was against the law. One time Bud and I left my little brother, Sam, as a lookout. He got interested in us and forgot about looking for the game warden. Bud and I got so busy trying to catch a fish, that we forgot about Sam. I heard something and looked, the game warden had Sam. He was only seven or eight years old. Well, Bud and I took off on a dead run across the river bottom. It was by far the fastest time I ever made. The game warden had shot over our heads. I think that when he did that we passed the bullet. We went a long ways around to get back home. Bud's dad had seen the game warden with Sam, so he came down and gave the game warden hell for scaring a little kid half to death. Sam had had scarlet fever and it had left him with a heart murmur. The game warden let Sam go. When I got home, Sam was home. I said, "Why didn't you let us know." He said that he had gotten so interested watching us, that he didn't see the warden until he grabbed him. He said that it scared him so bad that he screamed. That's what I had heard.

A young fellow I will call Steve, was caught so many times that he was warned to stay away from the river but he never would. One time they had just let him out of jail and he made for the river. My dad and some other men were working there. They told him that there was a game warden around. Steve said that he didn't care, he wasn't afraid of them. He had just grabbed a salmon and he ran over to a log to throw the fish

over when the warden raised up. The fish hit the warden in the face and back to jail for Steve.

Most of the old gang and neighbors have passed on now, but the memories are still alive. In 1958 a friend of mine, Stan, had come to Canada with another friend, Ernie Romedo. Ernie was interested in lake shore property. Stan was interested in farm land, I don't know why, he wasn't a farmer. Stan was working for the Weyerhaeuser forest division. When we were cutting pulp he scaled the logs for us. Then when we went into salvage work he was made Salvage Superintendent. Stan had gone to college and gotten a job with Weyerhaeuser. He had never worked in the woods, but he had a keen mind. He kept records of everything. He learned to log by watching the contractors. He saw where short cuts could be made by watching us. He got himself into trouble with the logging superintendent by saying how his contractors were doing better than the company loggers. To shut him up they gave him a crew, a mobile loader, a good D4 cat and a logging truck. They also fell and bucked a patch of timber that made our mouths' water. It was a patch that we really could have made money in. Anyhow they told him to get at it. He didn't do very well. To begin with the crew weren't independent loggers. They worked but they got paid if they got one or five loads out. Our wages had to be made from production. When Stan finished this strip he was just about finished. Stan was transferred I think back to Sault Ste Marie, Ontario to a Weyerhaeuser company. Here he came into his own. They had been using cats to log with. The timber was scattered and the company was in the red. Stan went and bought some machines that were called timberjacks. They were rubber tired four wheel drive machines. He kept one cat to make roads with. That was the first year that the company had come out in the black. Like I said Stan kept records. The next year when Weyerhaeuser had a big meeting Stan produced his records and the records of the past super. Stan got the super's job and the super was transferred to another company.

Chapter 18

Thinking of Canada

Getting ready to go north

I had been reading about tax title land in Canada. I was curious how land could be picked up by paying the back taxes. When Stan and Ernie had taken up land in the Buick Creek area I became interested. The last of September 1958 I drove my car to BC with Stan and Tom Darney. Stan to show us the way. Tom came to stake land. Tom was an alcoholic. I think that he really came to drink. When we got to what is now the community of Buick, BC it was one o'clock Saturday morning. We had been driving since six o'clock Friday night. We each took turns driving. We would stop and have a bite to eat and have coffee every four hours or the first little cafe that was close by when we had been on the road four hours from our last stop. We bedded down on a trail just in front of where we live now.

In the morning we got up about six o'clock and drove east about two miles to where Miro and George Fibich lived. We had brought some supplies. We got introduced to Miro and a fellow we'll call Henry. They were baching at that time. They were living in a cabin that Miro, George, and their dad had built. Miro's folks lived at Bessborough. They took up some land. Miro said that their first shack was 7' by 9'. I think they spent the first summer in it. I think that George was 13 and Miro was 17 at the time. In 1951 a big forest fire had burnt the country off. Several Indians had burned to death but the fire opened up the community. We stayed with Henry and Miro for a week. Stan wanted me to take up land by his on Aitken Creek. I didn't because it was too far from a road. I took up

land three miles east of the Buick corner. The description was W 1/2 of Sec. 3, E 1/2 Sec. 2, SW 1/4 Sec. 2 and leased NW 1/4 Sec. 2 Twp 110 PRD. I had to pay \$350 to hold onto the land until it could go through the proper channels. In a few months the papers came through. The five quarters, 960 acres, would cost me \$2400. I would have five years to make the \$10 per acre improvements and pay the land off. I had to start to sell off our holdings in Washington. The move to Canada was to come in three years.

I had gotten a contract to log alder and maple from Weyerhaeuser near the town of Auburn, Washington. I needed a couple of good work horses, so I went to a sale at Centralia, Washington and bought a nice grey mare that weighed 1620 pounds for \$120. I needed one more, so I got permission to leave her in the sales barn's pens. I drove to a town called Pe Ell. There, a little old man had a nice grey gelding that he wanted \$90 for. So I said that I'd buy him. The man said, "I'll have to use him to move this wagon first." So he harnessed the horse and turned him out of the barn. Now mind you, this horse didn't have any lines on the harness. The fellow said to the horse, "Wagon." That's all he said. The horse walked up to the front of the wagon and backed into the shaft all by himself. I was amazed. He hooked up the harness to the wagon, and told the horse where he wanted it put. The horse did this with no lines, just by the man telling him what to do. When I went to load the horse, my truck had a ramp that was hinged to the back of the truck, the fellow said you'd better go down the road a ways and back in the ditch so it will be easier for the horse to load. I said, "I'll try him here and if he doesn't want to load then I'll go down." The horse just about beat me into the truck. The two horses that I bought made a good looking team, for size and color. They were both quiet. I had to pull the shoes off of the gelding and trim his feet. I got a surprise when I hooked the two together. The gelding's wind had been broken. He had been pulled too hard too often. When he pulled he would make a roaring noise. I soon traded him off as I wouldn't work a horse in his condition. So I just used the mare. I named her Queen.

The outfit that I used to log with was quite unusual. I used the horse, a John Deere 420 cat with an arch, a boom truck loader, and a Ford tandem axle truck for log hauling. I took the horse barn down to the site that I was to log and set it up. Sunday night I would haul the horse down and leave her until the next Friday night. Monday morning I would take 10 gallons of water and a bale of hay with me to work. When I got to the barn I would give Queen a feed of grain while I was currying her. Then I'd harness her and tie her to the back of the truck and go a little ways to where the trees were. I'd give Queen some hay to eat. Then I'd go out and fall and buck the trees into 16 foot and 24 foot lengths. It took from 32 to 37, eight foot logs to make a load, about 2500 bd. ft. Then I'd take the cat and arch and skid the logs to the landing. It was there that the logs were cut into 8 foot lengths.

When I had all the logs skidded and bucked, I would take Queen and skid five logs between the log truck and boom truck. On the landing line I had two rings about 6" in diameter. On each ring there were five small smooth chains. The middle chain was 4 ft. long. The ones next to it were 4 1/2 ft. long and the two outside chains were 5 ft. long. At the end of each chain I had a hook made of 1" steel shafting, it was sharp on one end and a hole through the other end. When the five logs were in place I'd back the loader over the logs just so that the loading line would be in the middle. I would then lower the hooks just above the logs. The hooks had to be hung in the rings when not in use so that they didn't get tangled up. I would take each hook and with a pulling motion, hook each log on the end. I would then get on the loader and pick up the logs and back over to the truck. I would then lower them just above the truck and stop. I had a long stick on the loader and if the logs weren't just right, I'd take the stick and poke one end of the loop and get them to turning, then when they were just right, I'd set them on the truck. Then I'd slack off the loading line and jump on the truck. I'd unhook the hooks and hang them back in the rings. Then I'd take a peavey and move them so the load was smooth on both sides. Then I'd pull the loader ahead and repeat the same thing over and over

until the logs were loaded. Queen got so good that she would just about do her work by herself.

I used the horse because if I didn't, I could only load one log at a time. But by pulling five together I could load five at a time. Time was very tight, to get my load unloaded at the mill I had to be there before 4:30. When the logs were loaded I'd take Queen back to the barn, feed her grain and hay, unharness her, and fill up her water tub. Then I had an eighteen mile haul to get to the mill. At this time the logs were selling for \$40 per thousand. The stumpage was 15%. But you didn't fool around, you had to be organized.

Chapter 19

Stories, Horses and Such

Good times and places

One time at the Western Washington State Fair, I bought a big team of Percheron mares. Ruth weighed 2100 pounds and Judy weighed 1900 pounds. I had an idea that I was going to raise colts. Well, both of the mares were barren. They never did have a colt. I paid \$200 a piece for them. The understanding was that I'd get registration papers with them. Names fail me now but Ruth's owner sent me hers. Mr. Koochel told me that he didn't think that Judy had papers. I had an agreement with her owner that I would leave the check with Mr. Koochel and when he got the papers then the check would be passed on. Well, this went on for several months and Mr. Koochel sent me the check back and said that he was sure that I wouldn't be getting any papers. So I went to a lawyer and had him write a letter to him, stating to him that I would pay him \$100 for the horse or he could come and get her and pay me for the feed bill. My lawyer got a letter back saying that he never owned a horse by that name and that he never had any dealings with me. I paid the lawyer \$30 for writing the letter. My lawyer told me to hang on to the letter, that I had just gotten a cheap horse. I had Judy for a little over a year, she was a nice horse for the farm or parade's, but not very good in the woods. I traded her off for a bay gelding that weighed about 1050 pounds. I received \$100 to boot.

I had a nice bay Morgan mare that I had bought for \$65. I got her from a man named Dale. He told me not to let kids ride her and when you shoe her right hind foot, look out. She had kicked a blacksmith about 20 feet. She was a very nice mare,

she handled pretty good, but she had a very rough gait. When I went to shoe her I had been warned. I put the other three shoes on and she stood real good. When I picked up her right hand foot her attitude changed. She jerked her foot away from me. I went in the shop and got a twitch. A twitch is a round stick about two feet long with a hole in one end. In this hole you put a rawhide throng about ten inches long and tie the ends together. On the other end I tied a leather shoelace so that I could tie it onto the halter. You take the round loop on the end of the stick and then take the upper lip or muzzle and you put it through the loop. You then twist it until it's quite snug. This will usually change a horse's mind. Well, I did this to Babe. I picked her foot up again and she stood there real nice. I then smoothed her foot and got a horseshoe and tried it for fit. It had to be shaped a little. So I took the twitch off Babe's nose and hung the twitch on the fence right in front of her. I then reshaped the shoe and picked up her foot again. She made a couple of jerks. So I walked up to her head and started to put the twitch back on her nose. She didn't want any of that. She let me shoe her with hardly any interference. If she jerked just a little, I'd made out like I was going to put it back on. That was the only time that I ever put it on her. For a couple of times when I started to shoe her, I would hang the twitch on the fence by her head and she would smell it. She sure knew what it was. She and the bay gelding, Buck, turned out to be the nicest pair of horses that you could ask for. I broke them to drive and used them in parades and wagon rides.

Our daughters and some neighbor girls used to ride them all over the country. A friend of ours, Elsie Wilson, was a custodian at the custodial school. Elsie was in charge of one hall. Her wards were little girls, I'd say from what I saw, from five to eight years old. Elsie asked me if I would bring a team and wagon and give the kids in her hall a ride, so I did. You never saw such a happy little bunch. I took them on a ride all around the grounds and area, which lasted about an hour. When Elsie had to take them back in, it was about time for their supper. All the little girls got off except one. She cried

and cried. That was the first and probably the last time that she ever got to go on a wagon ride. Seeing little kids like this is sure heartrending.

One time when I was falling timber for Weyerhaeuser, we were next to Frank Richter's set of fallers and buckers. Frank was head faller. So at noon we would eat our lunches together. Chet Johnson was the scaler. One day Chet had his long barreled 22 Colt Woodsman revolver with him. It was a real nice gun. When Frank had come over to eat, he had left his hard hat on a log about 150 feet away.

We loggers had worn mostly felt hats. After the state safety code came out everyone had to wear hard hats or they were fired. Well, you tell a logger or most anyone that they have to do something and there is apt to be some rebellion. There wasn't much about hard hats, jobs were hard to find. Weyerhaeuser furnished the first hard hat for everyone but after that you were on your own.

Frank looked at Chet's gun and said that he bet Chet couldn't even hit his hard hat. Chet said, "Do you really mean it?" Frank said, "Yes, I mean it." Chet up and took aim and the hat jumped off the log. We all had a good laugh. Frank went over and got his hat. It had a small hole where the bullet went in and on the other side there was quite a good sized hole. Now the safety man's name was Bill Watson. He was a pretty good guy but a little naive. He had been hurt in a logging accident and had lost a hand. He now wore a hook. We were all kidding Frank that now he would have to buy a new hard hat. He said, "No, I'll get one from Bill." We all really laughed at that.

The next morning, here comes Frank with a new hard hat. When he got on the crew bus, we all laughed and asked him how much it had cost. He said, "Nothing, Bill gave it to me." It was hard to believe. In the forestry office they had a shelf and on it were hard hats that probably saved someone's life. Frank said that he just told Bill that he wasn't going to tell him what happened because nobody would believe him anyway. Bill gave him a new hat and put his on the shelf. There was

sure a lot of joking about what Frank had pulled on Bill. In a couple of days the hat disappeared, never to be seen again.

One time I bought a bay gelding from Bud Moraity, the horse weighed around 1200 pounds. The horse kept getting out all the time and Bud thought that a car might hit him. It could be costly to him because there was a herd law there. Bud sold him to me for \$15. He was gentle to be around and ride. I got him home and a few nights later a friend, Bill with his wife, came over and said, "Don, your horse is on the road going to town." So I got some riggin' and we jumped into the car and started looking for him. We finally found and caught him. We led him home behind the car. I put him in the barn for the night.

A fellow that I knew real well, Max Lightburn, had a small acreage and had a grocery store in town. He bought his wife a nice bay mare. His wife rode the mare for sometime and got along good with her. Then one nice Sunday morning, when she got on the mare, it bucked her off on the hard road and sort of banged her up. From then on she was a different horse.

I was at the dude ranch one time and some guys that I knew just had come down from the park. They had just started on a trail ride when this bay mare bucked her rider off. It's a wonder that it didn't break his neck. It was on a steep side hill and he went down a ways before he lit. Anyway they wanted to sell the mare for \$50. The Zimmerman's dude ranch owner asked me about it. I told him that if they wanted to get a guest killed, to buy her. So they said no.

A very short time after my bay gelding, Bud, got out, I got a phone call from some guys that wanted to buy a horse for skidding telephone poles. I had put a harness on Bud once. He didn't do too bad. I told them that I had a 1200 pound gelding that would most likely work okay. I told them that I had harnessed and driven him once. They said that they had a horse that they wanted to trade. I asked if she was sound, they told me yes. But they did say that she was hard to catch. That part didn't bother me. So I told them if they made the exchange we had a deal. In a couple of hours they came

pulling into the yard. I had Bud tied up to the fence. When they unloaded the mare I couldn't believe that they wanted to trade a nice mare like that for a horse like Bud. I had a nice little dark bay stallion. This mare could have been his twin. We signed transfer papers and they loaded Bud and left.

I named this mare Bell, not to be confused with another horse that was mentioned earlier. I didn't turn her out with the other horses, I kept her picketed in the yard until she got used to me and the place. I was working at a logging camp at this time. After I had her for a couple of weeks, we were stormed out. There was too much wind. When I got home I took off my corked boots, put on my cowboy boots. I got Bell and took her down to the barn and put a saddle on her and my hackamore bridle. I took off my heavy coat and hung it on a wagon that was close by. I was sure that I was in for a rough ride. I got a surprise of my life. She went up across the meadow in the nicest running walk that you can imagine. I couldn't believe it. She really reined good also. I didn't want her bred so I would keep her in a small pasture one day and then I'd put the stud in the small pasture the next day and turn her out. When she was turned out she was easy to catch. I had been giving her a little grain every time that I went by her when she was picketed out. That way she got used to me pretty quick.

One day three young fellows from town came out to look at the horse I had and to talk. Bill King was one. We saddled up and rode into town. On the way Bill kept saying, "I should know that horse, Bell." We rode into town six miles. On the way home he grinned and said, "Don, you've got the old Lightburn mare." He couldn't believe how nice she traveled and handled. He asked, "Do you have a hard time catching her?" I said, "No, she's usually the first one at the barn to be put in." He said, "You can catch her when she's loose?" I said, "Sure."

It wasn't long after this that Bill's dad and another old horseman came out to see me. So after we had said our howdies, they said that they had heard that I had Max's old mare. She was six years old. This was the day that I had her in

the small pasture. They said, "We heard that you could catch her." I said, "Sure, why?" They said this they had to see. I crawled through the fence and she turned away from me. Each of them had a big grin on his face. When she turned away she stopped and I walked up and petted her and took a hold of her halter. When I looked back they were already headed for their car.

I began to get more stories about her. If they chased her with horses she would jump a five foot barbed wire fence. Bell must have had some bad treatment. At the side of her mouth there was scar tissue up about two inches. They told me when I asked about it that she had run into a barbed wire fence with her mouth and it had cut her. I didn't believe it then and to this day, I still don't believe it. I think that someone put what was called a war bridle on her. They had tied her hard and fast and when she pulled back that cut mouth was the result.

Bell could really get out fast and go for 150 yards. Chief, my stallion, could really run too, but he didn't have the get away that Bell did. Barbara, our neighbor girl, was riding Chief one day and I was riding Bell. She said, "Let's race." She had no sooner said this that I let a hoop and holler out and away we went. We shot past Chief like we were on fire. In about 400 feet, Chief shot past us and was gone.

In the spring of the year Bell began to really act up. She was really hepped up. In some ways she would act like she was on fire. Her front legs would be going like pistons. Then she would start to sweat and in just a little bit she would be in a lather. I took her to a horse auction sale and got \$50 for her. She must have gotten a shot of loco weed or something at sometime. She was such a nice horse that I hated to let her go. But whatever her trouble was, I never found out.

One time I took my nephew, Keith Nearhood Jr., fishing at Echo Lake. I had an old gentle mare that I let him ride. On the way into the lake he kept holding her back. She began to get nervous and started to prance around. I told him not to hold her back. He said, "She's old and might fall." I had to laugh, I told him that she wasn't that old. He let her go her own speed

and she kept up with the rest of the horses. Keith was a lot of fun. In morning I got up about 6:30 and I told him that I was going fishing out on the lake and if he wanted to go he had better get up. He said that when he got up he would just fish from shore. I told him that the fishing wasn't very good that way. There was an old raft there that was put together with poles and tied together with wire. It didn't have paddles, just a pole. It took quite awhile to get any place. That was why I wanted Keith to go with me. I had just poled out in the lake about 150 yards and started fishing. I glanced back towards camp and here came Keith with his fishing pole. I knew what was going to happen. So I let him fish from shore awhile. He wasn't having any luck so I poled back to the shore. When I got pretty close to shore he started to walk out sideways on a slippery pole that was laying in the water. I told him to wait, because if the raft touched the pole he would fall in. He kept walking sideways on this log. As I got closer, about ten feet away, I saw his feet start to slide. Into the lake he went. I had never seen such action. I'll swear that he came out of the water so fast that he didn't even get wet. By this time I had the raft up next to the log, so he crawled onto the raft. He just laughed and said that pole was pretty slick. We went back and fished awhile. We didn't have any luck so we went into camp and I cooked breakfast.

We had just finished breakfast when Marie's brother, Albert, and his little brother-in-law came into camp. They had driven up to Coral Pass and had walked in the rest of the way. They were about starved. All that they had brought was a frying pan, lard, salt and pepper. They figured that they would catch fish and eat them. I cooked them a big breakfast, hot cakes, bacon, eggs, and coffee. Did they ever eat! I cleaned up, washed the dishes and Keith and I went back out on the lake. We fished until about four o'clock and it was time to get back to camp and cook something to eat, clean up, pack up, and start for home.

Albert and Bucky came back to camp when they saw us go to camp so I cooked a good meal for all of us. They were starved again and hadn't caught any fish either. I don't think that

Albert ever went fishing again without food supplies. When Keith and I got to the outlet of the lake, I stopped to take a look. Sometimes trout would be laying in the water and would be feeding on insects coming from the lake. Sure enough there were several fish laying there. So I took my rod off the horse. I carried it in a rifle scabbard so it was easy to get out. I baited up and caught six or seven. Keith got impatient and wanted to fish. I explained to him that you put the bait in the water and let it drift very slowly. The fish would open its mouth and then all you had to do was pull it out of the water. He wouldn't listen. There were several fish in the water yet. He didn't get one, he scared them all away. Oh well, we had fun.

Another time a friend of mine, Si Butcher, wanted to go on a pack trip with me. He had always wanted to go but never had the chance. So I took him on a short one. We went up to the Government Meadows. One of the pack horses had a colt, but it was about five months old and hadn't been weaned yet. So at camp that night I had to milk her out. When I started milking her, Si said, "Don save the milk and we can have it for breakfast." Now mare's milk is one of the best kinds of milk for a baby human. I guess I got about a pint. The mare wasn't too happy about the whole procedure. I had to tie her head close to a tree so she couldn't bite me. In the morning I had to milk her out again, but this time it went on the ground. When I cooked breakfast I put the mare's milk by Si. When we started to eat I had a hard time to keep from laughing at Si. He'd look at me then at the milk. I pretended not to notice. Pretty soon he said, "Don, aren't you going to have some of this milk?" I said no, that I had my coffee poured. He looked around and pretty soon he said, "I don't think that I'll have any either." Then I really had to laugh. I told him that he should drink it. I said, "In a little while you will be running around like a colt." Then we both got a good laugh out of it. The milk had a layer of cream of top about the thickness of a sheet of writing paper.

Like I said it was just a short trip. We rode east out of the meadows for a few miles then turned back to camp, had dinner, and packed up and then left for home. A real nice

relaxing couple of days. Si and I worked together for Barry Boyden Logging Co. one fall. I fell the timber and he bucked. At one place they had blasted out a right of way along a cliff. All the rock came down in the timber. It was a tough job.

One time when I was going to Buckley High School, the Buckley Kiwanis Club bought a purebred Berkshire sow. She was bred and was to have little ones in a month. I was taking agriculture and belonged to the Future Farmers of America, FFA. So they selected me to have the pig. Now you understand this was in 1930. I was excited about it and Dad OK'd it. We were invited to a Kiwanis supper and there I was introduced to the members. This was pretty heady stuff for a shy farm kid. The farmer that raised the pigs delivered her. We had a good pen and pig house. She was gentle enough. I used to scratch her back which she liked. If you scratched her belly she would lay down on her side and grunt all the while that you scratched her. When she finally farrowed, she had just four, three gilts and a boar.

The night she started to make her nest she wasn't so tame. The next day was Saturday. Dad was home and I told him that the sow had made her nest. He said that we had better put new bedding in the house. I told him that the sow had gotten mean. So he got a three tined pitchfork and got into the pen with her. She came after him and he broke the fork handle over her head. Then he kicked her and kicked the sole loose on his shoe. Then he left the pen. Hurriedly, I'd say. When he got outside he said, "She's mean."

To clean the pig house we built a fence panel three feet high and fourteen feet long. We'd get her behind this panel. Then we would clean the pen out and play with the little pigs. After the pigs got a little older the sow didn't care much if we played with the little ones. But if one should squeal, you had better get out.

When the pigs were weaned, I had to give one sow to another boy. The boar I traded for another boar in Goldendale, Washington. His registered name was Cacama King Value. I

just now remembered. I hadn't thought of it in years. I won first prize with him at the Puyallup Fair two years straight.

What I thought would be great, turned out to be not so great. Pigs were worth very little. Weaner pigs sold for \$2 a piece. The sow we butchered. The young sow that I kept had a litter of six pigs and then got milk fever and died. It took about every cent that I could make just to buy feed for them. I managed to raise the little ones on bottles. When they got to be two to three months old I sold them. That was the end of that saga of my life.

In about 1931, a neighbor, Roy Levesque wanted to build a house with a full basement. He had a nice black mare that weighed about 1300 pounds. We used to use this mare and our old Nell them as a team. The black mare's mom was Babe. The house was to be 40 feet by 40 feet. It was to be built on a little sidehill. The back wall would be about seven feet sloping down to basement floor level.

We used a slip scraper and a rig that was called a ripper. It was the beam from a steel beamed walking plow. The end of the beam that had been fastened to the mold board and shear (they were taken off) was sharpened to a point. The team was hooked to it just like you were going to plow. The handles were still attached to guide it by. After the top soil had been scraped off, there was hard pan underneath. We used the ripper to loosen the hardpan. The ripper had to be used every six inches all the way across the basement floor. It would go in the ground about five or six inches. Then we would use the slip to carry the dirt out. We worked two weeks on the job. I got \$2 a day so I made \$20. Boy I was rich. Roy never did get around to building a house on it. The hole was like that for years.

One day a friend of ours, Charles Tweet, who lived at Bonney Lake, came down to see me. Sometime before he had bought his daughter, Joan, a horse called Hi Boy. He had been trained for western equestrian events. He was bay in color and weighed about 1075 pounds. He stood 15 hands. It seemed that something had happened to him. He wouldn't allow

anyone to catch him. Charles asked me if I would try to catch him. So I got my lasso rope and drove to where the horse was pastured. He was pastured at Louie Larsen's place by the monument on the road to Lake Tapps. The horse wouldn't let us near him. So I set a snare for him and he ran into it. I didn't tie the end of the rope because most well broke horses would stop when the loop tightened up on them. I didn't work that way with Hi Boy. He took off running and bucking. We tried to catch the end of the rope but couldn't catch it. Louie did get a hold of it once but the horse dragged him into a pile of brush so Louie had to let go. I finally told Charles to let the horse go, that I would bring my saddle horse over the next day. So that's what we did.

The next day I saddled my horse, Babe, and rode over to the pasture. It was only a couple of miles. When I rode into the pasture, Hi Boy came up close to us, so I got off Babe and carefully walked over and picked up the lasso rope. I didn't tighten up on it, I just let it loose. I tied it to the saddle horn and then I climbed on Babe and got ready for the war that was to come. I untied the lasso rope and took two wraps, dallies, around the horn and tightened up the rope. When I did that Hi Boy reared up and hauled back, but he didn't phase Babe a bit. After he had his fit, I walked over to him quietly and rubbed his neck and shoulder and then I slipped a loop around his nose. He let me lead him nice and quiet. Then Charles walked over and said, "How much do I owe you?" I said, "Let me teach him a lesson and I'll call it even." Charles said, "I don't know what you are going to do, but go ahead because he needs one." My lasso rope was nylon, 46 feet long. I tied the end of it to a small stump. I then walked away from the horse, I made a little circle and started to walk up to him. For a little bit I thought that he was going to stand and let me walk up to him. I got up to about 20 feet from him when all of a sudden he let out a big snort and took off running. He just hit his fast gait when he came to the end of the rope. This was sure a surprise to him. He threw himself pretty hard, but it didn't teach him anything, it made him mad. When he got up he ran back the other way, it let him run about 80 feet. When he hit

the end of the rope it threw him with his head under his shoulder. I felt sort of sick, for a minute I thought that he had broken his neck. The rope was so tight that I had to cut the end off my good rope to get him up. He wasn't dead but he was sure a lot quieter. He had hit the end of the rope so hard that the loop of the rope around the bridge of his nose had cut into the bone about a good inch. I felt bad about it. But you can't undo something that has already been done. I managed to work the rope out of the bone. The horse stood quietly by. I then led both horses up to the barn. Charles and Louie both asked what was the matter with him to cause him to go bad like that. I had no idea.

Joan saddled him up and he performed just like nothing had happened to him. Charles said, "Is there anything that we can do so that he won't be so hard to catch." I told them if they could get a hame strap and a short chain about 18 inches long, I would tie it just above his front foot. So if he started to run it would bang his leg and he would stop. The only chain that they could find was a trace chain five feet long. I told Charles that I'd put it on but to get a short chain because the long one didn't work the same. It could wrap around the horse's back leg and even break it. He said that he'd do it Monday.

Well, I went on home thinking that he would get a short chain. He never did. I got a call from Charles Friday night. He said, "Don, I had to shoot Hi Boy today." I asked, "What happened?" He said, "He was good until this morning, when we tried to catch him he took off as hard as he could go. He ran just a little ways and the chain wrapped around his back leg and broke it." I said, "Charles, I told you what could happen." He said, "Yes, I know. I was going to change it." He said that if the horse was going to be that crazy, he didn't want Joan riding it.

I did a lot of thinking about this horse, trying to figure out what caused him to go bad. One day when I was talking to another neighbor about the horse, he said that there were two boys with B.B. guns. That's all that he would say. So I took it

to be that those two kids were shooting the horse with pellets to see him jump and run. They sure spoiled a good horse.

Here is another horse story. When I had saddle horses I used to rent them out for pleasure riding. One day some new neighbors, their last name was Murry, came over and wanted to rent two horses. I asked them what they wanted them for. They said that they had just bought a horse for \$25. They just had one day to catch it or lose their money. I told them that I'd rent them two horses but that I was going along to see that they didn't run my good horses to death. They really didn't think too much about me going, but I didn't give them any choice. The place where this horse was pastured was about six miles away. I hauled the three horses in my truck to the pasture. We unloaded the horses and the fellow that owned the horse came out and said, "You've got just today to get him out or the \$25 and the horse are still mine."

This horse was a bay, four years old, about 800 pounds. When he was younger he had been broke and was real gentle. They had turned him into this pasture with a stud that hadn't been broke. The stud had been pretty wild when he was by himself, but with a running mate he got wilder. If you tried to rope them they would jump a fence. After the two had run together about a year, they shot and killed the stud because they were afraid that he might get in trouble and cost them a lot of money. The people gave the gelding to the farmer for the pasture rent that they owed. After a time the farmer came up with the idea of giving you a chance to catch him for \$25. I don't know how many people had tried to catch the horse. From what I understood there were three or four tries before us.

This, I found out after we got there with the horses. There was a swamp in the middle of the pasture and on one side the land had been logged off. The horse would run around the swamp until you crowded him, then sometimes he would run into the logged off land. I tried to get the two brothers to relay the horse around the swamp. The horse hadn't been fed all winter. He was in fair shape from the old dead grass that he had been

eating. I couldn't get them to listen to me. All that they wanted to do was run my horses after him. My horses were getting run down too. I had also used my mare, Lady, with more sense. The horse ran into the logged off land and I tried to rope him. I had never had a chance to learn to rope off of a horse. I could rope pretty good from the ground. Every time that I made a loop the horse would speed up. Did you ever try to rope, running through an obstacle course? A trained cowboy could, but ha, I wasn't a trained cowboy. The horse finally got tired and we herded him into a fence corner.

Now came the tricky part. If you crowded him he would jump. I told the brothers not to get too close. I took my rope and led Lady to about 20 feet behind him. I then walked up to him real slow and easy. I kept talking to him real quiet. He would turn around towards Lady and she would lay her ears back, like she was saying don't you come this way. I took a lot of time. I would stand still awhile and let him look things over. If he was quiet once, there was a good chance he'd let me catch him. After a few minutes, I eased up to his side. I rubbed his shoulder and neck. I didn't try to put the rope on him until he seemed to relax. He had a rope around his neck but it had broken off by the knot. I finally eased the rope over his neck and tied a bowline in it so it wouldn't choke him, I then put a loop around his nose to make a halter out of it. He just stood quiet. When I led him out of the corner he must have thought that he was loose. He made a big jump and was sliding me on the ground. The brothers just stood there watching. I finally said a few unpleasant words. Then they got the message and helped me hold him. Then, when it was all over they thought that they had done a great thing.

I got on Lady and we all went up to the barn. There was another fellow talking to the farmer. They were talking and laughing. When they saw that we had caught the horse the laughter suddenly stopped. The farmer said, "I see that you caught him." They said, "We sure did." The farmer looked at me and said, "Do I know you?" I said, "I don't know, I live on the hill where the Vandermark road crosses the old Buckley-Sumner Highway." He said, "Ya, you're Nearhood. I've heard

about you." I didn't know if it was good or bad and I didn't ask. The brothers wanted to lead the horse home to get him quieted down. So they used Smoky. He was a good quiet horse.

They picketed the gelding out. Several times he broke loose and ran through or jumped fences. He didn't buck when you rode him but he was wild. They wanted to go with me fishing up to New Pond Creek, this was on the old Buckley Logging track line. The creek was about eight miles from Buckley. When Buckley Logging ran out of timber they pulled the steel. We used to ride on the old grade up to the creek. Anyhow, the horse loaded all right. When we unloaded the horse he took off like a shot. Just luckily they were able to stop him. If he had gotten loose in the mountains they probably never would have found him.

We fished that day and spent the night. We had taken some hay and grain so the horses made out all right. The next morning we went down to the creek and had trout for breakfast. Then went back and caught our limits and went home.

When we went to unload their horses I said, "I know that he will try to get away again so I'll stop him." I tied the end of his halter rope to the end of the truck. Sure enough when he went down the ramp he was in high gear. On the way down the ramp he got the halter rope between his back legs. When he hit the end of the rope it pulled his head almost between his front legs. It sure put a whoa on him. He then started kicking and he started to swing around. I was standing on the side of the truck and he was coming in my direction. I ran as hard as I could and the back door to their porch was open and I ran right in and slammed the door. He was right on my heels. I think that if I hadn't shut the door he would have run right in. He then stopped and one of the brothers untied him and led him away.

A couple of months later the oldest brother came over and wanted me to keep the horse for a couple of weeks. I sure didn't want to. I was working and I just wasn't going to start

looking for him if he jumped the fence and ran away. The older brother said that his younger brother would be home and if I had any trouble he would take care of it. So he brought the horse over. It was summer time, I didn't have to feed it or anything, it just ran with my horses. One morning just before I left for work, I noticed that the horse was gone. I did a hurried search and found the horse, he was dead. It was wet with sweat, and looked like he had gotten up and laid down several times. I stopped at their place on the way to work and told them that the horse had died. They could hardly believe it. The way they acted it seemed that they thought that I killed it. They got a rendering company to haul it away. It had died from a twisted intestine, so that got me off the hook.

Chapter 20

Back East

South Dakota and East

One summer Marie, Barb, and I took a trip to South Dakota to visit Marie's kin folks. Most of her cousins owned large farms. They ran cattle and hogs and raised grain and corn. Her cousins used pickups to herd their cattle. I helped one of them brand. I would rope a calf, someone else would grab it and throw it, someone else would hold its head, another would sit behind it and with one foot, push the calf's bottom leg ahead and pull the other leg back. That would render the calf helpless. Most of the bull calves were castrated and they were branded. I think that the calves' horns were treated or killed. When we left home I had taken my lasso rope along in hopes that I would get to use it a little. Marie's cousins didn't have very much luck with their roping. Anyhow I had a lot of fun and we did get everything done.

Another time we went to see our oldest daughter, Rose, at LaGrange, Georgia. We had a good time visiting with our grandkids and Jim's, Rose's husband, folks. I like to hear them talk. On the way home we stopped at Kingfisher, Oklahoma where Marie's sister, Ruth, husband Merle, son Danny, and daughter Lori lived. Merle also had a farm. At the time they had a dairy and were milking 35 nice Holstein cows. Merle drove me all around the country. It was sure a big country. It is pretty flat. Until you learned your way around, it would sure be easy to get lost. Merle did his cowboying with a pickup also. He had a four horse trailer that he used to haul cows or calves around.

One day, one of his cows calved. It was with some young heifers that he was raising. So he said that he had to get her and the calf and bring them home. They were in the middle of a pretty good sized field. The calf had dried off and had sucked by the time that we had gotten there. Merle parked the truck right close to the pair. He was wondering how he was going to get the cow in the pickup. I had what I thought was a bright idea. I said, "I think that I can get her loaded." So Merle and I got the calf in the trailer and got it up to the very front of the trailer. I told Merle if I get the cow in, be sure to close the tail gate in a hurry. There was a side door on the left side of the trailer, in front. Several years before I found that I could imitate a calf very well. The cow, in the meantime was getting pretty concerned about her calf. I bawled a couple of times. She would run back and forth behind the trailer looking in each time. I finally bawled like a calf that was hurting. She couldn't stand it any longer. She came into the trailer on the run. As she came in I went out the side door and Merle closed the tail gate. I grinned and told him that I bet that he never loaded a cow in an open field any easier. He laughed and said that he didn't think so.

Their daughter, Lori, had a little dog. I think that it was a little rat terrier or fox terrier. Anyway, it was short haired and pretty small. The dog was Lori's private pet. Merle used to take the dog with him in the day time when Lori was in school. While we were there I would go with Merle and Tinker would ride on my lap. Merle had a good cattle dog that had never been trained. I used to help him get the cows out of the winter wheat pasture. They would plant the winter wheat in August or September and if they had good fall rains the wheat would sure grow. Then in the winter they would let the stock pasture it. The milk cows had to be taken off the pasture before 1:00 in the afternoon or the milk would taste. Tinker would follow me when I would start to walk around the cattle to start moving them out of the crop. After a time or two I would point to a cow laying close by and clap my hands and say get her Tinker. She caught on real fast. She would run up to the cow and bark a couple of times and the cow would get

up and start to move out of the field. In a couple of days, Tinker would go quite a ways. It looked so funny to see the little dog getting the big cows up. Merle's dog was called Missy. She wanted to help so bad that she could hardly control herself. She just didn't know what to do. She would usually go to the cow's head and bark. So you had to tell her no. And tell her to come to you. She would then sulk away. At times she'd get mad at Tinker and run and knock her over because she was jealous. This didn't make Lori too happy. I mean about me teaching her to get the cows. Tinker slept with Lori and got to smelling like cows. The next morning after we left to go back home, Tinker looked all around trying to find me.

Chapter 21

Times Gone By

Looking back at some good times

Looking back on it all, the prices on things then and now. In the early 1950's gas was 24 cents a gallon, a big meal was usually a dollar or less, motel rooms were \$2 a night, there were no televisions then. Now gas is around \$2.50 a gallon, motel rooms up to and over \$100 a night. I bought a new Ford Sedan in 1952, I think that it cost me about \$2300. Today it would probably cost me \$24,000. Where's it all going to stop? Woolworth stores had a large tray filled with reading glasses, \$3 a pair. You would try them on until you got one that would suit you. I used a pair for years, until I had to get my eyes tested for bifocals. The last pair of frames I got cost \$65, no lenses. I could go on and on but I'll leave it there.

In the fall of 1936, Keith and I got a call to go to work working on the Summit Crest Trail. It would be at the summit of the Natches Pass highway. My dad took us up to the takeoff point. The Forest Service camp was set up at Sheep Lake, two miles northeast of the highway. Rex and Jack Woolery, Keith, and I walked in together. Just before we got to camp we met four guys walking out. Tony Shay and three others. One of the guys was very belligerent. He was going to beat us up for taking their jobs. He made some very mean statements about guys that would steal another man's job. The reason that these guys were walking out was that they wouldn't walk from camp to where they were working on the trail on their own time. They demanded to be paid from the time that they left camp until they got back to camp at night minus their lunch hour. So they were told by Clyde Eaton, their foreman, that if

they wouldn't walk on their own time they would be fired. They didn't think that replacements could be found and they would win. Well, they lost. That was why we were getting hell for taking their jobs. The smart Alec that was spouting off said a little too much. Jack started for him, saying, "What did you just say? I'll show you!" All of a sudden the wiseguy lost his bluster and said to hell with it. The three of them started down the trail to the road. Tony said, "I wonder if Clyde will let me have my job back?" Tony walked back to camp with us. He didn't get his job back. I'm sure that he was the instigator of the whole mess.

Tony and I were once hired along with a crew to pour cement on an overpass being built over a railway near the Burnett Y. We were being paid 50 cents an hour. The first shift that we worked, we poured forms for the structure to hold the bridge up. It was hard work. In about a week, a call went out for men to work pouring the roadway. I got there an hour ahead of time. They wanted about 15 men. Around a hundred men showed up looking for work. I kept wondering if I would be chosen or not. When the superintendent showed up with his timekeeper he said, "Will the men that worked before step ahead." Which we did. He then asked us our names. If we were chosen he said to step to one side. Those that hadn't worked very hard were told to step back. I felt pretty good that I was getting a chance to make \$4 or \$5 a day. One of the men started complaining about us young punks taking bread out their kids' mouths. I shouldn't have said it, but me with my big mouth said, "If you had worked instead of goofing off you would be working today." That shut him up and also got quite a few smiles from the men standing around. We worked our butts off and made \$5 that day. When we had about six hours in that day, Tony said let's demand five cents an hour more. They will have to pay because the cement will harden and the job will be spoiled. None of the men would go for it. But you can understand why I was suspicious of Tony's involvement.

It wasn't far from camp to where we were working on the trail. It only took us about half an hour to get to work and less time to get back to camp at night. Our cook's name was

VanEaton, no relation to Clyde. He was a tall slender fellow and a pretty good cook. We were allowed to go home on Saturdays and Sundays if there was no fire danger. One time I was going to ride home with him. He had parked his car by the top switchback of the Natches Pass. There was a big wide area to park. He had a 1925 Buick sedan, a big heavy car. There was a guardrail to keep cars from going over the bank. He had parked almost against it. When we got to the car the battery was so low that it wouldn't turn the motor over. He said, "Now what are we going to do, hitchhike?" I said, "Let's push the car back, then we can let the car coast and start it that way. He said it would take four men to push this car. I said, "I think that I can push it by myself." He laughed and said, "If you can push this car back by yourself, I'll give it too you." There were quite a few things that he didn't know. In pushing a car if you stand with your back to the bumper, reach down with both hands, take a hold of the bumper, lift up, and push you can gain a lot of leverage. That's what I did. I could only take real short steps backwards, only a few inches at a time. It took me a little while but I pushed it back far enough so that we could turn and let it coast. He got it started, but he never gave the car to me. Ha.

For a mile or more the trail was about 1/4 mile above the Natches highway. There were a lot of pretty good sized rocks that had to be moved when building the trail. Clyde said, "Don't let any roll down. It could cause an accident." One day I had a pretty hefty rock that I was trying to move and it got away from me. Boy did it go, sometimes it would bound 20 feet in the air. I watched spellbound as it went. There was a car coming down the road and it looked like they would meet at the same time. They did, but to this day I don't know what happened. The rock lit in the ditch and just stopped there. I drew a long breath, the first one since the rock got away. Clyde said, "That does it, you and Keith go down to the highway and flag cars."

We had long poles with a white flag on it when it was safe to let rocks roll we would hold the flag up. Then we had a small white flag on a small rod that we would use to stop cars if

they were going to blast rock or trail. We were at the 5,000 foot elevation and it was fine warm early September days. People coming up from Yakima would stop and give fruit to the one flagging on the lower side. At noon we would divide it up. One day Keith was at the lower end and I would be at the upper side. Then the next day we would switch places.

One day when I was at the lower end a big black Packard car came up the road. We had to stop cars both ways and tell them to watch for rolling rock. Anyhow this car slowed down, but didn't stop. There was a chauffeur driving, in the back seat was Guy Kibbee, an old comedy actor. He just grinned and raised his hand to me and told the driver to go on.

When I was on the top side one day, the crew had just placed a large charge of dynamite in a rock cut. It was at a place called Bear Gap. A young woman came down the road driving pretty fast. She was driving a new 1936 Ford coupe. I waved the white flag to get her to stop. I had to get off the road or she would have hit me. Boy I thought, she's going to get killed. In those days they used caps and fuses to set off their blasts. She got about a hundred feet past me and the blast went off. There were rocks in the air, rocks rolling down the mountain side, some on the road. She slammed on the brakes and left four black streaks on the road. I was pretty mad. I walked down to the car and she didn't want to look at me. I gave her a darn good lecture and she sat there and took it. I said, "You pretty near hit me when I was trying to flag you down." She said, "I didn't see you." Then she said her brakes weren't working. I said, "They sure worked okay when the blast went off." Then she said, "I didn't see anything to stop for." I said, "If you had been 30 seconds earlier you wouldn't have anything to stop for anymore." Anyway the crew gave me the all clear sign and she went on only a lot slower this time.

The camp at Sheep Lake closed down and we stayed at the forestry camp at Silver Springs. This was a permanent camp. We were driven to and from work in a forestry pickup truck and horse trailer. Some of us rode in the horse trailer. It would

be a no-no now. We worked out of Silver Springs a couple of weeks, then it snowed and the job was closed down for the winter.

I had a 1928 Model A Ford that my dad would drive Keith and me to work in when we came home. One time when we were going back to work, I had a hat, for some reason, we stopped at a spring and I used my hat to dip water. So when we started to go, I rolled the side window down and put the brim of the hat in it so that the wind would dry it. We went like that for several miles and who knows why, I rolled the window down. There went my hat, over the bank to who knows where? I sure felt dumb. Dad said, "Didn't you want the hat any longer?" I was in the back seat and couldn't see his face, but I'm sure he had a smile on it.

One time Doug Miller's dad was taking Doug, Keith, and me out to Lake Tapps in his Model T Ford pickup. Doug was in the front seat with his dad and Keith, Doug's little brother, Ronnie, and I were in the back. Ronnie must have been about four or five years old. We hadn't gone a quarter mile when Ronnie, playing with his little cap gun, cocked his gun, pulled the trigger, and said, "Bang!" Just as he said bang a back tire blew out. You never saw a little kid so scared. He thought that he had caused the blow out. When Mr. Miller got out to change the tire, I told him that Ronnie caused the blow out. When he learned what happened he had to laugh. He told Ronnie that he didn't cause it, it was a bad tire. Nevertheless, Ronnie didn't shoot the cap gun any more on the trip to the lake.

When I was 14 or 15, Mr. Osgood, Bud's dad, and Slim Marten, Superintendent for the Buckley Logging Co. took Bud, Keith, a boy (Sears was his last name), Doug Martin (I think) and me on a camping trip. I built myself a pack board to use. We didn't have sleeping bags in those days, we took comforters that my mother had made. We rode on a speeder up to where they were logging. The logging crew let us pass the landing and then we went just about to Buckley Logging camp, then on to a switch back up into the mountains for a

few miles. We finally came to the trail to Cedar Lake, there we got off and put on our packs, all except the Sears boy, he was pretty small. It was a six mile climb into Cedar Lake. We were pretty tired when we got there. There was a log cabin there but it was pretty badly infested with mice, so we slept out in the open. We fished and caught a few eastern brook trout. Also several salamanders called water puppies, which we threw back.

That night when we had just gotten to sleep a little Cocker Spaniel that Slim had brought along started raising a fuss. That woke us up and scared the heck out of us kids. There was a bear, but with the dog barking it took off. But we didn't get back to sleep for a while. The next morning we packed up and hiked up to Summit Lake. There was snow all around the lake. It was partly frozen over. There were some pretty steep banks around the lake. Bud started fooling around on the snow bank by the lake. His dad had just told him to get off of it when Bud lost his footing and into that icy water he went up to his arm pits. He got out okay, but he had to take his clothes off and wring them out. He dad was just a boiling. When he got mad he would stutter. He was trying to say why should he deserve a stupid son like Bud. It didn't quite come out like that. I was sure tickled but I didn't dare show it. The weather was warm so Bud dried out pretty fast.

We then went over the rooster comb to Conley and Copley Lakes. The rooster comb was called that because it was just like a rooster's comb. It was narrow and on one side you could look straight down several hundred feet into Conley Lake. It was when we were going over that the Sears boy started getting off the trail. Keith reached out and took him by the seat of the pants and lifted him back on the trail. There was an old gold mine at Copley Lake. There was a lot of old machinery left laying around and a shaft that ran back in the mountains. It was said that they packed one to three thousand feet of inch cable in one piece on mules up to the mine. They would roll several rolls on each side of every mule and let a little slack in between each animal. When we got about a mile from the road where a car was to meet us, Bud got to fooling

around a little waterfall about 20 feet high. He just about fell in again. So that ended a nice trip.

One time in the CCC's, when I was leader on a snag falling crew, a young fellow through a wood chip at a chipmunk. It was a lucky shot. He hit the chipmunk and knocked it out. When I came along to scale the fallers, they showed the little animal to me. They had it laying on a stump. It was still breathing. I asked them what they were going to do with it. They said nothing. I said, "I'm going to take it home, maybe it will survive." So I put it in my shirt pocket and that night I took it home. It came to in the middle of the night. In the morning it was awake, but not very active. I had made a place for it in a wooden apple box. On the top I had put a screen so it would have light and fresh air. I put in a jar lid and kept it filled with fresh water. I also gave it stuff to eat. Every day I would take it and hold it in my hands and rub its back with my finger. After a week or so it was fully recovered. It got to be very tame. I would put it on my shoulder and it would stay there when I walked around. One day there was a baseball game at the school right across from where we lived. I thought it would be nice to take it over and show it to the kids. I put it on my shoulder and started across a small field when the little rascal jumped down in the grass and started to run away. He didn't get very far. In the tall grass he couldn't run very good. So I picked him up and took him back home. After I had him a couple of months my brother, Bob, wanted him pretty bad. I gave him to Bob and he built a bigger cage for him. He would pick him up and carry him around sometimes to show him off. The folks had an old neutered tom cat that would sit outside the cage watching the chipmunk. The cat couldn't get in the cage so Bob didn't care. One day the chipmunk got out, I don't know how but he did. He never should have because tom quickly had him, and that was that. Bob was so mad that he was going to kill the cat because it had killed his pet. Dad put a stop to that.

One day Bob bought a small bay gelding from a young fellow by the name of Barney Brady. The horse wasn't big but he could sure run. Bob used to ride him all over. When the horse,

Lucky, was in the back pasture, Bob would take a bridle and catch him and ride him to the barn. After he had done that several times, he just left the halter on. Bob could to go out, catch him, and jump on. The horse would usually just walk up to the barn. Bob rode him in several times like this and all went well. But one day when Bob jumped on his back, he took off on a dead run. He could run! Bob was worried about what was going to happen when they got to the corral by the barn. The corral was muddy with a littering of cow pies. When Lucky got to the corral he put on the brakes and ducked his head. Bob sailed over his head and made a great belly flop. He scattered both mud and cow pies. The horse just stood there looking at Bob. Bob said that he was sure that the horse was laughing at him. From then on Bob went back to taking the bridle when he went out to catch him.

One time I bought Barb a little pinto Welsh pony. Someone had spoiled him. He was a very active horse. He would make a saddle horse step right out to keep up with him. Barb had very good balance when she was young and she wasn't afraid of him. I bought a new kid's saddle for her. On the stirrups I put small tapaderas so that she could only get her feet in a little way. She could put her feet in so that she was comfortable but couldn't get hung up if something happened. We used to go out riding once in a while on Sundays. The little horse could be very stubborn at times. I had a big shop with a workbench in the front. Sometimes the pony would run in the shop and try to climb up on the workbench. This would scare Barb. She would jump off and lead the pony out. I saw this happen a couple of times, so I thought that I should do something about it. After it had one of these spells with Barb and she came leading it out. I jumped on the pony and it ran in and tried to do the same thing. I didn't scare, but the pony wouldn't come out. I finally took my closed fist and hit it between the ears. The pony came out in a hurry, but it never gave up the habit with Barb. One day Barb got on the pony and it ran across the yard and jumped a wire gate that was about three feet high. My heart just about stopped. Barb let a little shriek and stayed right on. The pony ran down to where

the other horses were. I was afraid that one of them might kick her. The horses were afraid of them. I ran down as fast as I could. Barb had a big grin on her face. She said, "Did you see us jump that fence?"

One day Doris and Buddie, Doris' boyfriend, Barb, and I went for a horseback ride. I was riding a colt that I was breaking. We rode for a few miles and were headed home. When we rode past Holly Young's place, Holly was in the yard by the house. So we rode in to say our howdies. We were there a short time when Doris and Buddie started to leave. I told them not to go until we all went together. They went anyhow. I told Barb to stay but the little rascal went anyway. She was riding Babe, that was the horse that would kick when being shod and I was told that I never should let a kid ride her. When Barb and Babe got to the road, Doris and Buddie had gotten a couple of hundred yards ahead. Barb had been holding Babe in. Then I saw Babe take the bit and stretch her head out. Barb was pulled up in the saddle and had to give slack to the reins. I thought for sure that Barb was going to get a hard fall. I was mad at Doris for not listening to me. When Babe got the slack that she wanted she just started in a nice gentle lope until they caught up to Doris and Buddie. Babe got to be one of my most trusted horses. The colt got it in his head that he was being left so he started to act up. I let him trot and soon we had caught up and all turned out okay.

I guess that I was different than most horse trainers. I always tried to make a horse learn to be a good walker before I let him run. I've seen too many horses ruined by riding them too fast too soon. As soon as you would get on they would dance and fool around instead walking like they should have.

Chapter 22

Canada

Getting ready

Time was running out. I had to get ready if we were going to move to Canada. Like I said the place that we were living on had 40 acres. Our power line ran from the southwest corner to the northeast corner, that's where the buildings were. I had planned on selling the south 20 acres. If I did that I would have to move the power line. When electric power was brought into the country that was the closest that the power came to the buildings. As the years passed, the power company put in a line right by the front of the buildings. The original power lines from the meter to the house were only 12 gauge wire. That only gave a limited amount of electricity. After we had lived on the place about four years I put in new power poles, bought four gauge wire, and doubled up the two 12 gauge wires.

Where I was logging, there were lots of cedar trees the right size. I cut seven I think, and hauled them home on my truck. They were cut 24 feet long. I dug the holes for them and raised them all and filled in the holes one day. The next Sunday I took out the old poles. I used my boom truck to raise the power line down and put up the next one. I was a tired man that night as I had to climb each pole twice. I wasn't used to climbing, but it was nice to have good power. That gave a lot more power at the buildings.

When I decided to sell, I went to the power company to see about getting power from the front of the place. They said sure, it would cost me \$450 for the hook up. We had been using propane to cook and heat water. They said if I would

buy an electric stove and water tank that it would only cost \$150 to hook up. I had to do some rewiring to be legal. Gene Hall did the wiring for me.

I needed another good cedar pole. Where I was logging, a big nice cedar pole, all peeled, had come down in the flood. (I was logging by White River.) It was 60 feet long. I cut it into two poles and hauled it home. I raised it in front of the house, where I had a four foot deep hole dug for it. The second half I raised by my work shed.

I had built an addition to the south side of the house some years earlier. It was about 16 feet wide and 18 feet long. I built forms and had cement poured. Then I bought enough cement building blocks for the walls. I hired a man to put up the walls for me, as I was working and didn't have time to do it myself. I was going to have a cement floor. I got quite a bit of six inch stove pipe and wrapped it with asbestos paper and glued it on. I used this for piping, for the hot air vents. I bought a good sized wood furnace for the basement. I was told if I used cement for a floor I would have to use cinders on the ground to keep the moisture from coming up through the cement. So I located the cinders and hauled a big load of them home. I had also laid all the water lines and drain pipes to the three rooms, kitchen, utility, and bathroom. There was just a cesspool when we moved there. I bought a 300 gallon septic tank and laid a drain field. I unloaded the cinders and got it all leveled up. Then I was told that I would have to get a load of washed river rock to put on top of the cinders. That was to make the floor solid so it wouldn't sink. One weekend, I hired a carpenter and got a crew together and we tore all the old shingles off of the old roof and built a new roof over the new addition and tied them together. We then put on composition shingles. Then came the cement for the floor.

I was very disappointed at the work the man did smoothing the floor and putting up the walls and the windows. I thought that I was doing him a big favor. As it turned out, he thought that I was an easy mark. I guess I was. But I let him know that I'd never recommend him to anyone. We bought all new stuff

and had a carpenter build counters and cabinets. On the ceilings we used gyproc and Marie and her sister finished it off and painted it. It looked very good.

The house had been heated with a wood heater in the front room. I ran hot air ducts and put in two vents in the front room, one in the bathroom, two in the kitchen and one in the utility room. The attic in the old house had never been finished so I hauled some fir logs off of our place and had them sawed and planed. I used this for the floors, walls and ceilings upstairs. On the landing at the top of the stairs I put in a fair sized register for heat upstairs. I made two bedrooms upstairs and there were two downstairs. There was a shower down in the basement. The furnace had a hood over it with six inch holes for the flues. They told me that the heat would rise up and keep the rooms heated. It didn't work. I bought a fan used in the army barracks from my brother-in-law and cut a hole in the hood over the furnace and hooked it up. I had to buy a 1/3 horsepower motor to run it, it really worked good. Every room was warm.

One time we started getting cold air in the front room. I crawled under the house to see what the trouble was. Ginger, the dog had found that it was a good place to scratch her back and had pulled one connector apart. I put it back together and nailed a piece of plywood over the hole in the skirting so that the dog couldn't get under again. That was the last trouble that I had. On the damper control for the furnace I ran a chain up the stairwell and anchored it by the door so that you didn't have to go down stairs to adjust it. In the coldest weather we only had to fill it twice a day. I put up a little wall and we kept a supply of wood in that side of the basement away from the furnace room so it was always warm in there.

At times, it rained a lot in Washington. I had some young stock and no place for them to get out of the rain in the daytime. So one Wednesday, I took the day off to build a roof for them. Marie usually had a club meeting that day. I had just built a lean-to on the barn and was starting to put on the heavy tar paper, when an old homemade truck drove in the yard. A

young black man got out and looked around and then walked up to the house and knocked on the door several times and hollered, "Is there anyone home?" I thought that he was going to go in the house but he didn't. He went back to his truck. He looked up past the barn and saw Cameron Rich. He was the one that had bought the back 20 acres. The black man said, "Do ya own this place?" Cameron said, "No, the man that owns it is on the barn roof." When Cameron said no, the Negro got in his truck and started to drive off. He just got past the shop then stopped and backed up to the shop and got out. In the meantime I had gotten down from the roof and was in the barn where I could watch. I could hear things start to rattle, so I knew that he was loading up. I walked up to him and said, "Do you own these things that your loading?" He was sure startled, he then unloaded all the things that he had loaded. He kept saying, "I'll pay you for it." He said, "I'll write you a check." I said, "No, I don't think that your check would be any good." I wrote down his truck license number, the make of the old truck, and the fellow's description. He said, "I'll get you the money for it." I said, "Okay." I didn't think that I would see him again. I didn't that day. If he would have come back that day and tried to pay me, I wouldn't have taken it. I had lost so much stuff and I couldn't figure out where it was going. So I gave him an hour to come back which he didn't. I called the Pierce County Sheriff and in a little while he showed up. I told him what had happened so he wrote down the license number and description and said that he would be in touch. In a couple of weeks I got a call from the deputy and he asked me to come to Tacoma, he said, "The guy said that it couldn't have been him because he had his truck in the shop that day." He said, "We checked, he did all right, but he had it out at 12:00 and was at your place at 2:00." We went into the county jail in Tacoma. It is a block square about six stories under ground and many stories above. I couldn't believe the size of it. We went down to the cell where the black man was and he got up from his bunk and came to the bars. I said, "Hello, what are you doing here?" He knew me just as I knew him. Then he realized that he had made a mistake, he tried to act like he didn't know me. He

tried to lie himself out of it. We left him. As we walked away the deputy said, "I'll try to get his trial set up today. Then you won't have to come back again." The court couldn't take his case that day, so I went home. The first thing that the deputy asked me was, "Are you going to press charges?" I said, "I sure am, they have stolen so much stuff from me that I had to work hard to buy, that I have no sympathy for him." He said, "Okay." The reason that he asked was that people would turn in a robbery and the police would catch the culprit, then when the police wanted them to press charges the victims would say no, we don't want them to go to jail. So you can see why they wanted to know first off what your intentions were. I got a call from the deputy about a week later. He said, "Your man got six months breaking rocks. Maybe that will cure his sticky fingers." I thanked him for his efforts. Case closed.

Chapter 23

Moving Out

Selling out and moving North

To make a move like I was planning on, took so much planning, that it was hard to believe. I had a 1/2 yard Insley backhoe, I had a heelboom made for it so I could load logs with it. I traded it off for a 37 foot house trailer. I sold the truck and arch. The man that bought the truck took the cat by taking over the payments to finish paying for it. My donkey engine with all the blocks and rigging, I sold for \$1100. I got \$300 down. I raised Art England's first spar tree and rigged it for him. He was very happy with it.

When I bought the donkey engine it was a Fordson - Skagit double drum. When it was new, it had a Fordson tractor motor power. The wheels were all taken off. On the rear axles, were sprockets to put on. When new, they were a pretty good machine. When I bought it, it was mounted on a truck frame. They had taken the old Fordson tractor off and put on an International truck motor. We just started to use it when the truck motor went out. I found a Cadillac truck motor and hydromatic transmission. It came out of a Sherman tank. It was in very good condition. We installed it on the donkey and used it a couple of days, the transmission and rear end from the old Fordson blew up. I found a Mack brownlite transmission from a 5 ton Mack, then I had a Dodge truck rear end cut down to the right width. That made it a very good little running machine. The only thing bad about it was, a hard pull if the log came loose, the main line would whip and break the welds on the rear end. The next year I found and bought a Ford cook truck rear end. This stopped all my problems. With

the hydromatic transmission and the Mack brownlite transmission it worked like a charm. We used this a different times for three years.

I bought an army four wheel wagon type trailer. I had electric brakes on the back axle. I bought lumber and built an 8' by 20' box for it. I found some old army truck bows and put them on. On the inside of the box I lined it with plywood. I put several slots across the bows. I covered this with heavy black plastic, stretched it tight and put canvas tarps on top. I then nailed wooden slats across the sides and ends to make it dust proof. I had bought a six month old colt at an auction sale, I advertised him for sale or trade.

A man from Tacoma called and wanted to trade me a brand new row boat for it. It was 18 feet long and 60 inches across at the wide part. So I traded. When I traded for the house trailer the two brothers that owned it wanted to buy the boat. They offered me four 6 ply Goodrich silvertown tires for it. At that time they were selling for about \$30 a piece. So we made the trade. I put the tires on the house trailer.

I went through the brakes on the house trailer and relined them and got all of the lights working. I had to put a control in the smaller truck and then hooked up to the master cylinder. That way I could control the trailer brakes by hand or they worked in conjunction with the truck brakes. I also had to put a trailer hitch on the little truck. It was a 1948 Ford, ton and a half, with a six cylinder motor. It pulled the house trailer with a heavy load on the truck. Gene Hall drove the 1948 1/2 ton. On the 1949 five ton Ford truck I built a 8' x 13 1/2' box with 5' side racks. I hauled a Case tractor, a horse mower and a sulky plow and all the stuff that could pile around it. Both trucks were so heavy that I ran on permits all the way.

Buddie drove Gene Hall's pickup with a horse trailer. Marie drove the car. At that time it cost about \$22 to \$24 to gas up the whole convoy. We left for Canada 1:00 in the morning, on June 5, 1961. I wanted to get through the big towns before the heavy traffic started. I made up my mind that I wouldn't pull into a gas station if I couldn't drive right on through after we

had fueled up. Just past Everett, Washington I saw a good spot to gas up and pulled in. As I pulled up to the pumps I noticed that the exit had been dug up. I just about died. It would have been a terrible job to back out. I looked around and saw a way out. There was just enough room to pull around the station and go out the same way that I drove in.

I had been to the customs at Aldergrove checking on rules and regulation on moving into Canada. We were supposed to turn off the road and go to Linden to get to Aldergrove. There were some kids on bicycles at the turn off. I was watching them so close that I missed the turn. I ended up at the customs at Sumas. The customs officials there were startled when they saw us pull into the station. I explained to them what had happened. I told them that we would turn around and go the other way. They said not to, just wait a little bit. They called Aldergrove to verify that I had been there and made arrangements. Since I was taking two horses to Canada, the horses had to be checked by a veterinarian. The vet lived at Abbotsford, so it took a little while for him to get there. In the meantime they wanted all the serial numbers off stoves, fridges, etc.. I hadn't thought about that but Gene crawled in the trailer with a flashlight and got the serial numbers. This was in case I didn't stay, that I wouldn't have any trouble taking the stuff back to the states. It took us about three hours to get cleared so we could leave. Just before we left a tire went flat on the big trailer. I had a spare, so I put it on and we left. We got down the road about 20 miles and had another blow out. The guy that I had bought the trailer from had put on army surplus tires.

We pulled off the road and camped for the night just out of Chilliwack. We all slept and ate in the house trailer on the road. Gene and I took off and found another tire and we had it mounted. Then we drove back to camp and put it on the trailer and took off again. The next camp was at Spences Bridge. That was a long time before the new bridge had been built. I think that the next camp was at a little place called Margarette. We just started up the Pine Pass and just before we got to the overpass a tire on the big truck blew. We pulled

up past the overpass to a wide spot on the road and put on the new spare that I had bought before we left Washington. When we got to the summit of the pass, there was a little gas station and shop, we stopped in there to get the tire repaired. They couldn't get the tire off the rim so I ended up doing all the work and they charged me \$5, which I willingly paid. We were going to gas up there but the gas was twice as high as it was on either side of the pass. So we drove on in a few miles. We came to another station and restaurant, they said if you gas up here we give you a 5 cent discount.

When we were coming down off of the pass we camped at a nice wide spot by the Pine River. The river was in a flood stage. When we led the horses to water I led the stud and Bud led the mare. The mare drank and when I let the stud drink, he just drank a little and his front legs started trembling. I thought that the flowing water had made him seasick. So I went to lead him to another place, he lunged at me and hit me with his shoulder knocking me into the river. He lunged and jumped right over top of me. I was completely submerged. So was he. He came up and started swimming. I had a hold of the halter rope yet, so I just hung on. We were at a bend in the river and the current took us ashore. The stud stood on the bank and just his head and a little of his neck was showing. He couldn't get out of the river because there was a pole laying in his way. I hollered for help and Gene and Bud came. Bud went back and got an ax and chopped the pole out, the stud and I got out of the river. Boy I was cold. This water was from the melting snow in the mountains. After this was all over and I got on dry clothes, Gene said, "How about doing it again, I'd like to get a picture of it."

Now a short note about the stud. I had bought him three years earlier. The people that raised him lived near Buckley and had only a small place. So when they weaned the colt he lived in a small pen. They treated him like a kid. When he got to be two years old he started to get mean. They hired a guy to train him. After a couple of days the guy brought him back and said he didn't want to. My neighbors were raising registered Arabians and knew about the horse. He was registered also.

The people wanted \$400 for him. At that time it was a very cheap price for a registered horse. So I knew before hand that the people really wanted to get rid of him. So when I went down to see them I had this in my favor. The horse was a very well put up horse, he was chestnut in color. He had a light mane and tail, a small star on his forehead and a narrow white strip running to his nose and his right foot was white. He stood 15 hands high. I didn't have the \$400 dollars that they asked, but I offered them a deal. I would pay them \$400 at 6% interest on a one year note. I told them that I was going to stand him at stud and I would take any money that I got and pay on the note. When we went to get him we had a nice wide two horse trailer with a nice wide ramp. They said that they didn't think he would go in. When I went to get him I knew that I was dealing with a spoiled horse. So I was ready for him. I took his lead rope and ran it through a ring at the front of the trailer. Then I took another rope and tied it to the front of the trailer on one side. I then ran the rope around the horse and back into the other side of the trailer and back outside. So we were ready for the fun. When I started to lead him in he went to the ramp and stopped. We then tightened the rope around his rear end. When he gave a little we would tighten up on his lead rope. We took it easy with him and in just a little while he walked in. The people that I had bought him from were surprised. We took him home, I had a pen made for him in my big shop, it was 12' x 24'. I had hauled a load of wood shavings from a planer mill so that he wouldn't get all muddy. When we unloaded him and turned him in his pen, he walked around smelling it all out. He was at the back of his pen then he came towards me and raised up on his hind legs and came at me like a boxer. I had a buggy in this shop with a whip on it. I said to Bud, quick get me my whip, which he did. The stud got a real surprise. I laced him hard across his front legs. He very quickly came down to earth. Then I snapped the whip and said, "Back up!" He didn't know what I meant so I just kept snapping the whip at his front legs but not touching him. When he got to the back wall I said, "Stay here." I then walked to the front of the stall and he started to follow me. I said, "Back up!" He backed up to the wall. I said, "Come

here.” and he walked right up to me. I never stand in front of a strange horse, I always stand at their shoulder. They can’t strike you that way. From that day on I never went into his pen without a whip. He was afraid of the whip. He was a horse that never could be trusted. If you walked in front of his manger he would lunge at you. If your back was turned he would do the same thing. I broke him to ride and he was okay as long as you were on his back. The stud fees that he earned paid for him in six weeks.

Now back to the plunge in the river. In the morning, we left pretty early and made it all the way to Charlie Lake. Ray Bolin had truck scales and sheds and stalls for cattle or horses at that time. He let me keep the horses in one of the sheds for the night. The next morning we pulled out on the last stretch to the future ranch. We arrived there shortly after noon. We cut some dead poplar poles and laid them in the ditch and shoveled dirt on top so we could pull the trucks off the road. We pulled the horse trailer in and unhooked from the truck. We then leveled it up and cleared out a little bit of brush from the yard. I had bought a couple of bales of hay from a feed store on the way out of town. We tied the horses to a couple of good stout trees. There was a small creek nearby that we would water them at.

I remember the feeling that I had when we finally got here. I looked around and felt lost. Where do I start from here? Nine hundred and sixty acres, not a fence post, not even an outhouse. I didn’t have to look around for something to do. Gene and Bud had to start back home the next day. So they left in the mid morning. This was a bad time for Marie. She had left her friends, family, and a comfortable home for this wilderness. When Gene and Bud left she shed a few tears.

Chapter 24

Buick Creek

New beginning in the bush

I got a hole dug and an outhouse built. Then I built a small pasture for the horses. We had only been here a couple of days when it started raining and I got acquainted with Buick Creek mud. The stud had never been out in the rain before, so I was afraid that he would get sick. I put a 100% wool army blanket on him and the mare and put a canvas on top of that. Since they were tied to trees they couldn't exercise. They both came through it okay. When I got the pasture fence built, I had to unload the big truck. I went to Wonowon to buy lumber. I got good, finished 2x4s, 2x6s, 2x8s - 16' long for \$20 per thousand feet.

The place where I wanted to build the barn had a ditch between it and the road so I had to pack all the lumber across. I built a barn 24' wide and 32' long, the studding for the walls was 14' high. I laid 2" boards for all the main floor and 2" boards for all the floor in the hay loft. I built two - two horse stalls with mangers and grain boxes for each horse. On one side of the horse stalls I built a stall for a milk cow. In this stall I put in a false floor 8" higher so that the cow would stay clean. I also built a stanchion for her. On the other end of the barn I built a tack room and on the outside of the tack room I built a large grain bin. It had three partitions in it. I also built a lid for it. Between the cow stall and the tack room I built a ladder to get into the hayloft. I put a metal roof on the barn. In back of the horses, I put in pegs to hang the harnesses on.

When we arrived at Buick, Arrow Drilling Company had a camp set up right across the coulee from the house. They let me hook up to their electric generator. So we had power until they moved the camp. Arrow Drilling was drilling for gas for the Sun Oil Company. They drilled and hit gas on three out of the four holes that they drilled. It was a good thing that they were working in our area.

Shortly after we arrived in Buick, I bought a John Deere 420 cat. I got work almost immediately from the drilling companies. Some nights I didn't get any sleep at all. When the drilling was completed, the leases and campsites had to be cleaned up. The fellow that was operating the clean up cat, was named Lorne Courvoisier. He boarded with us. He had to sleep in the barn as we didn't have room in the trailer. He made us a good deal. He used the cat to build two big dams in the coulees adjacent to the house and barn. I helped him with the little cat that I had. I would push the banks down and clean up, and he would push all the dirt up to form the dam. When all was finished, I had two reservoirs about 15 feet deep and the overflows were all in place. We just had to wait for the rains to fill them up.

Len Copeland came over with the boys and broke 10 acres for me. Don Haddow gave Len and me a field of fescue. We each took a team and horse mower and cut and put up about 40 acres. I put my half in the barn. This required a lot of work as the hay was loose. Don Haddow lent me a team of work horses. Don Haddow was breaking land on a quarter section across the road from our house. He hired me to clear deadfall and push and pile some small trees, so that the land could be broke.

I had worked there a couple of days when one afternoon a big bull moose came across the field. I was about a half mile from home. I ran on plowed ground most of the way home and got my rifle. I ran down the road to try and intercept the bull. He stopped to look at us. Lawrence Truman had come up about this time. I shot at the bull, he just shook his head and started to run again. I had to run again. Just as I was ready to shoot

again, Lawrence drove by and parked just ahead of me. So I couldn't shoot when I had a good target. I took a snap shot and missed. I ran down to where the bull crossed the road and started to trail him. I thought that I had hit him because he had shaken his head. I trailed him about three eighths of a mile and caught up to him. He was standing in a little clump of poplars. He was standing with his head hanging a little. Before when I hunted wild game, I tried to shoot them in the head. This was for two reasons, to save the meat and so that the animals did not get away to suffer. I took a rest aim and aimed for this head. I shot and he just shook his head and ran around in figure eight circles. The next time I shot he was on the move, the bullet cut this throat and he sprayed blood all over. I then realized that he was blind and trying to find me. I was then out of shells.

I started back to the road to get more shells. I met Lawrence coming in. He said, "How in the world did you get in there so fast?" In all this running I had over extended myself too much, I felt that I was having a heart attack. I laid down and relaxed. In a little while I felt better and got up. By this time Don Haddow and Lawrence came back and we all went into where the bull lay. He was dead and all bled out. I then dressed him out.

I went and got the cat and dragged the bull home. I rigged up a 16' x 4" x 4" timber and raised it with a block hanging at the top. I used two cables as guy wires to hold it up. I cut off the bulls hind legs at the hock and then I cut out the tendons on the back of the legs and fastened a single tree to the tendons. I raised him up with my cat. It is hard to believe how big a moose is. I lifted him as high as I could get him. I had to cut his head off so that his body would swing free. I then skinned him. In the morning when the meat had cooled I cut up the meat. When the drilling camp had pulled out we lost out on the free power. I had brought a power plant with me so I set it up. We had brought a 23 foot deep freezer with us, so we put the meat in it. I cut several nice sized roasts and gave them to the neighbors. I finished up the work for Don Haddow.

Bill Smyrl had a large acreage just west and north of us. He had a large timothy field. He combined it and then cut the stubble and baled it. In the meantime, Frank Byra got Don Haddow's team. Miro's dad hauled up Miro's horse, Tony and I got a mare from Len Copeland. I made a team out of them. Len and I bought the hay from Bill Smyrl. It was pretty cold that winter. Len would come by with two teams. Andy and Wes, his two sons, would come along. I would get a load every few days. Len hauled more often as he had more stock. I would haul 65 bales on my sleigh and Len would load his two sleighs. The first trip out, we had a hill to climb. It had a road up one side. It tilted to the side so bad that I was afraid that the load would upset. I took the hill a little ways to one side, I started the team up on an angle. Just as we neared the top, the mare that I got from Len quit. So the load came down the hill backwards. I was pretty aggravated at her. I let the team rest a little. When I started them up the second time, I let the mare feel the sharp tine of the pitch fork. I never jabbed her hard, just let her get the idea that I was boss, not her. When we got started up again, I just tickled her a couple of times. We went over the top with snow flying from the horses' feet. Len was letting his teams rest just a short distance ahead. When we pulled that hill, Len asked me how I got her to pull. I said, "She didn't, so I had a little talk with her, we got things all straightened out." She never had to be talked to again.

That summer I had got a little stocky gelding from Len called Keen. He was a gentle, smart little rascal. Barb rode him all over. Late in the fall, Barb and her friends were riding him when a big truck came by and put on the brakes. At the sound of the brakes, Keen jumped off the road and Barb and her friend fell off. The little rascal developed a fear of cars and trucks. Barb didn't ride him anymore that winter.

One morning, George Fibich came up to the place and said, "Don, I got a horse to sell you." At that time my money supplies were pretty limited. George didn't like horses, so I was mystified as to how come he had a horse to sell. Hersh Neighbor had a chestnut stud colt coming three years old that he was going to trade Dan Apsassin for two mares. The day

that Hersch had brought him it was raining and cold. The roads were bad. Dan didn't meet Hersch where he was supposed to. Hersch didn't want to go any further for fear that he couldn't get back. So he stopped at George's places. The horse was shivering so bad that Hersch was afraid that the horse might die if he tried to haul him home. George traded him a rifle and some other things for the colt. So that was how George came to own him. I finally bought the colt for \$85. I got Amos Pyle to castrate the colt for me. I broke him to ride.

Now back to hauling hay. Sometimes the sleigh pulled pretty hard and it took more time to get home with a load. I got to thinking if I put Keen and colt, Copper, on as another team I could make better time and it sure wouldn't hurt them. So one fairly nice day when Len and the boys came after hay, I harnessed Keen and Copper and took the two horse eveners and a length of chain and drove them down to where Len and the boys were having lunch. There was a shack there with a stove in it. After they had loaded up they stopped there and had a bite to eat before going home. This is where I met them. I explained to Len what I had in mind. Len unhooked his team and had them walk ahead. I took the chain and he hooked it to the sleigh and eveners and I drove the little team and hooked them on the pole. When we got things all ready, Len got on the loaded sleigh. The four horses just started off just as if they had worked together before. The reason that I wanted to try the little team with someone around to help, was in case I had any trouble with them. Len drove them just past our place to the top of the small hill. There we unhooked them and put his team back on the pole, and I drove mine back home, it was just a half mile.

The next time I went for a load, I was just going to lead Keen and Copper and hook them up when I got loaded. When I started to lead them Keen would not lead. So I said, "Okay, old boy." I tied his lead rope to Tony's hame. When Keen objected to that, I gave him a good hard snap with the end of the line. He understood that and lead good then. The snow was a couple of feet deep off the skid trail so Keen had to wade about four and half miles to where the hay was from my

barn. When we got to the hay I would tie Keen and Copper to some logs that were piled in a windrow until I had the load on. Then I would drive back and hook up the four horses. It used to take me up to two hours to get home. With the four on it would take me only an hour. So none of the horses even got a sweat up and I didn't get nearly as cold.

When Arrow Drilling moved their camp out they had 500 gallons of diesel that they wanted to get rid of. I went up to the gas field operator at Mile 18 (now Buick) and asked if they had any oil drums that I could have. He said, "There are a pile over by the bush, take what you need." So I took 11 drums. Ivor Miller was tool push for Arrow at this time. He said, "If you want that diesel, get it out before tomorrow morning." So I drained it and filled most of the 11 drums. I still had the 5 ton Ford truck. The bed was at least four feet from the ground. I had two, 12 foot heavy planks and a 3/4" rope. I laid the planks up against the side of the truck and took the rope, doubled it and tied each end to either side of the truck. I then took the doubled rope and laid it across the bed of the truck by the planks on to the ground. I would roll the barrels onto the rope one at a time and roll the barrel onto the truck. It worked real easy. It didn't take me long to get all the barrels loaded. I loaded the planks and rope and drove into our yard. As I had loaded the barrels, I stood them on end. The next morning, Ivor came over and said, "I see that you got all the diesel." I said, "Yes, I did it last night." He said, "Who helped you!" I said, "No one." He said, "How did you load the barrels?" I thought that I'd have some fun with him. I said, "I just picked them up and loaded them." Well, I had to grin, so he didn't buy it. So I told him how I did it. He had never heard of anyone doing it like that. The gift was good, but it had bad results. Most of the barrels had some glycol left in them. Which I didn't know or understand. Some mornings the fire would be out in the oil stove we used for heat. So I would drain the oil line and carburetors and the fire would light up. I didn't know that the pump that I was using was sucking up some of the glycol from the bottom of the barrel.

I started to build an addition onto the trailer. It would have two rooms. It would be 20' long and 12' wide. I bought all new plywood for the sides and I had shiplap and 2x4s left over from the barn. Marie, Doris, Barb and Miro all took a trip to Buckley and I stayed home and worked on the addition. I got the addition finished and put a wood heater in the living room so we wouldn't have to depend so much on the oil stove. We still had most of our things in the big trailer yet, so we moved in a daveno, table, large wall mirror and some other things.

The 1st of December it was 50 degrees below zero when I got up. The fire in the oil stove was out. It was warm in the house because we had a fire in the wood stove. I drained the fuel line and cleaned out the carburetor. There was no sign of fire to be seen in the oil stove. So I threw some of the diesel into the stove. When I did that it just exploded. The fire went down under the trailer and I couldn't get to it. I had sealed the trailer up for the winter. I used two pyrene fire extinguishers on it, but they aren't made for oil fires. We hardly had time to get anything out. We bundled Barb up and put her on a little sleigh. Marie wasn't dressed properly. We started to walk four and a half miles to the Pacific houses. They were the closest people. We got about two and a half miles, Marie was having a difficult time walking. I tried to get her to get on the sleigh with Barb and wrap up in the blanket, but she wouldn't do it.

Pretty soon, Pacific Petroleum's gas field operators came by and I flagged them down. Marie and Barb got in front with them and I got in the back. It was only two miles to their houses. The operators were Ed Billey and John Turchanski. John took Marie to the hospital in Fort St. John. She had frozen both legs and thighs badly. She was in the hospital for two weeks. The doctor was afraid that infection could set. This whole episode made me feel really bad. For this to happen to her had never entered my mind.

Floyd and Sandy Crowley invited us to stay with them. I hate to be a person to have to depend on someone else too much. Now Floyd and Sandy were so very good. I wanted to get

back out to the farm. Stan Olsen's dad had a trailer house sitting empty in the oil company's yard. I wrote to Stan to see if I could use the trailer. He said, "Okay." I moved it out to the farm, over Floyd and Sandy's objections and we moved back to the farm. The reason that we didn't drive away from the farm was that it was so cold that nothing would start.

The first of April 1962, I took the cat and leveled a place to build a house. Cliff Morrow took his truck and we skidded five, fire killed pine snags to our place. I borrowed a broad ax and I chopped and smoothed three sides of two trees. On the other three I smoothed half on one side and on the other side I smoothed the log every eight feet. This was so it would fit on the foundation. The stringers were 32 feet long. I moved them to the building site and got them set up on cement building blocks for the foundation. The ground was still frozen. I got the stringers all level and squared. Ernie Stubbs had a contract with a sawmill at Wonowon for all their lumber that wasn't top of the line. He supplied lumber to most of the Mennonite families that moved in, in the early sixties. He told me that he would deliver me 10,000 board feet for \$400. So I said, "You're going to have to wait a little while for all your money." He said that he knew it. So in a couple of days a load of lumber came in. Now I had a lot of experience around mills. The load that his son hauled didn't look like 10,000 board feet to me so I sorted and piled all the lumber, separated in piles. When I figured it up there was just a little over 6,000 feet. When I told him about it he just said, Oh? In a couple of more days another load came in and it was just as big as the first one. I sorted and piled it and there was just under 6,000 board feet, so that made 12,000 board feet that he had delivered. The next time I saw him I told him that he had brought too much. He said, "Are you satisfied?" I said, "I sure am." He said, "Okay then." Ernie was just as honest as he had to be. He did a lot of good for a lot of people. I have good memories of Ernie. He sure gave me a lift when I needed it.

The house that I planned to build would be 24' x 32', on the north side there would be a 14' x 10' wing. This room would be a utility room. There would be two bedrooms, a large

dining room and living room combination, a bathroom and kitchen. What I said that I'd never do was to build a shack, because I saw a lot of people do it and still be living in it years later. We didn't have money to finish the inside so we just had the walls boarded up on one side to begin with. For the living room I bought a Valley Comfort heater. For the utility room, Miro and I bought a good old wood cookstove. It was one that had a warming oven and a water reservoir on one side. Miro told me that it could be bought for \$100. He said, "If you pay \$50, I'll pay \$50." I sure appreciated it. Our daughter, Rose and her husband Jim came up from Georgia to help out. They brought their three little kids with them. I was glad to see them but it did put a strain on our budget. Miro and Doris were also staying with us sometimes. At this time, I was getting \$5 a day or \$150 a month from Sun Oil for checking three gas wells. I was also getting \$50 a month from our place in Buckley. So you can see that I was strapped for cash.

Along in May 1962, Len Copeland took in cattle to pasture from three owners in Rose Prairie. They were John Dool, Carl Tilton and Isaac Torrey's. I think that Len, Wes, Andy and Dale rode over to Tiltons. I won't swear to it, but I can't remember there being any trucks hauling the horses over. I rode Copper and Andy rode Keen. Copper was just green broke that morning, but by evening, the next day was well broke. The three herds would make up 200 head. There were bulls, cows, and calves. We stayed at Tilton's that night. In the morning we went and got John Dool's cattle and brought them to the Tilton herd. Then we drove them on the road, towards Isaac Torrey's. When we got to his place he turned his herd out. It was quite a deal to get all the cattle together. We had bull fights, cattle fights and cattle taking off through the bush where the road wasn't fenced. Sometimes calves would get tired and lay down. When they did this they would be put in a truck. Other times they would run off the road and try to hide in the bush. We drove them past to what I think was called the baseball corner. There the horses were fed and we had our lunch. After about an hour we got the herd started again. In the late evening we drove them past Sid John's place

and not quite to Deb Chambers. There we turned them north and drove to the banks of the Blueberry River. By then the cattle were so tired that they would just lay down. If you jumped them up, they would just go a few feet more and lay down again. When the trucks left us, there was still some food left. The truck driver asked if anyone wanted it. I said, "I sure do." I had saddle bags on my saddle along with my sleeping bag. When we made camp, the horses were sure tired and hungry. I picketed my horse out. The other's that were with me were Andy, Dale (7 years old) and a native lad 12 or 13 years old that lived with John Dool. Dale had a homemade sleeping bag. Andy didn't have any. I built a nice fire, as that time of the year it got pretty cool. I got in my bag, close to the fire and I left the front open and Andy laid down in front of me. The heat from the fire kept him warm and I was warm. Before we retired, I got the supplies out my saddlebags and we had lunch. The only thing that we missed was water. Early in the morning, Len, Wes and John Dool came back past us. They had bedded down by the river. They never even built a fire. They looked our camp over and said that they had a real cold night. They said, "Have you had anything to eat?" We said, "Yes, last night." Len said, "Where did you get it?" I said, "When the driver asked if anyone wanted the food that was left, no one but me wanted it." We had a little left, so I think that I gave it to them. My mind isn't clear on this. It could be, that we ate it ourselves. I had to get back to checking wells for Sun Oil. So I rode over to Copeland's and then on home. I caught up on the charts and called in my reports. Copper learned to work cattle pretty good that day. He had gotten over being afraid of the rope, early in the day.

In 1963 Sun Oil made a change and I was let go. Pacific Petroleum at the time wouldn't hire a farmer to operate gas wells. When Sun Oil let me go, Johnny Turchanski was their first class operator. Johnny and I got to be good friends. At that time they didn't hire men unless they had experience in the gas patch. So what you had to do was to get hired by a contractor, you worked with them until you were experienced. I hired on with Sentinel Oil field. I worked for them about a

year. I still worked for Pacific Petroleum, but I didn't get paid directly from them. After a year then I was hired by them. John Turchanski was a real nice guy to work with. He was easy going and had a lot of patience with me. John and I worked together for about a year when John was transferred to town. When I started to work for Pacific, I moved into one of their company houses at Buick Creek. I was only a second class operator. When John was moved to town I was told that if I could find anyone to work part time, they would hire him. Lloyd Timmerman and family had moved into the country a year or two before. He was a very knowledgeable man. He was also very easy to get along with. We got along real well. He would work on my days off and on chart days or anytime that I needed help. We kept the field in good shape, with very few problems.

Lloyd and I worked together about a year and then there was another change. A person had to be a first class operator to be in charge of a gas field. Lloyd was laid off and they sent a guy out by the name of Joe. Everything was to change, his opinion was that he was lord, master, and brain. I had been working for Pacific for over two years. I had access to the shop and gas keys. The shop is where all the parts were kept. Joe took all these keys away from me. He told me that I was to ask him whenever I needed it. So I guess, I did drag my feet. I couldn't always do things that needed to be done. Sometimes I didn't gas up or repair what needed it when he wasn't around. When I went off shift, I'd leave a note saying that since I couldn't get into the parts' room or gas tank, I couldn't gas up. I knew that he didn't like it, but he asked for it. The reason that Joe got moved to Buick, was that he couldn't get along with the workers in Jedney or Wonowon. Some of the operators, I knew pretty well. They kept asking me, "How are you getting along with Joe." For the first couple of weeks it wasn't too bad. After I had shown him the ins and outs of the Buick field, things started to change. At one company meeting, a couple of guys asked if we baby-sat for Joe. I said, "Yes, sometimes." They said, "Just wait until they ask you to and you can't, then

you'll find out." This was to come sooner than I expected. When we had to say no. Things really did get bad.

This went on a few months and Pacific wanted to move me to Jedney. Barb was going to school in town and staying in the dormitory. We had to pick her up every Friday afternoon and take her back Sunday night. So we couldn't if we were in camp so far from town. And we had another problem, I had let a family move into our house on the farm. They didn't have to pay any rent, but were supposed to do certain things and keep the machinery up. When I got ready to quit, I didn't have any place to move to because they didn't want to get out. So I stayed working at Buick with a reduced wage and a higher rent on the house. In other words, I was just working for house rent. The people that were living in the house had a partner and he bought a farm. So when the people on our place moved, I quit Pacific and moved back to the farm.

In the meantime I had a couple of hundred acres broke. I worked it all down and planted barley. I had a fair crop, but not a great crop. I bought a binder. I cut the crop and had a couple of native fellows stook for me. I threshed it that fall. John Bergen had the outfit.

The next year I seeded it to wheat. We got a really early frost and the grain didn't fill out. That was the first year that crop insurance came into effect up our way. I thought that one field wasn't too bad. The inspector wrote the crop off. I shouldn't have touched any of it. Where I didn't touch it I received \$4000 and where I did it cost me about \$4000 and I only got \$400 or \$500 for it.

The next year, I rented the land to George Fibich for \$5 per acre. I furnished the clover seed and he had to seed it when he seeded his grain.

The next year I had a wonderful stand of clover. I could have cut it for hay, but clover seed was a good price so I let it ripen. As it turned out the seed didn't set, so I lost a whole year's crop.

The next year I put in only a 50 acre field of oats for feed. The rest I put up for hay. I got it up in good style. I had 50 acres of oats and it turned out to be a bumper crop. I cut it with my 10 foot power binder. It was Glen Oats. The oats were so tall and heavy that I could only take about a seven foot cut. I raised the cutting bar up a good foot and still sometimes the oats would reach across the table. I had Amos Pyle stook it for me. He sure got a work out. We never got a chance to thresh it. The snow came early. The next spring I had the bundles that had fallen down restooked. I couldn't get anyone to thresh it for me, so I hired a couple of Fehr boys to cut the strings on the bundles and lay them all in one direction. I hired Elward Jellison to come and bale them for me. I had built a good sized shed and I stored them in there. The next year, I sold all my baled hay, all the oat bales and had to stop or people would have cleaned my barn out too.

The year after I quit Pacific, the new Sun Oil operator was Gerry Webster. We got to be pretty good friends. He would have his son work for him when he needed help. Gerry was a very strict boss. But he was fair and you always knew where you stood with him. I liked him for that. One day he had a bad accident and got burned very badly. I happened to be at the Buick store when he pulled in, I didn't recognize him. I won't go into detail. He wanted someone to call an ambulance. I said, "Hell no, call for a helicopter." A helicopter was sent out. Gerry sure thanked me for it afterwards. When he was waiting, his back hurt so badly that he asked Marie to pour some water on it, which she did.

Before Gerry got burned, I had worked with him some. I had learned how to operate and service the motor in the compressor station. When Gerry got burnt, Sun Oil hired Terry Vandergag and Jack Hill to operate the Sun Oil field. They didn't know anything about it so Jack and Terry hired me to look after it for them. There was also one well several miles away at Rigel, it was on the Milligan Creek road. I got along fine.

The doctors told Gerry that he could go back to work a long time before he was ready. His back was so tender that his wool underwear just drove him wild. He hired me to work with him. Along about this time Gerry was rear ended really bad. A pickup slammed into the back of his pickup when he was stopped. Gerry's head shattered the back window of his pickup. Gerry's mental condition really worsened. He seemed to think that the police were after him. Someone finally called the headquarters in Calgary and told them about Gerry. Sun Oil's officials got Gerry to sign himself into the Holy Cross Mental Hospital. Gerry was in there for sometime. He didn't seem to get any professional help. They just gave him nerve pills. When Gerry finally signed himself out he wasn't really ready yet. At home, he would go in his bedroom and see no one but his wife and Vic Blanchette. Every morning when he came out to check wells, he would stop at our place for a couple of hours. This was very unhandy for me as I was trying to get my farming done. If I wasn't in the house, Gerry would ask Marie where I was. He wanted to see me. So I would come in and talk to him. I think that I did more for him than the doctors did. One morning as Gerry was going past the Buick store to work, he noticed a police car in the yard. He practically demanded that I go up and see what the R.C.M.P. wanted. That was a real stumper. At that time the store had a counter where you could get coffee, pie, sandwiches, etc. The officer was sitting there when I walked in. I grinned and asked him if he had caught any law breakers. He smiled and said, "No, just checking on overloads." So I had a coffee and talked a little while. I reported back to the Gerry that they were just checking for overloads. So he seemed satisfied.

Gerry's mental condition continued to get worse. Sun Oil, Calgary called me one day and asked how Gerry was. I said, "I hate to tell you, but Gerry isn't very good." They came and took him back to Holy Cross. In one of my sessions with Gerry, I told him, "You used to take nothing from anyone. You have to get that attitude back. No one is after you." When Gerry got back the next time he said that he didn't know who

his friends were. I said, "Gerry, we're all your friends and we are trying to help you." Gerry was a lot better this time.

Sun Oil decided that they had better get Gerry away from this locale. They moved him to Lac LaBiche, Alberta. He seemed to be okay after this move. Marie and I stopped to see him and his family on one of our trips. He was the Gerry of old. We had a good visit. I never saw him again. We exchanged Christmas cards for several years. When Gerry died, no one let us know. The next Christmas when his widow sent a card, she told us.

Chapter 25

Oil and Gas Patch

Work

When Sun Oil transferred Gerry, they brought in Bob as their operator. He had been with the company for several years. He made me a deal. We would both operate the Buick field. We were to each get \$500 per month. So that is the way it worked, I checked the wells and did what was necessary and he did the ordering and made out the reports. For several months all went along pretty good. Bob got involved with Roy Snippa a service station owner. Roy and Bob, together, got another service station that Bob ran. Bob was a hustler and soon had a good business going. Roy got jealous and accused Bob of stealing from his customers. Things between them got pretty hot. Bob had to quit. Up to this time Bob and I got along pretty good. When Bob quit the service station he got involved in a fast food chain location. Bob learned to be a fast food cook. Things between us started to change. He began to get more arrogant. He wasn't satisfied with his share of the wages. Even though I used my own pickup while he was still driving the Sun Oil pickup.

When summer came, there had to be a general clean up around the units. They had to be moved and overhauled. The oily waste was spread on the roads and new sand was hauled in and the units put back in place. We finished three leases and the compressor station. The fourth unit we didn't get done. It needed an overhaul very badly. At the compressor station he changed things around. Some of the changes wouldn't work. When I tried to explain it to him, he let me know in short order, that he knew what he was doing. He had

me hire three neighbors to help. The year before the wages were \$2.50 per hour. So that's what I told them that the wages would be. We would be on the job at 8:00 sharp. Bob would pull in at 9:30 or after with two young boys that he had hired. He would get out of his pickup and we would all be working. He would say in a loud voice, "Let's get to work." That just drove me up the wall, here we had been working at least one and a half hours and he had been coffeeing it up. To make a long story short, he paid the guys off at \$2.00 per hour. Thank goodness the men didn't hold it against me. I told the men take it to the labor relations board, which they did. Bob didn't have to pay anymore, but he did have to pay them vacation time. Bob blamed me for the men going to the board. He was right, but he didn't know for sure. Then he started bringing out new contracts for me to sign. Of course I was to get less money. Some of them were pretty bad for me. When Bob took the contracts into his accountant to check, the accountant told him flat out, it was illegal. So in the end, I did take a \$100 a month cut. I would have quit sometime before, but I had a pickup to pay off.

For the past couple of years, Marie was having problems with her health. The doctors gave her tests and x-rays until they couldn't give her anymore. This had been going on for a couple of years. When she had these attacks she was in great pain and would get very sick. Barb's little girl, Edwina, started getting very sick also. So she was put in the hospital at Fort St. John. The last time Marie had one of these attacks it was about 1:00 in the morning. I got her in the pickup and took her to the hospital. I stayed until they had her in bed and then I came home. I didn't get in to see her the next day. The day after this, Ella Jellison who was the head nurse, came on shift. She and Marie were great friends. As she was walking down the hall, she saw this old lady laying in bed in the hall. She glanced at her as she walked by. As she walked past something struck her, she turned and went back for another look. She couldn't believe her eyes. There lay Marie. She had aged about 20 years in two days. Ella was really torn up. She checked and Marie had been put on drugs for two days. Marie

said she didn't know anything that happened those two days. The doctors had a meeting trying to decide what Marie's problem was. One intern suggested what it might be. But the other doctors knocked that idea down. We had signed the necessary papers for them to proceed with an exploratory operation. I got a call from some doctor saying that they were going to operate. I told him that they already had our permission. He said kinda smart like, this could be dangerous. I was hot under the collar about it all. I replied, "Don't you think that it is very dangerous for you not to do anything?" He hung up. The next day I called the hospital and was told that the operation was a success. They had found the problem. She had a ruptured large intestine, in another two hours, gangrene would have set in. I asked for the doctor's phone number and the nurse gave it to me. When the doctor found out who it was he told me in very short terse medical terms what they did and what was the cause. Then he hung up. He knew that I was completely right in what I had told him the day before.

I was having the trouble with Bob, driving to the hospital to see Edwina and Marie, and doing the chores at home. I was in a high nervous state. I would get to the hospital at 4:30 p.m. and go to the children's ward. Edwina would see me and come crawling to me. She couldn't walk yet. The doctor's gave her tests and she was allergic to dogs, cats and fuzzy toys. The children had supper at 5:00, so when Edwina would see the supper trays she would go to the nurse to have her supper. I could leave then. One day earlier, I went in to see her and I had to leave before supper. When I gave her to the nurse she cried and cried. It just about broke my heart. You see I was her favorite and at that time, I guess she was mine. Then I would go up and visit with Marie until I had to go home and work on Christmas cards. Marie got home just before Christmas.

Things were really heating up between Bob and me. Marie said, "Why don't you quit?" This particular day, the unit that didn't get overhauled, the reboiler got plugged with a lot of junk that should have been drained months before. It would use quite a bit of glycol. Bob gave me strict orders not to add

over two gallons a day. I tried to follow his orders to a T, because I expected that there was going to be trouble the way that he was running things. In the meantime, Bob got out of the restaurant business and had bought a hot oil truck. This morning Bob had come out for some reason, it was a good thing that he did. The unit that was causing us trouble, pumped a thick tar substance out in the yard, it was quite a mess. Bob said, "What caused that?" I said, "What I think caused it is that unit needed overhauling last summer, as you remember I suggested it." He said, "There wasn't time." There was time. I think that Bob had other things to do that he was involved in. Then I said, "It was always low on glycol." He said, "Why didn't you put more in." That did it. I said, "Because your orders were to put in only two gallons a day!" He said, "You should have put in more." I was boiling. I said, "Bob, you're the one who was giving orders, you're the one who knew it all!" I then said, "Our contract didn't say anything about me quitting." He said, "No." I said, "This is all yours now, I quit." He just stood there and looked at me. I unloaded all Sun Oil Company's tools and stuff and went home.

Bob used to coffee up at the Buick Store. Mrs. Fibich, Miro's mother, used to be in there sometimes. They didn't really like each other. One day before Christmas, Mrs. Fibich asked Bob if I had to work Christmas day. Bob said, "Sure." After I quit Bob was in the store having coffee. Mrs. Fibich came in and when she saw Bob sitting there she said, "Is Mr. Nearhood working Christmas?" Bob just got up and left. Bob hired a young man without too much experience to operate the field. The young fellow worked there close to two months. In the meantime I had sold my cattle and had the team and saddle horses farmed out.

We planned on going to Marie's sister's in Oklahoma and our daughter, Rose's place in Georgia. I got it in my mind if we didn't leave before the first of March that we weren't going to go. So we left and got to Marie's sister Ruth's place the 29th of February. That very same night that we got there, we got a call from Doris. Sun Oil had seen her and wanted me to come

right back. It seemed that Bob's new man had family trouble. His wife had run off with another man. So he didn't say anything to Bob, he just quit. Bob was in Fort Nelson with his hot oil truck so he didn't know anything about it. One of the Sun Oil engineers had come up to check things out. Daily reports hadn't been coming in. The compressor was down, all three of their units were down. There was oil all over the floor and everything was frozen up. They got a hold of Bob and of course he was real arrogant. So they fired him on the spot.

None of the engineers knew how to run the units. Now this is what I found out later. The contract that was supposed to have been for \$1000 a month, was actually \$1200 a month. He had been getting \$700 when I was getting \$500. He was something else. I told Doris to tell the Sun people that I would come back if they would give me the contract to operate the field. When I quit Bob, I wrote a letter to the Sun Oil engineers and thanked them for everything that they had done for me. I told them I had to quit Bob for personal reasons. I also said I didn't quit Sun Oil. Every Christmas I used to get a Christmas card signed by all the Sun engineers that I had worked with. Sun Oil didn't want to give me the contract by myself. They wanted me and a man named Bill Furiman to take it together. That I declined. Bill to my estimation didn't know too much about the gas patch. We had a nice three month vacation, I got my nerves settled. We went home and got the crop in.

After the crop was off that fall, Ivor Miller, Gordon Grabber, and Cec Ruddel formed a trucking company, and called it Canuck Trucking. Gordon came out home one night to try and hire me to drive one of their trucks. I didn't know why they wanted me. I had never hauled water in the oil patch. I didn't have anything lined up for the winter, so I went to work for them. They had three trucks and four drivers. We were each supposed to work 16 hours, then 8 hours off. This wasn't working too good. One of the drivers would get me to go to work a little while before I was supposed to. Then he was tardy when it was his turn. Shirley Oliver was one of the other drivers. When it was this lazy guys turn to drive, he said, "I can't go I haven't had any sleep." Here he had been gambling,

instead of sleeping. After about three hours he showed up and drove the other five hours. Then came payday. The guy didn't show up for several days. Then he walked into the office and said that he was ready to work. They told him that he might be ready to go to work, but not for them. He was pretty mad.

From then on we each had our own truck to look after. It just didn't work switching drivers, the trucks weren't being serviced like they should have been. From then on, we drove until we had to have rest and then back to work. Sometimes we drove for two days or more without rest. The first job that I went on was at the Kobes field. We hauled water out of Inga Lake. It was a lot lower than it is now. The next one was at Worsley, Alberta. We were then sent to Zama Lake, Alberta. It was north of High Level. It was in November. There was a tremendous amount of drilling activity going on. We were hauling water for the Dome Gas Company. They had three drilling company camps side by side. The company officials had three house trailers set up end to end. Fortier and Northern had a 100 man kitchen set up just a little ways off. We mostly hauled water for fast holes. There was another company truck, not one of ours, that hauled camp water and water for the rigs. I hauled water until just before Christmas. Then I was given a pretty good job, all I had to do was to haul two loads a day. This was drinking water that I hauled. I had to keep the water tanks in the camp trailers, washrooms and the 100 man kitchen filled. I was guaranteed 16 hours a day. This was a real good job. I got to rest every night. One time, before I got this job I put in 596 hours, in 31 consecutive days. I didn't sleep much that month.

I worked at this job until in early February. Then my boss made a change that I didn't like. I was made truck foreman and foreman of the bull gang. It meant that I had to get out of my nice warm truck and be out in the cold up to sixteen hours a day. I had four trucks under me, three tankers and one gin pole truck. A water tank could be slid onto this truck so it could also haul water. The bull gang consisted of three to four men. We had to fall trees, limb, and skid them into camp and level them up. They were used for pipe racks. I think that we

piled around 200,000 feet of pipe. The pipe had to be piled even and had spacers between each layer. Then we had to build platforms for drilling mud, etc. to be stacked or piled on. Then when the piles were complete we had to put black plastic over the top and secure it so that it didn't blow off. I think that we did four of these. We had to put up a prefab. In it we stored about a thousand tons of cement. We had to take supplies up to Bitcho Lake and build a prefab up there. All these supplies were for the drilling program that was going on during and after break up. The big trucks came in at night and had to be unloaded. My crew got down to two young men and they were good workers. Tanks were built and set up, there were thousands of barrels of diesel being stored.

The Dome airstrip was being extended to one and a half miles to let big planes land. Someone found a fair sized mountain of gravel. How it got there no one knows. It was the only gravel around. That is what was used to gravel the air strip. When break up came and the trucks were sent home, Dome hired me to help get the field in order, this was an oil field. There was only one gas well and it produced 1,000,000 cubic feet a day. It was so far away from any pipeline, that Dome used it for their own use. I stayed on a couple of weeks and worked helping to put in pumpjacks and getting ready for the field to be put into production. They asked me to put in a bid to operate the field. I felt I was in over my head in this type of work, but I figured that I could catch on. I put in a bid for \$5 per hour. I was to work 10 days and be off 20. In a couple of days they told me that some company had bid \$3.50 per hour. So I thought, why should I stay in camp and get it ready for someone else to take over.

So I quit. I flew home on about the 18th of April. Marie and Doris' family still had their apartments in town. Barb was going to school, so Marie wanted to stay in town longer. On the 21st of April, I drove out to the ranch. The snow banks were so high in front of the house, I couldn't see it. The people living north of us, had kept the road open so I drove up close to the barn and parked there. I had brought supplies out

from town with me so I waded in snow up my hips to get to the house.

For the next two weeks a reaction set in. I was so mentally and physically exhausted from the long hours in the cold to the many things that I was asked to do, that when I just relaxed I slept. I would get breakfast, clean up and start to read. I would read just a little and go sound asleep. For the next two weeks all I did was eat, sleep, and read. At the end of the two weeks the weather had warmed up and the snow had started to settle. I began to feel like my old self again. Every day I would go out and shovel some snow in the driveway. I had a '65 Massey Ferguson tractor at this time. I got it shoveled out and started. I would drive it back and forth on the driveway to help break up the snow. Then one day I made it all the way out to the road. From then on, the snow melted pretty fast. The snow in the field north of the farm was four feet deep. It melted until it was only about 20" deep. There was a little crust on top. Underneath it was just slush. I knew that someday it would get warm and then there would be quite a flood.

Marie had to go to town one day. She had come home shortly before. Barb then stayed in the school dormitory. Well, I sure hated to go this day because if the water turned loose it would wash the dam out. Well, we went anyway. I was in a sweat most of the day so we came home fairly early. Sure enough there was about four inches of water running over the dam. We got planks and drove in stakes. When we got this done the water just ran over the top. So I got the tractor and I had a three bottom gang plow. On the east side I plowed three furrows. The water washed the dirt right away. It also stopped the water from running over the top. I used this from then on as a high water escape. When I picked rocks I would throw them in the spillway so that it wouldn't wash out. It worked fine as long as I lived there. Although I did get George Fibich at one time to build the dam about a foot and a half higher.

That summer B.C. Hydro started to bring electricity to Buick Creek. I hired on with the slashing crew. We worked most of

the summer and slashed miles of right away. Len Copeland and some of hydro's crew worked there also. We slashed about four or more miles east of Syd John's corner to the mile 154 road. After we got to the road to the Indian Reserve we slashed clear to the reserve. Then we slashed to the Buick Creek corner. Here everyone quit to go back to their farms, except me. Henry Peters asked me if I could get him a job and I said sure. B.C. Hydro's foreman had asked me just a day or two before if I knew of anyone that wanted to work. So Henry went in and they hired him. He came to work the next day. The next day B.C. Hydro's foreman came out and told me that there had to be a foreman on each crew. So they made me foreman. He said a foreman has to be higher paid than the workers. So before I had a chance to say anything he said, "We're giving you a five cent an hour raise." I had to laugh. I asked him all in good humor if they could afford it. He just smiled.

Henry was a very naive person. He was a good worker. We took a 15 minute coffee break, morning and afternoon. Henry was a Mennonite farmer. To begin with he didn't know what to think of these breaks, but in a little while when it came time for a break, I would keep on working. But out of the corner of my eye, I would see him keep looking at his watch. After a couple of minutes, I'd say, "Henry, time for a break." And he would already be heading for his lunch pail. He had just worked a short time, we were just about to the compressor station at Mile 17. Henry said to me one morning, he had to quit as he had some fall work to do. As it happened the foreman came out after dinner and said, "Don, we won't be slashing any further this year so we will have to lay you two off." That was okay by me, I had work to do too. He said you will get (I think that it was) four days separation pay. I think that Henry got one day as he hadn't worked very long. So when the foreman left I said to Henry, "This is our last day, this is as far as they are going to slash this year." I said that it was too bad that you were quitting tonight, otherwise you would have gotten a day's separation pay. That just floored him. He looked at me so seriously, that I had a hard time

keeping a straight face. We kept on working and every once in a while he'd say, "You're not kidding me are you?" After a while, when I saw how seriously he was taking it, I told him that he was getting the extra day. Then he broke out in a big smile.

One day when the head guys from Hydro came out, they saw me using a double bitted falling axe to fall the trees. They just about threw a fit. I was going to kill myself. Here I'd been using one for many years and I was still alive. It sorta got under my skin. To top it all off they gave me a small hatchet to use. Then I saw the funny side of it. I said, "Thanks, this is just what I need. Now it will take me half an hour to cut down a tree, that I could cut down in two or three minutes with my axe." The expressions on their faces were funny to behold. They looked at each other and then said, "We'll take the hatchet back, you just go on using you own." Their imagination was just like a greenhorn, white collar worker's. They have the idea that when you bring the axe back to take another swing is that the back blade to going to cut your head. Nothing could be further from the truth. When you fall a tree, you don't swing like you are chopping wood. You swing from the side because the tree is standing up, they watched me fall a small tree and left without any more comments.

I'll say this to their credit. On one of their trips out they brought a tool called a sandvik or sandwich knife. It had a handle about two feet long and the frame to the blade was shaped like the letter U. The blade was about seven inches long and one and a half inch wide. It had a pin in each end, about a quarter inch in diameter and five eighths long. The frame had a slot in the ends for the pin to fit into. To put the blade in, you had to spring the frame a little then let it snap back out. The blade was then secure. This little tool was way superior to an axe. If it was kept sharp you could fall a four inch tree faster and easier than you could with an axe and it only took one hand. When the job was over they gave it to me and I still have it.

I got pretty well caught up on my work at home. The winter's supply of wood cut and stacked. The hay in and everything else taken care of. Syl, a driver for Blue Diamond Trucking, asked me if I wanted a job driving truck. I said, "Yes." He said, "How much an hour do you want?" I said, "\$3." He said, "We'll pay \$2.50." I said, "Look, I've had all the training that I need. If I'm not worth \$3 per hour, I don't want the job." He said, "Okay." I didn't realize at the time, but I would be working at this job for almost 10 years. On this job we hauled salt water from gas wells to a disposal well. The water was pumped back into the ground. On this job it wasn't an eight hour a day job, you worked as long as you could or until you were caught up with the hauling. I think that Syl and I worked together for three for four years. One day when he was unloading and I was waiting to unload, he said, "This is my last load." I thought he meant that he was quitting for the day. He said no that he was quitting. He had bought the truck from Don McGinnis, he's the one that we were working for. And he was going out on his own. I felt pretty good about this for several reasons. Which I will not go into.

Chapter 26

Moving to Buick

Selling the farm and more work

About this time we sold the farm to Mag Nesse and his wife from Williams Lake. He was a contract carpenter. The government had just subdivided a plot in Buick. I couldn't bid on it as I owned land so I had Maurice Reed buy it. I gave him the money and everything. I did all the bookkeeping and paid all the bills. I bought it from him. For legal reasons we bought a house trailer and set it up. It was subdivision 777 Lot 8 P.R.D.

Luck was with me that year. John Neale had a road building contract near by. The day that he was finished, I asked him if he would do some work for me. We had known each other for over 10 years. He said, "What do you want done?" The lot had a slight slope to it, I wanted a pad built up so the trailer would sit more level. So he came over and built a nice pad. At the same time the borrow pit was to become a dugout, or a water storage place. Then Tony Parsons had his backhoe working in the area, I got him to build a sewer lagoon and sewer line. Also a pit to bury a 1000 gallon water tank. This would be under the back porch when we got set up. I went into a tank company and bought a tank. Tony hauled it out for me in his truck. I bought sewer line at the Co-op store in Fort St. John. But I had to buy the fittings at the old MacLeod store. By shopping around I saved over a hundred dollars just on the sewer pipe and fittings. John Neale charged me \$126 for just under five hours work with a D7 and pull type scraper. I don't remember what Tony charged, it was very reasonable.

Tony also covered the pipe line and storage tank after I had the lines all hooked up.

Marie and I then went shopping for a trailer house. We chose a Diplomat by Commonwealth. They hauled it out and set it up on the pad that I had built for it. They used planks 10' long and 4" x 12". They put in six as I remember. They then leveled it up and put up the mast for the power line. I laid a propane line from a tank some distance away and they also hooked it up. I bought a water filter to put on the water line. I also bought a pump and the parts to hook it up. I try to plan ahead when I build things so I bought good plastic pipe that would stand heat. I bought a heat tape and wrapped it around the plastic line and wrapped it first with fiberglass insulation then with plastic sheeting and wrapped all of this with plastic tape. Before I hooked the water up I built a 20' x 14' porch right up against the trailer, the back door opened into it. As I built it, I installed all the wiring and circuits. I also put in a panel for all the circuits. For the power source I ran a real heavy electrical cord under the trailer to the panel. I bought a shallow well pump and installed it in the porch. I then hooked all the connections and filled the tank and pressured everything up, it all worked. I put skirting all around the trailer. I first put on buffalo board half inch thick, then half inch chip board. I think that we moved into it in October, 1974. To begin with we had a 200 gallon propane bottle, in a year or so I bought a 500 gallon tank. I put them in a series. I built an insulated house over the small bottle. So if the weather really got cold I could use it. It has come in handy a couple of times.

The public school board auctioned off some of their buildings. They auctioned off a horse barn at Buick. Len Copeland bought it for \$275. When I moved, I offered him \$350 for it and he took it. The barn was still at the school site, so I cut a couple of popular trees and went and jacked the barn up and put the poles under and built a cross brace in front and hooked up some chains and I took my tractor and pulled barn home. It was only about 250 or so yards. When I sold the farm I held back one granary and a 6' x 6' tool house. These, I also

moved up to our new place. The lot contained 4.67 acres. There was a fence on one side so I fenced the other three sides and made a nice pasture. I had four horses that I took with me, two that I had raised and two shetlands that I broke to drive. The kids rode them also. I didn't have room for them all in the barn, so I took the stock racks off the pickup and put a sheet of plywood on top and some planks on the ground and hung a canvas across the back. That made them a nice little barn. I also built a little manger in it. I got this all done besides my steady job.

Harold Thompson had applied for this lot. He had cleared a couple of acres and had raised one crop of oats. Then he let it go back when he went bankrupt with his store and the land that he had bought and cleared. He moved back to town and bought back or took over a little grocery store that he had once operated. I continued to work and improve the lot. Every year I would work eleven months then take one off. Every couple of years I would ask for, and get \$1 an hour raise. We contracted with gas companies. They usually let the contract for a couple of years to a trucking company. Texaco, when it came time for a new contract, would notify Don M. and he would ask for a raise or let it ride. Texaco just didn't open it for tender anymore.

After Syl quit, I had several different people to work with me. I didn't like working all those hours anymore. It seemed that I didn't have very good luck. So I finally said to heck with it and worked by myself until I retired in May, 1980.

When the day that I was to finish, I had to show the new owner and the driver all the locations and how everything worked. I got a call to be at a certain location at 2:30 to haul some water for a service company. I didn't even have time to eat dinner. I made it to the location with five minutes to spare. I couldn't see any service rigs. There were a lot of pickups there. I opened my lunch pail and started to eat. One of the foreman stuck his head out the office door and hollered at me to come on in. Then it struck me, they were giving me a retirement party. There were all kinds of liquor and snacks of

every kind. I had a mixed drink on a very empty stomach. Boy, did it ever go to my head. So I just ate some snacks and drank some coffee. There was a lot of bantering back and forth. When it was time for the men to head for town some of them weren't feeling any pain. They had chipped in and bought me a \$100 Seiko wristwatch. That was the first time that Texaco had ever given a retirement party for a non-employee. I felt pretty honored.

We were supposed to haul all condensate to a treater at D 87-A location. Whenever I had some to haul, the Texaco operator would say, "You're not going to dump that stuff in here." So I would dump it into a pit and it would be burned off. The operator would tell his boss that I dumped it in a pit. But he always neglected to say that it was on his order that I did. One day Don Cooper, he was a foreman for Texaco, stopped in to talk to my boss. He told him that I was dumping all the condensate into the pits instead of the treater. Don McGinnis said, "Did you ever stop and think it might not be his fault?" Don C. then came and talked to me. I had known Don C. for several years. I said, "Don, your operator Don G. gave me orders to dump the condensate into the pits." He didn't want that crap in his treater. You see if the condensate was put in the treater it caused him a little more work. Don C. said that he suspected it. He told me, "The next time that he refuses, just tell him to call me." The next load came a few days later. Don G. said, "That crap don't go in my treater." I said, "Don C. said for me to tell you to call him." He said, "Go ahead and put it in the treater." That was the last of that.

I kinda liked to haul to the treater. It would take about an hour to run a load of 65 barrels through. So all I had to do was, every little while, pump a few barrels into the treater. It would only handle a few barrels at a time.

I had operated gas wells, so I knew when a unit was in trouble. If a unit was overheating I would turn the heat off. No damage would be done. One young operator, John, gave me a bad time. When I did this for him he let me know that I was never to touch his units again. I had called in to Russ Wark in

the middle of the night and told him about a unit that was very hot. He said, "Don, just shut the well in and turn the unit off." Which I did. The next time that John had an overheated unit, I still turned the heat off. I would always meet the operators at their office in the morning when they came to work. It was to see if there were any special orders for me that day. They would ask me how everything was going. I could tell them if they had any problems. The last time that I shut off John's unit, he said, "How's things going this morning?" I said, "Fine for me but not you." He asked, "Why not?" I said, "Your No. 6 unit burnt down last night." Did he look sick! I said, "It overheated again. When I hauled water from it, the temperature was over 550 degrees, but you told me never to touch your units again, so I didn't." He said, "I'll have to say this in my report." I let him sweat awhile, then I said, "John, I shut that unit off. The foreman knows that I have been doing it." John was sure a relieved young operator. From then on he left me do what I thought needed doing. According to rules and regulations only a Texaco operator was to touch any unit. But I did it for the company and although they couldn't thank me, they did appreciate it.

The closest I ever got to being burned happened one day when I was loading water out of a covered tank next to a unit. You know how you can see heat waves reflecting off of glass sometimes? When I was loading I could see what I thought were heat waves off of the window on the unit. When I had loaded and drove away I looked in the open door and the unit was on fire. I sure got out of there in a hurry! I got out of harms way, stopped, and looked back. The whole thing was in flames, unit and tank. If I had been two minutes later I could have very easily been burned.

I drove a little way and met Don G. coming to check his units. We stopped to talk. He said, "How's things?" I said, "Don, you've got a unit burning. It caught fire as I finished loading." He hurried to the site but there was nothing that could be done. The valves to the main line leaked so they had an awful

time putting the fire out. The pressure from the other wells kept leaking into the fire.

Things that I thought were funny happened also. Around the disposal well there was a bank of dirt built up about two feet high, so in case of a spill it could be contained. One morning, in hunting season, when I was pulling into the disposal well site there was a small car parked on the road, that went over the wall. There were four older men sitting in the sedan. The windows were rolled down and each man had his rifle pointed out the window. They were looking for a moose. I just coasted right up to the car. I wasn't over four feet away. The truck was a Ford Louisville, it had a high hood and cab. I just sat there quietly. After a minute or two one of the fellows in the back seat glanced back. Then he really looked, it seemed his head nearly snapped off. You never saw such action. When the car took off, it threw gravel all over. They sailed around the tank and pump and were gone. They didn't even look my way. I was laughing so hard that I had to sit a minute or two before I could drive up to the tanks and unload. When I look back on the incident, I can visualize how these men felt to look at a monster that was just ready to run over them.

Another time I was going out to get a load of water. I saw a pickup parked right in the middle of the road. I coasted right up behind it. It was Syd. He operated for Pacific Petroleum. I guess he had a bad night. He was laying back and had his feet up on the dash. I guess that he was sound asleep. I sat there a little while. In a short time, he began to stir around a little, pretty soon he got turned around until he could see me. I just sat there laughing. He just about tore the truck apart getting turned around. When he did, he got out of there in a hurry.

Syd got me in trouble a few times. Syd did operate for Pacific, but also for Dome, White Hall and Tenico. They didn't do a very good job sometimes. The Dome well made a lot of water when it was turned on. The deal was, that they never would tell me, when it was turned on. Sometimes it had overflowed its tanks. Pacific had one foreman that could see my problem. He would give me an hour's time just to check it every few

days. All went along okay. Then he was transferred and Pacific refused to honor our tickets. So I went in to see them. John Henry was the foreman. He was very arrogant. He said why should we pay you for what we're paying our men to do. I replied that would be good, if they would, but they never let me know when they started the unit up. He said that he couldn't believe it. I said okay, from now on I want a written order signed and the time put on it when I was notified. He agreed to it. Then I told him that I was going over to the Dome office and talk to them. He said, "What do you want to do that for?" I said, "I want to let them know what has been going on." He wasn't very happy, but that was the least of my problems. I went to the Dome office and he said, "From now on you do what you think is best and send us the tickets. We will honor them." About a week later, I had been in the field, hauling for about four or five days. I had just finished a busy week. It was Friday afternoon about 5:00. Syd came over to the house and said, "We turned the well on a couple of days ago. I think that you should have some water. I said, "Okay, give me a written order with the date and time." He didn't want to do it. I said, "If you don't, I'm going to call your foreman." He finally did. I said, "You could have told me days ago. I have been up there all week. Now you wait until I'm home. I'm not going back now, I'll go up in the morning."

I went up in the morning and saw the damage. The two - three hundred barrel tanks had run over and the water had run down the hill for some distance. I emptied the tanks and charged Pacific for a special trip. I gave a hauling slip to Dome minus the special charge. I gave the signed order to Dome a few days later. I guess that it caused quite a commotion in Pacific's office. That ended all my troubles with this affair.

One Saturday morning in the spring of 1975, I had just gone out to service the truck. It had snowed about half an inch. I got in and started the truck to let it warm up. I swung around to get out, with my left hand I had a hold on the bracket on the outside of the cab. When my feet slipped off the running board, I sailed out and lost my grip on the bracket. I lit on my right hip and fractured a vertebrae. Boy that was pretty

painful! I ended up in the hospital. I was there a few days and my doctor left and another doctor took over. He said that he had to treat it as a new accident because he didn't know what had been done. I was flat on my back for sometime before they let me get up and start moving around. In a few days I was wheeled down to physiotherapy. The young therapist sure gave me a rough go. The other therapists didn't think to much of what she was doing to me. When the doctor came back to check on me the next time, he said, "How do you feel?" I said, "Not to good." He said, "What's the matter?" I told him about the treatment. He said, "She did what? She isn't even supposed to be doing it yet." He got pretty mad. That was the end of therapy for a couple of weeks. By then I had started to heal pretty well. I was in the hospital about a month before I was discharged. I went home and it was sometime later that I went back to work.

Chapter 27

The Hobby Begins

Memories in Miniatures

It was at this time, when I was recuperating, that I started to build miniatures. Doris had bought me a miniature Clydesdale horse and harness. He had a little miniature stage coach. It held a whiskey decanter and shot glasses. I stood the small horse by the wagon tongue. A short time later as I was walking by a toy store, I saw a mate to it and bought it. So now I had a team. English cart harnesses are not all leather. There were a lot of chains instead. The leather was also glued to the horse. So I took off the chains and made a passable set of harness out of leather.

I then got the idea to build a little covered wagon. Now it is one thing to have an idea, it is another thing to build it. The first problem, how do you build a wagon wheel? A lot of ideas went through my head but nothing that would work. After three or four months of thinking, I hadn't accomplished anything. One Saturday morning, I put my mind into gear. I cut a little birch tree down, it was about an inch and a half in diameter. I peeled the bark off and cut it about 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ " long. I drilled eight $\frac{1}{4}$ " holes in it for spokes and a hole for the axle that was about $\frac{9}{16}$ " in diameter. I shaped the little piece to look like a wagon wheel hub. I had some black plastic thin shelled sewer pipe. I cut a piece off about $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide. I measured it and drilled eight holes properly spaced for spokes. At first I used lead pencils for spokes. I would sand them round, and fit them into the holes in the hub and the fellow, "that is the wood that goes inside the wagon tire". Then when the hub was centered I would cut the spokes off and the piece

that I used for the fellow was the male part of the pipe. Then I would cut a piece $\frac{3}{4}$ " wide off of the connector or female part. I used Seal All cement to glue this all together. Each spoke, I would glue and then I ran a "bead", a small layer of cement on the outside of the fellow and then put the rim on. It made a good looking wheel and it was pretty solid. I made three more like it, only two of the wheels were made from pipe $\frac{1}{4}$ " bigger in diameter. I made all the other parts of the running gear for the wagon. When I got all the parts made and sanded, I painted it. I made a set of bows out of plastic pipe and bolted it to the side of the wagon box. I got some heavy white cloth and made a canvas top to finish the covered wagon. I made a set of two horse eveners and a neck yoke. I also painted them. I hooked up the little team and I was ready to travel.

I went back to work, I was a little sore yet, but I got better and pretty soon I was okay again. I wanted to build something big. That was all I had in mind at that time. So I got Miro and Doris to order more horses for me. I could get them cheaper that way, all together they got 20 horses for me. My next project was five - two horse teams pulling three grain wagons. I needed a little man in the display to drive the horses. One day when Marie and I were in Dawson Creek, I think that we were in Kresgees, I saw an ideal little fellow, he was dressed in denim. He stood about 7" tall. He had a human face and all his joints were moveable. You could put him in any position. He sure fit the bill. A lady was going to make hats for me but she didn't get started. I gave it some thought and came up with an answer. I cut out three parts from felt and sewed it together, it turned out pretty good. I finally got the three wagons and five teams made and hooked up with the little man driving. The picture we took really looked real. Oh yes, these little men cost me 99 cents apiece. I finally bought all they had. They told me that they couldn't get anymore.

The managers told me to go to the K-mart store, that they probably could help. The K-mart store in Dawson Creek couldn't help but they gave me the address of their head office in Toronto. So I wrote a letter to the manager of the head office. He put me in touch with the buying coordinator. I

wrote to her and told her my problem. She wrote back and told me who furnished these dolls. They were Parkdale Novelties in Toronto.

Barb, my daughter, and family were living in Brantford, Ontario at the time. So Marie and I flew to Ontario to visit them. Willie, her husband, in the course of time took us to Toronto. He knew Toronto pretty well so he took us to Parkdale Novelties shop. I ordered two or three dozen dolls. They cost me \$9 per dozen and the company shipped them home for me. If only I had known it before, I could have bought the whole Walton family, from the TV series, Waltons Mountain. As it was, I could only buy John Boy. He was the last one that they had. They didn't have a very good selection left and couldn't get anymore. K-mart would place an order in Taiwan for so many. There would be that many made and that was all.

I asked the manager if I could use the phone to call K-mart. He thought that was very funny. He said sure go ahead. So I called and got an answer right away. I asked for the buying coordinator. I called her by name. She came right on. I explained who I was. She was sure surprised and invited me to come right over. The manager of the novelty shop was sure surprised. He didn't know that I had written to her and that it was her that gave me the address and name of the importer of these dolls.

Willie drove up to the big building where K-mart had its offices and let me out. It was on Kensington Avenue. I was worried about him parking because it was such a busy street. Their offices were on the second floor. When I got to the second floor it was really funny. As I walked along the hall leading to the K-mart office, people in businesses along the way said they're down the hall just a little way. When I got close, a young lady came out and said, "Come in here and take a short cut." I still can't figure out how everyone in that place knew that I was coming. Unless I really looked like a country hick and needed a lot of help. When I got to K-mart's office, this very nice looking, pleasant lady came to me and said,

"You're Don Nearhood?" I said, "Yes." She said that she was the buying coordinator. She and her boss sat me down. They asked me a lot of questions about my hobby. I had taken one horse in harness and a plastic horse with a saddle on and one of the little men riding it. They were very enthused about it. They wanted to know if I had time; they wanted to call in a TV reporter to interview me. All the time in the back of my head I kept thinking of Willie being double parked. So I had to decline. They rustled up a cardboard box about 20" square and filled it with plastic horses and dolls and stuff to give to my grandkids. In all my days I have never met with such enthusiasm. As I left the building, all the people that I met coming in said good-bye and wished me a happy and safe trip home. When I got down to the street, I found that I didn't have any cause to worry as Willie had found a parking space just a little way down the street.

All these little men that I have now are all collector's items. As time went on I sewed clothes for these little guys that didn't have denim clothes on. I also made hats for them. All this time, except for my vacation I worked. I learned how to make buckles, rings, and snaps for the harnesses. I built a walking plow, two horse disc, a set of harrows, and a float or drag. A float was used to pack and level a field after it had been seeded to grain. I built a stone boat (sled) and I had three horses on it. I built a slip scraper, which was used to move dirt, etc. All these items had these Clydesdales horses to pull them. One year I had a display in one of the small stores in the Dawson Mall.

While we were in Toronto, Willie took us up to the C.N. Tower. Boy the ride up in the outside elevator sure made you back up. It was enclosed in glass. I think that I pushed so hard against the backside, I caused the tower to shift a little. Ha. I think that it was 1337 feet to the observation tower. Willie's car looked like it might be three inches long. While we were there, Willie also took us to see Alexander Graham Bell's house, Balls Falls, oh so many historical sights that I can't recall them all. One Sunday he took us to a flea market, I have never seen the beat, it was in a big mall. It must have been a

quarter of a mile or more long and it was full of everything that you can imagine. I found and bought a miniature cook stove and a little pot-bellied heating stove. One weekend he took us up to Gravenhurst. It was a very old town. There was an arch as you went in to the town. There was the town clock in a tower just past this. Willie's mom and step dad had a cabin at Loon Lake just a few miles beyond. We spent one night there and back to their townhouse. Then it was time to go back home and go to work.

Chapter 28

Buick Stories

Business and funny business

One weekend I was called out to drain a flare pit not to far from home. A young roughneck with mental problems had run his van into this flare pit. He could have drowned, just the back end of the van was showing. Some people who lived close by just happened along. When they stopped to investigate, the young fellow started yelling to get him out. The front and side doors were underwater and he couldn't open the back door from the inside. Joe Bergen waded into this cold water and let him out, he was sure scared and wet and cold. Joe took him home and gave him dry clothes to put on. He then left.

In the meantime, another fellow and I were called to drain the flare pit. We hauled the water to another pit a few miles away. The police were there, also several other people. They got Miro Fibich to pull the van out with his winch truck. It was a real shame. The young fellow had the van all finished inside with carpets. He was so scared, that he had pulled the carpeting off the walls trying to get out. What caused the whole ruckus was that the other roughnecks at the drilling rig got to teasing and tormenting the young guy and he went off his rocker. He had been in an institution and had gotten well enough to be let out. With all the things that were going on, he got in his van and started chasing them and tearing around the lease. No one was hurt, but in one of his trips around the yard he had run across the road, into the flare pit. When he left Joe's place, he must have hitchhiked to the 101 road. He must have gone on the 154 road to get there. Harold and Sheena

lived about 1½ miles north of the 154 road on the 101 road. Harold had a bad headache when he went to bed; he went down to the basement to sleep. During the night Sheena thought that he had come up and gone to bed. In the morning when she woke up and looked, there was a strange young man in bed with her. He was just laying on top of the covers. Sheena was a registered nurse, so she didn't panic. She talked to him and he wasn't hostile or anything. She called Harold and he came up. Sheena could tell that there was something wrong with the young man. Here things get unclear in my mind. I think that the R.C.M.P. were called, they took the young lad and he was put back in an institution.

Several years ago while the Kruegers, the pastor and his wife, lived at Buick, a fellow walked into their house one afternoon and sat down at their table. He then laid his rifle on the table and demanded some whiskey. Of course they didn't have any so they gave him coffee. He was drunk and talking crazy. In the course of his conversation he said that someone in Buick was going to die today. He had caught a ride to Buick to see Jack Schulte. (Jack was up on his trap line, almost 100 miles away.) After a while the man left the Krugers, I think he went to Jack's house, that was just a little way off and across the road. Krugers called the police and said for everyone in Buick to leave, which some of us wouldn't. The police had Krugers drive their pickup out to mile 72 on the Alaska Highway. From there, they were taken into town. The SWAT team was called in. Some came from Dawson Creek and some from Prince George. It took them over two hours to get here.

In the meantime, we locked the place up and went over to Doris and Miro's house. The members of the SWAT team were all dressed in white suits. We watched them come and go. It was like watching a movie. Sometime in the night Cindy and Randy had brought Mrs. Fibich home. Wayne was a young guy then, also very brave. I shouldn't write this, as it will most likely embarrass him. He had a nice 30-30 carbine. He was packing it around the house, saying let that guy come, that he would blast him. Wayne didn't see Grandma go into his bedroom, as he was walking by his bedroom door, he saw

someone move inside his room. It just scared him out of his wits! He fell over a chair getting to his mother. Of course I had to see it all. We'll just let it go at that. At four in the morning, I had enough of it. I told one of the team that I was going home. He said, "You can't." I said that we were. So he escorted Marie and me home. The officer would run around and look around all the corners. I told him that I'd bet that the fellow was behind Jack's house in his little tent. Enough time had passed that the booze had most likely worn off.

When we got home, I unlocked the door and we went in, the protector went first. When we went over to Miro's I had taken my shotgun just in case. I was sure that it wasn't going to be used, but just to be on the safe side. The officer looked under all the beds and in all the clothes closets. I drew him a map of Jack's layout. The team waited until daylight and then went over to Jack's. They found him sitting in his pup tent. He was sitting with his sleeping bag wrapped around him. The rifle lay across his knees. He gave up without a struggle, the police took him to town, then booked him for tests.

He was a Vietnam veteran. When sober, he caused no trouble, but when he was drinking he would do crazy things. Kruegers were called to town for the hearing or trial three times before they had it. The first two times it was delayed by the defense lawyers. When the hearing started, they questioned Mrs. Krueger first. They showed her the rifle and asked if that was the rifle that he had. She said, "Yes, but you have taken something off of it. Isn't that called tampering with the evidence?" She could tell it was the rifle by the broken stock. So that was all that they asked her. When Mr. Krueger got on the stand, the defense lawyer asked him if he was afraid. Mr. Krueger said, "No." The lawyer said, "Here he had his rifle on the table and you weren't afraid?" Mr. Krueger replied, "No, the good Lord will protect me and provide." That was about all they asked of him. I forgot to mention it. When the guy laid the rifle on the table he asked Mr. Krueger if he shot Mrs. Krueger would Mr. Krueger shoot him. Mr. Krueger said that

no that he couldn't. They kept the man in an institution for sometime. I guess that they turned him out in time.

We all enjoyed the Krueger's. When Mr. Krueger came here he was the solemn old Mennonite type, until he got used to us. John and Frank Thiessen's sons teased and joked with him a lot. It made a different person out of him. I'm sure that he enjoyed it too.

I went down to John Thiessen's place one spring when they were branding calves, putting on tags, and castrating. Mr. Krueger was tending the fire and keeping the branding irons hot. I was sitting on the top corral rail taking pictures. When I looked down at him and saw him stoking the fire up, I had to laugh to myself. I couldn't help it, I said to him that I didn't expect to see him tending fires so soon. He gave me the funniest look and said, "You're kidding, I presume." I laughed and he caught on and had to grin.

The Kruegers used to come over one or two nights a week and we would play Rummicube. It was a game played like the card game rummy, only you used marked ivory tiles instead of cards. The tiles were numbered from one to thirteen. The chips were still in four different colors. It was a fun game. We all missed them when they moved. They moved back to Manitoba to be closer to their kids. We still keep in touch.

One year when I was driving truck, the truck needed to be replaced. I took my vacation and Don M.'s sons drove while I was gone. He was driving a new Ford. I had told them time and time again not to go to the disposal well when it was raining. This day it had started to rain and Randy thought that he could make it okay. The road was all clay at this time. He got about a mile from the well, on a corner the truck slid sideways and rolled on its top. It smashed the cab in some and the tank also. Marie and I had gotten home the day before and I had told Randy that I was ready to go back to work. But he wanted to work one day more. Well, they sent out an International truck. It was in pretty good shape, but I liked the Ford better. That truck had an automatic Allison transmission in it. It proved to have not enough power on a hard pull. So

they put a three speed brown light transmission behind it. You could shift it up okay but you had to stop to shift the second transmission down. It had a manual shift. I drove it until the weather got cold. Then I had a lot of trouble with it. So Don M. had me bring it back to town and I got to take the Ford.

When I got it out, the heater wouldn't defrost the windshield. It would frost up so bad that it was hard to see. I took it to town as soon as I could. I took it to Dave's Garage. I stayed at the Alexander McKenzie Hotel. In the morning I went up to the shop expecting the truck to be ready. It wasn't, the mechanic couldn't get it to blow any air on the windshield. We put a hotter thermostat in the radiator hose, that didn't help. We put a new core in the heater, that didn't do it. Here the mechanic was a grade A mechanic and I was just a farmer, logger, etc. I finally took the fan off and looked at it. It had three bolt holes in it. I got to studying it, then it came to me, it could be put on wrong. If it was set one set of holes closer, it would be closer to the vent to the windshield. So this is what I did. When we turned the fan on, it really blew fresh air. Then the mechanic asked me what I had done. It worked fine after that. When the people straightened the cab out after the rollover they put the fan in wrong. I drove the truck for over two years. It had 90,000 miles on it and everything was in good working order, except the cab. It was all shaken to pieces from the rough roads. Don M. traded it in on a Ford, with a 200 cat motor in it. It was a nice truck but it burned a lot of diesel.

I continued to build little farm machinery as part of my hobby. In 1978, I took some of my things to the trade fair, which was being held in the arena in Fort St. John. They had me set up in a corner on the main floor. I had a small display at this time. When I had it about half set up, one of the committee members came and when he saw what I had built he wanted me to take it down to the main floor where all the exhibits were. I didn't want to take it down and move it, so he said okay, leave it here.

A little later on that year an art and craft show was being held in the same place. You had to send in for an entry form and fill it out so you could show. This I did. When I came in a little early that day, they had a spot all picked out for me. It was right in the center of all the exhibits. My display did real well. I got first prize for the best individual entry. I got a really nice big trophy. There were a lot of real nice pieces of work there. My display was the most original.

In 1979, I thought that I would take my hobby on the road to see how it would do. My display had gotten a lot larger by then. I had built a replica of the worlds longest team hitch. It had 18, two horse teams and 10 grain wagons loaded with bagged Marquis wheat. The real hitch was put together on the Kris Bartsch ranch at Gleichen, Alberta.

Chapter 29

Serious Hobby Time

The miniatures grow huge

One time I had my display set up in the Dawson Mall, in one of the little shops. It drew a lot of attention. One day I got a phone call from the manager of the mall. She said that a man wanted to see me. She said that he would like to know if I would make a big hitch. At this time I hadn't even heard about the big hitch. So the next time I went to the mall, the manager called this fellow, his name was Ted Bartsch, his dad was Kris Bartsch. He brought a picture along to show me the hitch. He said the Calgary Stampede Board has wanted a replica of this hitch for years and you are the first one that I have seen that could make it. He looked over my display and was well pleased with it. I said yes, that I would build it. Little did I know then what I was getting myself into. I didn't do a thing with it for about three months. I would call Ted a couple of times a week to get more information on it. I even had a picture made from his. It cost me \$40, but I wanted everything to be exact.

I then started checking around to get Percheron horses, miniature that is. I couldn't get a mold in Canada. I went ahead and built all the wagons and grain boxes and started building harnesses. That summer we took a trip down to Washington and Oregon. Alice, Marie's sister, knew some people in Roseburg, Oregon who built ceramic molds. I had written to them and they agreed to build me a mold. So I went to see them; they were a really nice middle aged couple. The mister said that he didn't usually build molds that had so

many parts, but this was for a special reason, so he would. He built a mold that turned out beautiful little Percheron horses. The lady that made ceramics in Dawson Creek poured, fired, and painted them the way that I wanted. I ordered 40 the first time. She could only make six as the mold had to then be dried out. When I asked her how much it was going to cost me she said \$8 per horse. I looked at her and said no. She gave me the funniest look. Then I said "I'm going to pay you \$10 per horse, but you have to do a little extra. I want a little hole put in the mouth so I can put a bit in the mouths for the bridles." These little horses had just a stub for a tail. I said, "It also has to have a little slit put under the tail so I can put a crupper on the harness." She agreed to do this. I said "If you don't do this, I won't pay you for the horses. If you want the horse it will cost you \$10. If you don't the mold will have to be destroyed." I told her that the mold was the only one like it in the world and I had gone to, too much trouble to have it exploited by someone else. She could see my point of view. We never had a minute's trouble. In the course of time she had all the horses made. I tried to have the models of the horses all colored just like the horses in the big hitch. Some of the horses didn't show up that clearly, so I had to guess. The horses that showed up prominently, were painted exactly alike.

When I started building harnesses, I built the pieces for 50 harnesses. Now that took a lot of pieces. When I was hauling water I would take different gauges of copper wire to make rings, buckles and snaps. While I was loading, I'd build, when I unloaded I would build more. The time went quickly for me. The leather all had to be split the right thickness and width. Then it had to be dyed black. Then the pieces had to be hand sewn together. As I got the horses, I would harness them and put them in their position on the hitch. All the two horse eveners had been built and attached to the cable rope that pulled the wagons. It was a happy day for me, 13 months after I had started, to when the hitch was complete.

I called Ted Bartsch up, to come out and take a look at it. Ted and his wife, Florence, came out the next Sunday. They were

really impressed. Ted said, "Don, this is so real that I could just get on and drive it off." We visited awhile, Florence went in to visit with Marie, and Ted and I stood there talking. Ted was looking it over closely and he said, "The leaders didn't have britchens on their harnesses." I said, "Come look at the picture." When he did, he said, "I'll be damned, I don't remember them having it on." Then he said, "I wonder why we didn't have Yankee britchens on them like the rest." I thought that I'd be smart and said, "So that they could hold the other horses back." He said, "Oh." The pun flew right over his head. There were four outriders with the outfit. So I had four little men on horses by the wagons. I said to Ted, "This one's you." He looked at it and said, "Don, I had a white shirt on." Then he said, "It was the only white shirt that I ever had." He was kidding of course. So I got busy and made a tiny white shirt and put it on the miniature Ted. I never said anything to him about it. Sometime later when he came up to see me, when he walked into the museum, the first thing he started to say was, "Don I had them..." He stopped and grinned and said, "You put a white shirt on me." I said, "Yes, you should be happy now, do you know how hard I worked to make you that white shirt." We both had a good laugh about it.

In 1979 when I had my vacation, I had bought an 18 ft holiday trailer. In 1978 I had bought a Ford 150 van. So we decided to load up the hobby and take a trip with it. I had heard so much about Gleichen that I wanted to see the town. When Marie and I pulled into the town, it was a small town, I saw a couple of fellows standing on the street corner. I went up and asked them if they knew anybody that knew about the big hitch. They said, "Go down to the Legion, that's where all the old guys coffee up." So we drove down, it was only a couple of blocks away.

When I went in, there were some older men playing cards and some were just talking. I asked someone at a table if there was anyone around that remembered the big hitch. The bartender heard me and came right over. He said, "What do you want to know about the hitch?" I introduced myself and said, "With

the aid that I got from Ted Bartsch I built a replica of it." They were flabbergasted. They didn't think anyone remembered it anymore. Now this is something that happened once in a lifetime.

The next day was their Homecoming Day. That was the day, people came back to their old homes to visit and show their pride in their country. The federal government gave communities money to help put it on. The man tending bar was the chairman of the Homecoming committee. In short order, he had us at a small arena to set up. It was quite a chore to set it all up. There was a little girl, about 12 or 13 years old, that came in and wanted to help. Boy, was she a big help. She was such a good little worker. Once she was shown how to do things, you didn't have to check on her. Marie, our little helper, and I got it set up about one in the morning. The little girl had to leave about 11:00. She wanted to stay longer, but said that she would catch heck if she did.

When the doors opened in the morning and people came in, they were all amazed. They wanted to know how the chairman had gotten in touch with us. So many of the people had grown up hearing about the big hitch, now they could see it in miniature. I mentioned earlier the horses' colors. A fellow came up and said, "Don, I had two teams in that outfit." The one team was the thirteenth team and he didn't remember where the other team was. He said, "Your horses have to much white on them." I said, "Let's look at the picture." We counted out the teams. He just stood there and looked, then he got a grin on his face and said, "How did they get that white on their feet?" But in 50 years a person forgets a lot of things. Marie and I were treated like royalty all the time that we were there.

We went to the town of High River, Alberta and set up the display in the town hall. They had the chuck wagon races there that year. That was a wild affair. There were four outfits racing at one time, four - four horse teams and 16 outriders, four to each wagon. There were four horses killed that night. Three in one race and one in another. Most of the chuck

wagon horses were or had been race horses. All they had ever been taught was to run. They never had been taught to watch out for what was in front of them. One horse stumbled and the other horses piled up, the wagon piled on top of them, the horses behind smashed into the wreck. Three horses were killed outright or had to be destroyed.

Marie and I stopped a few places but we didn't display anywhere else until we got to my home town of Buckley, Washington. I went into the bank and told the manager about my display. He was interested in seeing it, so we set it up in the bank. I put up a collection box and gave all the proceeds to the Senior Citizens Center. I couldn't be there every day so seniors from the center came down and sat with it. When I was setting the display up, I had them call an old friend of mine to come down. I said, "Clarence you're an old packer, how about packing these three horses." He looked at them awhile and said that he had never packed anything that small. He was game, so he sat down and tried. His fingers were stiff and he couldn't make the diamond hitch. I gave him a pair of needle-nosed pliers and then he succeeded. He had a lot of fun doing it. Sometimes he would come in and sit with the display. He was very well known, so it was a fun time for everyone. The display was set up in the bank for a week.

Years before, when I was pretty young, our neighbors, the Nelsons, lived a short distance from us. Mr. Nelson was a blacksmith. He always had a nice team and would do farm work. He had bought a big black gelding. The horse was iron-jawed. Mr. Nelson was a very strong man, but this horse was so hard mouthed that Mr. Nelson's back would ache from this horse pulling on the reins so hard, so he built a big bit for this horse. It had long shanks, to which the lines were fastened. It had a chain curb that went under the horses' chin. So when the horse pulled, it would hurt his chin so he eased up on the lines. Well years later, when Mr. Nelson died, Mrs. Nelson knew that I was crazy about horses and harness so she told me that I could have all the stuff that was laying around. This old bit was one of the things that I picked up. I kept it all these years. When I had the displays set up, I called Wilma, Mr.

Nelson's daughter and told her that I had something for her. She was sure curious. The next day Wilma, her husband, and another couple showed up. Wilma was anxious to see what I had for her. I had cleaned this old bit up, so it looked pretty good. When I showed it to her, her mouth opened up and said, "That's King's old bit that dad made." She said, "Where in the world did you get it?" I said, "Remember when your mom gave me all that stuff." She laughed and said, "Yes, you sure cleaned the junk out for us." I said, "I've had it all these years and now I want you to have it." She said, "Don, you've kept it all this time." She didn't think that I should give it back. I insisted, so she took it. I knew that she really wanted it. It was something that her dad had built, I think that it is the only thing that she had that he had built. She told me later that she put in on her fireplace mantel and had fun getting people to guess what it was. She said very few people guessed what it was, but she did get some very funny guesses. So then it was back home and to work for another year.

The next year I retired, the last of April, 1980. In June of that year I received a letter from the superintendent of the Hobby division of the Western Washington State Fair at Puyallup, Washington. She invited me to show my display there. This was the 9th largest fair in the U.S. I wrote and replied, that I would. Then we corresponded a few times to get the details settled. It was decided that my display would be 8' x 16'. So I planned on how I would set it all up. It took quite a bit of planning. I made a list of all the things that I was taking down. I had to go through customs both ways. I had a lot of stuff to take. I had the list of things, some pictures and the letter inviting me to show.

I stopped at the Canadian side going down. They stamped all my material so that when I returned they could see that I had indeed taken it down. It would sure have been something if I had to unload everything and go through it. I had to set up a few days before the fair started.

When I started to set up, I wanted to get set up early so that I could work on both sides of the display. Some people came in

and started to set up a rock display on one side of me. They weren't supposed to do it until I was set up. They continued to get in my way. Finally a fellow from the fair board came to my aid. He told them if they didn't quit bothering me that they would be requested to leave. Boy I was surprised at his abruptness. They understood that kind of language. The people were sure nice to me after that. They offered to help me, which I thanked them, but there was very little they could do. With no interference, I got the display all set up and then they could get theirs set up. There were several of them working together, so it didn't take them long.

I would come down and sit with my display four days a week. Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday. To begin with, they only gave me three passes to the fair. Then they saw that I was coming four days a week, they gave me a hand full of passes. One Sunday it rained, 65,000 people attended that day. Most of them went through all the inside buildings to see the display. It wasn't fun for me that day. Pretty near all day there was a steady column of eight people abreast going past at a slow but steady pace. A lot of people wanted to talk and ask questions. It was an impossibility. With the crowd they would just be pushed along.

Another day, when there wasn't such a crowd, I saw a lot of old friends and got to visit a little with them. I got first, in my class. My display was listed as the feature attraction of the hobby division. There were over 8,000 exhibits. The superintendent told me that it was the largest individual display allowed there in 30 years. I had people come up to me and ask how I got to display my things. They said that they had been trying to show for years, but couldn't get a chance to enter. I told them that I didn't ask, I was invited to show. The fair lasted for 23 days. The next year I was asked to display again. This was something unusual. They didn't allow the same display, two years in a row. I was told that a lot of people had wanted to see it again. I thanked them and said no. It cost quite a bit to stay and haul everything both ways. We did use the holiday trailer to stay in. On the way back home, when we went through customs I stopped in the office with all

the papers. They didn't even look at them. They just told me that they knew all about it and that I could go.

This is a little incident that we all had to laugh about when we heard about it afterwards. One of my nephews was a crazy funny guy. At times he pulled some stunts. When he was about to go through customs he said to his mother, I wonder what they would do if he didn't stop. I don't know if he didn't mean to drive through or if he did. Anyhow, he drove through and didn't stop. All of a sudden sirens came on, all the traffic lights came on red. Of course, he then stopped. I guess he got a talking to. So he found out what would happen.

In 1983 or '84, Gleichen was celebrating their Centennial Birthday. The town was a hundred years old that year. I got an invitation to the event. They wanted me to bring my display. They told me, they had built a large arena and were going to have all kinds of antique machinery and the likes. It sounded like fun, so I said I would come. We got there several days early, so we would have time to set it up. At this time, my display was 6' wide and 32' long.

We parked our trailer outside the arena and unloaded everything. Marie and I started setting things up. I think we worked three days getting everything set up. I had a blue cloth that I used for a table skirting, so it was more attractive. I couldn't figure it out, they never brought any old machinery in. On display, were two tables of native artifacts. When I asked them about it they said we got to thinking about how much work it was to bring all the old stuff in and that they didn't think that it was worth it. They said, besides your display has all the old equipment on it and the people can see how it was used and worked.

The celebration was in its second day. I was talking to a couple of guys, I looked up across the arena, a guy came walking towards us. I just glanced at him and then looked away. Then I thought that looked like my brother Bob. So I took another good look and it was. I couldn't believe my eyes. I said, "What in the world are you doing here?" He laughed and said, "We thought that we would surprise you." They sure

did. Bob and his wife and another couple that I had known years before had driven up from Buckley. They parked their trailers next to ours. Doris and her friend Beth were also there. Marie didn't know that at that time. Marie was sort of put out at these rude people that had parked by us. She was sure surprised. They had quite a big program for the evening. So Marie, Doris, and Beth were sitting together. Doris knew about Bob and LaVerne being there but didn't tell Marie. We thought that it was funny. I wasn't sitting with Marie, I was off by myself. Doris said to Marie, "Doesn't that woman look like LaVerne?" Marie said she didn't think so, her hands didn't look like LaVerne's. Doris was sure tickled. She kept needling Marie, about how much that lady looked like LaVerne. Pretty soon Marie caught on. She was as surprised as I had been. Doris knew for a long time that they were coming. She had told them where we would be and how to get there. We teased Marie about those rude people that had the nerve to park by us.

Chapter 30

Hobby Time

Display

In 1976 I had bought an old 8' x 32' trailer house. I tore all the cabinets, closets, and partitions out. I was fixing it up so I could display my stuff in it. I cleaned it all up and put two sets of braces on the walls. I had to replace some panels on the ceiling, then I painted the whole inside. I built a display table 4' wide and the length of the trailer. At the back of the trailer I had left this little bedroom intact. I put a table in it and three bureaus to store tools and supplies. This was my little work area. In 1982, I built onto the trailer. My stuff had overgrown it. I moved the trailer out and dug holes about 2' deep with a post hole auger. I filled the holes with washed gravel. I built little forms 12" x 12" x 8" deep, they were just for the sides. I mixed cement by hand and I put one form on each hole. I mixed the cement rich and sloppy. When I poured it in the forms I wanted some of it to filter down in the gravel.

I had gone to a Kinsmen club sale. They had everything there and lots of it. I bought a bunch of 2" x 4" x 16'. There were 300 of them. When the auctioneer started to auction them off I opened the bidding, pretty soon there was just another fellow and me bidding. The other fellow was mad at that damn fool who was bidding against him. He said that he wanted them. Well, I wanted them too. He dropped out at about \$320. Miro took his trailer into town the next day and picked them up for me. There was another man there loading heavy stuff for people. Miro parked the trailer in the backyard at home and I unloaded and stacked them with slats in between each layer so they would dry out. A short time before, I went to a farm sale

at Prespatou and had bought 78 - 2" x 8" x 16' planks. I got them for \$70, the planks were all planed. After the cement blocks had dried I pulled the trailer house in place and jacked it up. I bought a lot of 1" boards 16' long from John and Frank Thiessen. These boards were also planed. I also had them bring me 9 - 6" x 6" x 20' long. I dragged these 6" x 6" timbers under the trailer and put six of these on the cement pads. I leveled and squared them up. I took six of the planks and spliced them so they were 28' long. I used the one inch boards to put the sub floor down. On this, I put three layers of tar paper and 7/16" plywood. I used 2 x 4's for the walls and rafter trusses. On the outside walls I used 1" boards. The sheeting on the roof, I used 1" boards. I had the trusses really well braced.

The old trailer had been built in Long Beach, California in 1952. When I was tearing out some walls I found where someone had written his name and address when they had built the trailer.

I couldn't stop the trailer from leaking anymore. That is the reason that I had built the two together and put it on the same foundation and under one roof. Scotty and Boeey Wollen were tearing their house down so I went down and helped them. In return they gave me the cedar siding and all the paneling from the inside of the house. I bought three double sliding windows and Scotty gave me the rug out of her old living room. It was a nice rug. I bought buffalo board to use on the outside walls. It is very good insulation. It is made from the bark of trees. After I had installed four windows and two doors, I put on the buffalo board and then put on the cedar siding. I bought fiberglass insulation for the walls and put it upstairs between the ceiling joists. I had already installed all the electrical wiring. I put the paneling on and stained it. I had bought a propane heater sometime before, so I took the little oil stove out and put in propane for heat. I had been to a farm sale earlier and bought a good storm door. I got it for \$25, in town it would have cost me \$129. I built a display table 4' wide and 20' long. When I built the addition, I had it fixed so I took both doors off the trailer and sealed the doorways

between the two units to make it look better. I thought that now, I would have lots of room.

Today both rooms are full, the walls are covered with a lot of interesting things. In the addition, I have a replica of a two story farmhouse, completely furnished and a hip roofed barn. The roofs on both buildings are roofed with cedar shakes. The barn has six horse stalls, two stanchions for dairy cows, tack and grain rooms. There are two milk cows waiting to be milked. There are four horses, all harnessed and ready to go to work. Up in the hay loft there is a hay track and carrier, a double harpoon fork ready to unload the load of hay outside. The tools are ready to be used, leaning against the wall ready to clean the barn. There are five pigeons on the rooftop. There are eight windows, four on each side. On one end, there is a sliding door. On the other end by the horse barn there is a set of Dutch doors. On the cow barn side is a single door. On one side there is a manure spreader with a team and driver, all ready to go. On the other side there is a pig house with an old sow with one little pig and two feeders at the feed trough. Oh yes, the hay loft has a lot of good smelling hay in it.

I used to go to Wanham, Alberta to the Provincial Plowing Matches. I had learned to plow with a walking plow when I was quite young. I liked to plow with a good team. In about 1984, I went to the first plowing match that I had ever seen. Some guys got me to plow. I came in second. I went every year until 1987. That year I won the walking plow event. In 1987, I got my name entered in the record books. I have wanted to go back every year but something always comes up.

In 1988, I was invited to a miniature antique show. I thought it would be fun to see how my handmade articles would compare to factory made things. The show was held in Kindersley, Saskatchewan. There were over one hundred displays. The shows are mostly for people in the business of buying and selling. I'm in neither. I just show. Out of the 100 exhibits they give five awards to best exhibits. They don't give 1st - 2nd and so on. They just award what is judged the best. I was one of the winners. My stuff compared very well

with the manufactured stuff. It looked a lot more real. There were no cash awards, just plaques.

Since then I have been invited to show in North Dakota and several times to the Lions Clubs show in St. Albert, Alberta. I can't go to these shows, most of them are for only a day or so. It just takes too much time to set up and take down, travel, and back home to set up again. In 1992, when Canada was celebrating the 50th Anniversary of the building of the Alaska Highway, I signed up with BC Tourism. My museum was advertised in several newsletters and other advertisements. I don't get a lot of people stopping here, as it is too far off of the highway. Over the last few years, over 1300 people have stopped in. A person going through my guest book to see the places that some of these came from would be surprised. I have been on TV several times. I was on CJDC for 15 minutes on the news one evening. The regional district sent two men out, they were here about three hours. This was used for promotion of tourism in BC. A couple of years ago, BCTV (Vancouver) sent out a two person team to do five pilot shows on the Alaska Highway. The first one they showed was about an outfitter and his crew. I think that it was at Teslin Lake. The next show was the chopstick factory at Fort Nelson. The third one was my little museum. The fourth was Shepherd's Inn. The fifth one was Bill Bickford's buffalo ranch near Cecil Lake. These showed on the 6:00 news on Channel 02 out of Vancouver. We don't get BCTV here so my good daughter in town taped it for me. Last October, I got a call from the editor of the Business Logger in Vancouver, BC. They are from the West Coast Limited Publishing Co. He said that he had been reading about Don's Hobbies and it sounded real interesting, so he called me. We talked for over half an hour. He asked me if I had any pictures and that he would like to have them so he could do an article on me. So I sent him a letter and pictures. Just after New Years I got my pictures back and two copies of the magazine. He gave me a good write up. It was about three pages long. So I wrote him another letter, in the article he made a couple of little mistakes. I subscribed to the magazine for a year and ordered

two more copies. This was a special edition that had been put out. It was the first time they ever had miniatures displayed in their magazine.

Chapter 31

Moose Hunt

Hard work

One day Ray Trombley, who was a gas field operator for Pacific, built a camper for his pickup. He did a real nice job of it. That fall he invited Gordon Taylor, Abe Bueckert, Tom Garcia and me to go on a moose hunt at Stoney Creek. It was a new area that was just being opened up. It would later be on the road to what is now Tumbler Ridge. We arrived there in the evening and camped for the night. We had room for all five of us to make our beds and sleep. I did the cooking for them on a three burner propane stove. Abe Bueckert had ulcers and all his food had to be boiled. I tried to get his food cooked before I started cooking. He wouldn't do it. When I started to cook for the crew he would always insist on getting his meal. Can you imagine trying to get a meal on two burners? Then the two of us trying to stand in the same place by the stove. It was frustrating to say the least.

The next morning we all started to hunt. I hadn't gone very far when I spotted a big bull moose. I took a good rest aim and fired. The bull dropped on the spot. I stood there and waited to see if it would take another shot or not. The bull laid there just like he was dead. I just started to walk up to him when he started to kick and thrash around. I could have shot again but I didn't want to spoil any more meat than what was necessary. When I had to walk through some brush to get closer to him. He suddenly jumped up and took off. Boy, was I mad! The snow was about a foot deep at this place. I waited a little while and started to track him. He ran up to the top of the ridge, the snow was about 30 inches deep there. It was pretty

tough climbing and walking. I trailed him a couple of miles and he seemed to be headed back closer to camp. He had come down to a lower elevation so the snow wasn't so deep, but it was still slow going. When we got to about 1½ miles from camp, I saw what I thought was the moose standing in a little clump of small trees. I was pretty tired by this time as I had been on the go for several hours. It was about 4:00 in the afternoon. This time I got down on my knees and took a good aim and fired again. The bull was down for good this time. I had been following this bull's tracks all day long. When I walked up to the bull I got a surprise. This wasn't the bull that I was after, it was another bull. The bull that I was after had run right by this bull. That had caused him to get up to see what was going on. This bull just like the other, was a large animal. I couldn't roll him over to dress him out so I just bled him out and went back to camp.

I got back to camp just at 5:00. I got something to eat and some hot coffee in me. Then Tom Garcia and I, with the aid of a flashlight went up to the bull and dressed him out. There wasn't enough room for all of us to ride in Ray's truck so Gordon had borrowed a four wheel drive rig from Wally Shirling. He said if there's this much game in the country, he was going home to get his truck and skidoo to get it out. So he left that night. So we left the bull where it lay until Gordon got back. After I had shot the second bull, I still followed the other bull's tracks as he was headed not too far from camp.

The next morning after breakfast I went to where I had left off tracking him. When I caught up to the tracks and started following, I had fully expected to find a dead animal. Instead I got a surprise, I had only gone a couple or three hundred yards when I heard him get up from where he had been laying in some brush and take off. He had spent the night in this area. There were seven beds where he had lain. He was a pretty smart animal, instead of laying down and stiffening up he would get up and move around. The first few beds had quite a lot of blood in them, the last couple very little. So I started trailing him again. He had picked up another moose and they were traveling together. I had trailed them about a mile when I

heard some shooting up the valley a little way ahead of us. I thought that I had run the bull into another one of our group. So I kept on trailing. Pretty soon I came on to where the animals were, when the shooting started. The two moose took on up the hill in 20 foot jumps. I was sure disappointed. It was there that I quit tracking them. I was getting pretty well tired out and the bull was not showing any signs of doing likewise. I then went back down to camp.

Gordon had gotten back. He had unloaded his skidoo and was ready to start hauling the meat in. He had brought a hood from a pickup to load the meat onto; then he thought that he could skid it better quarter by quarter. The first trip he dragged a front quarter. It turned out that it pulled pretty hard, so he used the hood on the other three quarters. I had cut the moose up into quarters with his help.

When he came back he brought his little son, Guy, with him. He was a happy little guy. Ray had shot three yearling caribou calves. Ray was a good long distance marksman. He could hit targets ½ mile away. I would say that the calves were close to 400 yards. Ray used to brag a little. He said that he had hit them all in the head. I noticed that they all had been shot through the body. When he walked up to them he had shot them through the head. I laughed and told Gordon, he must have walked up to the calves and shot them through the body to finish them off.

Tom Garcia wanted the set of antlers, they were a nice set, they measured 53". I told Tom that he could have them, but he had to punch his game card and put his tag on them, he agreed. I got after him a couple of times to tag the horns and punch his card. He got a little peeved at me for bugging him. It was then that I should have done it myself. In camp we had skinned the quarters out and hung them. We had forgotten all about him not tagging and punching his card. We were stopped in a game check. We very nearly all got arrested. If the meat wasn't so wet and a little slick the game wardens would have taken it. Then Tom tagged and punched his card. Then I was peeved at him for being so stubborn. I was a little

disappointed, I thought that he was going to have them mounted. The last that I saw of the set they were laying out in the grass. It was the biggest set that I ever shot. That was all the game that we got on that hunt. When Ray and I got one mile from home a nice young bull ran across the road in front of us.

Chapter 32

Moseying

Desert, ocean, and home

In the early 1990's, several of us went on a tour to Reno, Nevada. There was Doris, Cindy, Randy, Marie, Robert Dueck and myself. We all played the slot machines. I wasn't doing too good. I had lost a couple of hundred dollars. I was playing a 25 cent machine and I hit a lucky jackpot. It was for \$1474. The bells started ringing and the lights all lit up. After a while the United States IRS, security, and the man for the casino all showed up. The IRS took \$424 right off the top. The man from the casino said to me, "Do you want me to put it in the safe for you? That fellow over there is showing a lot of interest in the money." I had to laugh, it was Rob Dueck. I told him no thanks, that Rob was with us. I made my mind up that I wasn't going to put it back in the machines. I kept on playing. I'd win a little and lose a little. When we left for home I still had my big winnings intact, plus a little more. Doris was pretty lucky. She is a good little gambler. Marie came home in the black.

Marie's brother, Albert, took his brothers, sisters and their spouses on a cruise to Alaska. We flew to Vancouver, BC. There we boarded the Princess Cruise ship. It was a real nice cruise. We went up the inside passage. We stopped at Ketchikan, Skagway, Juneau, and the Mendenhall ice fields. It is hard to visualize the size of these ships. The one that we were on, was 14 stories tall. We had an outside stateroom on the 12th floor. The service was great, as were the plays that were put on in the evening, also the food. We saw lots of seals and some whales and lots of birds. I didn't have any luck in

the casino. The machines were set pretty tight. I wasn't a heavy loser.

In about 1959, my family and I took a trip to South Dakota and Iowa. At that time the gas was 23 cents a gallon. The motel rooms were \$2 per night. You could get a real good meal for a dollar. I think that the expense of the entire trip was under \$200. Just compare that with today's prices. Marie and Barb and I were on that trip. We got to see and visit with a lot of Marie's relatives. It was a good thing that we went when we did. The next year several of the older people had passed on. In Kimball, South Dakota we got to see Marie's birthplace and her old home place. At her cousin's place we got to see a prairie dog town or colony. It covered about 40 acres.

In 1983, the community of Buick started to build a community hall. Almost all of the hall was built by volunteer labor. The hall is 40' wide and 60' long. It is a very nice hall. It has hardwood floors and is well finished on the inside. The first event held in the hall was the 45th wedding anniversary celebration for Marie and me.

June 3, 1996, we celebrated our 57th anniversary. June the 9th we celebrated 35 years since we moved to Buick. The first years were hard years, but we are enjoying the benefits of our labors now.

In about 1972 or 1973 I bought another pair of Shetlands at Patterson's Auction Mart in Dawson Creek. One was a bay and the other one was black. They were both mares. They weren't broke, but they were gentle. I already had a little team of Shetlands. I made another set of breast collar harness for them. I had a nice homemade cutter that I had built, so I hooked the four abreast. They broke in real easy. One day, Miro brought his boss over for a ride. At that time Miro was driving truck for Canadian Propane. We harnessed and hooked them up to the cutter. We drove them on the old road to Aitken Creek. When we had gone about a mile and a half, they said that was far enough. His boss was getting cold. I turned them around and gave the lines to Miro. Miro's old dog, Butch was following us. When we had gone just a little

way, I let out a loud whoop. The horses took off on a fast run. Now these horses were small but they could really run. The snow was really flying from their feet. Poor old Butch was soon left behind. he was running as fast as he could, but it wasn't fast enough. Pretty soon he began to whine, he didn't like being left behind. When Miro started to slow the ponies up, he was surprised that it took such a hard pull to get them to slow down.

One time I thought that it would be fun to drive them four up. I put a false tongue in front of the tongue on the cutter. I put my old team on as the lead team. It didn't work that way. The little mare Betty, wouldn't walk out. When she would stop, the wheelers would push the two tongues and she would brace her feet. I had to put her on the wheel and the new mare Debbie in front. Then it went pretty good. I took about a five mile ride and on the way home the horses wanted to run. When I pulled on the reins, the sled just shot ahead. They kept going faster and faster. The only way that I could see to stop them was to turn them off the road into the deep snow. It worked. It also broke the tongue off the cutter. I then unhooked the lead team and let them go. We were only about a quarter mile from the barn. A B.C. Tel operator stopped and said that he would catch them for me. I told him that he didn't have to because the team would just go to the barn and wait for me to get there, so he went on his way. The team went to the barn and stopped. When the operator saw this, he just kept on going.

One year when the school was where the community hall is now, the school put on a Christmas program. The principal thought that it would be nice to have me bring Santa Claus, Ed Bagg, to the school in my cutter and four horse team. The night of the program, Ed and I watched the program until it was almost finished, then we went to my house, which was close by. Ed put on the Santa suit and I hitched up the team. I had sleigh bells on the horses. The principal had a look-out outside, so when he heard the bells he went into the school house and said, "If you people want to see Santa Claus coming you had better go outside." So the people all came

outside. When I pulled into the yard people were standing all over. I knew that if I slowed the team down I'd never get Santa to the door. I had the team moving a good clip, so I never slowed down. You should have seen the people scramble to get out of the way. Most of the people had a good laugh at the slow movers getting into gear when I didn't slow the horses down. Most of the men never went back in to see Santa give out gifts to the kids. They stayed outside and petted the horses or just stood around talking. When Santa came outside, with a Ho, Ho, Merry Christmas he got into the cutter. I yelled at the horses and we left in a cloud of snow. No one got in our way when we left.

Bonny and Cindy were wanting buy horses, so I sold them Beauty and Debbie. Bonny got Beauty and Cindy got Debbie. When they started for home, I still lived on the farm, the horses wanted to turn up the road to the barn. The girls were a little afraid of the ponies. I told them not to worry, the horses wouldn't buck, but they had to make the ponies go the right way. The girls stayed with it and the ponies went on down the road, no more problems. All the training that the ponies had until the girls bought them was when I drove them in harness. The girls taught the ponies to neck rein and they learned a lot together.

We sold the farm in 1974 and moved to the Buick Creek corner. In the summer of 1975 with permission from Mag Nesse, he was the one that bought the farm, I put on a fun day gymkhana. Bonny and Cindy would bring their horses over, they lived just across the road and I would teach them how to do certain events. I would only let them practice one at a time so that the horses didn't get confused. I would let them practice about an hour and that was it for the day. Every day that I was home, they would come over. The day that the playday was to be held the girls and the horses were ready. All the events were on the point system. So many points for first, second, and so on. For the costume class Cindy had me put on a good saddle and pack on her horse. She dressed up in old clothes and had a long black beard. I don't recall the others. She won first place. She and her horse were the high point

team. Barb's little daughter Edwina rode Bonny's horse Beauty and got first place as the youngest rider. Beauty was so gentle and she loved little kids. We had the two practice several times before the contest. There were younger riders, but someone was leading their horses, so they didn't get as many points.

When we moved to the corner we took four horses with us. As it turned out we didn't have enough pasture so I sold the little black team. They were really a well broke little team. I took them to the auction sale at Dawson Creek. Shetlands usually sold for under a hundred dollars at that time. I had the harness that I made for them on and the team sold for \$350.

The sorrel colts that I had raised, Dandy & Daisy, were just broke to ride. Dandy was better broke than Daisy, he was less than a year older than her. The second winter at the Buick corner, I broke them to drive. I harnessed Dandy first. I let him pull a single tree and chain to start with. When he got used to it I put a little sled behind him. Then in a little while I could get on and ride. When he got going good, I put him in the barn and got Daisy out. I did the same thing with her. I didn't take the harnesses off. In the afternoon I took the two of them out and put on double lines and hooked them up to the sled. I drove them around and around the field until they were handling like an old team. I then hooked them up to the cutter. I had put a longer, stronger tongue on it. I had them tied to the bars on the gate while I hooked them up. When all was ready to go, I took the bars down and got in the cutter and down the road we went. They weren't afraid of cars. When a big truck would go by I'd crowd them to the far side of the road and hold them steady. The only time they made a move to go was when some smart guy on a big tractor with a loud motor came roaring by. He came down from behind us to pass, he didn't have the courtesy to get over when he went by. The horse gave a jump, but I was able to hold them easily.

I had built a rubber tired wagon with help from Dennis and Booe Wollen. I had all the parts, but they did the cutting and welding. I had bought four front wheels with spindles and

axles. I even had springs on it. I put a stub tongue on it so it could be towed behind a car or pickup. I had this built while I still had the shetlands.

For two years, the rodeo club at Wonowon invited me to give rides at their rodeo. I had two spring seats on it and I could drop the tailgate. I could haul up to six at a time. A trip around the arena cost 50 cents. I sure didn't have to wait to get new riders. One time a man brought his little boy that was very shy. He was only a couple of years old. He was too small to sit on the seat so I held him in my lap. I would always talk to the kids as we rode along. I also talked to this little boy. When we made the trip and got back to the starting place the boy's dad came up to get him. The little boy wouldn't go to his dad. The dad was one surprised person. He said you sure have a way with kids. I said, "He just likes the horses and the ride." So his dad paid for another ride. The little guy was as happy as a lark. When we got around the second time the little boy took awhile before he went to his dad. His dad thanked me for being good to the little boy. The little fellow couldn't talk plain but he tried to tell me good-bye.

Another fellow had a boy four or five years old, he paid for one ride. When the ride was over he said, "You know I should give you \$5 and you could baby-sit for me all afternoon." The rodeo club got a percentage, I don't recall how much, but it was good for both of us.

I had bought a real nice saddle, bridle, breast collar, etc. It was black, with a red padded seat. Dandy was a horse that carried himself proud; he was a pretty horse, a light chestnut with four white stockings, and a small blaze on his face. Daisy was just the same, only her blaze was more narrow. To see them in the pasture you had to really look to tell them apart. They were full brother and sister.

The first time that Daisy had a saddle on was one day in the summer of about 1972. Tom Garcia Sr. had a herd of about 30 head of cattle in my pasture. He wanted to move them home as he had his fence built. He needed a couple of saddle horses to help make the drive of about five miles. I got Daisy saddled

up and took her in my corral. I put a pair of long lines on her and ran them through the stirrups. I drove her around the corral until she learned how to respond to voice commands and how to turn by the pull of the reins. I got on her and rode her around the corral until she learned how to respond properly. Shortly after Abe and Tom Jr. showed up. We saddled Dandy and turned the cows out of the pasture onto the road. I rode Daisy and Tom Jr. rode Dandy. We got the cattle started with no trouble. In a little while, I had Abe ride Daisy as it hurt me to ride very far. The boys had driven a pickup down to the farm, so that was what I was driving. It took us awhile to go the five miles, but we got the cattle all in the pasture with no trouble.

I then got on Dandy and started for home leading Daisy. It had clouded up and the clouds were really black, the wind had started to blow, and it looked like a real thunder and lightening storm was building up. I put Dandy into a fast trot and headed for home. I didn't know how the horses would react to an electrical storm. We just made it home and were going into my garage when the first clap of thunder and lightening struck. The horses didn't pay any attention to it at all. Then the rain really came down. I waited a few minutes until the worst was over and then I put the horses away. From then on, when anyone came out for a ride, the two horses were saddled and everyone rode them. Daisy would follow Dandy wherever he went. That fast trot home after the cattle drive hurt something inside of me. It bothered me for several months, but I finally got over it.

Chapter 33

Potpourri

Some old but newly surfaced memories

In the early 1930's, I bought a 1926 Ford pickup, Model T. It had a nice body and a good wooden box. The old fellow that owned it couldn't keep it running, so he had it for sale. I bought it for \$15. I wanted to build a wagon-like, four wheel trailer out of it. It had four brand new tires on it. When I got it home I spent several days stripping it down. I was careful when I took the cab and box off. My brother-in-law wanted to buy the cab, so I sold everything to him for \$5. I wanted to get the stuff out of the yard. I went over to Sellands, a parts store, in Enumclaw to order a tongue type trailer hitch. The clerk was sure dumb. I explained to him what I wanted and how it was to be used. I waited impatiently for four days and it finally came. It was the wrong kind. I was sure mad. I went in to see the manager, I let him know that I wasn't very happy. He asked the clerk what the problem was. The "dumb" clerk said that he hadn't heard of such a hitch like I wanted so he just ordered what he thought that I wanted. The clerk didn't make any points that day. The manager got the parts book out and showed him the kind that I wanted. It took me another four days to get the part. The hitch bolted on the front axle and clamped on the radius rod, so it worked really good. The trailer never weaved or swerved. I built a 3' x 10' box for it with 16" sides. Like I said before, lumber was very cheap, so the outside was just cut into 1" boards. Sometimes I couldn't see a thing wrong with them.

Anyhow, I loaded on a pretty heavy load. I guess that I must have had on a ton. I was pulling it with a 1929 Ford Model A

Roadster. These cars still had mechanical brakes on them. I got started for home, I guess I was going about 30 miles an hour. Suddenly, a young heifer jumped out of the ditch onto the road in front of me. When I saw what was happening I put the brakes on, it slowed the outfit down, but not very fast. I'll swear that the front bumper wasn't two feet behind the calf. She had been eating grass, so you know what happened. Boy it sure stunk. She ran in front of the outfit for two or three hundred feet and then ran off the road. When I got home I sure had a mess to clean up.

When I told my dad what I was going to make he said, "What do you want to do with a thing like that?" He thought that I was foolish. In the course of time, I used it quite a bit. I had bright ideas in those days. Dad was caretaker of the cemetery at Buckley. The grounds at the cemetery were all sand. So for some reason I thought that I'd like a load of it. I didn't think that the roadster would pull the trailer up the hill getting out. So I bought two wheels and got some old bed rails. They were angle iron 2" x 2" x 6'. I cut them into 7" lengths with a hacksaw and had a welder weld them to the wheels. I took the trailer down and loaded it with sand and took the rear wheels and tires off and put on the wheels with cleats. I just made it up the hill. I didn't stop to think, the car was so light that the lugs didn't dig in, they spun. Another lesson learned.

That summer dad and mom were on a trip to Mom's birthplace in Indiana. So when it came time to cut hay, I had another bright idea. I'd use the car for power to cut the four acres of hay. It worked pretty good too. But I just about knocked a rod out in the motor. It was bad enough, that I traded it in on a 1930 Model A sedan. This car had been kept in real good shape. This is the car that I had when Marie and I were married.

In 1937, Dad sold the place east of Buckley and bought a place west of Buckley on the Pipeline Road. In the deal, he got to keep all of the buildings. Just before he started tearing the house down he came to me and said, "How much do you want for the trailer?" I just looked at him and said, "What

would you want with that old thing?" He had to grin, but he said that he wanted to use it to haul the house lumber that he tore off each day, so that people wouldn't steal it at night. So it really came in handy.

In the fall of 1933, my two brothers, Glen and Keith and I went over to Bill Brown's place west of Wapato to pick potatoes. Glen and Keith hired on to pick potatoes. I hired on to be a swamper. It was my job to work on the truck. Two men would hand me sacked potatoes and I would stack them on the truck bed. The sacks weighed 70 pounds, each. They weren't tied. There were seven sacks across on the bottom row. Five sacks on top of these and three sacks laid down across the top. The truck would haul 4 ½ tons per load. The load was hauled to a warehouse about 10 miles away. Then we would load the sacks onto hand carts and dump them down a canvas chute into the basement of the warehouse. My pay was \$3 per day plus board and room. The potato pickers got 70 cents per ton. The sacks had to weigh at least 70 pounds. Keith was 15 and I was 17 at the time.

In three days time, Keith played out and was going home. So I traded jobs with him. I didn't want to, but it kept him working. My brother Glen was 26 years old at the time. He was a big strong man, he had picked potatoes several years before. He could pick on an average, 300 sacks a day. The pickers had to buy a belt arrangement. It consisted of a 4" wide heavy canvas belt that went around your waist. In the front there were two straps that had a snap and a buckle on it so you could adjust it to your own taste. On these two straps with snaps was a ½" x 2" x 20" board with two screw eyes that the snaps would snap into. On the other side of the board were two hooks, one on each end. On the back side of the belt were two pretty good sized hooks. These were to hang empty sacks onto. Some of the potato rows were over a ½ mile long. After the potatoes were dug and had dried off, you would hang about 50 gunny sacks on the hooks on your back. You would take one sack and hook it onto the board in front. When you bent over to pick, it would open up and would drag between your legs. When the sack was full, you would stand

up and unhook the sack and stand it straight and put on another bag and repeat it over and over. When I started picking, Glen told me to take it easy until I got used to it.

I didn't listen very good. The first day I picked 190 sacks. The second day I picked 150 sacks, the third day I picked 90 sacks. My back was so sore that when I went to stand up straight, I couldn't. I had to lay down, then I could gradually straighten out. As luck would have it, the next day was Sunday. That was the day that dad came over to get me, as I had a call to go back into the 3 C's. I was sure happy about that. My back bothered me for a long time after that. Glen and Keith stayed until the crop was all in.

I forgot to say that we had taken the trailer over with us, also the 1930 Ford. When I knew that I was leaving, I let Keith take over the payments on the car. When he and Glen got ready to go home they bought a load of potatoes. I don't remember how many but it must have been at least 1500 pounds. On the way down the Chinook Pass, Keith shut the switch off and let the car coast on compression. It was an eleven mile grade. When they got to the bottom, Keith turned the key back on but it wouldn't start. The coil had burnt out. I think that one of them caught a ride to the closest town. I'm not sure about this but I do know that they finally got the load home.

Keith took his friend Bob Collins down to San Francisco in his 1930 Model A coach. Keith said that when they parked it in the big garage, there were mostly big new cars all around it. He said it looked pretty small. Bob paid all the expenses. He wanted to see an old friend of his. They both were sourdough's from Alaska. Keith said that when Bob's friend saw the car he said, "Bejabbers, and will it run?" Bob and his friend were both Irish. They had a good trip and the old Ford perked right along. When Keith went into the Marines, I bought the car back from him.

Back to the governors on the carburetor. Someone found out that if you put a pencil sized stick about 8" long into the carburetor the governor wouldn't work and the driver could

go as fast as he wanted. Sometimes in the morning, there would be a check to see if any governors had been tampered with. Once in a while someone would get caught. The driver would get a warning, also the foreman. The second warning the driver could be put on a pick and shovel.

One time when I was in the 3 C's, I was the assistant foreman leader on the snag falling crew. We had worked all day and had come in to camp for supper. When we got to camp, we would clean up and change clothes. Then at 5:30, we would assemble in front of the mess hall for retreat. The flag would be lowered, folded and put away. If there were any announcements to be made, they were announced, then we would go into the mess hall for supper. On this evening the announcement was this: "When you are finished with supper, you will go to your barracks and pack your bedding and roll your mattress around it and fold up your cot. You will also put extra clothes, shaving gear etc. into your barracks bag and when the trucks come to load you will help. You are going to fight a forest fire at Twin, Washington." That caused quite a commotion. Most of the young men had never been on a fire.

Anyhow, in the course of time, supper was eaten, the trucks were all loaded, and then the men were loaded into trucks. For seats in these trucks, the benches were put in lengthwise. One bench on each side and a large tool box in the middle. It had a large lock on it and could be locked. This was where all the tools were stored. These trucks were Fords, Chevs, and Dodges of the 1930's. They were rated at 1½ tons. There was a headboard in front. There were bows over the truck box with slats and heavy canvas on top. The side racks were about 40" high. There were usually 30 men to a truck. When we first left camp there was a state of excitement among the young fellows. These trucks all had a governor on the carburetor so that the trucks could only go 35 miles an hour on the level. I think that it was about 150 miles to where the fire camp was. That would take almost five hours traveling to get there.

To begin with the guys were singing and then to talking. Some of the young fellows started playing car poker. There were

usually four or five that played. The way that the game was played, went like this: When a car came up from behind, in rotation, the men would read the license plate number and try to make a poker hand out of it. When all the fellows had a license plate number, the one that had the best poker hand would win. The usual bet was 5 cents a hand. Today this sounds real funny, but remember back then, some of the men were only getting \$5 per month.

Once on this trip to the fire, a car with three or four young women came up behind the truck. One of the young guys in the truck had a camera but it didn't have any film in it. He pretended that he was taking pictures of them. The women thought that it was great, in fact they were so engrossed in the picture action that they almost ran into the back of our truck. It scared them pretty bad, so they just passed us and that gave us a big laugh. Can you imagine taking pictures with an empty camera?

When we pulled into the campground it was about 11:00 at night. We got our bedding and bags sorted out and made our beds. All of this was outside. We didn't have any tents. There was a small stream running down a small coulee, grass on both sides. Some of the fellows made their beds up along the creek. I had a funny feeling about it, so I made my bed up about 40 feet away. It was about 30 inches higher than the creek. When we all finally got to bed it was about midnight. There were to be two shifts of workers. One from 4:00 to 12:00 noon and the other from 12 noon to 8:00 at night. Our shift was from 4:00 to 12:00. Well, from 12 midnight to 4:00 in the morning doesn't give you much time to sleep. Besides at 4:00 it was still dark. When the whistle was blown to wake us up, all heck broke loose. Such swearing you wouldn't believe. We were on the banks of the Twin Creek. Twin Creek drained into the Strait of Juan de Fuca. The tide had come in and there was about a foot of water under the guys' beds that were close to the little stream. You can imagine the surprise they got when they put their feet into cold water. When they went to bed they had put their shoes under their beds. The tide had washed them away. In the course of time, everyone found

their shoes. The tide had just come in, so their shoes hadn't gone far; they mostly were caught in bushes close by. We were a little late getting to work that morning.

When we had our first shift in, the young fellows that had been so excited about going to fight fire, weren't so excited anymore. We were at this fire about 10 days. The Superintendent thought that it would be nice to take us the long way home. We could see the ocean and stop for a little while. Most of us had never seen the ocean, so it was a good thought.

Going home we had a pretty narrow road to go on for a ways. The driver of the truck that was loaded with the cots and bedding got too close to the edge of the road in passing another truck. His truck rolled completely over. It lit on its wheels on a railroad track. Now there wasn't supposed to be anyone riding in the back of this truck. But two guys had snuck into it and were asleep on the bedding. When it rolled, they fell out the back. One fellow was knocked unconscious, the other wasn't hurt at all, just scared. We got the other fellow laid out and there didn't seem to be any broken bones. In a little while he came to. He was sure a bewildered guy. He kept saying, "What am I doing here? Where am I?" Seeing as he was sound asleep he didn't remember being in the bedding truck. He wasn't hurt, seeing that he was alright we asked him if he still wanted to ride in the bedding truck. They both declined. The rest of the trip was uneventful. When we got to camp we had to set our beds back up and shake and clean our bedding up.

My brother Keith was in a CCC camp at Twin, not where we had camped though. One day a bull elk got on a bridge and wouldn't let any traffic by. One fellow driving a truck, was going to push the elk off the road. The elk succeeded in punching some holes in the radiator. So the driver turned around and went back to camp. They were walking a caterpillar dozer up the road. When the operator got to the bridge, he was going to push the elk off the road. The elk was pretty smart. He ran around to one side of the cat and

managed to graze the driver's arm with his horn. The driver jumped off the other side and got underneath the bridge. I guess it was funny to anyone not in the driver's shoes. When he would stick his head up to see where the elk was, the elk would charge. Then the driver would duck under the bridge. The elk would come and look over the edge to see where he went to. The fellow in the truck had gone back to camp. They called in a game warden to get the elk off the road. When the game warden came, the elk charged him. So the elk had to be shot. The elk was very thin so they thought that might have affected its mind. Elk are usually timid, except in the rutting period. But this was way past that time.

One day when the snag falling crew came to the truck for lunch, one of the fellows, Stan Coville, was carrying a 30-30 caliber rifle. We couldn't figure out where he got it. He said that he was walking by some bushes and saw a stick that looked like a rifle barrel. He just grabbed it for curiosity's sake and out came this rifle. He was really surprised. It was in good shape, it looked like a new rifle. It didn't have too much rust on it. I waited until the next day and asked him how much he wanted for it. He said \$5, so I bought it. In the CCC you couldn't have a firearm in the barracks, it had to be kept in the supply room. One clerk in the supply room liked to tinker with things so he worked on the rifle and got all the rust off. The next weekend I took the rifle home.

We found out later that a guy in Yelm, that was a little town nearby, and some other men had gone deer hunting three years before. One of the men had a call of nature and had leaned his rifle up against some brush. Afterwards when he went to get it, he couldn't find it. The other men helped look for it too, but didn't find it either. The rifle had been new. The fellow had just shot a few rounds off to line the sights up. He had done a good job too. I could hit a nickel with it at 40 feet. I had it a year or so when Glen wanted to buy it. I was short of money so I sold it to him for \$15.

The next year, Sam joined the CCC at the same camp. Keith, Sam, and I, were all in the armed forces. Keith was in the

Marine Corps. He served in several companies. He was wounded twice. Sam served in the army. He spent his time in the motor pool, as a mechanic and driver. He was in Japan just after the war was over. He said that things were still pretty touchy. Bob was called, but couldn't pass the physical. When he was a young lad he was riding on a wagon load of hay. When the horses started to go, Bob was too close to the back of the load and fell off. He broke his elbow. It never healed properly. He couldn't straighten his arm out. He was in good physical condition otherwise. I just took 17 weeks of Army training and got out as the war was over.

I told earlier about one of our elk hunts, when this guy came into our camp one night and asked if he could use our fire. Well, what I didn't think of at the time was that the next morning when we saddled up to go hunting, we went out of the meadows towards Arch Rock. This was on the Summit Crest Trail that I mentioned before. Just before you came to Arch Rock, the trail branches off to the left at what was called Chamberlain's Burn. It was named after the man that found the forest fire caused by a lightning strike. You go through the old burn and then get to Cougar Flats. It is on the trail to Raven's Roost, a small mountain. Well, when we got to Cougar Flats, there were four men around a campfire having coffee. We stopped and talked to them. One of the fellows said, you should have seen the guy that came by a little while ago. I laughed and said, "Yes, he spent the night at our camp." They wanted to know what kind of a nut he was.

After we had talked a little, one of the guys said that he was sure having tough luck hunting. He said, "Do you see that log?" We couldn't help but see it, it was over five feet in diameter. He said that he was sitting on it when a couple of hunters came by and wanted to know where all the elk were. He said that he didn't know, but he didn't want them around him, so he told them just over the ridge to the north. They went in that direction. In a little while he heard some shots and silence and then another shot. He said that as he sat there he got sleepy and went to sleep. In a little while he awoke with a start, he thought that someone was shooting at him. He

said that he was so scared, that he just fell or jumped down behind the log. When everything got straightened out, he found that another hunter had come walking down the trail and just as he got real close he saw a nice young spike bull elk about 50 feet beyond the fellow sitting asleep on the log. So he up and shot it. Now the hard luck fellow said, that's not all of it. The two fellows that I sent over the ridge got a big six point bull.

As I mentioned before, when I was cooking out of Ohanapecosh at Two Lakes side camp, we had our supplies packed in by horse and mule. Just about a half mile past our side camp there were several cliffs. If you went by a certain time in the afternoon and looked east, one of the cliffs had a perfect profile of an Indian chief.

Barclay Combs was the packer on one of the trips with the pack string. They couldn't find one of the mules. It was all pretty much open country, there was good grazing everywhere. They hunted most of one day and just before evening they found her remains. They could tell by the scuff marks that a cougar had been laying on some rocks and when the mule got close, the cougar sprang on the mule's back and broke her neck. The mule lay about 40 feet off the trail. The cougar had eaten all it wanted and left.

The next day some of us walked up to look at it. In the meantime, a bear had come by and dragged the carcass down the hill a couple of hundred feet. It was feeding on the carcass. When we got there, we didn't bother the bear. It was $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to camp and just salt to use against a bear when we got there, not even a sling shot.

This was at the side camp by Two Lakes on the Summit Crest Trail. When they set the camp up, it was a tent camp; kitchen, mess hall, and bunk tents. They made a mistake in setting up the kitchen and mess hall. They set it up on a water run. One day we really had a cloud burst. The little lake was about 20 acres in area. It rained so hard, the lake rose over two feet, in a little over one hour. There was a stream of water at least 18 inches in width and depth that ran through the kitchen. We

had to lift the sides of the tent so that the water could get through. The stream ran between the cook stove and the worktable. Can you imagine the mess? It was a dirt floor. The K.P. and I took our shoes and socks off, waded around in the mud getting supper ready. Just a little while before supper, a park ranger came walking through. He said, "You sure have a messy camp here." I could have dunked him in the lake! We were working under the most terrible conditions and he criticized us. It was a real neat, well kept camp, before the rain. We spent the summer working there and it was the only heavy rain that we had. The foreman had the crew divert the stream around the cook tent after this mess.

We moved the camp back to main camp the first of September. On the way, we camped at a place called Three Lakes. It had a log cabin there. So we cooked and fed the men in the cabin. The men still slept in tents. One night there was an awful commotion, a herd of elk had come into camp. The horses and mules were all tied up. If they hadn't been, the packer would have been out of horses and mules in the morning.

One summer I worked for a farmer and his wife. They had four children, two girls and two boys. The girls were teenagers and boys about eight and ten. I had a lot of fun with the boys. When it came haying time, the hay was cut with a team of horses. It was a heavy clover crop. The clover had all laid down, so most of it, 15 acres, had to be cut one way. I had just gotten out of the CCC. I had put on quite a bit of weight. When the neighbor cut the hay, he just cut one way. Then he would trot the horses back and then make another cut. The hay was so tangled, that most of the time it didn't leave a space between the hay that was cut, and the hay that was still uncut. It was my job to turn the cut hay out of the way for the next cut. I would follow the team and then trot back and do the same thing again. The farmer gave me heck and said, you don't have to work so hard. I was just over 20 years old and full of vim and vigor. It was just the best thing in the world to lose weight. In the eight or nine days that it took to mow the

hay I lost 30 pounds. I dropped from 180 to 150 pounds. This is hard to believe, but it is the truth.

One day after the hay was dry, we started to haul it to the barn. One of the boys caught a grasshopper. I had a bright idea. I told him, "Don't turn it loose. Feed it to the chickens." They had 300 laying hens but they were moulting. The boys said, "Why?" I said, "Didn't you know that for every grasshopper that you feed a chicken, they would lay an egg." They really didn't believe me. I said, "When a chicken eats a grasshopper, it will kick an egg out." I had a hard time keeping my face straight. The two other guys working there caught on and agreed with me. It was a sight to behold, those two boys catching grasshoppers and counting the eggs that they were going to get. After a couple of trips to the henhouse, they just had to tell their mother how many eggs that they were going to get. Their mother was confused. She couldn't figure out how the boys figured that hens that weren't laying any eggs were going to lay so many eggs. So the boy explained it to her. She just burst out laughing and told the boys, "I'll bet it was that damned Don, that told you that." I saw the boys off and on for years after that. The first thing that I would say was, "How are the hens doing?" They never got mad at me, but we had a lot of laughs over it.

These people had two dogs. The older dog was lazy and real tame. The younger dog was tan colored and bigger. It was real timid. One day I told the boys to get me a little can and to put a few rocks in it and get me a string. So they ran and got me the stuff. We were still hauling the hay in. So the dogs followed us all the time. When the boys came back with the can, I petted the younger dog and he just laid down. I tied the tin can and string to his tail. I petted him some more and then ran to catch up with the load of hay. When the pup got up, the can and rocks rattled, it was a sight to see. I think the pup would have put a greyhound to shame. He ran right by the team and load. All the racket spooked the team, but the driver didn't let the team get away. The dog ran up to the house. There was a hole under the house where the dogs slept. Frank, the farmer was standing in the yard when the dog came

tearing in. He tried to be serious when he gave the boys heck for the trick. He knew that it was me, but didn't want to give me the dickens. But when he tried to give the boys heck, he couldn't stop from laughing. He finally told us what happened when the dog got to the house, he said the dog was going so fast that he went around the house twice before he slowed down enough to get under the house. The dog wouldn't come out, so one of the boys was sent under to take the can off the dog's tail. Frank said, "I know who did this, but I wish that you wouldn't show the boys these things." He couldn't keep a straight face while he was telling me. Frank was a carpenter and had broken his arm, working at a lumber mill. So that was the reason he was in the yard, instead of helping put the hay up.

Bob was the younger boy. He was sure a funny person. When Bob got older, the girls and his brother Eugene all got married. Bob stayed at the farm and ran a dairy. My brother Bob drove a big feed truck for the Farmers Co-op in Enumclaw. Bob, my brother, used to play tricks on him. One day Bob R. ordered a load of grain. Then he thought I'll fix that truck driver. He had a large feed bin that the grain was put in. So he nailed planks across the top so that it would be a chore to take them off. Brother Bob didn't know what Bob R. had done, but as it turned out he didn't make the delivery that day. The next day Bob R. said to him, "I'll never do that again." Bob N. said, "Do what again?" Bob R. said, "I thought that I'd play a trick on you yesterday, I nailed planks on the feed bin, but you never came so I had to tear them off myself." Then they both had a good laugh. How many guys do you know that would own up to and laugh about a trick that backfired? Anyhow Bob N. said he didn't pull any more stunts on him. They are still best of friends.

When I was in the CCC we were sent out to another forest fire. At this fire, there were several trucks there, so they had to be serviced in the field. Bernie B. was the man that serviced them. In the old days before high lead and skidders were invented, the logs were dragged on the ground. In some places, there would be quite a groove worn into the ground. At

this fire, Bernie found one and was using it to a good advantage. When he had to service a truck, he just drove it a straddle this groove, then he had room to get around under the trucks. One of the junior foremen by the name of Glen Clark, drove a forestry service pickup. When Bernie was underneath it greasing it, Glen got in and drove it off. He didn't look around, or anything. This really tore up Bernie. So the next day when Bernie went to finish the grease job, he found an old piece of cable a couple of hundred feet long. He fastened one end to the rear axle, the other end to a nice big friendly stump. Well, here comes Glen again. Glen does the same thing again. This time just as he was shifting into second gear, he hit the end of the cable. He thought that he had run into something. He ran around the pickup, fell over the cable and got up and ran around again. When he got to the cable he could see what had happened. We all had a good laugh about it. Not where the bosses could see us, but where we weren't seen. Bernie got the worst of it. He had to pay to get the pickup fixed. The rear axle had been jerked loose on one side. I think that it wasn't all fair. Glen should have been found partly guilty for acting irresponsibly and fined at least half the cost.

The stories that Edwina asked me to write have filled my mind for almost two months now. I have remembered a lot more than I expected to. It has been fun. It is so much more than I have ever written before in my life.

I hope that this bunch of my life's experiences didn't bore you too much. You can't visualize the changes that have occurred in my lifetime. I am glad that I was born when I was. I wouldn't exchange my birth time, to be born in this day and age. The youth of today will have an entirely different set of situations to face.

May all of you have a happy, successful and prosperous life.

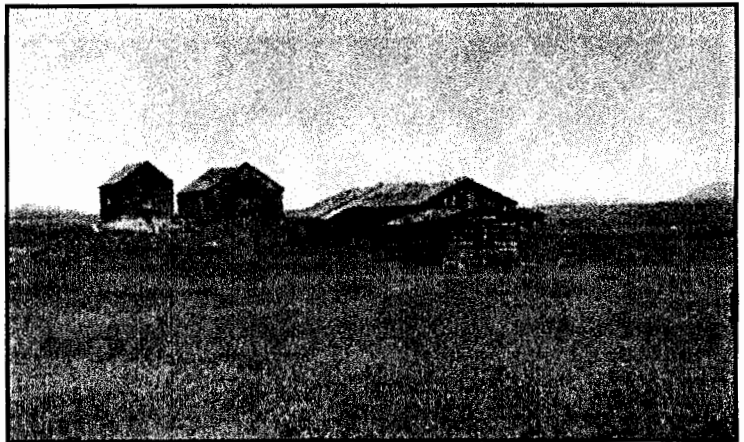
Don W. Nearhood

Photographs

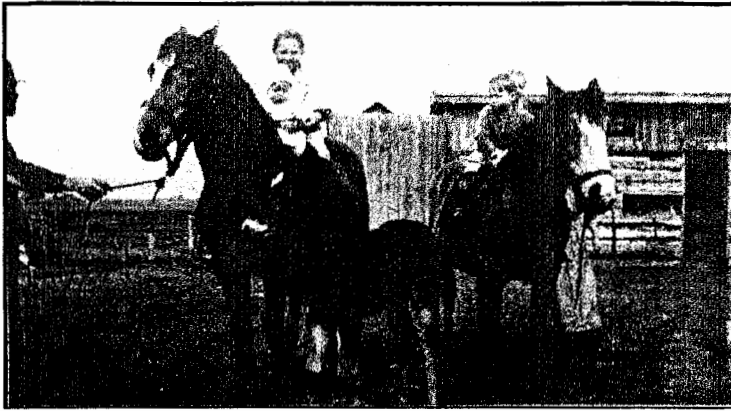
Montana



Dad with lines, I'm on Scott. Bert is the other horse.



The Montana ranch buildings in 1951 with Bitterroot Mtns. in the background. From left to right: warehouse with cellar, new barn, old house, and spring house.



The driving team in front of the chicken house in Montana. Polly is on the left with her colt Dolly. Helen is on her holding Keith. Betty is on the right with Velma and me sitting on her back. Dad is holding Polly and Ma is hidden by Betty.

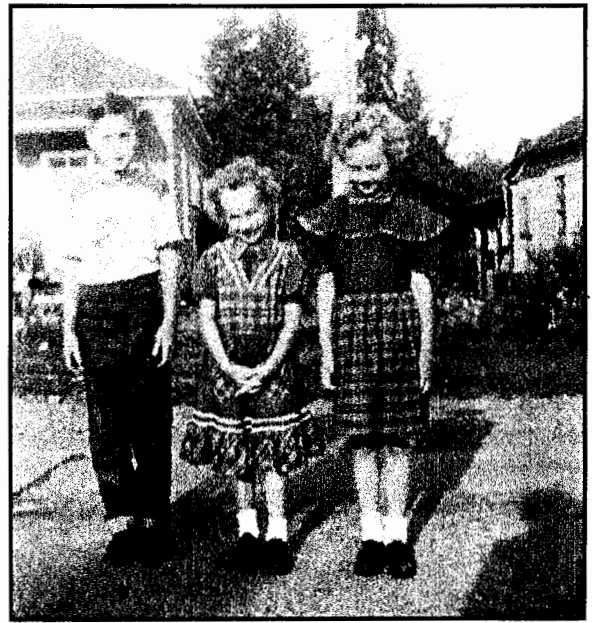


Photograph of Ma, Pa, and me in Montana about 1919.



Ma and Pa at their place on the Pipeline Road in the 1940s. Written on the back of the photo: "Just finished the chores and still had the pail with the eggs when the kids wanted to take our picture so rather than disappoint them; here we are."

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Donnie, Doris, and Rose Marie in Burnett in 1948, school days.



Barbara, about one year old. She was born October 19, 1952.



Here I am in 1957 with Pete (right) and Maggie and the covered wagon I built for parades.



Miniature sleigh and team that I built in 1975.

British Columbia



Miniature pack train and tents.



Marie and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in 1989.

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