

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #381 - Sides A/B

Subject: Shelby Petersen

Date: August 4, 1991

Place: Burns, Oregon

Interviewer: Edward Gray

EDWARD GRAY: ... This is Ed Gray with Shelby Petersen,

P E T E R S E N.

SHELBY PETERSEN: Yeah, yeah.

EDWARD: In Burns, Oregon on August 4th, 1991. We're going to talk about Bill Brown. What do you know about Bill Brown, what have you heard, Shelby?

SHELBY: Well what I was going to tell you was that there used to be an old fellow by the name of Bob Baker that worked for him. And he has got a son living over here at Drewsey.

EDWARD: Fred.

SHELBY: By the name of Fred.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: He could probably tell you a lot of stories that his dad told him, probably.

EDWARD: I've talked to Fred.

SHELBY: You did?

EDWARD: Yeah. Yeah, his father was ---

SHELBY: Bob Baker.

EDWARD: His second, Bill Brown's second buckaroo boss.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: 1894. Yeah.

SHELBY: I knew the old fellow pretty good.

EDWARD: Yeah. What --- he lived out there on Silver Creek didn't he, for years, Bob Baker?

SHELBY: Yeah, yeah. His oldest son, I went to school with him here in Burns awhile.

EDWARD: Now you were born in 19---

SHELBY: '02.

EDWARD: '02.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Did any of the Petersen's ever work for Bill Brown?

SHELBY: No. He was kind of out of our range. Our range was this way more.

EDWARD: You guys, the Petersen's were down in Harney Valley down here, or ---

SHELBY: Say what now?

EDWARD: Were the Petersen's on Silvies River?

SHELBY: Not till later years. I got a half-brother that lives up at the upper valley there, but he didn't go up there until along in, let's see, oh the late part of the depression. But he is younger than I am, nine years.

EDWARD: Did, did you ever have, have you ever heard any stories about Bill Brown, Shelby?

SHELBY: Yeah, I've forgot most of them.

EDWARD: Did he ever come into Burns?

SHELBY: Once in awhile he would come in with a team and wagon and go right back out. I think he done most of his business in the bank over at Prineville, wasn't it, in that country?

EDWARD: Probably.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: He wasn't one to come to town too often.

SHELBY: No, he stayed right out there.

EDWARD: Have you ever been out on Lost Creek or Wagontire Mountain?

SHELBY: I've been on Wagontire, on this side quite a bit. But not so much on the other side.

EDWARD: I see. On Wagontire, Shelby, did you know Link Hutton?

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: What kind of guy was he?

SHELBY: Well I don't know hardly how to answer that. There was always a feud out there, and he shot that Bradley boy. I knew the Bradley boy, and that was kind of --- I think over his wife a little bit. He was a mail carrier. So I don't know, maybe both of them went a little bit too far there.

EDWARD: Harold Bradley.

SHELBY: Harold Bradley, I think, was his name.

EDWARD: Did you know Harold pretty well?

SHELBY: Oh, not too well. I just barely knew him. I'd been around Silver Lake a little bit, not much, but I used to go over to Paisley once in awhile. My wife come from there.

EDWARD: I think Harold was born in 1902. You guys would have been about the same age.

SHELBY: Yeah, we'd be about the same age.

EDWARD: Yeah. Did you work out on Wagontire any, Shelby?

SHELBY: Me?

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: No. I'd just go over there once in awhile after a horse, or a cow, or something.

And then going back and forth to Paisley, I used to go over there a horseback. Used to stop at Jackson, Ray Jackson's house. Once in awhile I'd stop at Dobkins. And they were, you was a saying that Ray had been in the pen, or something. Well he taught school out here at what they call the Petersen schoolhouse. That would be back in the teens. Then he went to Paisley.

EDWARD: Had a store there, didn't he?

SHELBY: Well he even taught school over there. When he went over there, what they told me, they called him Tomcat Jackson over there. And said when you took charge of that school or something, he had boots on and a big hat. He had a pearl-handled six-shooter. That was under his pillow one night when I come by there after --- Link had killed that boy, he had them all scared.

Anyway, why he had this six-shooter and he called the roll and had them all stand up. Called the roll, he stood up, and he'd hammer on the desk with his six-shooter. Now he says, "Any of you sons-of-bitches here want to whip me this morning?" There wasn't a damn sole wanted to whip him. And the school went on, didn't have no trouble after that. That was the stories they told me over there.

EDWARD: You're the third person that has said that.

SHELBY: Am I?

EDWARD: Yeah. Vera Addington said that too.

SHELBY: Yeah. But now Ray --- Dobkins had a sister, the way I understand it, and she committed suicide over Ray or something. Did you ever hear anything about that?

EDWARD: That's the second time I've heard that.

SHELBY: And I hadn't thought of that for all these years. I don't think I've thought of that --- and my wife and I have been married for 65 years, she died last September. She was an Elder; there is a bunch of Elders over there.

EDWARD: Oh good heavens, there is a million Elders over there.

SHELBY: Yeah. There ain't as many now as there was. Of course she was educated in Ashland down there, high school. And I worked for old John Elder a couple of years, in haying there. Anyway that was the story I heard about ---

EDWARD: Jackson was born in 1878.

SHELBY: Well I never heard of him ever going to the pen, but I remember this mess. And yet after that he got in partners with Dobkins.

EDWARD: Supposedly, Frank Dobkins' father was William Dobkins.

SHELBY: Bill Dobkins.

EDWARD: Bill, yeah.

SHELBY: I just seen him a time or two was all.

EDWARD: And supposedly Ray B. Jackson raped one of the Dobkins girls and she got pregnant and committed suicide.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: And he was put away in the state penitentiary for white slavery. I don't know, I'll find out.

SHELBY: I never heard that.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: I heard about this other. I wonder what year it was. First year I was in Paisley would be '23, so ---

EDWARD: It had to be way before that.

SHELBY: And it couldn't --- and he taught school at the Double O out here, at the Petersen schoolhouse in the late teens. So it couldn't have been --- it was after he went over there.

EDWARD: Had to be 1890's, or early 1900 I would guess.

SHELBY: Well was he in that country before he come to Burns then?

EDWARD: I don't know. I don't know where he was --- his brother William Jackson was a editor of the Albany newspaper.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: Smart evidently, you know, a pretty smart guy or some-thing.

SHELBY: Well old Ray was pretty smart too, but he didn't seem to get too far.

EDWARD: Why did he end up out at Wagontire, do you know?

SHELBY: Why he landed up there?

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: I don't know.

EDWARD: He went there in 1917, that's when he got a homestead where that house is. Do you know when he built that house; Ray Jackson built that big house? Was it there ---

SHELBY: No.

EDWARD: When did you first go by, approximately, Shelby?

SHELBY: Well it would be in the '20's.

EDWARD: '20's. Was that house there then?

SHELBY: I think so. That would be in the place that Dobkins had.

EDWARD: No, where Ray Jackson's place.

SHELBY: Oh, where he lived later on.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: Yeah, I was there --- yeah. I remember it was there in '25.

EDWARD: In the upstairs bedroom, that was his bedroom, that's where he shot himself.

SHELBY: Oh.

EDWARD: Did you ever hear --- do you know what ---

SHELBY: No, there has been two or three accidents over there like that. They didn't

know whether it was suicide, murder, or an accident. But chances are it was murder.

EDWARD: Chances are, yeah. Ray Jackson, all the coroner's report says --- they didn't even investigate it, because Link Hutton was there, and Frank Foster. That's America Hutton Foster Sutherland's son, and he was there.

SHELBY: Mickie they called her.

EDWARD: Mickie, yeah. I don't know whether it was murder or suicide either. Who knows? But the coroner's report said he committed suicide.

SHELBY: Yeah. And let's see it was in, it would be in '26, I think, along in January. The last of January and February I come from Paisley across in a Model-T Ford, and didn't have any lights, I don't think. I think they burnt out on me. I drove into where Ray was, and I seen a light in his house. When I got in there, there was no light there. So I just naturally went on to the house, drained my Ford and went over there. And went up on the porch and knocked and nobody answered. So I opened the door and lit a match, and lit the lamp, and felt of the stove and it was still warm, but nobody there. So I went ahead and cooked something to eat. Had some stuff cooked there, a pot of beans I think, and something. Got me something to eat.

And he had a woodshed that joined right close to the house, got a little wood and put in the wood box, and I went to bed. Turned the light out, and pretty soon somebody stepped up on the porch and went to hollering. Well before --- I did when I went to bed, I got over on the opposite of the bed, I thought maybe they might come home. And I felt something under the pillow, and I reached up, and it was that pearl handled six-shooter of his. (Laughter) And funny he didn't take that with him. So he knocked on the door, and hollered who is it, and I told him. And he come in, and by gosh he talked most of the night. He talked pretty fast, you know, and talked most of the night.

EDWARD: Ray Jackson talked pretty fast?

SHELBY: Yeah. He told me about --- after he shot that Bradley boy, that woman of his come up to his place then. I don't ---

EDWARD: Link.

SHELBY: --- think it was in the night, I think it was during the daytime when they carried the mail, you know. So she run off a foot, and he was telling about that, and he was scared. He must have kind of helped her get out of the country or something. He was a little bit scared of Link.

EDWARD: Link and Ray Jackson didn't get along.

SHELBY: I know it. They didn't like one another.

EDWARD: They hated one another. Harold Bradley was ---

SHELBY: Well Dobkins then didn't either.

EDWARD: Dobkins and Link didn't get along either, no.

SHELBY: And poor old Link when he died, all he had was this little house down here on the corner.

EDWARD: Yeah, right on the corner, yeah.

SHELBY: It was, I think, in his wife's name. I think it was hers. Sandy Anderson said all they had was his saddle and bridle and something like that. All he had left.

EDWARD: Didn't have nothing.

SHELBY: God, he had quite an empire. He had control of all that alkali flat down there.

EDWARD: He ---

SHELBY: Great place to run cattle.

EDWARD: Hattie May was, you know, was Parker Tyler Hutton.

SHELBY: Yeah, Hattie Tyler.

EDWARD: Yeah, when Link died he owed a lot of money. I have his probate records.

SHELBY: Yeah.



EDWARD: When you just mentioned that, Shelby, Harold Bradley was killed on December 29th, 1925.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: So you must have stopped by Ray Jackson's house early 1926, huh?

SHELBY: Yeah. It was in the last part of January or the early part of February, right in there sometime.

EDWARD: It was cold.

SHELBY: I don't remember.

EDWARD: It was cold. You mentioned draining the water out of your Model-T.

SHELBY: It was pretty cold. There wasn't too much snow that winter, very little snow. It was kind of a dry year next summer.

EDWARD: And so Ray was telling you the night you stayed there that Leona Hutton, it was Leona Bunyard Hutton, came to his house after Link shot Harold Bradley.

SHELBY: Come to whose house now?

EDWARD: Ray's house.

SHELBY: Yeah, that's what he told me. I think he was still scared over it when I come there.

EDWARD: Yeah. What the heck was he doing outside? Was he, thought it was somebody else or ---

SHELBY: Yeah, I know darn well I thought I saw a light in there. And I drove in with the car, with no lights on my car, and that naturally scared him, you know. I had my head outside the windshield so I could see the road. I guess the moon was shining or something.

EDWARD: Probably.

SHELBY: Well no, it wasn't that late. I don't remember. I could still see, pretty cold.

Drove in there and just drained my car and went to the house, and there was nobody there. He must have been scared.

EDWARD: He had a big pantry, didn't he?

SHELBY: Had what?

EDWARD: He had a big pantry for canned foods and stuff in his house.

SHELBY: Well I don't remember that.

EDWARD: Yeah. Did you sleep upstairs?

SHELBY: No.

EDWARD: You slept downstairs.

SHELBY: Downstairs.

EDWARD: Do you remember that big rock fireplace? Had a huge --- it still does, had a big rock fireplace. That's all right. Did you ever hear of the Donovan's?

SHELBY: Yeah, but I never knew them.

EDWARD: Did you ever hear the name Link Woodard?

SHELBY: Yeah, but I didn't know them.

EDWARD: Link Woodard, Clarence Link Woodard supposedly run off with Leona Hutton.

SHELBY: Uh huh. No, I never knew much about that, any of them after ---

EDWARD: Don't know what happened to Leona Hutton?

SHELBY: They don't?

EDWARD: Nobody knows.

SHELBY: Huh.

EDWARD: She might be buried out there someplace. Did anybody ever tell you that Link Hutton had killed a man before he shot Harold Bradley?

SHELBY: No, I never heard of that.

EDWARD: The Hutton's came there in 1884.

SHELBY: Yeah, I knew he had been there a long time.

EDWARD: Yeah, I was just at the Jackson place yesterday.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: You know Austa and Homer Carlon lived in that Jackson house after he died.

Let's, back to Link Hutton. Was he a pretty mean guy?

SHELBY: Well I didn't think he was. I'd visited with him different --- and he was always nice to visit with. Him and Sandy Anderson run the shoe shop up here and made saddles, they were pretty close friends. Maybe you heard about Sandy.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: And I used to go in there a lot and visit with him. And I knew his last wife, Mickie Tyler. Well I was raised with ... at the Double O; they had a ranch out there at Warm Springs.

EDWARD: Parkers?

SHELBY: Yeah, old Walt Parker, and then Tyler was right along side of them. Mrs. Tyler married Link afterwards. Then they had a boy there, Lester, he is dead now, he is the father of these boys out here. Well he is a little bit older than me, maybe a couple years or something. We were kids together.

EDWARD: What about ---

SHELBY: And I never thought that Link was too bad. It was just a feud between them, you know, they hated one another. Huh.

EDWARD: You know they ended up --- Bill Brown shot Johnny Over-street ---

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: --- out there. You know where the Egli place was, where Mickie Sutherland stayed?

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Right up the road a quarter of a mile, Bill Brown shot this John Overstreet, in self-defense, in 1886. There is a pile of stones there, and Mickie Sutherland put those stones there. Because her father, Sam Hutton, was on the coroner's inquest in 1886.

SHELBY: Well that's, a lot of that was just stuff I heard, you know, before my time.

EDWARD: What about Ira Bradley, do you know about his death?

SHELBY: Well there was another one ... I don't think he killed himself. The last time I saw him, him and Jim Sutherland --- Jim Sutherland was married to Mickie at Alkali.

EDWARD: You saw Ira Bradley and James Sutherland at Alkali.

SHELBY: Yeah. Well that was after I come over to Burns, that was the same winter, and I went back over to Paisley. Had my Model-T along, and it got late and I camped there. I wanted to stay out a ways from the house. There was nobody there, they had the back room locked up, had a stove, cook stove in there and some grub. But the front part they had a cook stove there too, and I had a little spud and a piece of bacon and coffee along, you know. So I rolled my bed out there on an old bedstead in the front part of that house. The back room was locked up. And of course Jim Sutherland and Bradley they had a key to it, they knew where the key was hid.

EDWARD: This was down at Alkali?

SHELBY: Yeah, right there at the spring, a little hay ranch there.

EDWARD: Did ---

SHELBY: And he was a nice fellow too.

EDWARD: Ira Bradley?

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Do you think that they were making moonshine?

SHELBY: Well pretty near everybody, every place you went ---

EDWARD: Everybody made moonshine. That's nothing new, is it? His death was never

solved either.

SHELBY: Well this prosecuting attorney, old George Sizemore, he would always be the first one out there, and then clean the house all up nice, so it would be nice and clean when everybody else would get there. That way they would get away with all the evidence. That's what they told all the time. Maybe you heard that before.

EDWARD: Yeah. Crazy.

SHELBY: Never heard that ...

EDWARD: Huh uh.

SHELBY: Well that's what they used to tell.

EDWARD: Crazy.

SHELBY: George Sizemore he was the D.A. and prosecuting attorney. He'd be the first one out there to them murders, the way they always told me. He'd clean up the house, everything else, so when they come out there and hold an inquest, or whatever you call it, why the house would be nice and clean, there would be nothing. Well the whole damned outfit, I think, everything was just a kind of ---

EDWARD: Crooked.

SHELBY: ... Just like Juan Smoltz (sp.?) was Link Hutton's attorney.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: And I was drinking beer one time with old Juan after he, oh he practically played his hand, he was just about out of business, so he left here. He was working under one of these Jews up here, Weinsteins. Maybe you've heard of them.

EDWARD: Huh uh.

SHELBY: He was a kind of a lawyer, and he was kind of working under him. I think he kind of lost his --- got debarred. Anyway he was telling me, he said everything was --- what was the word he used, salted. That they wouldn't let John Kirk on the stand

because he was one of them that was there right after the shooting. And he took a feather where, run into these bullet holes, they shot twice, you know. And the other one was shot up this way. Well it showed that Link shot him after the second time, after he was down, you know, and dead. Maybe you've heard something like that.

EDWARD: No, go ahead.

SHELBY: And so they never would let him on the stand. Even old John Kirk told me the same thing. He hated Link Hutton too. And they wouldn't let him on the stand.

EDWARD: What was John Kirk going to say, do you know?

SHELBY: Well he was going to tell the truth. He run the feather up that one, and the bullet hole went that way. And he had to have shot him after he fell over dead, see. That's what John Kirk always said. Told me that several times. He said, "Shot him twice." And the story was, the boy says Link claimed he had, what was it a hatchet or something?

EDWARD: Ball peen hammer.

SHELBY: Ball peen hammer, coming towards him. And he says, "You've shot me, but I'm going to kill you anyway," or something like that. Kept a coming, and he shot him the second time. But John Kirk says that he shot him after he was down, bullet went up this way. Did you ever hear about that?

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: Been so damn long since I ---

EDWARD: Well yeah, 1925. That's a long time ago.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: John Kirk had a place up there at Wagontire.

SHELBY: Yeah, I think he had it rented, I think.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: Then he went down to Abert Lake for about a year or so, then come back around the Double O, and then Hanley rented the ranch out from under him to get him out of there. And then he went to the lake down there. Wound up broke. Had a nice bunch of cattle for a while. His wife was Austrian and Hungary, and a lot of people thought she was Indian.

When she first come over here she married a fellow that drove stage by the name of Hendricks, drove stage to the South End, and he fell over dead off of the stage. Another fellow hollered whoa, and the old team stopped and straightened the thing out.

Then she come up here and she kept house for the ... family, he was the banker for the First National Bank. Worked for him two or three years there, raised them kids of his. And he'd do all the work, they were bankers, and his wife didn't want to do much work. So she worked there.

Then she went over and got a job in the hospital, worked there and cooked. No, she come from there to my dad's and cooked, I think, two hayings out there, when we lived out by the Double O. My dad sold out to Bill Hanley in 1918. She cooked for him. She was a real nice person. She was from Austria, what she was, Black German see.

EDWARD: Uh huh.

SHELBY: And they thought she was Indian, but she wasn't, because I knew her.

EDWARD: Did you ever hear of Bigfoot Thompson?

SHELBY: Huh?

EDWARD: Did you ever hear, Shelby, of Bigfoot Thompson?

SHELBY: Yeah, I was going to say something about him a while ago. He just disappeared, didn't he? Some of them thought he left the country, or else he is buried out there someplace. You know there is an old story that always goes around on people here, that you could kill a man or somebody, and you leave the country and make a great

big circle, and finally come back to the same spot. This here --- that would be off of that other deal, he done the same thing. Who did he kill now? Oh, he killed that old Rasmussen, he was a Dane, Rex ... Come right back to the same spot here then, and the sheriff grabbed him. But they couldn't convict him, didn't have the dope on him.

EDWARD: Frank Dobkins, what do you know about Frank Dobkins?

SHELBY: Well I met him when I went to Silver Lake, I think, at a dance one time there, and around Paisley. And then they come over and rented that Saunders place at the Double O there, north of the Double O. I got acquainted with him, and then come here in Burns; he got acquainted with my dad. My dad was in the bank then. He come in here, he told me he couldn't get a check cashed. Somebody introduced him to my dad, and my dad seen that he got a check cashed. I and him were pretty good friends, but just visiting now and then. But I never had no dealings with him. He was hotheaded though I understand, awful hot headed. So was his dad.

EDWARD: Bill Dobkins.

SHELBY: Bill.

EDWARD: What --- Frank Dobkins came to Wagontire in about 1926.

SHELBY: Yeah, I think Jackson was out there first.

EDWARD: Yeah, right. And the irony of this ---

SHELBY: The what?

EDWARD: The irony, the funny part about this is Frank Dobkins, with the help of his dad, bought the old Hutton place, Sam and Caroline Hutton's place. Link's father and mother's place.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Why Link sold that, I don't know. But I don't think Link knew Frank Dobkins in 1926.



SHELBY: Well would Link had the say, or was it a loan company or something?

EDWARD: Link sold to Everett Emery, Emery out of Silver Lake.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: And Clarence Woodard, well Woodard disappeared. I think he run off with Leona Hutton.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: And then Everett Emery sold it to Frank Dobkins, about 1,100 acres.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: And where Frank Dobkins' place is, there are some apple trees in front of it. Do you remember that?

SHELBY: No, I kind of forgot.

EDWARD: It is right on the road, the Frank Dobkins' place. Were you ever by his place, Shelby?

SHELBY: Well it was kind of on the south slope of Wagontire.

EDWARD: Up on the hill?

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Okay.

SHELBY: ... away.

EDWARD: Yeah, what was there then? Was that in the '20's?

SHELBY: Well there was a big house there.

EDWARD: Okay, see that house was Sam and Caroline Hutton's house.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: Big two story house. Not big, but it had a porch on it.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: Were you ever inside of that house, Shelby?

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: It had blue glass doors.

SHELBY: I don't remember that. But there was one thing that took my eye, had a big tall ... it was an old-fashioned furniture, antique, you know. I've always been interested in antiques. Pretty near hit the ceiling, I don't know whether it was an 8 foot ceiling, a 9, probably a 9 foot ceiling. And it seemed like --- it wound up over there at Paisley in one of them --- or one of them Carlon boys got it in the end. One of them Carlon boys would be married to a niece of mine.

EDWARD: Graves?

SHELBY: My half-brother. See I was related to them Oliver boys.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: It was their father that shot Pete French.

EDWARD: Yeah. That was a good deal, I like that. They should have shot him earlier. Was Frank Dobkins staying in that house when you were there?

SHELBY: Yeah. They were working cattle --- I've been there a couple of times. And the last time I was there it was about noon, and the other fellow that was with me, we went in and ate dinner with them. We was in a Model-T Ford then. Went over to see them about contracting some hay on that Saunder's place. And I noticed him; I was watching him work cattle. Always fought his horse terrible, hotheaded, you know. Just a fighting his horse, looked like he had a pretty good bridle horse, but he was a fighting him. Had the horse mad, and he was mad. Yet after, he was nice to visit with and everything else.

EDWARD: This was Frank Dobkins?

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: What year was that, do you recall at all, Shelby?

SHELBY: Let's see now, '27 or '28. Let's see, '27, I believe it was '27.

EDWARD: And he was living in that big white house then?

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Because in 1934, Austa and Homer Carlon stayed in that house.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: And Frank was down the road a little farther. Do you know if anybody, of anybody that would have a picture of that white house? It's gone now.

SHELBY: Uh huh. I noticed when I went to Lakeview, up on this new highway, I would go slow and kept looking way up there, and nothing looked right.

EDWARD: Yeah, huh uh. There is a, there is a, Jack Peila's mobile home is up there now.

SHELBY: Oh.

EDWARD: You can see that from the highway.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: In fact you can see Link Hutton's house from the highway.

SHELBY: Yeah. It's still there.

EDWARD: Yeah. I cannot find a picture of that house. And Jack West is dead.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: I don't know whether he had any kids.

SHELBY: Yeah, I remember him.

EDWARD: Yeah, he owned Wagontire, or took care of Wagontire for quite a long time. But I cannot find a picture of that house. I've got pictures of Link Hutton, and America Hutton and all that. But that one house --- But for some reason Frank didn't stay in that house, he moved on up the road towards the Jackson place.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: And he had another place in there. That was in the '30's. Link Hutton's place,

what was there in '27, the house? Do you know where the barn was?

SHELBY: Huh?

EDWARD: From the house.

SHELBY: From the house that burnt down now?

EDWARD: No, Link Hutton's house, where he shot Harold Bradley.

SHELBY: Oh. I think it was kind of down below there a ways.

EDWARD: Yeah, his house was below the white house. Does that make any sense? I'll kind a draw a sketch of this, Shelby. Link Hutton's house has some big poplar trees. I got a picture of it out there. And it sits like this. Now this is, this is --- I'll show you a picture of it, Shelby, okay, the house I'm talking about.

... (Pause in tape)

EDWARD: I don't know.

SHELBY: He traded quite a bit there at the Ford Garage; it might have been a Lincoln.

EDWARD: Lincoln, yeah.

SHELBY: Was that it, a Lincoln?

EDWARD: Yeah, I think so.

SHELBY: I believe it was. I never give it a thought, so darn many years.

EDWARD: You know what Bill Foster said?

SHELBY: Who?

EDWARD: Bill Foster. You know who Bill Foster is, that lives here in town?

SHELBY: Bill Foster.

EDWARD: Frank Foster's son.

SHELBY: Oh, Frank. No, I didn't know him.

EDWARD: Oh.

SHELBY: But I can remember Frank Foster, wasn't he the one that would be Mickie's

son?

EDWARD: Son, yeah, yeah.

SHELBY: Yeah, by old Foster, Ike Foster.

EDWARD: Ike.

SHELBY: God damn I ain't thought of them names for so damn long. Ike Foster had a nice ranch, sold it to Davey Jones on Silver Creek.

EDWARD: That's right, exactly right. America was 17 years old, and Ike was 51 when they married. (Laughter) Wonder why?

SHELBY: What now?

EDWARD: Okay.

... (Pause in tape)

EDWARD: House was, Link Hutton's house was white when you were there, right?

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Then it had a porch on it, had a cover, but it has fallen down.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: Okay, living room, and it has a bedroom, two bedrooms upstairs. This is the kitchen. Now, let's see if we can get something accomplished here, Shelby. This is the road to Jackson's place, or Gap Ranch, okay?

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: This is the road to Wagontire. Well the road in front of Link Hutton's house. Now let's see.

SHELBY: This is Link's here.

EDWARD: Okay, this is Link's house. This is the Ott house. There is a kind of a spring that goes like this, and there is a big meadow out here. There is a fence, fence goes along here. There is a cold cellar right here, forgot about that. Now ---

... (Pause in tape)

SHELBY: I went out there, he had a lantern, I lit his lantern and went out and chopped some wood and filled his wood box, and then went to bed that night. It seemed like I had heard about that shooting before I got there, in Paisley, you know. But I didn't know the details, and I didn't know that everybody was scared to death. I just come over there and drove in, no lights on, drained my car, went to the house. And I thought I'd seen a light from down, coming in the gate. And when he heard the car coming and no lights, and just turned the lights out and beat it.

EDWARD: Well this was only a month after Link Hutton had shot and killed Harold Bradley that you stopped by there.

SHELBY: Yeah. Yeah, it would have to be. I can't remember just --- my wife taught school there at Valley Falls.

EDWARD: Falls.

SHELBY: So when I come across, and it was in the last part of January or the first part of February. I believe it was in the last part of January, but I just can't remember what date it was.

EDWARD: Well that's what the house looks like now. And I don't know who lived in it last, the Jackson house. I think Roy Carlon was the last one to live in it.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: But it's falling apart.

SHELBY: Yeah. I believe Roy Carlon's son married my niece, Roy Oliver's daughter.

EDWARD: Boy, that gets ---

SHELBY: Unless I'm mixed up on the Carlon's. There was a Bo Carlon and a Roy Carlon.

EDWARD: Yeah, and Homer.

SHELBY: Homer Carlon.

EDWARD: Right.

SHELBY: I believe it was Roy. Roy is dead too, ain't he? He lived at Summer Lake awhile, didn't he?

EDWARD: Yeah, he's dead.

SHELBY: Well then it would be his son that married --- they went broke and lost that good ranch up there.

EDWARD: Does that place look familiar?

SHELBY: No.

EDWARD: That's Harry Arnold's place. Did you ever hear ---

SHELBY: No, I never was right at his place. I've kind of --- on the west side of the mountain they kind of showed me about where it was, but I never was right to it.

EDWARD: Did you ever know of Harry Arnold, T-Bo Arnold?

SHELBY: Tebo, yeah.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: He used to buy, trailed his cattle in here, and bought hay from my dad up at the ranch. And my dad would lock everything up in his little old shack there, he ... And then he told people, he says, "Awful good hay, awful good hay, but awful poor accommodations."

My dad didn't like him, but it seemed like he was dealing here at the Harney County Bank. And my dad was in that bank, you know. And so he had to do what his partner wanted him to do, I guess. I'll show you something that you wouldn't believe if I told you. I got two --- well they come in as blanks, greenbacks. You know what a greenback is?

EDWARD: No.

SHELBY: Well we call them; well we call it script now, nothing but Roosevelt script.

EDWARD: Oh, oh, oh.

SHELBY: It's paper money. One of them was a 1906, or '07, or '08 issue, and the other one is '28. The banker, Leon Brown was the cashier, and my dad was the president of the Harney County National Bank. They'd sit down at the table and write their name on these to make them good. They would come in as blanks. I got two of them right back here, locked up, I'll show them to you.

EDWARD: Did your dad ever mention about meeting Bill Brown at the bank? Did you ever --- I know Bill worked with the bank here.

SHELBY: No, he probably went to Leon Brown then, he'd be my dad's partner in that bank. And Leon Brown's boys robbed the bank and shot himself. Stole \$480,000.00, a lot of money then. It was just a little private owned bank. They claimed it was one of the strongest banks for its size on the Pacific Ocean, that little bank.

EDWARD: Here in Burns?

SHELBY: Yeah. Well there is a picture of it there.

EDWARD: Huh.

... (Pause in tape)

SHELBY: ... was sick, and his mind was going bad.

EDWARD: Now this Poteet ---

SHELBY: They don't know what --- fellow never knows what.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: Anyway, seemed like this boy that owns it now, what's his name?

EDWARD: Peila.

SHELBY: Pete Williams.

EDWARD: Oh Williams, yeah.



SHELBY: Yeah. He owns it now. Well Poteet used to go out there, he was always a pretty tough buyer, old Jim was, pretty smooth. I dealt with him. He could sure beat you, you know. He'd take him out a little bag of groceries once in awhile, and they thought a lot of him, Poteet did. He wound up with the property.

EDWARD: With the Harry Arnold place.

SHELBY: Yeah. Anyway Jim tells about going out there, and seeing a heifer along the road, it had died having a calf, just a heifer. And the hindquarter was gone. So he went on up, and they had them to eat dinner with them, and they had boiled beef. And he said it was pretty tough, but it was beef anyway. He had an idea that was it.

EDWARD: Yeah. So Poteet lived in the Harry Arnold place, in the cabin there?

SHELBY: Poteet?

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: I didn't know he ever lived out there. He lived down here.

EDWARD: Oh, oh, I see.

SHELBY: Part of that property was sold to Cliff Fine, and the other part, it seemed like that Pete Williams fell heir to it.

EDWARD: Yeah, he, Pete Williams owns north, he owns on that Sheep Mountain in there, north of the Harry Arnold place.

SHELBY: Yeah. Well here is the same way. Part of this place went to, that would be the hay ranch out here. On the east side of the road Pete got, and everything on the west ... why the heirs or whatever it was, sold it to --- I heard that Fred Fine bought it.

EDWARD: Tyler ---

SHELBY: Fred Fine.

EDWARD: Fine. Did you ever hear of Josephine Couch?

SHELBY: Josephine who?

EDWARD: Couch.

SHELBY: Couch. Wouldn't be some of those Charlie Couch?

EDWARD: Yeah, Charlie Couch.

SHELBY: Charlie Couch and Charlie Hart, they buckarood for Bill Brown.

EDWARD: That's right, that's right.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Do you know whatever happened to Charlie Couch?

SHELBY: Just died, didn't he?

EDWARD: I don't know.

SHELBY: I think his health broke down towards the last there, and crippled up.

EDWARD: He was supposedly, from what I have talked to people, and read about, was Bill Brown's best bronc rider.

SHELBY: Yeah. Then Hart was quite a rider too. Hart served a term in the penitentiary, I think. Bill Brown claimed a man was no good unless he had been in the pen. (Laughter)

EDWARD: This is such ---

SHELBY: But old Bill was a good man for the country, he built a, or helped build an orphan's home, and an old folks home, and put him down there in the home that he helped build. And they said the first thing he wanted to do was to plow up the lawn and put in potatoes. Couldn't see what the hell that lawn was good for.

EDWARD: (Laughter) Charlie Couch supposedly was in the state penitentiary too.

SHELBY: Used to be a story they went to Pendleton, they wore little hats, you see. In this country, a man at one time, if you had a big hat on you couldn't get a job, because they figured the wind would be blowing his hat off, and he'd put in all of his time chasing his hat. All these ... wore little hats. And they went to Pendleton; they had little hats on there, and had button shoes on. Remember that, people used to wear --- I had a pair of

them or two when I went to school. Had buttons up the side.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: Buttons would come off; you had to carry a buttonhook to button them up. Well they had on their button shoes, and had their spurs on, and they went up there and they said they'd swing from them gates down and just grab a handful of mane and ride them horses out bareback, hook them spurs in. And them fellows with them big hats, "Who is them fellows with little hats on, shoes," they'd say. Well they'd just ride --- old Hart was good too, I guess.

EDWARD: Charlie Hart, yeah.

SHELBY: Charlie Hart.

EDWARD: Charlie Couch, I have a picture of him, and Charlie Bedell.

SIDE B

EDWARD: ... when you knew Link Hutton, and later on in his life, he died in 1950, Link Hutton did.

SHELBY: I'd forgot when he died.

EDWARD: 1950.

SHELBY: '50.

EDWARD: Did he ever boast a lot about --- or was he just a guy you could just sit down and talk to?

SHELBY: I heard he did. One time I heard him talking in there at Sandy's at something --

-

EDWARD: Sandy, yeah.

SHELBY: Sandy Anderson.

EDWARD: Yeah, I said Shorty Anderson, Sandy Anderson.

SHELBY: What?

EDWARD: I said Shorty Anderson, I meant Sandy Anderson.

SHELBY: All right. And it seemed like Dobkins went up and beat up on Jackson over something. And old --- it was after they fell out. And Link said, "By god he wouldn't beat up on me," he said. "I'd stop him damn quick," he said, or something like that.

EDWARD: That sounds like Link Hutton.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Lyle Tyler told me ---

SHELBY: Link wasn't a big feller either.

EDWARD: No.

SHELBY: But he managed to shoot him, you know.

EDWARD: Yeah. What Lyle Tyler told me, that Link used to say, "Nobody is going to fool with me, I'll shoot them."

SHELBY: Who said that now?

EDWARD: Link Hutton.

SHELBY: Link.

EDWARD: Yeah. Lyle Tyler remembers that real well.

SHELBY: Would that be Lester Tyler?

EDWARD: Son, yeah.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: He wasn't --- see his parents were cousins.

EDWARD: Right.

SHELBY: And he wasn't --- but he was a pretty shrewd devil. Built up quite a ranch out here for them boys.

EDWARD: Yeah, yeah. So Link ---

SHELBY: They used to call him ... Tyler. Oh by golly, I learned a long time ago, only way you could fight Tyler, you had to fight him Indian fashion. Same way you do you. I remember one time he'd throw our gates open over there, and he had a windmill up there, so I waited till dark and I went up there and I got a hammer and I knocked the cogwheels out of his windmill.

Then he went up to Pete ... he told me about it. He said he come up there, and he was standing there, looking at the top of his windmill. Oh, I forget what he finally said. Wanted to know if his windmill would work or something like that. God damn son-of-a-bitch, he was as sneaking as hell.

EDWARD: Did you ever know Ole Sodenberg?

SHELBY: Ole?

EDWARD: Sodeberg, Sodenberg.

SHELBY: I think we called it Sodenberg, wasn't it?

EDWARD: Sodenberg, yeah.

SHELBY: Wasn't there a Sodenberg out there from Dry Valley?

EDWARD: Yeah, right.

SHELBY: Gosh, I forgot all about that. Ole, yeah. Then there was a ---

EDWARD: Sammy Boyce.

SHELBY: Yeah, that was before Sammy's time. Them Petersen's ---

EDWARD: Yeah, see that's the Petersen's I was thinking about.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: The old Petersen place out there. Well that was not at Dry Valley, that's on the main highway.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: But Jack Peila has that now.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: Ole Sodenberg. He was involved; he was a buddy of Link Hutton.

SHELBY: Was he? He was a Swede, wasn't he?

EDWARD: I think so; I'm not sure, Shelby. What was Sammy Boyce doing out in Dry Valley?

SHELBY: Well he got kind of in the horse business, didn't he, to start with?

EDWARD: I don't know. He just died here a year ago.

SHELBY: Yeah. Was he out there then when he died?

EDWARD: Well I hope not.

SHELBY: No, I thought he moved, sold out and went to Bend or something.

EDWARD: Yeah, yeah, with Hanna Myers.

SHELBY: I kind of lost track of him. He come down to see me one time, he'd been up to Alaska.

EDWARD: He worked for Bill Brown too.

SHELBY: Yeah.

EDWARD: In fact there were a lot of people worked for Bill Brown. Delbert Dixon worked for Bill Brown. He was from around here.

SHELBY: Pretty near everybody that worked for Brown is dead now.

EDWARD: Yeah, probably all. I haven't found one alive yet.

SHELBY: Huh?

EDWARD: I haven't found one alive yet.

SHELBY: One boy, Buck Smith, he just died, oh three or four years ago. Three, four, five years ago or something. He worked for him some.

EDWARD: Yeah, they're all gone, Shelby.

SHELBY: Yeah, he's gone now too.

EDWARD: That makes it tough, you know, on a researcher. But you've been real helpful, real helpful.

SHELBY: Who?

EDWARD: Say you've been real helpful. It's amazing you went by Ray Jackson's place about a month after old Link shot Bradley.

SHELBY: Yeah, I think it was in the last of January.

EDWARD: Yeah, that would have been 1926. I'll bet you old Jackson was scared to death.

SHELBY: He talked all night. I'd go to sleep, and he'd still be talking. He talked fast.

EDWARD: It was a mess out there.

SHELBY: Yeah, I didn't realize what really, how bad it was. I'd heard that Link shot this boy, said it was over his wife. Kinda seemed like ---

EDWARD: I think he shot the wrong boy.

SHELBY: Yeah, probably did.

EDWARD: Vera, do you know Vera Addington Wagner?

SHELBY: Who?

EDWARD: Vera Addington Wagner. Addington's had the Wagontire Post Office.

SHELBY: Oh, I knew some of the Addington's. One of them Addington girls married this Lester Tyler.

EDWARD: Yeah, right, right, Lola.

SHELBY: Lola, yeah. She is dead too.

EDWARD: Yeah. But it was --- there were, I don't know how many people are buried out there.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: What happened to Bigfoot Thompson? Nobody knows.

SHELBY: That's what I always wondered.

EDWARD: What happened?

SHELBY: I always wondered about that.

EDWARD: What happened to Leona Hutton? Nobody knows.

SHELBY: Well who would do it all? They figure Link done it?

EDWARD: Probably.

SHELBY: Somebody was telling me that when the state was fixing the road through there, there was a fellow that heard so much about Wagontire; he was scared plumb to death. He drove one of these little road graders. When he come up there to Wagontire he had his rifle across his --- like that. (Laughter) Scared to death, you know, he didn't want to go out there, so he brought his rifle with him.

EDWARD: I tell you, I stayed on Wagontire four nights by myself.

SHELBY: Uh huh.

EDWARD: In my pickup. I'm not afraid of much of anything. I can't run very well. I got a little 22 revolver, and I don't miss with it. But there has been people --- today, Shelby, that said, "You're crazy, I wouldn't stay out there." I said, "There is nobody here, they're all dead."

SHELBY: I've been out that way all my life, that don't bother me. I never was, never owned a pistol until I come to town. I didn't want one; I figured all it was good for was to get you into trouble. But after we got to town here, I finally got me one. You hear or read about it so much. Here last summer before my wife passed away, she says, "It's raining." Woke me up in the night. "Well hell," I says, "it can't be raining." So right on the north side of the house I had an old barrel turned upside down, half a barrel, and on top of the coal oil can, when it would rain it would hit on that and you could hear it rain. Well I heard



something, somebody come in the back door, or the back gate. And I got up and looked out and I could see somebody. So I got up and got my britches on, and my shirt, shoes, and I slipped in there. My 22 was back in there behind that desk. Happened to be four bullets in it, of a 22 old rifle. So I turned that big light on out there and opened the doors right quick, stepped back and went to shooting in the ground. Boy he went around the corner, and then I shot, my gun come empty. And I'd holler, "Shoot again," so it would sound like there were more people here, you know. "Shoot again, you missed." So come and run out this door, and I see him running over to the park, and I give a big war whoop at him, and then he turned and went down the road. I don't know, but I got to thinking maybe afterwards that, I was wondering if it would be one of them drunk wino Indians hunting a place to lay down for the night. But he moved pretty fast for a drunk.

EDWARD: Scared the hell out.

SHELBY: Yeah. You call the damn cops, you don't get no place.

EDWARD: No.

SHELBY: But I just stepped back there, opened the door and went to shooting in the ground and hollering, "Shoot again, you missed him."

EDWARD: That's what I'd do. I might shoot at him.

SHELBY: So the town couldn't hear me. A gun to me inside the house sounded awful loud.

EDWARD: Yeah.

SHELBY: But he could hear it anyway. Went around the corner of the house --- What he done, I had the garbage can around there, and he'd hit it and knocked the lid off. And it was sitting on another tin, and she thought it was raining.

EDWARD: Well I've got a, Shelby ---

(END OF TAPE)

bl