

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #121 - Side B

Subject: John & Georgia Crow

Place: Burns, Oregon

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Interviewer: James Baker

Release Form: No

JAMES BAKER: Okay, John, tell me about that pet fish.

JOHN CROW: Well, old Tebo had that pet fish that followed him around the P Ranch, you know, and there was a board walk from the cook house across the little old stream there, and he started across that walk one day and the fish fell off in that little ditch and drowned.

JAMES: Was there anything else about this pet fish?

JOHN: No, that's all I knew. Do you live in Burns?

JAMES: No, I live in Eugene, and then I work in Bend, and I work here too. I travel about 280 miles 7 days a week, in order to ---

JOHN: Are you related to any of the Bakers?

JAMES: No, not that I know of, and not that they are willing to admit to.

JOHN: They are good people; I've been on cow drives with Chester and Elmer from here to Bend. And I've been on horse drives. We went from the Island Ranch to Winnemucca with about 235 head of horses one time. Elmer and I was together. And Elmer and I was together on the run over to Bend, I think on two drives. But that was a good many years ago. Elmer lives in Drewsey. He has one bad eye, and he's pretty quiet.

JAMES: How did he get the bad eye?

JOHN: I don't know, maybe he was born that way, just doesn't focus. We've had lots of fun

together. We went on a cow drive to Bend and, in those days, they didn't haul their horses in trucks like they do now, so Elmer and I was going to bring the horses back, riding them, you know, across the desert. And Chester he was going to haul the beds, he had a Model-A Ford coupe. And the first day we come this side of Millican, there's a ranch up there about a couple of miles, and we was going to stay all night. But we'd been celebrating in Bend some, and we got up there, and Chester got up there, and we rolled our bed out under a shed there. We was laying on that bed, sorta visiting, you know, we had a little moonshine, moonshine days, so we got to talking about Prineville. None of us had ever been to Prineville. Seth Bakerson had bought these cattle, you see, we was working for him. And Chester says, "You know, Seth's a buying my gas, so why don't we go to Prineville?" And when we got to Prineville, Ches was pretty drunk; Elmer and I were fairly sober. He wouldn't deny it. I still tease him, you know. We got in Prineville and we was going to go eat supper, and every little bit old Ches would holler, "Whoopee, Prineville." It was just a little town then. Well, we ate supper and we had to try to keep him kind of quiet because the waiters was getting mad at us. So, we walked out of there and Elmer, or Chester, one said, "Wonder if we could get some more moonshine?" And I said, "Yeah, I think so." So, I walked into the bar there, there was a lot of people in there, but I stopped at one end and the bartender came back. Everybody bootlegged in those days, almost. Bartender came back, and I'd never saw him before, you know, and I said, "I want a fifth of moonshine." He says, "Stick around here awhile, I'll be back." I just made a wild guess, you know. So, we was having too much fun, so we went on to Bend from Prineville. And by golly, Elmer and I got drunk, and we got awful noisy, and it was just about close up time in them joints and restaurants, and they was just about getting ready to throw us out, and Chester would soothe them down.

But anyway, we got out here at Millican just a little after daylight. And Elmer and I, we had to go with the horses across through them junipers, there was two old Swedes lived over there. And that was where we was going to stay all night, before we went to Cold Springs. We got over there, and the two old Swedes weren't there, but Chester, he had our beds, so we bedded down, and we

thought maybe we could eat something. We went in the house and the sourdough jar had boiled over, you've seen sourdough, it had boiled over, and very thick with blowflies, so our appetite wasn't good. Well, we ate everything we could eat at Prineville and Bend, anyhow, so we didn't need any more. But we come on to Cold Springs the next day. We didn't even eat any supper or any breakfast. We stayed all night there.

JAMES: When I think of the distances you went, that's a long ways.

JOHN: That's the way you traveled those days. I went on several drives from here to Lakeview, cow drives. And made one drive from Diamond to Lakeview, quite a lot of cow drives.

GEORGIA CROW: You took horses all the way to Crescent City from here, in California.

JOHN: The other side of Crescent City, about 20 miles, right on the coast. Crescent City was a very small city at that time, that was in the '20's. And I traded horses several times. We traded horses along the way, and packed our bed on a packhorse, you know, slept in wet beds and stole pasture and everything else. The old boss he was so stingy, he wouldn't even feed us.

I was on the dodge. I got into a little moonshine trouble here, and there was about four or five of us, and so I just --- we only had a gallon of moonshine, we'd been to a dance at Diamond or at Crane, danced till daylight, you know, and played around and come to town. And the lady was a cooking for the hay crew out there at Double O and the other boys was working in the hay camp.

And I'd been in a car wreck and had my shoulder broke, and my arm was in a sling. Anyhow, we decided to buy us a gallon of moonshine before we went home. Well, there was ... Speck Baker, old Bill Baker, old Bill Bargith (sp.?) and myself. So, we went down to old Lee Carpenter's and bought a gallon of moonshine. Then we decided we ought to eat supper before we went out to camp. Where the post office is now, there was a restaurant there then. Old Lady Kirkham run the restaurant. So, we parked right in front of the restaurant, and the girl said, "I'm too tired to eat, I just want some sleep, because I've got to get up and cook breakfast early in the morning. You guys go ahead and eat. And we just left that gallon of moonshine, it was a Chevrolet touring car, in there with her. And she went to sleep. And old Clarence Young, he's still alive here

too, he was Sheriff then.

JAMES: Was it Clarence who got on you?

JOHN: Yeah, Clarence Young and Rube Drake. Well, old Lady Kirkham, she was a wonderful old girl, and she saw Clarence Young and Rube Drake waiting at the bar, and us boys was eating supper, you see, and she came in there and said, "If you boys have any moonshine in that car, you're in trouble. The Sheriff and the Marshal are waiting out there." So, I said, "Well, we don't want to be all throwed in jail. And I can't work, I've got my shoulder broke, and I got friends, you guys give me a half hour start or so, and I'll go out the back door. And when you go out there, just tell them that moonshine belongs to John Crow," which they did. And of course, I was gone. I had a car out at the Double O, a Model-T Ford touring car. So, I knew some friends here in town, and I went down to their house, and they took me out to my car at the Double O. They had a Model-T Ford coupe. And I took across the desert, you see, and an old Mexican, old Chino, well he was living in Catlow Valley then. And I knew him ever since I was a baby. So, I drove across the desert and went down to old Chino's. And I didn't figure on staying too long in this country anyhow. So, I pulled into old Chino's --- and I hadn't had no sleep for a couple of nights, you know, and I told Chino, "You got somewhere I can hide my car?" I'm in a little jam and I've gotta have some sleep." "Oh sure, I'll run my car out of the garage and put yours in and put the padlock on it. And anybody come and ask about you, I've got a basement here, but you just go to bed in the front room." So, I went in there and went to bed. Nobody showed up. Next day I went on over ---

JAMES: You were telling me about --- you stayed over night at Chino's.

JOHN: Yeah, well the next day I went out to Guano, and Zeke Spaulding was haying out there, and Billy Rinehart and old Raz Lewis, you've probably heard of him, they were working there. I had my arm in a sling, but they were short-handed, so I went to driving the mowing machine with one arm. I could drive with one hand, you know. And we got the hay cut, and bunched and yarded in. And we had jackrabbit drives every night. Oh, the rabbits were just like sheep. And they had wire netting pens, you see, and our haying crew would go down there and get around that meadow and

crowd them into them pens and kill jackrabbits of an evening. Get them in those pens.

JAMES: That sounds like sport.

JOHN: Well, it's kind of sport, I guess. I hate to kill things, but gee, they was so thick we --- they was eating up everything, you know.

JAMES: Yeah, I can understand that though.

JOHN: And so, I worked there until we finished haying. And I went on down to Cedarville, and Billy Rinehart had a brother there, Harry Rinehart, and we helped him hay. My arm got so it was all right again.

JAMES: You were getting to be a pretty good one-arm hayer too.

JOHN: It got all right. And Billy's wife had died a short while before that, and he had a home there at Cedarville, so we moved into his home. And went to work for Harry Rinehart, we helped put up Harry's hay. Billy had an Oldsmobile touring car, and he'd go to sleep driving.

JAMES: Oh, no!

JOHN: Yeah. And I had a Model-T Ford touring car, no top on it. So, he'd go to sleep and drive off of the road. I'd come along and wake him up. With no reason at all, he was just that way.

JAMES: He'd just fall asleep.

JOHN: Then I came back. I went up on Steens Mountain. I had a saddle horse up here at the P Ranch. I went up on the Kiger and Andrew Shull had a homestead up there. I got my saddle horse and went up there and I stayed with him about two or three days, and all we had to do was fish, and cook fish. Well, I get tired of fish. So, I started back here to town to give myself up. I thought, "Oh well, I won't get over, not much time, wouldn't have to serve much time." In the meantime, this crew that I was with had come through the Narrows and told Rankin, my brother, he had a store and a service state there. He said, "If you see John, tell him not to give himself up."

JAMES: I'll be darned. And they stopped you?

JOHN: Yeah, so I stayed all night at the Narrows. I picked my Ford up where I'd left my horse up there. So, I went to Cedarville. Then I worked down there and came back out to this country, a

fellow had a --- I worked on a dairy down there for a while. And Lewis ... I went to school with him, you see, and he was working on a dairy. We decided to come to Lakeview and celebrate. He had a Star coupe. And so, to Lakeview we come, and the sheriff, I knew him real well, Priday was his name. I knew him when I was a little kid. He had a store there at Plush. But the first thing we did, we run into Priday. Priday asked me all kinds of questions, and I told him where I was at. I said, "I'm working on a dairy down there at Cedarville." I didn't know he had word to pick me up.

JAMES: Is that right?

JOHN: We visited, I liked Priday, and I guess he liked me all right. And by God, we just walked around the block and run into him again. And we stopped and chatted a little bit, and he said, "John, let's don't meet up anymore, third time's a charm, you know." And I got the hint. All right Priday, by gosh we won't. So, Lewis and I, we started back to Cedarville. And they had a dance there at Pine Creek, and we stopped and took that in. That was on the California side. But Priday told old Warren Ladd, he said, "I didn't want to pick John up over a little old moonshine deal, I knew him all my life." And he was working for a living. And then I came back to Catlow Valley. I drove a fellow's truck from Cedarville to the Narrows, that was as far as I dare come. My brother had a store and a hotel there. I drove his truck back there and got my saddle horse, and I left my Ford at Cedarville. I got my saddle horse and just rode the grub line, you know, around. Of course, I had to make a little money, and I knew moonshiners, and I'd go buy a gallon or two of moonshine and bottle it up and ---

And I ran into this Dodge, he bought horses from Riddles up on Steens Mountain. And cold of course, I was sort of riding the grub line, and I come to George Sebring's, he lived at Beckley's then, and he had an old Savina horse he was afraid of. And I had my horse; I had a good horse too. He wanted him, only he was gentle. Old George Sebring wanted him. So, I traded it to him, and I got \$40 to boot, for this old spoiled horse. I rode out to Tom Bailey's, that's where this Dodge was then, they had their horses gathered and was on Jack Mountain with their horses. And I rode up there. Of course, I was welcome everywhere I went, I knew everybody.

Been on the desert and I rode up there and I'd curried this horse off and thinned his tail out, and tied it up in a mustache tie, you know, and he was a fancy looking horse.

JAMES: I'll bet.

JOHN: And Dodge wanted to buy him. Well, I didn't want to be a foot, you see, and Tom Bailey said, "Why don't you sell him that horse, John?" And I said, "I don't want to put myself a foot." He said, "There's an old white horse down here been running around Tice Shull's place for several years." He said, "You sell him that horse, and you and I'll go down and corral that---" He was with a bunch of horses. He said, "You can take him. I don't think he belongs to anybody." So, I sold that horse for \$50 to Dodge, and old Tom and I we went down and corralled them horses at Tice Shull's place, I caught that white horse, and I rode him over to Adel. There was a dance at Plush one night and there was a fellow, his name was Cobow (sp.?), I believe. And of course, everybody was drinking pretty much, and feeling pretty high, you know. And he'd saw that horse I was riding, and he wanted to trade me another spoiled horse for him. Well, I was young, and I thought I could ride. So, I traded that white horse to him and got \$10 to boot.

JAMES: You're making money hand over hoof.

JOHN: Well, you have to when you're out on the dodge, and by yourself kind of. So, the next morning after the dance, I went down and corralled that old horse. I could see he was pretty cranky, but I got on him, caught him and saddled him up and got on him. And he started to buck, and I pulled him and he fell, and so I just held him down. And I whipped his nose a little bit, and when he come up, I just come up with him, and he did that over --- and I did it over. I never had no trouble with him after that.

JAMES: I'll be darned. Isn't that something.

JOHN: But at that time this Dodge started to Reckwall (sp.?), the other side of ... with about 35 head of horses. And I run into Roy Elliott, he helped him to Adel. And I run into him there, so I went on down to Reckwall with him, we was a month on the road. We went; oh, I traded horses several times. This old horse, I curried him, I fed him lots of oats, he was pretty. And I got over to

Malin and he was leg weary, you know, they get awful, kind of leg weary, you know, them old horses when they're rode. And we got down there and that fellow was stuck on him, 'cause I had him slicked up and he looked nice. So, he said, "I'd like to trade you out of that horse." Well, he'd went about the limit for me anyhow, and I said, "Well, what have you got to trade?" "I've got a 5-year-old horse out here in the field," he said, "he hasn't been rode very much, but I'll trade you that horse." He got him in the corral. I said, "I'll trade with you, \$10 to boot." He was worth five times what that old horse was worth, you know. All I had was a grazer. You know what a grazer is?

JAMES: No, I don't know what that is.

JOHN: Well it's a small bridle and ---

GEORGIA: It's not quite as much a bridle; it's between a bridle and a snaffle bit. It's a stiff bit, but it's not as heavy as ---

JOHN: Short yard on it. That's all I had, and we had to rope that horse, it was a little oily, and roped him, and I said, "I'll ride him this afternoon, this evening, and see how he is." And we caught him and I come out with that bridle. I had split reins on it, you know. And he said, "You can't ride him with that bridle. He's in the snaffle bit, he's a snaffle bit horse. He hasn't been rode much." "Oh well," I said, "this is all I've got." So, I rode him that afternoon, and he was pretty good.

The next day we had to go through Klamath Falls. We had horses going all directions. That horse didn't know, hadn't been rode enough to know much, but I'd get ahead of a bunch of horses and double him, and we finally got our horses gathered up and through the Falls. And that made me the best horse. I rode him, well, I rode him clear on through part of the time, only we got over there just this side of Medford and stayed all night. And they had a saddle horse there that had been bucking their hired men off, and they wanted to trade him. And so, this Dodge, he traded them something for him, and they got to teasing me that night, and told me I was afraid to ride that horse, you know. Well, at that time I wasn't much afraid. I said, "I'll ride him tomorrow, he's supposed to be a bridle horse they said." They didn't have any corral but they had a haymow, and no hay in it. Just as good as a corral. I got him in there, I saddled him up and led him in there and

got on him. They thought they'd see some fun. And I got on him and, of course, he wanted to buck, and I pulled his head right into the side of that haymow and drove the spurs into him, bumped his head and about knocked him down a time or two, and he was all right. He never did buck with me. And "Old Dad", he was in his 70's, he was an old man, I forget his name. And I rode him about three days, I wanted to let my horse rest anyway. I rode him about three days, and "Old Dad" went to riding him.

And we got down with his horses where he wanted to go, slept in wet beds, and everything else, stole pasture. I had an army overcoat that come down about here, one of them old yellow ones. It got so water soaked I couldn't hardly hold it up.

JAMES: Pretty heavy.

JOHN: But anyhow, Dodge didn't want to pay me. I come back to Crescent City. I got a job breaking horses at Smith River, but I come back to Crescent City, had a livery stable there, and put my horse in the stable. Dodge came back with me. We had our horses in the stable. But I'd got that job at Smith River. I was going down there the next day. Dodge didn't want to pay me. But he had a pair of these yellow wooly chaps, almost new, and they cost around \$35, that's about what he owed me. He pulled them chaps off, and I just went over and put them on. "Well, Dodge," I said, "if you can't pay me, I'll just take these chaps." And he didn't want that to happen, so he paid me.

And I broke workhorses for old Charlie Pala; I worked there about a month. Had one gentle horse, and the rest of these had outlawed on those Swiss, he'd had them started a time or two, but they'd outlawed, run off.

GEORGIA: It was a Swiss dairy.

JOHN: Yeah, they milked about 160 head of cows there. Give us skim milk for breakfast on our mush. And all Swiss.

JAMES: They are pretty good dairymen, aren't they?

JOHN: Oh, yeah, you bet. And I had a room by myself; right on the coast, and the fleas would about eat you up. I had to buy spray and spray my bed, to keep them from eating me up. And there

was a young fellow there that I took a liking to; he couldn't talk very good. He was Swiss, you know. But he'd come and visit with me at nights. I worked there months, I wrote my brother that had the store at the Narrows, and he wanted me as soon as I could, to come back and drive truck and work in the store for him. Old Bill Bardwell was a marshal up here at that time too, so he told Rankin and I'll keep you posted when John can come back. I'd write Rankin a letter once in a while and not put any, no address on the outside, so he kind of kept in contact with me.

But I'd ... them horses on the wagon, and that's all I was doing, just driving around on a wagon. I was just having a big time, high spring seat on it, you know, but I wasn't getting them gentle. I couldn't work them enough, so I told old Charlie Pala one morning, I said, "You got farming to do, why don't you just let me go to disking up this soil for you." And that made him happy, and it began to get them horses gentled, too.

JAMES: I'll bet it did, yeah.

JOHN: And I got a letter from Rankin, and he says, "Old Bill Bardwell, I saw him, you can come back now and go to work for me." But I had this horse, and saddle, and bridle, and riata, and darn he was a good horse too, but I couldn't ride him clear back, I didn't want to. So, I went to Crescent City, Smith River I don't know, 15 or 20 miles from Crescent City, and put him in the stable that night. I'd quit old Charlie Pala and he was mad. Them Swiss, they can't handle them horses, but I didn't care. I was getting \$5 a day and my board for that, that was good wages.

JAMES: Those are good wages.

JOHN: But the next day, I wanted to sell my horse, you see, and there was nobody around there buying horses. But I saddled him up and rode him up and down the street, and back to the livery stable. And there was a feller standing there. I said, "You better buy this horse." "Oh, I don't want a horse," he said. I said, "I'll make you a good deal on him. I'll sell you this horse, saddle, bridle, and riata for \$50." So, he bought it, and I caught the bus and come to Grants Pass and bought me a car. When I was out like that I kept a little in my pocket.

JAMES: I guess you did.

JOHN: I bought a car there at Grants Pass and started out from Grants Pass, and there was a hitchhiker walking along the road, pretty well dressed fellow. I stopped and picked him up, a Chevrolet touring car, about 1924 model. I got to Ashland and I knew Naomi Moon was going to college there ... and I knew they was there at Ashland. So, I got us a room and I looked them up. They had another girl living with them; the three of them was living together. I never saw a darn thing to eat in that house.

GEORGIA: It was between checks, I guess.

JAMES: Must have been.

JOHN: And so, I visited a while with them. Of course, Naomi and ... I knew them when they was here. I said, "You girls better let me take you out for supper." If you ever seen three girls eat supper, now they was hungry. Anyhow, I took them back after supper and visited a while. And Naomi had a book with an outfit in it, tell where she was reading, you know, and I slipped a \$10 bill in there. And that fellow and I come on to Lakeview the next day and stayed all night. I had that Model-T Ford at Cedarville. We was going to Cedarville and pick it up, and bring it back here to the Narrows. So, we got to Cedarville and got us a hotel room. Went down and cranked the Ford up, it kicked right off. Went back and stayed all night, and I said, "Let's just forget that Ford, we'll leave it." It was in a, stored it down there in an old barn, it wasn't bothering nobody. So, we came back on out to the Narrows, and I went to work for Rankin.

Later on, I took a boy, old Cy Elliott with me, and we went down and got my Model-T Ford. You know, a year is quite a while to hide out though.

JAMES: I imagine.

JOHN: Yeah, these months go by pretty slow. I worked down at the Bear Ranch, fed cattle down there. I fooled around quite a bit.

GEORGIA: Old Clarence wishes now that he hadn't pressed these guys so ruggedly over that. He was really rough on the moonshining element back then. A lot of these guys, that was the only way they could make a living.

JAMES: Well, I didn't know that.

GEORGIA: Of course, I wasn't here then.

JOHN: Old Clarence and I, we have good visits now. We was on the ranch out here about 37 miles out of town, you know, and I don't hold a grudge much. But I was plenty ringy then.

JAMES: Yeah, I bet.

JOHN: And Georgia and I started to town one day and he had a Jeep, and the radiator had come loose there at the Narrows Bridge, and I guess the fan hit it, but it didn't wreck it. A bolt come out of it, you know. And there he was working on the damn Jeep, and Georgia and I come along and I said, "I don't think I'll help that old s.b." And I drove on past him, and I said, "I shouldn't do that." (Laughter) I backed up and walked up there and said, "Do you need a little help, Clarence?" "I sure do." He got the nut started on the bolt that holds the radiator, but he had no way of holding it to keep it from turning. So, I helped the old cuss. We been friends ever since.

JAMES: Sure. That's a funny way to end that.

JOHN: Yes, we had pretty good visits. He's an old timer, he's in his 80's, but his mind is real sharp.

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JAMES: We've talked a couple of times.

JOHN: Do you know him?

JAMES: Pretty well.

GEORGIA: They tell on the radio ---

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JOHN: We'd wake up at 5 o'clock in the morning and go visiting. So, he'd turn the light on and order a cup of coffee. I'd order a drink of whiskey. And the nurses wasn't used to bringing people whiskey, you see, they'd kind of back up once in a while, but I'd say, "Go look on the chart." So, he'd drink a cup of coffee before breakfast, and I'd drink two and a half ounces of whiskey, you see. And then before dinner, I'd order another. They had them two-ounce glasses, and they'd fill one and then the other one half full, you see. And three drinks was all I took, all except one day. One

day I felt pretty rocky, and a little nurse, Rosie up there, she's a fine girl; she'd come in and take my blood pressure every little bit. And I'd tell her, "Why don't you leave my arm alone, you're going to wear the damn thing out." And I'd say, "My blood pressure's a little low, huh?" "Oh, you'll live another day." Full of fun, you know. But I, I about drank my quota that morning, I guess.

And about 2 o'clock Georgia came up to see how I was doing, and I told her to go get me another drink. And the head nurse, she was pretty much a Nazarene, and she said, "John's drinking heavy today, what's the matter with him?" And she said, "His blood pressure is low." And she figured some of them nurses had squealed.

GEORGIA: She figured that somebody had told me. "How do you know it's low?" "Well I've lived with him better than 30 years, so I ought to know something about him."

JOHN: And there was a little grey-haired therapist there. She'd been working my legs every day. Campbell was afraid I'd have blood clots in my legs, you see. Fine little woman, grey haired, and she heard Georgia and this head nurse a jarring just a little. And she said, "I'll get John a drink. I peeked in at him a while ago, and he looked kind of peaked." And she just took a water glass about two-thirds full.

GEORGIA: She didn't measure anything.

JOHN: "I'll just fix him a good one," she said. And by golly, it helped too, you know.

JAMES: Yeah, I guess it does.

JOHN: I really enjoyed myself in there, actually. I had to be operated on, I knew that. And old Ron White was a wonderful pal, he's dead now. He had a heart ailment. We'd argue about which was going to get out first. "Oh, I'm going to win." "No, you're not." And I did win. But he got out, and got along wonderful for a while, didn't he Mom?

GEORGIA: Oh yeah, he was out a year.

JOHN: But by golly, he went over the hump. But the nurses, I was never treated so nice in all my life.

JAMES: Isn't that something.

JOHN: And they fed me just like I was a herding sheep every day, you know. I never eat all my grub because laying in bed, I couldn't. I was sure treated wonderful. Wonderful people up there.

JAMES: That reminds me of your saying the day before Tebo died, he told you something.

JOHN: He told me, he said, "I'm pretty weak, John, I don't think I'm gonna live long." And I said, "Oh, hell," --- old Smoky Osborn and I was together, he was up at old lady Osborn's place, she used to have a County Home there. "Oh hell, Tebo, you'll live a long time yet." And the next day the old fellow passed away. I was buckarooing at the P Ranch then, but I was a pallbearer for the old fellow. I was just a pallbearer all winter, that winter for somebody. Somebody was just a dying all the time ... Page, he was a surveyor, he died. Roy Elliott, a horse either fell on him or pawed him or something. They didn't know just what killed him. He was one of my best pals.

GEORGIA: That was the winter I came here. That was in '36 and '37. A real hard winter, and I didn't ever meet a lot of these people that he's been ---

JOHN: You never met Roy, did you?

JAMES: No.

JOHN: He got killed. Oh, you got that a going now, haven't you? I'm just running your battery down. (Laughter)

GEORGIA: No, there is no battery. He's got it plugged in; he's costing you money.

JAMES: I'm costing you money.

JOHN: Well, I'm running your tapes out and not saying anything.

JAMES: As I was walking out the door, John Crow told me one last story about Tebo. And that was one time they were up on the rim rock above the P Ranch and there was a terrible fog, and nobody could see. And they all asked Tebo if he knew where they were, and where the P Ranch was. And he said, "Oh sure, there's nothing to worry about." And he looked out in the fog and he swung his arm around and he says, "The P Ranch is right out there."

John said after that, that he later used this when he found a special kind of arrowhead, and some people wanted to know where it was, so they could dig some more. And he said, "Why, yes, I

think I remember where it was." And he'd look one way and then the other, and then he swung his arm around too, and he said, "It's out there."

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