

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #170 - Side A

Subject: Keith Clark

Place: Harney County Historical Society Luncheon

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Interviewer: Marcus Haines

MARCUS HAINES: ... during the school year there, Keith, and you teach history. What --  
- about any kind you want?

KEITH CLARK: No, Central Oregon History.

MARCUS: Central Oregon History, so we're right in Keith's boundary around here. Now Keith is the fellow who is the co-author of the *Terrible Trail*, along with Lowell Tiller. And that was the Meek Cutoff; I think you are all familiar with that. And so, I think in order to give Keith time to get through here, before you folks have to leave, I'm going to ask you to welcome Keith Clark.

KEITH: Thank you, Marcus, very much. I asked Marcus what he wanted me to talk about; we had a short conversation on the telephone. Gave him a couple choices, and he picked the shortest one, which means probably he has heard me talk before.

I don't know how familiar you are with military history in this area. I suspect, now that I have seen you, more so than I thought when I wrote the speech. I'm not making apologies for the speech; I'm just trying to prepare you so it doesn't spoil your dessert. The area here is so tremendously varied and rich in history. And I know this is something that you people understand. And in that particular area of the history which deals with the military occupation, and the --- and I use the words in quote "extermination of the native population", there is a great present interest. I'm working --- will be working on an article

this next year, has to do with Loren Williams, who is the subject of most of my remarks to you today.

Loren Williams was commander of a little detachment of volunteer Oregon infantry who established Camp Wright, down here on the end of the point. Military activity, I'm going to have to read most of this, because I can't, with bifocals I can't read it down here anymore, you see I have to get it up here. Some of you know that difficulty, I know.

Military activity in Harney Basin first began in 1859, when Captain H. D. Wallen of the 4th Infantry traveled through on his road viewing expedition to Salt Lake. At that time he named Harney Lake and Stampede or Mud Lake.

And then in the next summer of 1860, Major Enoch Steen came; he too was searching for a road for immigrants to cross the middle part of the state. But, that work was interrupted by an Indian attack upon an element of his command under Captain A. C. Smith, twenty-five miles northeast of Lake Harney. Steen moved to the support of Captain Smith, deployed his troops to chastise the Indians. In the process they chased them up over the mountain, which bears his name. He was not eminently successful in the chastisement. With him was Donald McKie, acting as scout, and a few Warm Springs Indians. Donald McKie was half-brother to Douglas C. McKie who was the son of Tom McKie of the Hudson Bay Company, who came to the Harney Basin much earlier.

This is an Oregon storybook quarterly I wish to throw at you. You will be getting it if you belong to the Historical Society. The cover is W. C. McKie --- his half-brother Donald is subject of quite a few articles about his part in the Modoc War.

Principal military activity in the Harney Basin came in the years between 1862 and '68. It reflected several diverse factors, one dealt with protecting immigrants passing through the Indian country, one dealt with the increasing numbers of miners, who were searching for the fabled blue bucket of gold. And one less recognized factor, dealt with

the fear in Union, Oregon, that the forces of cessation would combine and take the state out of the union. As a consequence, there was much activity here before there was much pressure for settlement.

Volunteer troops were sent into the interior to subdue the Snake Indian, and they, largely replacing the regulars in Oregon, Washington, and California who were gone to serve in conflict in the east. Principal volunteer effort took place in 1864, with elements of the first Oregon cattle raid under Lieutenant James Waymire, under Captain George Currey, and Captain John Drake. Lieutenant Waymire traveled to Harney Valley in 1864, in the spring, with eighteen men, twenty days supplies. And there he found a company of civilians under Cincinatus, a guy named Miller, who would later be known as Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras. These men out of Canyon City, there to find and punish the Indians. They finally found Indians, east of Steens Mountain. And those Indians put up such resistance that the whole force retreated to Canyon City. Waymire was completely disgusted with the conduct of the citizens, and one quote he gives, which I found interesting, he says, "About 7:00 a.m. the citizen volunteers in advance, mistook a flock of geese on the plane about two miles below, for a band of horses, and rushing forward at the charge, rendered their animals almost inefficient for the remainder of the day."

Currey marched his men from Fort Walla Walla down to the Grande Ronde, to the Owyhee River in June 1864, and he went down to Jordan Creek. With him were eleven Cayuse Indians from the Umatilla Reservation. From Jordan he moved to the east side of Steens Mountain, arriving June 18th, and then on the 22nd, he started for Harney Lake. By July 2nd, he was camping up on Rattlesnake Creek, the site of later Camp Harney, and here he was joined by Captain Drake. Drake had the largest force, a hundred and nineteen officers and men. He moved from Fort Dalles in April, with a view to scouting the country between Warm Springs Reservation and Harney Valley. There to make

junction with Currey's command. He had the only significant fight with the Indians that year, losing in a short hot engagement on upper Crooked River, Lieutenant Stephen Watson, after who Camp Watson was later named, and two soldiers. They had stumbled upon Paulina.

Both Currey and Drake surveyed the country for possible military post sites. Drake had also with him, for a time, Indian allies, the Warm Springs scouts. But he did not regard them as useful, or pertinences to his command. Currey made two suggestions to his commanding officer, Colonel R. F. Mallory, after who Mallory Mountain in the Crooked River country is named. One was to use friendly Indians to locate the Snakes, or Paiutes, and the other the establishment of a series of camps from which to determine when the effort might be made to locate and subdue the Indians. As a consequence of the action of these gentlemen, Camp Alvord, Camp Currey, and at Indian Springs, and Camp Wright were established.

Now something about Williams. He came up from California, to Port Orford in 1851, with a party of prospectors. And in that year he was attacked by Rogue Indians and badly wounded, very narrowly escaped with his life. One arrow struck him above the left hip and knocked him down, and he got up and pulled part of the shaft from his body and ran on into the undergrowth, but he carried part of that inside him until 1859.

In the 1860's, he was captain of the volunteers. And in September 1865, he left Camp Watson with a part of "H" Company, First Oregon Volunteer Infantry, on an expedition to the Silvies River. That expedition had two purposes, to view out a wagon road, and to search out and destroy the Indian population. By September 18th, he had twenty-three men engaged in making a fortified position northwest of Wright's Point, which he called Adobe Camp. He laid out a plat about twenty-five yards square, and he dug a two and a half foot ditch. Then the material excavated from the ditch was formed

into a wall around so that the men had approximately five feet of protection behind which to stand. From this camp he made a number of scouts in September. One of which was written about in the "Burns Times-Herald" in 1968. I will read an excerpt from it --- not from that article, but from the report of Captain Williams if you will bear with me. ...

"Having been unable to this time to discover any Indians, notwithstanding, we have been very active in searching for them, the men as well as myself quite impatient to meet them in some form or other, I propose to scout down the river in the direction of Malheur Lake a few miles. As usual, I took with me twelve men, leaving eleven in camp, Sergeant Mulvaney in charge. About seven miles below, we found the tracks of two Indians, where they apparently had passed along very recently. They were discovered in the sage plane making the direction of the slough, or Tule Swale connecting Harney and Malheur Lakes. And then we entered into a chase. These were the first Indians we had had the pleasure of seeing since we were in their country. Therefore, we set out after them. The sagebrush was high, and the ground sandy. We soon found ourselves gaining upon them and had the satisfaction of discovering that one of them was quite a small boy, who was not able to make the progress that the older was capable of making. We followed him in exciting race, gaining slowly, and when we were within four hundred yards of them, they were met by two horsemen who picked them up and rode off with them.

It was now 11 o'clock, the men tired and fatigued. I rested them on a little sage knoll for an hour with a sentinel watching outside of us. While quietly resting there, an Indian mounted on a flying iron gray horse came out of the Tule Swamp, and likely had come from the opposite side. He advanced to within about six hundred yards of us, and rode around us a time or two at a distance. Then he struck off in the direction he had come from, firing his gun, and sounding the war whoop. And in a short space of time, thirteen mounted Indians appeared and encircled us on every side. But as that was just

our number, we had no fears for our safety. Firing was soon opened by the Indians, and promptly returned by us.

The men were now rested. As the Indians did not seem disposed to charge, and as we were fifteen miles from camp, we set out on our return. As we moved, the Indians also moved without changing their position in regard to us. We were therefore the direct center of a moving circle. The fire of the Indians directed at the center, ours directed at the outer rim. And for a short time it was rather amusing to the men, for no great danger was to be feared from that number of Indians. With our long-range guns, they could easily be picked off before they could do much damage with their common rifle. So we moved steadily forward, keeping the men in a single file, ten or twelve paces apart. I thought that if the Indians persisted in following, we might possibly succeed in killing some of them. And they began to notice by this time that their bullets fell short, and fired at a greater elevation, or from some cause began to shoot too near us to be pleasant. And nearly every shot, the bullets whizzed past our heads or raised the dust at our feet, while on the other hand, we were returning their fire very briskly. Private McPherson, who I had detailed to guard the rear, soon directed my attention to a dust not far behind, from which suddenly emerged about thirty Indian horseman, who joined in the conflict with great energy."

I hope you're keeping track of the talent here. "McPherson again called my attention soon to another dust in the rear and very soon about thirty footmen came up shooting and yelling and whooping, and they joined in the affray with perfect fury. We were gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the mountain, where we had no doubt that we could beat the Indians back, or entirely defeat them. When we had arrived to within about one-half mile, about fifteen or twenty of them hastened forward, climbed to the top, and we had the mortification of seeing them take position in the rocks, directly to the place

we had been steering to for the last six or seven miles." I think they probably were on top of Wright's Point.

"Our situation instead of being amusing, began to assume a rather gloomy appearance. There was one consolation, that was we could travel in any direction we pleased, so we struck to the right, making something more than a right angle, parallel to the mountains, we headed for Silvies River about five miles distant. The mountain being no more than three hundred yards to our left, a great portion of the Indians masked themselves along the foot, and shot at us as we passed.

I placed Corporal Johnson to guard the left flank from danger from that direction. The whooping and yelling that had been kept up all the time, was if possible, now increased, and the Indians pressed us with a vigor and an energy seldom witnessed from savage tribes. It was five miles to Silvies River, ground sandy, day hot and dusty. The inferno sagebrush about four feet high, the entire distance. Yet we moved on, not knowing where we would be compelled to go before the fight was over.

In firing, a man would step out of place in the file and fire, and immediately hasten forward to his place again, reloading without halting. The sagebrush was a good hiding place, and they would often jump up within seventy-five or a hundred yards of us and fire, and nearly always dodge down in time to avoid our shots.

As we approached Silvies River, I feared the men could not be controlled sufficient to guarantee our safe crossing. They were exhausted. My own mouth was so parched, I could hardly give commands. Thick growth of willows grew along the stream there, and as we approached the bank, the Indians struck the river and entered the willows above and below. Not a moment was to be lost. A short delay would mean almost certain death.

Our only safety was in passing the stream, and taking position on the smooth and level plain beyond.

Instantly upon striking the river, three men were faced about to guard the rear. Three others were ordered to the stream to prevent the Indians from gaining a position on the other side, while the other six men were ordered to take a hasty drink of water and then instantly relieve the others. I'd pushed through the willows, waded the stream, gave the command for the men to fall in on the east side. Every man was instantly at his post, and we marched from the stream, about three hundred yards out in the level plain with no sagebrush, where we rested for a few minutes.

The Indians encircling us as usual. But as we passed out of the region of the abominable sagebrush, to a comparatively open plane, we felt very much as if we were safe. Notwithstanding, a steady fire from both sides being kept up. Corporal Johnson and Private McPherson were my two best supporters, and I felt very thankful I had those two gallant young men with me on this occasion. Johnson had been knocked down by a bullet grazing his head. McPherson had his blouse cut in one or two places.

The camp was still seven miles above us, and on the opposite side of the river. It was nearly night. The Indians were nearly all along the margins of willows on the river to the left. The horseman on every side of us as usual, with a continued fire from each side. At sundown, we were still about three miles from camp, and at this time a mounted Indian, with a blazing torch in his hand, rode off from the river, setting a line of fire for two miles in length, directly across the planes in front of us. The grass, being very dry, burned with great rapidity. We hurried on, passing through the open spaces between the fires, and in a moment were thunder struck by the discharge of five or six rifles from a dry slough about fifty yards directly in front of us. Flash of the guns, the whiz of the bullets as they flew past was so sudden, I looked around expecting to see at least half of the men fall dead. But, we had been favored all day, and fortune still favored us, and no one was hurt. In the dust, and camp three miles off, a blazing fire two or three miles in length



directly in our rear, any amount of Indians concealed in the grass in every direction.

The day was the day that the remainder of the company was to come in from Indian Springs. And it was in vain that we listened for some sound that indicated an approaching reinforcement. If the men had not heard our firing, they had seen the blazing fire on the prairie, at which it would seem a detachment would be sent out. But it seemed that we were destined to fight it out without aid or assistance from the camp.

We remained where we were until a little after dark, when the men were ordered out and we marched at a quick pace back on our own trail, until we passed the fire line some distance. And we believed out of the position, unperceived by the Indians, for no more firing took place, and we saw no more Indians. We followed the course of the trail back about three miles, turned to the left, made a circuitous route around the fire, fell upon the river a short distance below our camp, and reached camp at 2 o'clock in the morning. Having traveled for twenty hours, at which time we passed over forty-five miles without food or rest. Seven hours of that time, about one-third of the distance was under a heavy fire from Indians who outnumbered us at least six or seven to one. We had fired about three hundred shots, and the Indians had probably fired a thousand."

Then he goes on to give the names of the gentlemen, I won't take the time for that. On Thursday, October 3rd, 1865, Williams moved his command and established Camp Wright at the east end of that point. In a report to Currey, he explains that his principal concern had to be with the availability of hay and forage for his horses. Wood and water was next, comfort of the little command was a poor third. All that winter, scouts were made from Camp Wright to find and to kill Indians. Ultimately Williams had about sixty-five men. But he was poorly, and irregularly supplied, so that his horses were often unable to go. Nevertheless, he saw a great part of Harney Valley, and on over to the north in the middle forks of the Malheur before the camp closed.

After the initial contacts, he found very few Indians. During the winter, scouts' blankets froze so hard they rattled like boards. Men froze their feet, some deserted. Frost would form, he says, on hair and whiskers while the men stood around large fires. And icicles formed on mustaches at the rate of an inch for every half an hour of marching. Finally, on June 6th --- June 4th, Williams formally abandoned Camp Wright, and headed for Camp Watson. And on the way, they closed out Camp Currey as well. But, back in November, he had written George Currey a letter which I thought you might enjoy.

"Sir, I would most respectfully call the attention of the commanding officer of the department of the Columbia, to the great difficulty that is likely to be encountered by troops in searching out and destroying the few renegade Indians of this country, after the principal bands are broken up. It has already become a matter of difficulty to find any Indians within the jurisdiction of this command. To relieve the troops in the field from great embarrassment, and to insure the extermination or capture of the last remnant of the hostile tribes of Oregon, during the summer of 1866." And all these where I emphasize, he has underlined. "I would most earnestly recommend that bloodhounds from the southern ... be brought to this country and employed to search out the savages in their mountain ... It is impossible for the genius of man to follow their footsteps or trace them to their rocky retreats."

In 1866, the federal troops took over some of the volunteers, but Currey's idea was not abandoned. George Crook, leaving Fort Boise, regular army, took command of the campaign. He re-established Camp Warner, west of Warner Lakes on Honey Creek in 1867. And in August of that year he established, as you know, Fort Harney. And he pursued the campaign with vigor.

Details are to be found in the Snake War diary of Douglas C. McKie, in the June 1978 quarterly, and it --- the first half of it is in here. Your Harney Basin part will come in

September. And we have been seven years working on it, and I hope you enjoy it.

One more excerpt from that campaign, a little more of the flavor. This is May 21st, 1868, a Lieutenant Western, who was out at Camp Logan is writing to his commander. He said, "Sir, I have the honor to respectfully report I left camp April 28th, 1867 with a detachment of one sergeant, two corporals, and ten privates of Company "F", 8th Calvary, to pursue and if possible to punish a band of Snake Indians who had been committing deprivations on the Canyon City road. I struck the main trail of the Indians near the head of Murderers Creek, followed it two days, from finding from an inch of the ground I was going over, the mud being knee deep to the horses, and the streams almost impassible. Well, it was impossible to overtake them with the pack train. I took three days rations, left a guard of one man with the train, and commenced to chase in earnest.

April 26th, crossed the mountain toward Harney Lake, and camped after dark in a canyon, having traveled forty miles. It was almost impossible to get the horses over the mountains, the mud and snow being from one to four feet deep. In places, being compelled to fasten a lariat and halter ring and drag the horses through one at a time. The Indian signs being very fresh, I did not deem it prudent to allow fire, and everybody suffered greatly that night from the cold.

The next morning, shortly after daylight, I came up to the Indians who were camped at a place where two branches of Silvies River united, about thirty-five miles from Harney Lake. And not more than five miles from where we had camped the night previously. I at once attacked them, attempting to cross the river mounted, but finding that that was impossible, from the river being filled with driftwood, dismounted, left three men to hold the horses and crossed afoot, the water being neck deep. The Indians, numbering forty or fifty, of whom twenty-one or twenty-two were warriors, at first seemed disposed to stand and fight. Soon after we came to their side of the river, they fled in

every direction. The pursuit was continued until the perfectly exhausted condition of the men compelled the cessation.

Some of the difficulties under which we labored, will be understood when it is stated that in ascending the mountain to which the Indians had fled, we were compelled to climb almost perpendicular faces of rock ten or fifteen feet high. The men, assisting each other up, passing their carbines from one to another, and this under fire of the retreating Indians. I am unable to state the exact number of Indians killed, only six were found. A number also known to have been killed, or severely wounded, among them their Chief, but were carried off by their comrades, or later in the day, while fighting among the rocks, succeeded in concealing themselves.

The result of the expedition is, in addition to the Indians killed, was to capture thirty-two head of horses, twenty-one of which I succeeded in bringing to camp, seven were shot on the way, being unable to travel, four were left at ranches on the Canyon City road for the same reason. All their camp equipment and supplies, including about a ton and a half of camas root, all of which being useless for government purposes was destroyed. And that papoose, about a year old, was also abandoned by the Indians, as I had no means at my disposal to bring it in, it was placed out of reach of wild animals and left in hopes of its being found by the survivors. When about three miles away, a squaw was seen returning to the Indian camp, and as presumed, the child was taken charge of by her.

The next morning, April 28th, I started on my return to Camp Logan, which I reached the night of May 4th, 1867. For a day and a half before reaching the Canyon City road, the men were without anything to eat. The occasion by some pack mules falling off the trail into the south fork of the John Day River. The packs having to be abandoned to save the mules. The enlisted men comprising of the attachment are entitled to great

credit for the cheerfulness with which they endured hunger and cold and their conduct during the fight."

It is a fascinating picture; it's a picture that seems so far in time away from the reality that we now know. That it is some-times difficult to really comprehend. I've brought along as a sort of a gesture from the Deschutes County Historical Society to yours, thinking that you might make a copy --- this is my only copy --- a revised outline description of posts and stations of troops and military division of Pacific. February 1st, 1872, a complete listing of location quarters, storehouses, etc. a description of Fort Harney. I don't know if you have it or not, but if you don't then, please accept it from me in the spirit with which it is given. And I also have --- when we were in Washington, D. C., about three years ago at the National Archives, I found a map of Loren Williams engagement. It is in two pieces, and if you are interested, I know one person here who is interested in maps, you can come and put it together and look at it. If you want to make a copy of it, fine. But, this is my only copy. Good.

MAN: I'll make some copies.

KEITH: Okay, that's great. I would like to thank you for your kind attention, and for your courtesy, if you've heard all this before. It's nice to be the principal speaker at a group that's as pleasant as this group is, and thank you very much.

...

MARCUS: I wanted to ask you a question; apparently you have done quite a little work on Captain Wallen coming in here. Wally --- Wally Welcome over here had a visitor from Washington, he was with the State Highway Department there, and a rock hound. And he was out here rock hounding around Wagontire Mountain, and he found forty-nine cannon balls. And it's right on a route into Harney Lake.

KEITH: Yeah, which would be about the way that Wallen came.

MARCUS: And did you --- have you had any encounter that Wallen might have had, out in that area?

KEITH: I haven't looked at his --- all of these reports are probably --- if they weren't lost somewhere along the line --- in the National Archives. And Wallen's report, that is generally read, is kind of reflective of Wallen. He didn't always tell all the things that happened. When he left The Dalles in the summer of '59, he had a great deal of difficulty getting a guide that knew the interior of the country, and I don't know why, because there were men there at The Dalles in that year who did. So he went to the guardhouse at Dalles post and he picked up two Paiute --- two Snake Indians who were there because they had taken part in a raid on Warm Springs Reservation earlier that year. And he made arrangements with them to serve as guides all the way down into Harney Basin. And when they got to what he called later Stampede Lake, those two Indians took off very early one morning with horses and a U. S. rifle and ammunitions, apiece, and they stampeded the horses. Wallen doesn't say, in his official report, that that is what happened. Kind of interesting, one of those Indians was Paulina, and the other one was Weahweah, who was named as half-brother. Both of whom rose to considerable prominence in the Paiute unpleasantness that was ahead by about eight years. I don't know about cannon balls there. There are some strange things about cannon balls even over in our country. We have had reports about them being found. I always used to think those had to do with Fremont. But, that is too many cannon balls.

MARCUS: Well, this fellow did some researching through the army, and they put fifty cannon balls on a packhorse. Twenty-five on a side, they were four pound cannon balls, Wally, weren't they?

WALLY WELCOME: Uh huh.

MARCUS: And whether this horse got loose and shook his pack out there across the

desert, or whether they had been attacked or ---

KEITH: I suspect that ---

MARCUS: There is one left out there someplace. We've been out there with a metal detectors, but we're not as sharp as this fellow, we didn't find it.

KEITH: Did he leave them, or pick them up?

MARCUS: No, he picked them all up, and cleaned one up and gave it to the Historical Society, we have it up here at the Museum.

KEITH: You have it here? How big is it?

MARCUS: It's a four-pound. ... Real bright, we've got it shined up. He though he had found a thunder egg. He took it back with him and cleaned it up, and it turned out to be a cannon ball. He just found the one.

KEITH: I'll be darned.

MARCUS: And then as soon as he got a vacation, why he came back and he found forty-eight more scattered around. We found where he had dug them up, around when we were out there, but we could never find that fiftieth one.

KEITH: I'm afraid I'd ---

MARCUS: You come over some time, Keith, when you feel lucky and we'll see if we can find it. Is there any more questions that you might want to ask this fellow here? He is pretty knowledgeable, I can see that.

MAN: I was wondering ... that Camp Wright that you ever come across a Camp Dryer, in the same area.

KEITH: Not yet.

MAN: I come across that, but I don't know whether this fellow ... put something else there later or not. But he was, in 1927 ... he went out and plowed around this stuff, but I never did find that

--- stretches are almost rotations ---

KEITH: Right, I ---

MAN: --- Wright's Point area. But maybe, I'm not too sure ---

KEITH: The name just doesn't ---

MAN: --- the name of those camps sometimes ... my guess it might have been the same area.

KEITH: Well, let me look, but I don't know the name now.

WOMAN: What about Camp Albert? Camp Albert ---

KEITH: Camp Albert.

WOMAN: I had a letter asking about that, I was just wondering. I've never heard of it before I got that letter.

KEITH: Ah --- why don't I send you a map, I've got a copy of an 1881, military map. In fact, I've got lots of copies, as I have

--- I use them in the class I teach. It has all the military camps on it. C. S. Smith, and all the rest of them. But that one, I want to think about that.

MARCUS: We visited the Camp Wright here a year ago last June. Ruth Bright here of the BLM, and ... we got, young Vogler took us out to the site, and when we got out he said, "Now there are four or five muskets buried here, but nobody has ever found them yet." And I didn't go ten feet till I picked up a little insignia that probably went on some soldier's cap. It had the crossed pistols and this part of it was in there, and I handed it to him and I said, "Is this off of one of them guns?" He said, "I'll be damned, this is the only thing that has ever been found here." Kind of backfired on him. But you didn't hear any more about the muskets, anyway. The old --- you can still see the --- you've been there I'm sure to see where they did the excavating you were telling us about.

KEITH: There wasn't much of a permanent post.



MARCUS: No.

KEITH: I think they did more at Currey than they did here.

MARCUS: Well, we've got a cashier standing right back here with a --- I don't know if she has the six shooter on or not, and I haven't ... start with this group right here, and she's going to get your money, and then we'll start this ...

WOMAN: I have a question.

KEITH: Sure.

WOMAN: I work on Wagontire Lookout; I'm on the lookout up there. But, you know, when you go up to Wagontire, that you can see some tire tracks. Have you ever seen some wagon tracks, that have been --- that have been, apparently some ... so many times that it just beat down into the bedrock.

KEITH: I don't think I have seen those particular tracks, we have --- of course I've been taking about ...

WOMAN: Okay, okay, you know where Wagontire store is?

KEITH: Yeah.

WOMAN: Okay.

(END OF TAPE)

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