

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #383 - Sides A/B

Subject: Lyle Woods

Date: September 28, 1991

Place: Redmond, Oregon

Interviewer: Edward Gray

EDWARD GRAY: This is Ed Gray with Lyle Woods at his place at Redmond on 9-28-91; we're outside just B.S.ing. (Laughter) When were you born, Lyle?

LYLE WOODS: Born in 1909, November 28th.

EDWARD: On the Sinks of Peter Creek?

LYLE: I was born in Corvallis. But my folks left there, my dad took up a homestead out there on the desert in 1912.

EDWARD: At Peter Creek?

LYLE: Well, right east of the Sinks, about three miles east of the Sinks.

EDWARD: One of the Bradley kids was born there.

LYLE: Oh?

EDWARD: Yeah. I forget which one. They were up there for a while. They were out in that desert anyhow.

LYLE: Oh yeah. Well see Harold, the oldest boy, filed on a piece of ground at Lost Creek Spring, and that's where his dad was found dead, beat to death.

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: And they, there was Hosmer, Harold, and Hosmer, and I think five of the girls.

EDWARD: Right. Yeah, Lena, Iris, Grace.

LYLE: Laura.

EDWARD: Laura. Can't remember the other one.

LYLE: She married --- Lena and Laura ---

EDWARD: I can't remember the other one. Anyway you were born in 1909. Did you ever work for Bill Brown?

LYLE: I never did work for Bill. I gathered a lot of Horseshoe Bar horses after the World War, you know, after they closed it.

EDWARD: '35.

LYLE: '35 and '36, in there. I stayed at Buck Creek there all one winter. And they was, oh I don't know, they was better than a hundred head of them old Horseshoe geldings, and there was a \$5.00 bounty on them for awhile.

EDWARD: Now who put up the bounty, Pacific Wool Growers, or ---

LYLE: I don't know, but I think Schlosser's.

EDWARD: Oh.

LYLE: I'm not sure.

EDWARD: Out of Portland.

LYLE: Portland, yeah. The first --- I was riding colts there for Newt Morris, rode three years there for Newt Morris, they was just the other side and south of Millican a little ways.

EDWARD: Okay.

LYLE: At the Lane ---

EDWARD: Heard that name many a time.

LYLE: Well there was a guy came out there, a young fellow, with a big overcoat on, and he didn't know a thing about a horse. But he had took the job of gathering these horses for \$5.00 a head.

EDWARD: Horseshoe Bar.

LYLE: Horseshoe Bar horses, yeah. And of course he couldn't ride hardly a gentle

horses, you know, he just --- he wasn't a cowboy. But he stayed there at Newt's for a few days, and then Newt got a, Newt got them some way for \$5.00 a head, anything he could gather with the Horseshoe Bar iron on it. Well he sent me up there to Buck Creek and I rode all that winter. And I caught quite a lot of them horses.

EDWARD: What's quite a lot, Lyle, a hundred?

LYLE: Around a hundred, yeah.

EDWARD: Through the winter of '35?

LYLE: I think '35 and '36 probably.

EDWARD: Okay, two winters.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Or, excuse me, one winter, '35, '36.

LYLE: Yeah, I wintered there at Streets, and he give me a little barn there and I had two damn good saddle horses. One was a standard bred, and the other one was a half thoroughbred horse. Come from Black Butte over here, that was bucking with him. And they sent him out there to --- Newt's brother was a car salesman, and he took this horse in on a trade, so they sent him out there for me to ride. I rode him and he never did get good to rope off from. When you swung that rope, boy you better have a ... to throw, because he just cut right off here, you know.

EDWARD: You mean he would go the opposite way that the horse was going.

LYLE: Well he'd go, turn to the right, or the left right off, you was going this way, and he just cut right off of here. And I never did break him of it. I've roped several horses by the front feet, and I'd be pretty near to the end of the rope by the time I'd get my dallys in, either throw them flatter than hell, you know ---

EDWARD: What's a dally?

LYLE: Turn around the saddle horn.

EDWARD: This Newt Morris, was he paid to, by Schlosser Brothers to gather horses too?

LYLE: No, he just, I don't know who he got the contract from. He had a contract on them for a year or two.

EDWARD: From somebody, yeah.

LYLE: And he sent me out there.

EDWARD: Sent you out there.

LYLE: To catch them horses from Buck Creek. There was, those guys up there had roped, chased them, and run them, and roped them, and they was a lot of them that they, you know, couldn't catch. They'd run their horse down and then they could get them. But I've been very successful at getting them horses. I mean when Abe Hackleman bought the Cold Springs Ranch I was in Arizona running a cow outfit, and he wrote me a letter down there, and he said that he got the Cold Springs Ranch, that there was a hundred head of horses or better in that allotment. And he said as near as I can find out, you're the only guy that's ever been able to catch them in there. It was awful rocky, and junipers. So god damn thick you couldn't hardly get through them at all.

EDWARD: Were these horses, these Horseshoe Bar branded horses, were they in groups, or were they just kind of ---

LYLE: Well sometimes they would --- now I trapped a lot of --- along about '34, I think at Buck Creek, or at Swamp Creek. And they was five Horseshoe Bar geldings came in, they'd come in at night when it was dark, you know. And I had a, there was a lot there, oh I'd say it was two acres. And this creek come right down through ...

EDWARD: Yeah, I know where that is.

LYLE: Do you?

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: Well there is a fellow by the name of Ole Nordell lived down below there, and word

was that he killed a man in Montana. So I said something about going over there and ... water. And oh god damn ... I said, "Hell, I don't know, maybe the man needed killing." I said that I don't know the circumstances at all. And I said, "I'm just going over there and ask him ---" Oh they said, god they wouldn't go. But I went over and asked the man, I didn't know him, and he said, "Yeah," he said, "I haven't got much hay, wouldn't want to feed many horses." And I said, "Well I won't even have a horse, I'll come over in car and watch ... at night." Well this --- there was a fence come like this here, this trail come down here, and then about 10, 12 feet out there was quite a --- come back down like that about 6 foot deep. And I set down in there with a great big old bearskin coat on, and them horses would come in after it got dark, you could hear them walking and ... down there to the creek, which was about, about as far from here to that yellow car, or light colored one.

EDWARD: Okay, 50 yards.

LYLE: No, farther, little farther.

EDWARD: Yeah, a little.

LYLE: Anyway they'd go down there to drink. Well when they got down there I'd stand up and get up in the trail from them. They'd start back, and I had the flashlight, and I'd just run that flash-light along, and they'd run to the edge of it, and they'd run over there until they could see the fence and then they'd turn back. And these five came in about three in the morning, I guess. On this side was a washout; it had cut down about ten feet, straight down. And the fence was back about four or five feet from the --- Well they hit that thing running miles an hour, and broke the fence. Four of them went off over there, not --- dragging that wire through one of them staples, lit it up just like a sheet of lightning. You could see the color of every one. And there was one brown horse was a little behind the others and he turned back.

And he run around there a little and that's ... And I heard, running ... After awhile I heard him hit the fence. So when it got daylight I come down and ate breakfast with the old boy. I said, "Have you got some fencing tools?" And he said, "Yeah." I said, "I think I'll need some." I said, "The horses hit your fence on the south side last night." And I went down there, and they had laid about 125 yards of that just flat.

EDWARD: Went right ---

LYLE: I worked like a bastard until noon getting it fixed up.

EDWARD: Well who paid you, Lyle?

LYLE: Newt Morris paid me.

EDWARD: Newt Morris paid you.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And how much did he pay you per horse, do you know?

LYLE: Wasn't doing --- I was just working by the month.

EDWARD: Oh I --- okay. Did you ever stay in Bill's Buck Creek Ranch house?

LYLE: No, I never did stay there. I wintered right below there to Streets, right down ---

EDWARD: Right. And Grant Barney bought Street's place?

LYLE: Yeah. Wes wanted to sell that piece, his ranch to me awful bad. I always stayed there, and I had a, two awful good saddle horses, and by god when I started after a horse I could catch him. And he tried to sell it to me. Oh, I was just riding colts, and ...

EDWARD: How far --- you say you spot a couple of wild Horseshoe Bar horses, oh from here to that car, you know, 70 yards, whatever it is. How far can one of those horses run in those days before you can, they wear out?

LYLE: Well you could run --- chances are we wouldn't run --- when dark come he'd probably still be going. Unless you was riding, your horse was in peak condition and you'd really take to him, why then you might catch him in a few hundred yards.

EDWARD: Few hundred yards?

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Was your saddle horse better, better horse than one of those wild horses?

LYLE: Well I would say yes. However, you could give some guys the best horse there is, and they'd kill him off before they'd catch a wild horse. They'd run him too fast right off the bat, see.

EDWARD: Like Bill Brown. He killed a few horses, run them to death.

LYLE: You know Sumner Houston used to run a wagon for old Bill ... He said, told me one time, he said old Bill walked into their camp, and he said, "Sumner," he said, "I'd like to stay all night." He said, "I want to borrow a horse. You got some gentle enough for me to ride?" "Yeah," he said. "So, want to look over some range." So he took off in the morning, and he said two or three days later he came back and he said, "Doggone it," he said, "I'm morally certain I didn't know I owned such a horse," he said. "I think I shall keep that horse." He didn't know he owned him.

But people, it was pitiful, Newt Morris and his brother Chet they lived up around Suplee, and they were riding, they weren't riding for Bill, but they stayed all night there at Hardin one time, and his sister was ---

EDWARD: Bills?

LYLE: Bill's sister.

EDWARD: Sarah?

LYLE: Sarah, yeah. She come out the next morning, they were saddling up, saw their blanket was pretty well worn. She said, "Boy you guy's saddle blankets are pretty well worn, aren't they?" "Oh yeah." She went in and got two good wool blankets out of old Bill's bed to give each one of them for a saddle blanket. She thought that they was riding for Bill, but Newt said they wasn't riding for Bill.

EDWARD: Did, how did you rope some of those Horseshoe Bar horses in the, '35, '36? How did you --- did you rope them around the neck?

LYLE: Yeah, oh yeah.

EDWARD: And just drug them in.

LYLE: No, no, that's, you kill them that way, and that's hard on your saddle horse too.

EDWARD: Oh yeah.

LYLE: You just rope them, just jerk their slack, and take about --- lots of times I was riding a pretty cranky horse, horses that had bucked a lot of people off and they wasn't riding them. And I'd borrow them, and they was glad to get them rode. And I'd take about 50 feet of rope and I'd take them. Lots of times I'd tie it right to the fork of the saddle, because they was hard to control. And then when you swung that rope out, Jesus Christ, they'd just fly. If you rope a horse, a lot of times they'd hit the end of the rope, it would jerk the wild horse down. Also a lot of times jerk your saddle horse down too.

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: Yeah. But just leave that rope, slipknot on them, you know, let them go ahead of you. And when you catch one, say if you wanted to go that way, and the horse wanted to go this way, well just hold him, and he'll maneuver around and whenever he gets headed the way you want to go, then go with him.

EDWARD: Do you loosen up the rope?

LYLE: And pretty soon hell, he'll just travel right along out there. And if you want to go, like you're going there on the trail, and you want to go over here, if you start to go around him Jesus he'll run like a ... You just pull off here, by god that horse will cut right off.

EDWARD: So you would go out and rope a horse, bring him back to the corral?

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And then go out and get another one?

LYLE: Not that day. However, a few times I caught two in a day. I'd go out and bring one in, and then I'd let my horse rest, kind of poke along, and track the bunch maybe for four or five miles, and jump them and catch another one and take it in. Well the first one I'd catch, I'd tie a hind foot to a front foot, you know, so he could graze, but he couldn't run. And then you'd have to come back the next morning and get it.

EDWARD: Did, where did you get most of the horses, Twelvemile, Norcross, Hardin?

LYLE: Well the big end of them was on Gerry Mountain.

EDWARD: Gerry Mountain?

LYLE: Now that's, do you know where the Cold Springs Ranch is?

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: Well that mountain sets right straight west, with all the millions of juniper trees on it, that's Gerry Mountain.

EDWARD: I wonder why they ended up --- I don't know, who knows? Was there a reason they ended, most of them ended up there?

LYLE: Well they couldn't get them off of there. You know Henry Carlon rode for old Bill when he was younger, and they run a wagon just like a cow ... And he said he --- well Claude, or Abe Hackleman told him, he was working at a service station at the time this Carlon --- and he said, "Lyle is going to take the horses off of Gerry Mountain." He said, Henry said, "I don't know what makes him think he can do it." He said, "We tried it when there was six or seven of us, and we run a wagon, so all we had to do was catch horses, except we couldn't get them off of there." He said, "I don't know what makes him think he could." But I got every one of them, roped every son-of-a-bitch off of there.

EDWARD: Do you know there is still wild horses over there on Wagontire, on the east side.

LYLE: Oh I wouldn't doubt it.

EDWARD: Yeah. Saw them this summer, I was out at Wagontire four times, and I'm going back October 11th.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: So you did that, that one winter basically, '35, '36.

LYLE: Well I was out there, yeah. And Newt --- I stayed there at Buck Creek, and he sold two loads of them Horseshoe geldings to a fellow by the name of Charlie Williamson, used to live out of Bend there, run a dairy, a big fellow. Eddie Williamson, you might have heard of him, he passed away last winter here, a hell of a nice fellow. In fact he bought the Bear Ranch with a little over 5,000 head of cattle on it, and sent me down there to run that ... But I rode them, and then I rode --- Well I just kept in the summer, I'd go down there to Madras and shoe, break cattle. And in the winter I went down there and catch wild horses.

EDWARD: Did you ever hear of, Lyle, or see Bill Brown come back to that area after that winter you chased horses?

LYLE: I didn't see him, but he --- see his, he had a nephew named Harve Winslow.

EDWARD: Winslow, yeah.

LYLE: And they, when I went to Klamath Falls in 1930, why I got acquainted with a fellow down there who was paralyzed on one side, and he was just kind of ... But he, oh he carried a whetstone, he'd go around and sharpen ---

EDWARD: Sharpen, yeah.

LYLE: --- winters, through the winters. Anyway, he said, "Did you ever know a fellow by the name of Harve Winslow and Charlie Couch?" I said, "Well I know ---"

EDWARD: Oh yeah, Couch.

LYLE: "--- I knew Winslow well," but I said, "I didn't know Charlie Couch, but I knew of

him." He said, "They brought about 50 head of horses down there one year, drove them down and sold them." And I said, "What iron did they have on them?" He said, "They had the Horseshoe Bar on the jaw." And I said, "They stole them from Harve's uncle, Bill Brown."

EDWARD: That was in the '30's?

LYLE: That's when I went down there. It was before that.

EDWARD: Oh, they were already saying that?

LYLE: Oh yeah.

EDWARD: See they broke old Couch. He supposedly was sent to the state pen.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Now I know he was, he got busted two or three times for stealing horses. And Charlie Couch was Bill Brown's buckaroo boss.

LYLE: Yeah, he got him out of the pen once and made a buckaroo boss out of him then.

EDWARD: Yeah, 1913.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: I'm going to --- I've heard that before that Winslow was taking his uncle's horses and selling them.

LYLE: Yeah, yeah. And when Newt Morris had some sheep there, when he first come to the country, as well as horses. And he said that Winslow came by one time and he went up and supposedly bought a bunch of sheep from his uncle, from old Bill. So he said, "Now I'm going to have Bill set right here and count the sheep out." Well he had two or three guys working, and they'd put them out, run them out into this field. Well they was back there about 150 feet, and he'd tell them guys just catch as many as you can and set them over the fence and let them go out there. So when they got through, why he said, told Newt how many he bought. Newt said, "There is a damn site more sheep there than

he bought."

EDWARD: Oh yeah.

LYLE: And, but so he wasn't too nice.

EDWARD: No. Did, were you ever on the east side of Wagontire Mountain?

LYLE: On the east side? Yeah.

EDWARD: You know that Harold Bradley was shot and killed by Link Hutton.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Murdered ---

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: --- in 1925. And Ira Bradley was killed in 1930.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: R. B. Jackson, suicide or murder, hard to say.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: '38. Frank Dobkins, '39.

LYLE: Yeah. Burk, a fellow by the name of Burk.

EDWARD: Burk, yeah. I got all that stuff. What the hell was their problem over there? What's your opinion?

LYLE: Well quite a bit of it was, I think, was that water. You know when Harold had that homestead there at Lost Creek Spring ---

EDWARD: Yeah, Bradley Meadows.

LYLE: --- they was a, oh there was quite a little water over there, 15, 18 feet, you know, kind of square. Well one time I'd go along --- see I broke horses for old T-Bo, Harry Arnold.

EDWARD: You did?

LYLE: Oh yeah, in about 19--- oh hell, I was 17 years old, I know that.

EDWARD: Oh, 17 plus 9 --- 1926.

LYLE: Yeah, along in there.

EDWARD: You broke horses for Harry Arnold?

LYLE: Oh yeah, twice. And so anyway, I'd go by there and here's this water, and the fence is out here, about four or five feet out from the water. Well maybe the next year you might go by, and the fence is over here. And they squabbled about that water, outside water, see. Well finally they discovered that the cornerstones, every 40 around there had been moved, see. People stealing water ...

EDWARD: You know the Bradley's never owned Bradley Meadows. Antone Egli bought that in 1894, and old Bill Brown bought it from Egli.

LYLE: Is that right?

EDWARD: And he must have let Harold Bradley and Ira Bradley just stay there.

LYLE: Oh.

EDWARD: Because it was Bill Brown's property.

LYLE: Oh.

EDWARD: That Bradley Meadows, and Bradley Spring. Bill also owned Lost Creek Spring.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And he also owned South Creek Spring. This ---

LYLE: Well they, you know there was an old couple by the name of Musser lived out there ---

EDWARD: Yeah, John Musser.

LYLE: In fact, kind of south and ---

EDWARD: Off of Glass Buttes.

LYLE: Off of west Glass Butte.

EDWARD: I was up there this summer.

LYLE: Was you? Well old T-Bo and I rode, Harry Arnold and I rode down there one day, I was riding a colt, went down there to brand some calves for him. And that, old Lloyd Forbes, did you ever ---

EDWARD: Oh yeah, yeah. Percy ---

LYLE: He bought some; he sold Ira Bradley a stack of rye hay. Well when Bradley went to haul it, it was just hay enough to cover it, and he just piled up a big pile of sagebrush and put this hay over it and sold it. Well when Bradley went to haul it, why here is this brush, and he wouldn't pay him. And Musser's wife told me one day, she said, "I'll bet you before he dies that he will own up that he killed Ira Bradley." She said ---

EDWARD: You mean Forbes?

LYLE: Yeah. She said, she told me that Forbes' wife was up there one day, and this Forbes ---

EDWARD: Bertha.

LYLE: Yeah. She liked ---

EDWARD: She is still alive.

LYLE: Is she?

EDWARD: She is 96 years old and lives in Madras.

LYLE: Is that right?

EDWARD: Yeah. 98, 98.

LYLE: Gee whiz. Anyway, she was down there, and she was talking about Forbes going up to Lost Springs on a certain day. He liked this watercress, which grew up there in the water. And she said, all at once she happened to think, and boy she just shut right up, he couldn't get another word out of her about it. And she said, "I know just as well as I'm setting here that he went up there and tried to make Bradley pay for that hay ---"

EDWARD: That hay.

LYLE: "--- and he wouldn't do it, and they beat him to death." They said they just cut the skin around, and take the whole top of his head off, just pulled ...

EDWARD: You were there --- well I'm going to back up a little bit. You know where the Musser place is?

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: There is nothing left, just a little bit of a shack. That was the Stauffer post office for a while.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Okay.

LYLE: And Perry's had, used to have the Rolyat, that was the store and post office when I was a kid.

EDWARD: Was that ---

LYLE: 12, 15 years old.

EDWARD: Was that near Parmele, the Parmele place?

LYLE: Well yeah, I think it was. I didn't know just where Parmele come in after I was there. But ---

EDWARD: From the Musser place to where the Stauffer schoolhouse was, do you remember a Ben Dewitt?

LYLE: Yeah, went to school with Dewitt's boy up here in Bend.

EDWARD: Do you know if there is, you know Dewitt had a place there.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: There is an old, old juniper log cabin there. I've often wondered --- see Bill Brown owned that at one time too.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Often wondered if that was maybe one of Bill's original shacks, bunkhouses.

LYLE: Yeah, I wouldn't know about that.

EDWARD: Yeah, I don't know either. Okay.

LYLE: But that Dewitt kid, I went to school with him there in Bend. And then when we went out in the desert we left and went out there in 1919, and then heard a little later that Dewitt's was over there. And this kid come over there one day, we had a neighbor by the name of ... and he had a few horses, and some pretty good sized mares. We had a stud, pretty near always seemed like he got out and done it with that mare.

EDWARD: Yeah, don't blame him.

LYLE: But anyway, he wanted to buy a horse. So I said, "Well I can get you a nice young five year old horse for \$10.00." So he come over and I got the horse, and took it up and rode it a time or two for him, and then he rode it, the mare across, and his --- He wasn't too well halter broke yet, but I rode him, got him straightened out pretty good. This kid rode him over, and they tied him behind the wagon one day, I heard, and he, the wagon spooked him a little and he wouldn't lead. And that old man getting ... kept a driving and by god ... drug him to death. A nice young horse.

EDWARD: That hurts.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: What about this Bigfoot Thompson, do you know him?

LYLE: Oh yeah.

EDWARD: Now was that Harry Thompson or Orin Thompson?

LYLE: I think Orin. We called, everybody called him Bigfoot.

EDWARD: Orin?

LYLE: I think that was his name, yeah. Had quite a belly on him. He used to stand there, down there at Silver Lake, a lot of them pretty good sized ranch kids, you know, going to

high school, and he'd just stand up there as flat footed, and he'd have them hit him right in the guts. And he'd say, "Hell, pour it on." They couldn't even make him blink his eye. He was as stout as a bull, you know, ...

EDWARD: I don't, I'm having a little problem. Do you remember Harry Thompson?

LYLE: No, I don't. He's the one that got killed up north of Wagontire there someplace?

EDWARD: Okay. This is the, yeah, this is the problem. In 1930 they took in a Harry Thompson because they thought he had killed Ira Bradley. But there is also an Orin Thompson, and I think that this Orin, or Ode --- Ode I think is what his nickname was, was his son. Now I don't know, Hollie Schroder, oh the list goes on

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: I think they're referring to Orin Thompson, and I don't know what happened to Harry Thompson. Harry Thompson had a place just above Bradley Spring.

LYLE: Well that was the Thompson that ---

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: He got killed out there.

EDWARD: He got killed out there?

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: How did he get killed, Lyle?

LYLE: Well the story was that he was shot, and I can't remember. He's about the first one that I can remember of getting shot. I knew Dobkins, and I knew Bradley, Ira and Harold.

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: But I didn't know this Thompson. Now this Bigfoot, we called him, when I was 17 years old I was breaking horses at the Thomas place for a fellow named Mark Shelley,

right south of Fort Rock about six miles. And his brother Hank Shelley, and Bigfoot Thompson was --- well they was making whiskey, but they were trapping lines, you know. And I could see them quite often, I knew Bigfoot well.

EDWARD: Well how old was this Bigfoot when you were about 17? Was he about your age?

LYLE: Oh no, he wasn't near as old (young) as I am. Hell, he was a ---

EDWARD: Kid.

LYLE: He was probably; when I was 17, I'd say Fooks was about, around 40, 35 to 40.

EDWARD: Oh, 35 or 40 when you were 17?

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And his name was Orin?

LYLE: I don't know his name. Bigfoot was all I ever heard.

EDWARD: Oh, okay, Bigfoot.

LYLE: Bigfoot. But it seems to me like it was something with an "O" in it.

EDWARD: I don't know who this Harry is for sure, I really don't. There was an Orin Thompson living in Paisley in 1986.

LYLE: Well that's Bigfoot, was down there.

EDWARD: That's Bigfoot.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: But unfortunately he has, must have died since '86.

LYLE: Oh yeah, I'm sure he has. He was --- boy he was stout as a bull, you know.

EDWARD: Well they all made moonshine, you know.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: A lot of people made moonshine. That helped save a lot of people.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: This Harry Arnold, the way I got it figured --- you know his cabin?

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: That, he bought that place where that big beautiful spring is by his cabin in 1926 from Bunyard. What kind of guy was he?

LYLE: Well he was just a big slow talking old boy, you know. He, I, he had a nickname for everybody. You know when I was there, he'd talk about stupid ... admiring floors, or somebody ... Geeze, it took a long time before I figured out who Iron Boy. Well that was Sumner Houston, he had that hook, you know. But anyway, I met his wife; he lived with a black gypsy woman.

EDWARD: Lovetta?

LYLE: I don't --- Laura, I think they called her.

EDWARD: Yeah, Two-Gun-Sue.

LYLE: Two-Gun-Sue. And I thought she was a Mexican, but I found out later that she was a black gypsy. And so I met her at, down at the Perry place, and she, the bank had foreclosed on them and took their cattle, all they could find. There was a few ---

EDWARD: Arnolds?

LYLE: Yeah. But they had some pretty nice colts, saddle ... mares. So she wanted me to come up and break some horses, and take horses for pay, which I did. I said, "I'd do that, break two for one."

EDWARD: Well now what year was this though, Lyle?

LYLE: Oh, that would have had to been way long about '30, real early '30's. And I went up there, and he started showing me these colts. Well horses, you know, they was cheap. But at that time you could get a little money for a pretty good-sized horse, you know. Well they had, they traded them guys ... Quite a few of them did, they'd trade a couple unbroke horses to the ZX for one of them young, big footed colts ...

EDWARD: Oh, yeah.

LYLE: Well they had one up there, and they got a, some colts out of him and they was --- I told him, "Harry," I said, "them nice colts alright, but god damn I got to wait four or five years before I can get anything out of them." And I --- so one day there was a mare come in there and she had a nice big colt right by that, one of them big studs. And I said, "Now Harry, there is a colt," I said, "I'd take." He said, "Do you want that one?" And I said, "Yeah, I'd take that one." "Okay," he said, "you can have him." So I just caught him and tied him up.

And I was up around the corral there for quite awhile, and he went to the house. And after awhile I come down and that house, it had steps on the east side, it goes up.

EDWARD: Yeah, yeah.

LYLE: Well they was having a little argument in there, so I just stopped on there and listened a minute. And I don't know what started the rumpus, but she said --- "And another thing," she said, "you ... I don't want to see any more of these nice big colts going out of here without the cash to show for it." (Laughter) God damn, she ---

The first colt I rode was a wild stud he caught down around north Alkali, about 8 years old, gray stud. And I rode him, and we --- it was down in the flat, down there below the spring.

EDWARD: Where the corral is?

LYLE: Well we was clear out on the flat.

EDWARD: Oh, way out?

LYLE: Yeah. And it is a mile or two out there. And this gray horse got to bucking, and we was coming up to a gate, and Harry was out here, and I was over here. Well this horse got to bucking and god damn he was a swapping ends, bucking pretty good. And I had a Hanley Brothers Saddle, full ... double rig saddle. I had a fish cord cinch, kind of

slick. Well the horse had twisted, you know, so we got up to the gate and he said, "When we get home I'll make you a bronco cinch." "Yeah," he said, "it will hold your saddle on better." I said, "Oh the saddle stayed on." Said, "Looked to me like it was going to come off," he said.

So anyway we get home, and he said to her, "Where is mecate twister?" She said, "I don't know where the god damn thing is, it's probably right where you used it last." So she said, "Go on, when I get time I'll look for it." So we go up to the corral and we monkey with some horses for a couple hours. Come back, he said, "Did you find my mecate twister?" "God damn it," she said, "if you'd hang on to your ... for awhile maybe I'll get around to looking for it."

EDWARD: Oh, she was tough.

LYLE: Oh gee ---

EDWARD: Did Harry Arnold ever mention those corrals down below his place?

LYLE: That stockade?

EDWARD: That stockade.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Did he ever mention, by any chance, if you recall, Lyle, who built those?

LYLE: No, but I wouldn't doubt but what Brown did, I don't know.

EDWARD: Okay. I didn't say anything. Where those damn stockades are, down below Harry Arnolds ---

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: --- that was Bill Brown's, one of his first properties at Wagontire.

LYLE: Is that right?

EDWARD: That's right.

LYLE: Well I always figured Bill built them. You see when Schlosser and them got them

Horseshoe horses, they --- somebody told me, I believe it was Cedric Delore ---

EDWARD: Yep.

LYLE: --- told me that they went up there, they had three --- Harry's horses in there, Arnold's. So somebody went up and told him, and they said he come down there and he was, he usually rode a big stout horse. Said he rode in there and he said, "If I can get somebody to watch the gate, I'll turn them loose." And he went in there and he roped one of them horses and drug him up there and had them open the gate, and he drug him outside. And then he said, he stopped that old horse and backed him up a little, and just grab him with the spurs, and that son-of-a-bitch would jump, and it would break the Honda right in the end of it, then turn the horses loose. He'd coil the rope up, tie a knot, and tie another Honda, and go in there and rope another one. That's the way he turned them loose, catch them first. Jumped that old horse he had and ...

EDWARD: Do you think Harry Arnold and Two-Gun-Sue, T-Bo Arnold, Two-Gun-Sue put up, put old Buck Burk up to shooting old Frank Dobkins?

LYLE: Well, I don't know. I know Arnold was with Burk ---

EDWARD: Right.

LYLE: --- when they rode up there, and Arnold opened the gate and rode out there on the bench and waited. And he went up there and jumped his horse, Dobkins' horse, and he went to bucking, and just as the horse hit the ground he shot him, hit him, ... went right up through him. I know he went down there and told Hutton's --- Sutherland was married to a sister.

EDWARD: Right, Mickie.

LYLE: Mickie, yeah.

EDWARD: Mickie Hutton Foster Sutherland.

LYLE: Yeah. Anyway, told me he shot Bradley, or shot ---

EDWARD: Dobkins.

LYLE: --- Dobkins up there. And they went up there with the, I think they had a Ford car ... two seated car. And they wanted to put him in to take him to Burns. And he said, "No," he said, "I won't live long." And he said "... too god damn long." He said, "I don't want you to touch me." But they put him in the car, and I guess he reached over from the back seat and goddamn near choked Sutherland to death before they got him loose. But he died before they got to Burns.

EDWARD: Dobkins and Hutton's did not get along.

LYLE: No.

EDWARD: They hated one another. I've often wondered, and I won't say too much, because I kind of know a little bit about this, that Mickie Sutherland may have, well have put up Burk to shoot this Dobkins.

LYLE: Yeah, I wouldn't doubt that.

EDWARD: And what happened to Jackson? You know who the first two people were there? Frank Foster, that's Hutton ---

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: --- and Link Hutton.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: They're the ones that found his body. That's pretty coincidental, isn't it? The coroner's report says suicide. The coroner's report is four sentences long, that's all.

LYLE: Huh.

EDWARD: They didn't even do an investigation.

LYLE: Well, you know ---

EDWARD: Now that's on Jackson. They did an investigation on Dobkins.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Of course they had Burk nailed.

LYLE: Yeah. Old, what's his name, that --- I'll tell you if we can get this ---

EDWARD: I'll take that thing down.

... (Pause in tape)

EDWARD: What do you know about Jackson's death, or suicide, or whatever you want to call it?

LYLE: Well I didn't know much about that. I'd --- I knew Dobkins pretty well. I didn't know --- now Jackson was a schoolteacher, right?

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: I didn't know too much about Jackson.

EDWARD: Okay. He had a beautiful house.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: That's still standing. I'll show you some pictures here in a bit; you'll get a kick out of that stuff.

LYLE: Now is he the one that was shot upstairs in the house?

EDWARD: Yeah, right.

LYLE: And they claimed that he sat down and shot himself in the guts with the shotgun?

EDWARD: With a rifle.

LYLE: With a rifle.

EDWARD: 30-30. Carlon's moved in, Austa and Homer moved in, a little less than a year after he, whatever happened there.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And I asked Austa, I said, "How in the world did you live in that house when you knew this guy ---" They slept in the same bedroom. I wouldn't sleep in that house; it scares me to go over there now.

LYLE: Does it?

EDWARD: Yeah. I stayed on Wagontire three nights over there by myself. The damn coyotes, and rattlesnakes. Geeze, criminy, I never seen so many rattlesnakes.

LYLE: You know when old Bill Brown killed that guy out there ---

EDWARD: Overstreet.

LYLE: --- they said that, you know when the sheep and cattlemen was having war and they would ride in, a couple of them rode up and they waxed up on old Bill, I guess, and killed some of the sheep. And he went to camp and got his horse, and a gun, and put on his good clothes and took after him. And he caught up with him out there about Wagontire. Well killed this one, and the other one fled. Somebody said, "Why did you dress up Bill?" "Confound it," he said, "I'm morally certain there was two of them, only one of me, they might have got me. If they did, I was all ready to bury." (Laughter)

EDWARD: He, I spent four and a half hours in the Grant County Courthouse, and I had two boxes left out of all these boxes in the vault, I found the coroner's report on the death of Johnny Over-street. Do you believe that? It was April 9th, 1886. There was a Joseph and Martha Foster whose sheep they were haggling about.

LYLE: Oh.

EDWARD: And I went up to Wagontire this summer. I know, you know the gate where Dobkins was shot? You know which --- it's in Couch Field, right above Egli Reservoir, right up there on the hill.

LYLE: Well I know about where he was shot. They said they come up just --- Homer Carlon and Dobkins come up the road, and they is a turn right there, and right about that turn is where Homer told me that he shot ---

EDWARD: Yeah, just --- that's right, up the fence line just a little bit.

LYLE: Yeah, something like that.

EDWARD: Half a mile, about a half a mile --- well no, a quarter mile from Arnold's cabin is all.

LYLE: Wasn't too far.

EDWARD: No, maybe a half a mile, quarter mile. Well from where, that gate Dobkins was shot, Bill Brown shot Johnny Overstreet not more than a quarter mile from that gate, do you believe that?

LYLE: Yeah.

SIDE B

LYLE: ... Bradley had, was carrying mail, and the road was muddy and he had a pretty good Ford pickup.

EDWARD: Pretty bad road to this day, Lyle.

LYLE: And I guess he got in there to Hutton's, to Hutton's, and old Link said, "Why don't you just stay all night, and it will freeze tonight, and then you can go on pretty good on the frozen ground in the morning."

EDWARD: That was December 29th, 1925.

LYLE: So when he got up to go down, the way they told me, Hutton was hitting, hiding behind the post there, and he walked past, and he shot him two or three times in the back with a 30-06 rifle.

EDWARD: Two times. Shot him first time, fell down, and then he shot him in the head, right through the jaw. I could not find the trial transcripts on that trial. That trial lasted three days, and Hutton was never in jail, never.

LYLE: No, he never went to jail. It broke him though, it cost him all ---

EDWARD: I think that's why he sold his father's and mother's property, I'm pretty sure that's why. He sold it in '26 to Everett Emery, Slivers. And Sliver sold it to Dobkins in '26.

Slivers didn't want anything to do with it anymore.

LYLE: Yeah, I knew Slivers.

EDWARD: See Woodard was there. Woodard was living in that big old white house, that Hutton's old white house up there on the hill.

LYLE: That's where Jackson lived, isn't it, pretty nice two story.

EDWARD: Yeah, he was down though, he was north of the old Hutton house. Link Hutton's house is still standing.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Have you ever been in his house?

LYLE: Never.

EDWARD: What did, what, did --- were Harry Arnold and Link Hutton friends?

LYLE: Well I don't know. A guy told me one time that he said old Harold, you know, old T-Bo made rawhide ropes.

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: And he said, he said one time, he said, "Them Hutton cow-hides make awful good riatas."

EDWARD: He stole a few of Hutton's cows. I know one instance, Russell Emery told me. Old Harry says, oh I forgot what, exactly what he said. He had, it wasn't stealing, they went out and borrowed one or something. And they ---

LYLE: Confiscated maybe.

EDWARD: Yeah, yeah. It was one of Hutton's, you know. And they cut that guy up that night, you know.

LYLE: You know I was a, just a kid out there, you know, and we didn't have much. Like I say the bank had foreclosed on ---

EDWARD: On Bill --- Harry?

LYLE: On Harry, yeah, took their cattle off. I was riding five or six of them big old stallion geldings ... In the day I'd get hungry, we didn't have any meat, see. And I said to old Harry, "God damn Harry," I said, "we ought to have some meat." He said, "I ordered some shells two weeks ago from the stage driver, and still haven't got any shells." I said, "You got any traps?" He said, "Yeah, got some, fourteen and a half up on Sheeps Mountain." I said, "Well let's go get that son-of-a-bitch tomorrow and I'll get us some meat." So I went down there and set them in the mud ... caught about a two-thirds grown antelope, and she tasted good. Run out of that, caught another one. Anyway we was riding down below, there was coyotes all over the place.

EDWARD: All over the damn place. Still there.

LYLE: I said, "Harry, why don't you, did you ever catch any of these coyotes?" He said, "No, I can't catch them." He said, "I tried it, but I can't catch them." So we was riding along down, right straight north of the house down ...

EDWARD: Just by that old stockade?

LYLE: No, it was west of the stockade.

EDWARD: Oh, west.

LYLE: About north. And here is the bones of a horse, and about seven or eight sets of old rusty traps that had been setting around there. They'd have been set there for years looked like.

EDWARD: By a spring?

LYLE: No, there was no spring, right out in the sagebrush.

EDWARD: Oh.

LYLE: And this, just the white bones of this horse. And I said "Harry, hold my ---" I'd been riding a colt. I got off, I said, "You hold my horse, Harry, I'll show you how to catch a coyote." He said, "You haven't got no scent, you ain't got no scent." I said, "Don't worry,

I'll catch the coyote." So I got off and I --- right where the neck come up, and the jaws come down like --- there was kind of a mound of dirt, and the squirrels had ... So I dug a hole in that and set a trap in there. And I went out and got us some of these little slivers off of the rabbit sage, about the size of a toothpick, and I put in the pan, around underneath the jaws, and then got some dry horse shit put on top of that pan, and then covered it with dirt. And old Harry is just sitting there on that horse like he thought, Jesus Christ, you dumb --- Well we come by there the next day and I had a coyote. And that's the only time I ever saw him the least bit excited. He said, "You got one, you got one." (Laughter) And I said, "Oh yeah, I'll catch you another one too." So I caught another one the next day. I skinned them and made stretchers, and I traded them to him for a rawhide riata.

EDWARD: Do you still have it?

LYLE: What?

EDWARD: Do you still have that riata?

LYLE: No, I don't.

EDWARD: Damn.

LYLE: But the next year, of course I'd been roping with a hard twisted rope all the time. I didn't let it run or nothing, I broke it just about the middle. Well the next year when I went up there to ride colts I took them two pieces with me, and I said, "Harry I broke the riata, and I want you to splice it for me." He said, "Well lay it down there." And so I --- it laid there for two or three weeks.

EDWARD: In that cabin of his?

LYLE: Yeah. And he said, one day he said, "If you go down there and open the gate down there at the spring," he said, "I'll fix your rope." So I thought, Jesus Christ, I just --- so I just loped right along, went down there. By god when I got back you couldn't hardly

tell where that son-of-a-bitch was broke. But he never let me watch him, god damn him. I wanted to see how it was done.

EDWARD: You know --- oh, did you ever know Buck Burk?

LYLE: That old Burk up there?

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: Oh, I just --- not well acquainted, I'd see him up there, but I didn't know him.

EDWARD: Did he stay at the Arnold's place most of the time?

LYLE: No, I think he was staying over at Hutton's.

EDWARD: Or, at Addington's. He supposedly bought the old Luther Addington place.

LYLE: I didn't know him.

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: But I think he was staying over there with Sutherlands as near as I can remember.

EDWARD: What about Punk Robertson?

LYLE: Well Punk was, he went to the pen a time or two.

EDWARD: Yeah, yeah. Oh yeah.

LYLE: Pretty good old boy, you know. I mean he just --- but goddamn, him and Sam Boyce they run horses together.

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: They tell me that Sam died here a year ago.

EDWARD: Yeah, yeah. Yeah, I've been over to Sam's place, that was at Dry Valley.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Boy I tell you, that's nothing out there.

LYLE: You know he had a lot of horses, and cattle and stuff, and he said one time he was in Burns; he'd be talking to the district, to the grazer over there. And he said, you know, he was talking about; he wanted the county to count the horses and things. He

said, "Hell, the ... way to do that." Yeah, but he said, "It costs quite a bit." "Well hell," Sam said, "come out, god damn it," he said, "I'll fly you around." So he went out there, and I guess he, they got in this old plane and he wobbled and bobbed ... the time he got the son-of-a-bitch off the ground and got out there a little ways. He said, "Where did you solo?" He said, "What do you mean, solo?" "Well where did you get your license?" He said, "Shit, I ain't got no license." I guess he bought this plane, they tell me, and the fellow took it out there.

EDWARD: At Dry Valley?

LYLE: Yeah. And he just got in it and started to maneuvering around and went to flying.

EDWARD: I wonder where that plane could be now. I bet you it might be out there in that damn sagebrush out there someplace.

LYLE: It might.

EDWARD: There is a bunch of old trucks out there.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And his house is still standing. And Hanna Myers ---

LYLE: Yeah, she is up at Washington.

EDWARD: Yeah, I've talked to her.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: This Bradley, Bradley kids, what did you think of them?

LYLE: Well they seemed like pretty good kids.

EDWARD: I can't do --- but what I can't figure out is how Ira --- you ever been in that cabin that he had?

LYLE: No.

EDWARD: I've got a picture of it, I think. I'm not sure if it is. I sent it to Grace, and she just wrote me a letter about four days, five days ago, and says she thought it might be

Ira's cabin, but we're not sure. It's way in the background of a picture, it's hard to tell, see.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Bradley kids, hard working, pretty good bunch of kids?

LYLE: Yeah, yeah. They, that kid --- see his wife took off.

EDWARD: Yeah, Leona.

LYLE: Kind of went haywire, I guess.

EDWARD: Oh, oh, oh, the Bradley wife, yeah, right.

LYLE: Yeah. And old Ira raised them kids. And in the summer they'd go up there and stay with Harold, you know, and then they'd go to school until --- wintertime, you know.

And then Hosmer he worked, pumped water there at the Rogers well for Nelsons for a long time. We used to ride up there, it was about 17 miles, to visit him, you know.

EDWARD: It's --- for a family like that to have two members of their family murdered is --- that's a lot.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: I'm --- how they came through that, you know, it seemed like you might take revenge or something, you know.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: You take that Link Hutton and take a couple pot shots at him or something.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: But people were afraid of Link Hutton.

LYLE: I guess that --- you know old Tom Hutton ---

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: Old Bradley called him old Croppy Head. He ... ears, you know.

EDWARD: They had more names.

LYLE: Croppy, and old ---

EDWARD: Croppy.

LYLE: Old Croppy. And old --- their sister, which is married to

EDWARD: James Sutherland.

LYLE: Sutherland, they called her old stoop and take it.

EDWARD: Old what? Stoop and take it.

LYLE: Stoop and take it, yeah.

EDWARD: I mean, bend over and get ---

LYLE: I guess.

EDWARD: --- ramrodded.

LYLE: I don't know. Stoop and take it. Iron Claw, Croppy, ---

EDWARD: Oh, I got a whole list of those crazy names.

LYLE: You know one time I rode from the Sink from Dad's homestead, to go over there to Wagontire, and snow was about that deep, it was crusted.

EDWARD: About a foot deep, and hard as the rocks of hell.

LYLE: And I stopped in there in the evening ---

EDWARD: At Bradley's place?

LYLE: No, at Harry Arnolds.

EDWARD: Oh.

LYLE: And, you know, he'd have oh five or six ton of rye hay there. But by god, it took an act of congress to get him to feed any of it.

EDWARD: Where was his hay at, down in the field down at the bottom?

LYLE: Yeah, right down by his barn right there, just down above the hill kind of from the house.

EDWARD: You go, see Harry Arnold's place; the road kind of goes up the hill to his

cabin, right?

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And there is a little creek that is a winter-fed thing that comes down through there.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And the barn was down in that field down in there?

LYLE: Well just, wasn't very far from the house.

EDWARD: Oh, it wasn't?

LYLE: It was just pretty close to the edge. The woodpile was over here, right over there set the Ace Jackson house.

EDWARD: Oh, the barn is gone then?

LYLE: Is it?

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: Anyway, I, when I went out there to try to buy them cattle, why a friend of mine was in the bank, and he sat in the bank and told Harry, he said, "Harry you got to sell some cattle." "Yeah, yeah," he said, "I'm going to sell a bunch..." Well when he got out of the bank why he changed his mind. So I went out there, and I hadn't seen him in a long time, he was cutting wood. I said, "How are you Harry?" "Oh," he said, "about dead." I said, "Some-body told me you had cattle you wanted to sell." I called a friend of mine in Sunnyside, Washington and told him I thought I could buy some of them desert cattle. And he said, "Well if you can get them, why I'll pay you so much a head, and you can truck them to Bend, or Madras, or Redmond, and then I'll pick them up and pay you."

EDWARD: Sunnyside, wasn't Snipes, was it?

LYLE: No.

EDWARD: Oh.

LYLE: A fellow by the name of Williamson, yeah, Williamson.

EDWARD: Or Wiley?

LYLE: Williamson.

EDWARD: Williamson.

LYLE: And anyway, I said, "I heard you had some cattle." "Yeah," he said, "I'm going to sell 10 or 12 old cows." He said, "There is one of them there." Well he had a cow that was just a rack of bones; he had fed her a little hay there. God dam she was poor ... And I said to Two-Gun, I said, "Harry's got more than his quota of cattle." "Yeah," she said, "the old son-of-a-bitch has got two or three hundred more than he is supposed to have." Said, "They fined him twice already for having, you know, ..."

EDWARD: Let me show you ---

... (Pause in tape)

EDWARD: ... they were going to lynch old Burk?

LYLE: Yeah. And they had, so they had to take him to Salem to hold him for his trial.

EDWARD: Now his trial papers, I can't find either, in the courthouse, I can't find them. I don't know what happened to them. He writes, he writes to Harry Arnold, says, "To my friend Harry Arnold. Doing an injury puts you below your enemy. Revenging one makes you even with him." That's, you know, getting even with him. "Forgiving it sets you above him. James D. Burk."

LYLE: Huh.

EDWARD: That don't make a --- sounds kind of weird to me. Josephine Couch, to Frank Dobkins, Stauffer, Oregon, 1938. She was leasing the Couch Field to Dobkins. This was in Harry Arnold's place.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Now there is more stuff in there, I just got a --- I couldn't stand that smell after

awhile, got to me.

LYLE: Smell like the woods right in there?

EDWARD: Yeah, oh yeah, you know how that smells. This is from, this is Burk, 1937. Anyway, there is a bunch of stuff, and I'll dig some more down in there and see what I can find. Okay. What kind of guy was Frank Dobkins?

LYLE: Well Dobkins was a, you know, I mean he was a fellow I think looked out for himself pretty well, but he seemed like a pretty nice kind of a guy. I didn't, never did have any personal dealings with him, you know, but I seen him quite a few times. And the cattle up there --- When Burk came there ---

EDWARD: About '36.

LYLE: Yeah. And he had, I believe, two or three horses, and it wasn't very long till he had quite a bunch of horses and several head of cattle.

EDWARD: Well where did he run those cattle, on Arnold's place?

LYLE: Oh, government range, I think, they used to run out there. EDWARD: So when he first came he had two or three head of horses, but he ---- in a very short time he ended up with ---

LYLE: Several head of cattle and horses, I understand.

EDWARD: A lot of what?

LYLE: I understand that quite a few cattle and horses ---

EDWARD: And horses.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Well that's kind of interesting, because I'm sure he didn't have much money.

LYLE: No, I don't think so.

EDWARD: I don't think --- why do you think Dobkins and Hutton's were always at each other?

LYLE: Well it would be kind of hard to say, but I imagine that they was probably a, wanting the same thing, range, cattle.

EDWARD: They literally hated each other. I don't know whether --- Russell Emery said that Link Hutton knew Frank Dobkins before Dobkins moved out there.

LYLE: Oh.

EDWARD: Knew them down in Silver Lake. But I don't think he knew that Emery was selling to Dobkins in '26, see.

... (Pause in tape)

LYLE: And he said, old Bill come down there and he --- oh they had a lot of these horses in there, they were branding them. Climbed up on the fence and looked around and he said, "I'm morally certain," he said, "if you boys will catch a couple of them big sorrel horses and bring them up there, I'll mow some hay this afternoon." Well the ... wasn't even halter broke, you know. By god they drug them up there and tied them to their hitching post, and he said, "When I get ready why you come and turn them loose." And Street said, "Jesus Christ," he hollered after while, and he said, "well he's all ready." He had a harness on, hitched to a mowing machine.

EDWARD: Had never been broke?

LYLE: No, never been --- They went down there and turned them loose, and why them son-of-a-bitches run off. They throwed Bill out, and that --- right back of that store, you know, it goes up there ---

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: --- quite a ways. And then kind of a bench ---

EDWARD: Yeah, I haven't ---

LYLE: --- and then it goes on up.

EDWARD: Okay, I haven't been on up.

LYLE: Well these son-of-bitches run off, they threw him off, they took right off up there. And some of them went up there to catch them, and they had --- was still dragging the neck yoke and the tongue. They'd broke loose from everything else.

EDWARD: (Laughter) So Bill was mowing?

LYLE: He was going to mow hay.

EDWARD: Mow hay with those wild horses. Geeze! Why did he do things like that?

LYLE: I don't know, goddamn you think the man would know ---

EDWARD: He'd been around that life, all his life. I don't understand how some of these things he did. And a lot of these stories are true, Lyle.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Did Bill Brown, did he get some pretty nice stud horses to breed to those wild ---

LYLE: Yeah, he did. I know, I read a story one time in the paper someplace where he went someplace, oh quite a little ways away, and he got a, he bought a stud, pretty nice horse. And he started feeding him back --- and some place along the line he tied him up and went to look at something and forgot about the son-of-a-bitch. And he got clear to Buck Creek, and by god he happened to think of that --- "Jesus Christ I tied that stud up yesterday, and he's back there." So he had to go back and get him. And the poor bastard had been there for a day or two, tied up.

EDWARD: He walked, he'd walked miles.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Miles and miles. That's the house that Link Hutton died in, in Burns, 1950. That's Link Hutton's house there at Wagontire. That's this summer.

... (Pause in tape)

EDWARD: About 15 miles?

LYLE: Yeah, about 15, 16 miles. And I said, "Well quite a little ways for a colt the first time, ain't it Harry?" "No, no," he said, "makes good horses out of them." So I got on the son-of-a-bitch, he wasn't bridle wise, and I slapped my hand down on my chaps just about the time I was stepping a straddle of him. And he flew to bucking, and by god I didn't even have my foot in the stirrup, you know, and of course I got him rode.

You come from the corrals up above, south of the house, and go down and then up to a spring up here, and this horse would go along and he'd get up, touch that wire fence and he'd kick and he'd jump out there. Finally got him up and out through that gate and went north, went through another gate, and then we headed kind of north and east. And about that steep off of there, and this son-of-a-bitch when he broke down off of there, man he jumped a straddle --- bucked all the way to the bottom.

EDWARD: Oh, that's rocky too.

LYLE: And you couldn't pull him, you know. So old Harry said, "Take my quirt," he said, "take the, yeah use the big end, use the big end," he said.

EDWARD: You know who else said that?

LYLE: Who?

EDWARD: Russell Emery. He was over there in that damn stockade down below Arnold's place down there, and that's exactly the same words he said. "Use the big end, use the big end." Isn't that something?

LYLE: Anyway, he rode up and handed me the quirt, and I'd pull his horse around, what I could, and I'd take him along the side of the neck for seven or eight times, then I'd change hands. And he got to going along, and he'd go by a tree, and he'd kick at it. Jesus Christ he'd kick with both feet.

EDWARD: Now this is a young horse, you say?

LYLE: Young stud.

EDWARD: A year old.

LYLE: Oh, five or six years.

EDWARD: Five or six.

LYLE: I rode a lot of horses ten or twelve years old that never had a halter on. Anyway, finally I spotted a juniper somebody had started to trim it, and they was going to cut it for posts, I suppose. They cut in there a ways and it was rotten about ... It was a pretty good-sized juniper, about like that. So I headed this horse towards it, and when he got just pretty near past it, why I turned him a little and he kicked. Oh, he kicked with both feet, and he hit that juniper right smack dead. I never seen the son-of-a-bitch try to walk on his front feet as near as he did for about 30 yards. Jesus Christ he ---

EDWARD: Knocked the hell out of him.

LYLE: But he never done it again, you know. We rode down to the Thompson place and I got off at the corral there, ... sat in the saddle ... stayed all night and branded calves.

EDWARD: Do you remember, you go from Harry Arnold's up a little draw on the road, if you want to call it a road? I bottomed out three times in that pickup on that road, going over rocks. And then right behind Arnold's was Bunyard's cabin, was back up in there.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And then there is Poteet Spring, that's later, James Poteet or something like that. He came in there after Arnold. And then there is a big meadow, right at the top, and it has another spring, that was Robert Brown's homestead. That was Bill's brother. And that was right next to the Thompson place. Now what the heck is this White place, do you know what that place is? It's called White place, the cabin is laying on the ground. It's right ---

LYLE: I don't know that.

EDWARD: It's northeast, about a mile and a half, from Bradley Spring, the White place. I

don't know, I thought that was Thompson's, but Thompson's wasn't more than a mile from Bradley's.

LYLE: No.

EDWARD: Maybe less than that. I didn't find that place.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: I don't know if it's still there. I've got to go back up there to try. I need a horse is what I need. Were there a lot of fences there in the '30's?

LYLE: Well there was quite a few, but probably not as many as now.

EDWARD: Oh, it's unbelievable now.

LYLE: Oh yeah.

EDWARD: Some, I think Jack West put in a lot of those fences.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Because they're pretty old. But Peila --- oh, it's a mess up there. He's not taking that well, you know, good care of it. He's only got one cowboy working for him.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Hauling water most of the time. His cows are getting kind of thin, Lyle. So there wasn't a lot of fences in the '20's and '30's.

LYLE: No, not a lot.

EDWARD: Of course the Hutton's owned most of the --- they owned a lot of that.

LYLE: Yeah. You know we could, my dad homesteaded over there just out of the Sink two or three miles in 1912. Hell you could go out our upper gate and goddamn you could go for 50 miles out across there and never touch a fence.

EDWARD: Never see one. That's all there is there now.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: They got fences all over the place. What does it take to be a buckaroo for

Bill? What would it take to be a buckaroo for Bill Brown chasing those damn horses down?

LYLE: Well you'd have to, have some savvy by god, and a lot of guts.

EDWARD: Guts. That's horrible ground out there.

LYLE: I know it. You know I roped a lot of them wild horses off of Gerry around there. And one day I run a horse for a good quarter of a mile and I was close enough all the time nearly to rope him, but no way you could swing your rope through the trees. You'd duck over this way, and this way, and two or three times I'd reach way out here and get a hold of the saddle horn to keep the limbs from brushing me right off over the end. Finally find a place where it would be maybe 30 feet to the next tree, and rope the son-of-a-bitch ...

EDWARD: Well it isn't, you know, it isn't like that down there in that damn desert, down there by Stauffer and Benjamin Lakes, you know. It's just all rocky auroras and washouts, and boulders, and sagebrush and ---

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And those guys would chase those damn horses, I can't believe it.

LYLE: Yeah. I took, when I took them wild horses off of Gerry Mountain for the grazing service, Jesus Christ some of them horses --- of course they was born there, a lot of them had quite a bit of breeding in them. Mills raised thoroughbred horses for years.

EDWARD: Yeah, Ike Mills.

LYLE: Yeah, and Ike and Loren Mills. And Gulverson (sp.?), over on Hampton Butte had a good thoroughbred stud and raised a lot of them. And once in awhile one of them mares would get out, and maybe have a colt that was eligible to register see, but they could never get her. So I caught them all out there. There was some pretty damn good horses ...

EDWARD: Well believe it or not, Lyle, on the east side of Wagon-tire Mountain they are

still there.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Still. There was, oh I counted I think 18 of them, and they weren't Peilas. Brandy Gibson told me they were damn wild horses, period.

LYLE: Where, you don't know where they were watering.

EDWARD: Yeah, they were watering; you know where Link Hutton's house was?

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Just up north, up the road towards Gap Ranch about a half a mile at a place called Boneyard Spring.

LYLE: The hell.

EDWARD: That's where they were watering. And then there was ---

LYLE: And then they were running back on Wagontire Mountain?

EDWARD: No, they were down in the flats down in there.

LYLE: Oh, down in the flats.

EDWARD: Yeah. There is a little ridge that comes out there. And then up towards Egli's place, where Charlie Couch was, and of course Charlie rode for Bill Brown, there were two up there on the hillside, on the hill of Wagontire there.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And Randy says, "I'm going to get those sons-of-bitches." Of course, you know, occasionally they shoot them, you know.

LYLE: Oh yeah.

EDWARD: Which I think is pretty low myself.

LYLE: Yeah. Well you know when Todd Brison (sp.?) and I, they used to live, him and his dad, lived up there on Bear Creek. And I've know and buckarood with him a lot, with Todd. And we went out there one winter up to the Harry Barnes place where ---

EDWARD: Barnes, Oregon.

LYLE: Harry Barnes place, north of Gerry Mountain.

EDWARD: Oh.

LYLE: Ole Weaver lives there now.

EDWARD: Oh, I'm not familiar with that.

LYLE: Well we stayed there for a while and then we went to the Cold Spring. But we roped 203 of them wild bastards out there.

EDWARD: Did they, did they have the Horseshoe Bar on them?

LYLE: Not many of them then.

EDWARD: Just a few.

LYLE: A few, yeah. But anyway, I paid all the bills for horseshoes, and grain, and grub, and it cost me about \$750.00. And we caught about 203. Well then a few years later that Bob Bailey got hurt out there at Burns, they come out in the paper that it cost the BLM almost \$800.00 a head to gather them horses out there. We did it a horseback ...

EDWARD: What the heck makes a cowboy? What made you want to ride by yourself out there chasing old Bill Brown's remnants of horses?

LYLE: Well I just, when I was a kid, I thought by god breaking horses ought to be the best job in the world. And they was, like I say, nobody thought about breaking a horse until he was, in our country out there, until he was 5 or 6 years old and had a full mouth. Well I broke a lot of sons-of-bitches that was 10 or 12 years old, that had never had a rope on it or a goddamn...

EDWARD: What's a full mouth mean?

LYLE: Well a horse, when he is a colt, he has, you know, a young mouth. Every year he gets, changes, until he gets 5 years old, it's a full mouth.

EDWARD: Oh, gets all the teeth and the whole thing.

LYLE: Yeah. And the gelding has a, a mare don't have them --- once in awhile you'll find a mare with it, but gelding has, at 5 has a tooth tongue, ... back, what they call bridle teeth. They are back about this far from the front teeth.

EDWARD: Is there a space in there?

LYLE: Yeah, a space.

EDWARD: Actual space.

LYLE: Yeah. And then they --- then when them teeth, they have cups in them, and they come, when they get about 5 or 6 years old, why there is quite a cup in the end of each tooth up and down, lower and upper. Well then every year two of them grow out, and they start in the center. The next year two more will grow out, next year two more. Then they start on the other, the lower jaw, and they'll be two each year. Then when he gets about 10 years old he is what they call a smooth mouthed horse, them cups grow out. Then his teeth start sloping ahead. The older he gets, you know they hit pretty much like that, you know. When he gets about 18, 20 years old his teeth are about like that, you know.

EDWARD: I've got an old horse skull that's like that.

LYLE: And then you can --- I was over to Salem several years ago shoeing horses, race horses. The girl that I, she led the parade to the post, saddle show of the horses. And her sister bought a mare from ... stable up there, just a common horse ... but it was her first horse, and she was pretty proud. Well they wanted me to take her mother out there one day, and they wanted me to go with her. And they was telling this old gal about the cowboys in this country, you know, and I did this and that. And she said, "Can you tell how old a horse is by looking in his mouth?" And I said, "Well I can tell pretty much ..." So she said, "I wonder if you can tell how old my sorrel horse is." She went around, and pretty quick she come back leading a big fat sorrel horse. And I just looked in his mouth.

I just stepped back and went to ribbing him. I says, "Well I'd say he is about a 21 or 22 years old." "By god," she said, "he's pretty sharp," she said, "that horse will be 22 in the spring." She said, "Two vets have been there, and one pronounced him 10, and the other one said he was 12." (Laughter)

EDWARD: Geeze. There is a lot of questions I think I'll put in this book, because for us old flatlanders, you know, we don't know what a lot of these words mean. And I think I'll put kind of a dictionary in the back so these people will know what the hell we are talking about, you know. Gelding, sorrel, oh I can't remember. I've got a list of them already, you know. Because a lot of people don't know that stuff.

LYLE: I know it, yeah.

EDWARD: I have no idea what you ---

LYLE: You know I read here several years ago about poor old Bill

--- there was a candy salesman come along up there when Bill was at the store. He stayed over night, and he had quite a bunch of samples of candy, you know. Him and Bill sat there, and Bill just kept eating, and by god by about bedtime why he had ate up all the samples. And this salesman, he said, "God," he said, "you ate up all my samples." "Now," he said, "I don't suppose you'll want any candy." Oh Bill said, "I'm morally certain," he said, "I'll take 1,500 pounds."

EDWARD: Oh yeah, I heard that.

LYLE: And he bought a bunch of cloth one time, and he lost the bill, so he took the price of cotton and allowed so much to make it into cloth, and sold it by the pound. And I guess people from miles around come and they buy this, make sheets and pillowcases and stuff like that out of it, by the pound.

EDWARD: Old Sarah came up there, and I saw that store ledger, you can't make heads or tails out of it. Everything was written paid across it. It's just crazy, you know.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And there is no yearly, they just kind of wrote on whatever page was available. If you were an accountant you would go nuts, I mean you couldn't figure it out.

LYLE: You know fellows told me that went there in the early days, a lot of times that store --- and hell there might be four or five, or half a dozen teams there, wagons. And he'd be waiting on some-body and this guy is packing this out, and another is packing this out. They'd get through and they'd say, "Well I got so much." "Okay." Shit, maybe they wouldn't pay him for half of the stuff that they got, you know.

EDWARD: Oh, no.

LYLE: And I know them cowboys they said, "Jesus Christ ---" Well like 50 head of horses they took down ...

EDWARD: Old Couch and ---

LYLE: And Winslow.

EDWARD: --- and Winslow, yeah.

LYLE: Christ they just robbed the poor old guy alive, you know.

EDWARD: Do you know when they closed down that store by any chance, old Bill Brown's Horseshoe Bar Store?

LYLE: God I don't remember when they did start that, or closed that down. But it had to be, well I'd say --- now I'm just kind of a guess ---

EDWARD: Yeah.

LYLE: --- around '28 or '29, or '27 maybe.

EDWARD: That's what I was thinking. I was thinking around '26 to '28.

LYLE: Yeah. Yeah, it had to be then. Because I was up there in the, fairly early '30's, and it had been closed ---

EDWARD: Yeah. Yeah, that's what I was --- Because the last, the oldest date I've seen

on this ledger this morning there in Prineville was 1922, but that doesn't mean there wasn't another book or something.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Yeah, I was thinking, just kind of rough, it's hard to say.

LYLE: Newt said people would come and get, you know, like he'd have a good Stetson hat, and by god they would be, he'd be busy around there and some guys would just take the tag off from it, and take one of them five or six dollar hats and stick the tag on this good Stetson. And after awhile they'd say, "Well how much for that hat there, Bill?" "Well I'm morally certain it must be more than --- oh \$5.00 or \$6.00, you know." God damn, maybe \$30, \$40 hat, you know.

EDWARD: Yeah. They took advantage of him, that's no doubt about it.

LYLE: Yeah, yeah.

EDWARD: And I just never can understand why he put up with that. I don't know. His family didn't know either.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: His brother George went over there once, maybe twice, and just left in a day. He said he was getting stolen blind.

LYLE: Oh yeah.

EDWARD: And he just wouldn't, his brothers wouldn't stay there. His nephew stayed there awhile, and Sarah tried, and she gave up. Take this, Lyle, will you? That's my address and all that junk, and write down, you know, in your spare time some of these words you were talking about. You know soft mouth, oh I've forgot them now, it's on the tape. But --- I can't, god I can't think, my brain isn't working today. A sorrel, gelding, you know, that stuff.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And just a real easy, short definition. You know, it don't have to be no dictionary definition, you can't understand those stupid things anyway, you know. Could you do that?

LYLE: Well I'll ---

EDWARD: Give it a shot?

LYLE: Give it a shot.

EDWARD: Is there such a thing, for example, the bridle mare?

LYLE: Yeah, bridle horse.

EDWARD: Bridle horse.

LYLE: Snaffle bit horse.

EDWARD: See that's what I mean, that stuff, see.

LYLE: Hackamore horse.

EDWARD: See. I don't know what that means. Fuzz tail ---

LYLE: Broomies.

EDWARD: Broomies, yeah. See I ask these guys when I'm interviewing them, but then I forget what they mean, you know.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: Broom tail, fuzz tails, oh what was that other one, it starts with a "Q"? Oh, I can't remember. I think it has something to do with a Spanish horse.

LYLE: ...

EDWARD: That sounds close.

LYLE: That's a horse.

EDWARD: I bet you that's it.

LYLE: Spanish horse.

EDWARD: I bet you that's it. I've seen that, Sam Boyce I think it was said something

about that.

LYLE: Yeah.

EDWARD: And I didn't know what it meant. You couldn't find it, you know, anyway. If you get an old cow ---

... (Pause in tape)

LYLE: ... above Silver Lake.

EDWARD: Offits (sp.?), I've heard of that name.

LYLE: And he wanted to trade me a gray mare for a gelding that I had taken for breaking two horses. And I broke him to work; he was a good workhorse. This Bob wanted him, and he said, "I'll trade you that gray mare." Well I said, "I'll trade, I'll just leave the mare there, and I'll get her this fall." Well I come back from the mountains that fall and I saw Ted Emery, he lived, they lived up above Silver Lake.

EDWARD: Oh yeah, I know that place.

LYLE: I said, "Have you seen anything of that gray mare of mine up there?" And he said, "A fellow took her out of there this summer," he said. "Ain't there." I said, "Who was it?" Well he wouldn't tell me. It was Russell Emery. So I saw Roy ... and I said, "Is that gray mare of mine up in there, Roy?" "No," he said, "Russell Emery took her down to the Rosebud east of Summer Lake and hayed with her." So I met him at a dance a few nights later, and I said, "They tell me you've got that gray ZB mare of mine." "Well," he said, "I needed a work horse and I got her." He said, "I didn't know whose she was." Well I said, "You knew she wasn't yours though, didn't you?" And I said, "Well as soon as I get back to the ranch I'll get a horse and come down and get her." Well I went down, rode down there 40 miles to get her. And he claimed he had turned her out. Well I heard later that he took her across to Jimmy Foster's and they sold her, you know, ...

EDWARD: Oh yeah.

LYLE: I come by, coming up across the desert one time a horseback, ... come by four corners, and he had a horse in there with Ole's horses. So I said, "Ole, you have any objections for me taking that bay horse out?" He said, "He belongs to Russell Emery." And I said, "Yeah I know he does. But when I get him he'll be mine." He said, "Well you know what you're doing." He said, "If you, I'll watch the gate if you want to cut him out." So I cut him out. Well I traded him to Rankin Crow for a bucking horse, and he bucked him two or three years, then he slowed up. So Carlon, Homer Carlon bought him ---

EDWARD: Oh, Homer, yeah.

LYLE: --- got him, and they was working. Well, they had a hay field right, just a fence between where Emery was working, raking, or haying. They was working this horse on the hay rake. They stopped to talk. Old Russell says, "By god you got one of my horses." "No," Homer says, "I haven't got none of your horses." "By god," he said, "I never sold that horse." Well he said, "I don't give a damn if you did or not," he said, "I got a bill of sale." So I give, when I traded with Rankin, I told him how I got him. And I said, "I'm going to give you a bill of sale, you hang onto it." So I come in, down there on the desert one evening with a load of wood. A gasoline cowboy from ---

(END OF TAPE)

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