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HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #3 Side A

Subject: Bertie Crabb (Earhart) Cobb

Place: Portland, Oregon

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Interviewer: Pauline Braymen

Release Form: No

John Emmit Crabb brought his family to Burns in 1896 for a couple of years. His daughter, Bertie Cobb, tells the early history of her family in Oregon and Washington.

PAULINE BRAYMEN: ... finding out when the family first came to Harney County, and where they came from, and how they came, and what they did when they got there. So, if you want to start by ---

BERTIE COBB: The beginning --- (Laughter).

PAULINE: The beginning.

BERTIE: Well my father's grandmother, Mrs. Wilson, and her three sons Marion, Emmit, and John, settled on Rock Creek, that's twenty miles from Prinesville (Prineville). And she had a big spread of horses at the time, and she practically raised my father. He was born on Rock Creek. So, he come down to the Willamette Valley with his mother and stepfather at times, but most of the time he spent his life up there.

So then after he came down to the Willamette Valley at Halsey where his mother lived ---

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and my mother lived at Shedd's (Shedd, OR). So, her folks came across the plains (that's the Shaffers) in 1862. She was born crossing the plains somewhere in Iowa, they weren't sure just where.

PAULINE: Now Shedd's, just where was that?

BERTIE: Shedd's is, well it was between Albany and Halsey. Shedd's and Halsey are about five miles apart. And they settled at Shedd's, and my mother was raised there of course, and then she and my father were married.

PAULINE: Okay, now what was your father's name?

BERTIE: John Emmit Crabb.

PAULINE: And what was your mother's name?

BERTIE: Catherine Shaffer.

PAULINE: And they were married in ---

BERTIE: I think I've got something written out here, and I will get it.

PAULINE: Okay. Oh, Emmit, E M I T.

BERTIE: E M M I T.

PAULINE: Oh, E M M I T. He was born February 24th, 1862 at Rock Creek in Eastern Oregon.

BERTIE: Yes.

PAULINE: And they moved to Halsey, Oregon?

BERTIE: Well, that's ---

PAULINE: His parents moved to Halsey, Oregon.

BERTIE: Mother's folks lived at Halsey. Or his mother lived at Halsey; my mother's folks lived at Shedd's, five miles apart. PAULINE: And then your mother was Catherine Shaffer.

BERTIE: Yes.

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PAULINE: S H A V E R.

BERTIE: Uh huh. There's plenty of Shaffers there at Burns, even yet.

PAULINE: (Catherine Shaffer) born May 10th, 1862, crossing the plains. And they settled at Shedd's, Oregon. And John Crabb and Catherine Shaffer were married at Albany in 1884 --- well it's

S H A F E R.

BERTIE: Yes, S H A F --- yeah, two F's.

PAULINE: Two F's. Okay.

BERTIE: I had a lady type that for me.

PAULINE: Because she has it spelled one-way one place, and one way --- okay, let me get it right.

It's S H A F F E R.

BERTIE: Uh huh.

PAULINE: And they were married at Albany, Oregon in 1884.

BERTIE: Yes.

PAULINE: And you were born in 1890 in Pullman, Washington.

BERTIE: And my sister Lillian was born at Shedd's. And she is five years older than I. And then the folks, my mother and father, moved to Eastern Oregon, and then over to Washington where I was born. And then we moved to, we lived up on the Nez Perce Reservation.

My father of course had horses, and broke horses to ride. That was his work. And then he moved, then we went down to California, and when I was six years old we moved back up to Burns, Oregon.

PAULINE: And that was in 1896.

BERTIE: '96. There he drove freight wagons from Burns to Huntington and Baker City. It took

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two weeks to go, and two weeks to come back with two wagons and a tank of water. And everything we ate and used of course, was brought in by wagon trains at that time.

And then of course he rode into Pete French Ranch. Now, I don't remember just the exact date when Pete French was killed, whether my dad was working there then or whether it was after that. I am not positive on that, but I know that he worked on the "P" Ranch breaking horses. And then he left there and went with the Leander Brothers Circus.

PAULINE: And how do you spell that, Leander, or do you know?

BERTIE: L E A N D E R, I believe it would be, Leander. And he joined them over at Baker City. And my mother, and my sister, and my brother, we left Burns with a hack and drove to LaGrande, Oregon. We met my dad there with the circus. Then we went down to Colfax, and there we left the circus and went to Moscow, Idaho.

PAULINE: Well what did he do with the circus, did he ride?

BERTIE: He hauled all the implements, all the tanks and trip ropes, all of that sort of thing with his team and wagons.

Then from Moscow, Idaho, why he went to work for the government at Walla Walla, breaking horses for the government at Walla Walla.

And from there he went to Washtucna (WA). And my brother was born in Moscow, Idaho, the youngest one. We went to Washtucna and lived on a homestead. And then they moved to Kahlotus, Washington, where my younger brother died. My mother lived there till just before she died. She died at Pasco.

But during the time that he (my father) was growing up out there at the --- with his grandmother, of course there was the up rising of the Indians. And his uncles and he were out as scouts for the Army, Indian scouts. And at one time grandmother had to go into Prinesville, that

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was the fort at that time. So, my father and his three uncles went back out. He was just a kid then, around fifteen or sixteen.

And they went back out to the front to get a couple of stallions that my grandmother had. They were valuable animals. And the Indians had taken one, and the other they wasn't able to get so they killed it. So, when they got there, why they felt the animal was still warm. So, Papa's uncle said, well to get into the willows because he knew the Indians would be coming back. And they hid in the willows until that evening, and when the Indians came back and turned their horses loose, why his uncle told him to wait until it was dusk. And when he whistled for them, to start for Prineville. Well of course they stampeded the Indians' ponies as they went. And my father was riding a big gray stallion that belonged to his grandmother, and it was shot. And he said after that they teased him, they said that after his uncle whistled all they seen in the county was fire flying from the heels of that horse going for Prinesville. So, he was the first one to run ---

PAULINE: He didn't waste any time.

BERTIE: He didn't waste any time getting out of there. And Governor Martin tried his very best to get my father a pension, but because he wasn't signed up as the regular Army, why he couldn't get it. But he had a very active life. Come here and I'll show you a large picture of him, and then I have a small one. It is on the wall, so I can't very well ---

The folks up there, the relatives should be able to tell you a great deal more than what I can, because we left there when I was eight years old. And of course my cousin Tot, she's --- I talked to Violet, her daughter, here the other day and she said that her mother was 92 now.

PAULINE: This is Mrs. Harkey?

BERTIE: Yes, that's Mrs. Harkey.

(PAUSE IN TAPE)

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PAULINE: I was up there to interview another lady that is in the same room with her, and she just, you know, is just not well at all.

BERTIE: No she doesn't, she doesn't really ---

PAULINE: I didn't even try to talk to her.

BERTIE: Go talk to her. I don't think there would be any use to.

PAULINE: I don't think she'd even know or understand what I wanted anyway.

BERTIE: Because Violet said that, you know ---

PAULINE: Well, we have talked to about 100 people now altogether so far.

BERTIE: Did you talk to the McLeans? You must have known Warren McLean.

PAULINE: Yes, I know of them.

BERTIE: And of course, Kenneth, I guess is still down on the farm.

PAULINE: Now are they related to you?

BERTIE: Oh yes, yes.

PAULINE: How are they related?

BERTIE: Well, my Aunt Avis, well my cousin (Joseph) Chester Carter, and Avis McLean was his daughter.

PAULINE: Oh, I see.

BERTIE: So she's sort of a second cousin.

PAULINE: Warren McLean isn't one that we've talked to yet. I have a, I hope to do about fifty more before I finish this phase of the project. And then the library board has okayed, after I get this much done --- well to go on and do some more.

BERTIE: Grandma Shaffer and Grandpa Shaffer and Aunt Rose Thompson ---

PAULINE: Now Rose Thompson is a name that I remember, I ---

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BERTIE: That's my mother's sister. And during, crossing the plains when my mother was born, she was --- they lost her out of the wagon. And some friendly Indians found her playing in the road and they brought her to the wagon.

PAULINE: This is Rose that got ---

BERTIE: That's Mrs. Thompson, Rose Thompson. Her son Chester Carter used to tease her and tell her that she was so ornery that even the Indians wouldn't have her. And at one time they were attacked by the Indians, and of course Grandma was in bed with my mother, had the bed in the wagon. So, she told them to give her a gun and she'd help shoot to protect her three sons, or two sons and two daughters. So, she had quite an experience crossing the plains. And my father's uncle, this Wilson, the brother to his grandmother, he was with the company or caravan that stopped at the Wagontire Mountain Springs. And they was massacred there. And they always claimed that that's where the Blue Bucket Mine was actually ---

PAULINE: Now I hadn't heard about this particular event, or place. Do you know about when this was?

BERTIE: 1847.

PAULINE: 1847, that's a long time ago.

BERTIE: And Papa's father, Jack Crabb, John Crabb, was at one time sheriff at The Dalles, Oregon. One of the first sheriff's there. And he was in the cellar grinding an axe, one of those, you know, ... And the cellar caved in, and when they found him he was lying across the grindstone. And it made such an impression on my father, that he just determined that when he passed away, he had to be cremated. He was so afraid that he might wake up and find him-self buried. So, he had to be cremated, which I hated. But he passed away in a convalescent home here in Portland. He had cancer, my mother died with cancer.

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And this --- I was up at the --- we went out one time to the Wagontire Mountains, out there. My father was positive that that's where the Blue Bucket Mine was. So, the big old farmhouse was deserted, and there was an old cellar, and of course the cattle had gotten in there, and they had tore the sacks of flour and things of that sort.

Well, this (referring to a dish) was up on a shelf, and there was a lot of dynamite sticks there. But I reached up, and it was turned this way, and I know china when I feel it.

MAN: We'll be home when we get home, Bertie.

BERTIE: Okay, honey. Don't forget to find out about mine too, dear.

MAN: Oh, okay.

BERTIE: And I felt like that, and I thought oh golly, if that isn't broken, it's good china. So, I climbed up on these dynamite sticks --- and there could have been a rattlesnake.

PAULINE: Oh yes, there could have.

BERTIE: And this here was all chipped up, with where they had put it in the oven with --- you can see a few of the marks yet, and the indentations where they had meat in it, and put it in to keep warm. So, I thought well, now that was good china, I could get the marks out. So, I took it home, with SOS and I cleaned it up, and that's my prize.

PAULINE: Oh, that is beautiful. May I look at the back and see what kind of a marking it has? I don't really know a lot about it, but I sure ---

BERTIE: I don't either. But I just feel with my fingers, I know china when I feel it. But you know ---

CAROL N.: It's so thick too; I mean that's really ---

PAULINE: Oh, that's a prize.

BERTIE: Violet Goins, she says, "When you're through with that," she says, "that comes to me."

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And I said, "Over my dead body you get that."

PAULINE: You won't be getting through with it.

BERTIE: No, my daughter, that belongs to her when I'm through with it. Well, it's right here anyway, so it will be taken care of. But I don't know ---

CAROL: Well, Wagontire Springs, is that Wagontire there between Lakeview and Riley, is that the same one?

BERTIE: That's out about 60 miles from Burns. Wagontire Mountain Springs. There was a killing there. There was two men got into a fight over the water hole and one was killed. And when we were up there, there the house, it's in a big white house, and there it was just like they had left it. The coffee pot on the stove, and the dishes on the table. And they just got up and left the country and just left it as it was.

CAROL: Well, is that where the town of Wagontire is now?

BERTIE: No, I don't think there is any town there.

CAROL: Well, there is a service station; there is a place that is called Wagontire.

PAULINE: Well ---

BERTIE: Well, there might be, I don't know. There was a spring there. When we came up from California when I was six years old, we camped there one night, and the water then was still running down the hill. And there was a rim of a wagon and a pine tree had grown up in, through it. And Papa said that was where they'd had this big massacre. And I think there were only two, I think there was a boy and a girl that was, that the Indians didn't get. And they walked from there into The Dalles. And of course, by the time they had got to The Dalles, why they were naked. Their clothes had just ---

PAULINE: Well, it is a long ways from there.

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BERTIE: Indeed, it is. How they ever made it was a miracle. But the boy came into town and told the folks there that his sister was out there without any clothes on. So, some women went out and got her and brought her in and clothed her.

But this Wagontire Mountain Springs is supposed to be where this Blue Bucket Mine was. This girl went up to the springs and they found some little shiny rocks. There was five of them. So, they had taken them with them, and when they got to --- that wasn't with the massacre, this was at another time. And when they got into The Dalles, why I don't know how --- somebody anyhow noticed them and said they were gold. And they wondered where she got them, and she told them where she got them. And you know there has always been a mystery as to where the ---

PAULINE: Yes, they have looked for that ---

BERTIE: They've hunted in a million different places. But my father always claimed that his uncle was with the crew that came in. He wasn't with the ones that was massacred there, but he was with the others, in 1847. And that was where ---

PAULINE: Well about when did the massacre ---

BERTIE: Well I don't know, it must have been --- really I don't know that.

PAULINE: Yeah, it must have been later.

BERTIE: It must have been earlier.

PAULINE: Oh, earlier.

BERTIE: Because it was 1847 that Papa's uncle came through there. And then his mother and him settled out at Rock Creek. I never got to go out there, and I wanted to go so bad. Marion Wilson lived there for many years and died there in Burns. That was Papa's nephew. And we went to school with him out at Poison Creek.

PAULINE: Oh, you went to school at Poison Creek?

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BERTIE: Yeah, we lived three miles out from Burns, and we went to school there. And Clay Clemens and Cal Clemens and the Barley children, and the Stubblefield. And they are odd names.

PAULINE: I've heard of the Stubblefield. Of course, I know the Clemens.

BERTIE: And they lived between us in Burns. But we all went to school out there at Poison Creek.

PAULINE: Did you walk to school or ride to school?

BERTIE: Well, when there was snow on the ground, why --- we was just about a mile from school. Why we'd ride over and turn the horse loose and it would go back to the --- and then if it was too bad in the evening why, when my dad was home, he'd come get us. Otherwise, why somebody else would come for the children and they would deliver us home. Because at that time the snow got pretty deep out there.

PAULINE: Yes, I've heard so. How many children were there in the school? About ten or twelve?

BERTIE: Oh, not more than, let's see, there was the two Clemens boys, and I think there was two from the Barley fields, and two from the Stubblefields, and my sister and I. And a Clarence Mace and a Marion Wilson. And I don't remember of anybody else.

PAULINE: Now I was thinking of --- Chester Mace is still living. Clarence is gone.

BERTIE: Yes, oh I imagine so.

PAULINE: Yeah, well not too long.

BERTIE: Is that right?

PAULINE: But a few years ago, uh huh.

BERTIE: Oh, he was my first boyfriend. I was, let's see, I was eight years old. I thought he was just marvelous.

(PAUSE IN TAPE)

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BERTIE: And then my father's, I've got one second cousin, she's married to one of the, I believe the Kruegers. Or is it a Shaffer? Well honest, I think it's a, who is it that runs the --- there is two brothers up there, and one of them married my, married a sister, Violet's sister, that is Tot's daughter. Sister they call her. That must have been Sherrill's mother.

(PAUSE IN TAPE)

BERTIE: And then my aunt, Papa's sister, Aunt Addie, her granddaughter is married to one of them too. That's the only relative I know on my father's side that is living. I don't even remember what her name is. Because I --- I have been up to Burns many times but I've never seen her but once when I was up there. And she didn't seem to want to be very friendly, so I didn't go back anymore.

PAULINE: How long did you live in Harney County then?

BERTIE: In Harney County? We were there about two years, I guess. My father did freighting.

PAULINE: How big of a team did he have?

BERTIE: From eight to twelve horses and drove with the jerk line of course. And those great big, beautiful bells, you know. And he had his teams trained until I am telling you; you never saw anything in a circus anymore perfect than those horses were. The lead horse he called, "Old Frankie". You know what a jerk line is? They just drive with one line and they ride the wheel horse.

PAULINE: The wheel horse.

BERTIE: And so, you have these bells, and of course each bell had a different tone. And they went over the hames of the leaders. So, when he'd get his team all hooked up, why he'd holler at "Old Frank", and he'd straighten up and shake his shoulders and those bells would ring. And when they did, every horse tightened his tucks. And the next time he hollered at "Old Frank"; every horse started out together. They didn't seesaw and jerk and pull one horse then another. It was just

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absolutely perfect the way his horses were trained. And in that way, he didn't have sore shouldered horses, because one pulling sideways and the other pulling the other way.

PAULINE: I have been doing quite a bit of work on the freighting teams.

BERTIE: Oh, you have?

PAULINE: And the stories are just fascinating.

BERTIE: It is! It's just --- and to think, well it took two weeks to go, and two weeks to come back. And you can imagine what a terrible life it was, because at night all those horses had to be unhitched. They had to be curried, they had to be watered and fed, before my dad would get his, could get his supper. And he said many times he would have a canvas, laid down of course, and his bed on that. And he said when he'd get up in the morning there would be just a print of his body on the ground where it was so damp and wet like that. And then get up in the morning and take care of all those horses and get them hitched up and start out again. And of course, the stay chains would break, and the double trees. Oh good-ness, it was, it was really life now, no fooling.

PAULINE: And then when they'd get to the next place, why they'd load up and turn around and come back again.

BERTIE: That's right. Then when they'd get either to Huntington or Baker City, whichever place he might have a load to bring back. And everything that we ate and used was brought in by freight team.

PAULINE: Did he use sleighs in the wintertime, or do you remember?

BERTIE: No, no, he didn't work --- I don't ever remember of him going during the snow time. It was in the summertime, because the mountains were just almost impassable with the wagons and teams. No, I don't, I don't know. I think they hauled enough in, figured on hauling enough in during the summertime to take care ---

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PAULINE: To last, huh.

BERTIE: Extreme. Because, I don't know how in the world, with wagons, it would have been impossible to go on up over the mountains in the snow. And Chester Carter, why, my goodness, you know, he was so active there. You must have known him.

PAULINE: I have heard the name. I don't know ---

BERTIE: Because he chartered the well affair and he bought and sold cattle. But he was very active. And there is a spoon; darn it makes me mad yet when I think of it, because my Grandmother brought it across the plains with her. It's a great big silver tureen, seventeen dollars worth of silver in it. Because I took it here to Portland and had it tested. And it has her name Shaffer right on the handle. So, when my mother, when Aunt Rose died, of course always with the jewelry or anything of that sort, goes to the oldest child. That's the English right. So of course, when Grandma Shaffer died, why then Aunt Rose got it, Aunt Rose Thompson. Well then when she passed away, Mom had taken it. And then Mama gave me the tureen. She had me bring it down to see what, where this spoon rather, to see how much silver there was in it, and she just wanted to know the value of it.

So anyway, Ches said when they start, Chester Carter said that when they started that old antique shop up there, those things he said, he would like to have it to put in there. And I said, "Alright." So, I had taken it up to him. Well, he didn't take it up to that building, because some things had been stolen, and they were expecting to get a, oh something that they could lock up. Sort of a case that they could lock. So, he kept it at home until --- that was --- and he passed away before that arrived. So, then Avis McLean had taken it.

PAULINE: Oh.

BERTIE: Then when Avis got it, instead of taking it up there like her father wanted it, put in there

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like he wanted it, why she let Sister have it. And told Sister to take it up and put it in. And it has never been put up there.

My daughter and son-in-law was up there last spring and they went to look for it, but it hadn't been turned in. And I've asked Violet Goin why in the world they didn't put it in there, because that's where Chester wanted it, and that's where it belongs. Well, she said she didn't know anything about how to write a note, or what to write. Goodnight!

PAULINE: That's no problem.

BERTIE: That's no problem, for heavens sake. And I said that's where Chester wanted it, and that's where it belongs. So, for the love of Pete, if they would just go to Sister and ask her, tell her you will write the note out if she will just let you have it and put it where Chester wanted it. Because they would never use it, and it doesn't really, I think, mean anything to them. And that is really, I know that if Grandma Shaffer was alive, that is where she would want it. And that's where, because otherwise I would have kept it myself, if they wasn't going to do that with it. But Ches said, he said, "That's where it belongs." So, I said, "Alright, then I'll bring it up to you." Which I did. And then he passed away, then Avis got it, then she passed away. Then it wound up ---

PAULINE: Well, this happens sometimes.

BERTIE: Yes, it does. But you know, I still, just don't feel satisfied about it.

PAULINE: It's disappointing.

(PAUSE IN TAPE)

PAULINE: Then after you left Harney County where did you, you went then to ---

BERTIE: Then we went to, with the circus, as I told you, and out to Colfax, and Colfax to Moscow, and from Moscow to, Moscow, Idaho, to Washtucna, Washington. And then the folks had taken a farm between, a homestead, between Washtucna ... and Kahlotus.

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PAULINE: Did your dad have a homestead and farm in Harney County?

BERTIE: Yes, he did, he had a homestead. It was in Adams, no Franklin County; I'll get it right pretty soon. Homestead in Franklin County, and then he moved down to Kahlotus, Washington.

And then during the, when they were building the S.P. & S. Railroad there, why he had drays, run a dray. And I've just got to get my pictures out and get them straightened up because at Kahlotus, Washington, I have pictures there of, well I've been to Kahlotus when all they had there was just the water tank for the railroad. And now, then when they built the S.P. & S. Railroad, at one time there was 350 citizens and 13 saloons in the town.

PAULINE: That sounds like some places I know in Harney County.

BERTIE: And it had taken a year to build this, to put the S.P. & S. Railroad through this mile of rock, the tunnel. So, oh I've got pictures of that.

So, they have an antique shop there at Kahlotus. And oh a man, he just begged me, if I'd just send the pictures that I had, you know. And I have some of the old timers, well, before as I say, before Kahlotus. I was about ten years old.

And from Washtucna, now once a week, the old R. & N. would go down there to this water tank, on Sunday afternoon. And so, every kid that could, their parents would let them go, the younger folks. I was about ten. And we'd get on that old coal car and ride that sixteen miles down there to the water tank. That was a big treat to get to ride there. We'd come back just as black as the ace of spades from the smoke, you know, off of that coal.

And then here they built Kahlotus up. It was quite a booming town during the time of the S.P. & S. Railroad building.

PAULINE: Do you remember what Burns was like when you were there?

BERTIE: Well, it wasn't very much. Because there was a hotel, the blacksmith shop, and of course

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a store. And there wasn't too much of it. I don't --- the pictures of that is just, is up in Canada. They've got pictures up there of Burns just --- this cousin of mine. It was Mama's youngest brother, his daughter. And of course, at different times Grandma Shaffer would send pictures up to her youngest son. And then there were pictures of him when he was just a little kid when they first moved up there.

And Burns wasn't only just about a whistling station. And when I was up there last fall, up to Canada, why I seen these pictures.

But I remember, I stayed at Grandma's, going to school there in Burns for a while. And she wanted me to go around this way, so that I wouldn't go up Main Street, and up the hill to the school.

Well they had a hotel, and they had a parrot that they used to hang out on the porch. Well, I was just crazy about that parrot. So when I could get away from Grandma, I'd sneak around this way, and go up over the hotel porch where the parrot --- And they'd put him up there and he'd call, "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty, Kitty," and he'd get a cat to come. And then he'd whistle, and here would come a dog. And he'd say, "Sic 'em, you son-of-a-bitch."

PAULINE: Oh, for heavens sakes.

BERTIE: And you know that was just such fun to me. And oh, I just, I thought that was wonderful. And Grandma would just give me holy heck.

PAULINE: Oh, she wouldn't want you to hear that.

BERTIE: No, I mustn't go over there, because I was hearing that. And anytime I could sneak away from her and go to school and go up over that ---

PAULINE: Nobody had ever told me about the parrot. That's interesting.

BERTIE: Yeah, that parrot hung out there on the --- They had him out there ---

PAULINE: Do you remember which hotel? Whether it was the Burns Hotel?

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BERTIE: Golly, it must have been. I don't remember, eight years old, I remember about that day, it must have been. And my father came in with the, he'd just came in from, with a load and he had taken the --- of course he used the cork shoes on the horses; they had to go over the mountains. And he had just taken the shoes off these horses, and we had a barn with 32 head, it held 32 head of horses.

So, I had taken this "Old Frank," our main horse down to the creek to water. And as I was coming back with him, why my brother, he was, let's see brother was eight, he was about five, I guess, not quite six yet. Because he wasn't old enough to go to school, and he is three years younger than I. So, he come running out there and he said, he couldn't talk too plain, and he said, "Let me `wead' him, let me `wead' him." And I said, "No, the rope is too short." Well, I could have let him do it, and I didn't. And he said, "I will throw dirt on his heels." Well, I said, "If you do, he'll kick you." And I looked back just in time to see that horse's heels go up in the air and my brother just a rolling.

PAULINE: Oh, my.

BERTIE: So, I turned the horses loose and run down and got him, and picked him up and took him to the house. And it had just laid the skin open across his forehead. One part laid this way, and one down here, so you could see his skull right across here. And Mama's youngest brother went into Burns after the doctor. So, when they came out, why her oldest brother held him, no sedations of any sort. And they took 16 stitches across his forehead here. And if my father hadn't of taken these cork shoes off of that horse the day before ---

PAULINE: Oh, it would have killed him.

BERTIE: It would have just split his head wide open. And I just let him, but I never dreamed about him doing that sort of thing. And that horse, why that horse would no more have kicked him

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in this world. But you know, he just startled him, throwing dirt at his heels. Those things happen.

I just mailed those pictures; too bad I did, so I would have let you see them first. Of him, this picture in his uniform, his First World War. And oh, he was sure handsome. I think he was one of the handsomest men at his age. I just lost him here at Christmas time.

(PAUSE IN TAPE)

PAULINE: Oh, yes.

BERTIE: But his hair, just a soft little curl right here. And you never looked at him when he didn't have a big sunny smile for you. Everybody that knew him would just really love my brother.

PAULINE: (Looking at photo) He looks like he's got lots of personality.

BERTIE: He did have, he did have. And I just lost my son the 10th of September. He was in the Navy.

PAULINE: What was your brother's name?

BERTIE: Marion.

PAULINE: Marion.

BERTIE: He was named after this Marion Wilson, his favorite uncle.

PAULINE: He looks like somebody I've ---

BERTIE: But most people knew him at home as Bud Crabb. They called him Bud. But he was about six years old, no; he was five years old, because he wasn't old enough to go to school until after we went to Moscow, Idaho. (Showing photo)

But it's too bad you didn't, you know, get a hold of Chester Carter before he died. Because he walked from Halsey, Oregon, ... Oregon, up to Burns and drove a cow when they moved up there. He was seven years old.

PAULINE: Oh, for heavens sakes. Oh, that's --- at seven years old.

AV-ORAL HISTORY #3; BERTIE CRABB (EARHART) COBB

BERTIE: He was seven years old, and he walked that distance driving this cow, with the family of course.

PAULINE: Well, this is the thing; we hear about things that people did. And where we're used to just jumping in the car and going in like a half hour, or an hour's time.

BERTIE: That's right.

PAULINE: And people have told me about driving in from like Crane area, into Burns, you know. and it took two or three days to go in and shop and go back.

BERTIE: Sure did. And you see the McLeans lived the furthest away from any railroad in the United States. It was a 100, I believe it's a 175 miles to Boise, and it is 120 miles I think to Winnemucca, and about a 100, between 160 and 175 to Burns. They lived at Fields, that's where their farm was. And they were the furthest away from a railroad from anywhere in the United States.

CAROL: That's still pretty desolate country.

BERTIE: It is.

PAULINE: It is. I was down there last summer for interviews, and ---

BERTIE: We used to go out there, oh at least twice a year.

CAROL: I have only been there once, and then we went in from the Andrews side, you know down in there, and across.

BERTIE: Oh, did you? That's the way we usually went, down through the ---

CAROL: And we came back up through Frenchglen.

BERTIE: And Frenchglen has the biggest coffee cups. Did you stop in there to see those coffee cups? They have the biggest coffee cups I have ever seen.

PAULINE: Yes, they do. You get your cup of coffee and they are really cups of coffee.

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BERTIE: Indeed, they are. You drink one of those you know you ---

PAULINE: Do you remember anything about the Indians in the area at the time when you were a little girl? Or did you see them too often?

BERTIE: Well, I remember, oh yes. There was an Indian squaw that used to come and wash for Mama. And they were down there in the tules, down below, down toward Crane. That's where they camped, down in there. And when I first started going to the movies, and I'd hear those drums, and I couldn't --- I knew I'd heard them in reality, you know, and I couldn't figure where on earth it could have been. So, I went to visit this Maude Harkey, my cousin, Tot, we always called her. And golly we was sitting out there one evening talking, and the drums started down there, the Indians. And then I remembered where I'd, used to hear them always in the evening.

And when we lived up on the edge of the Nez Perce Reservation, that was after, well I was about, let's see --- my brother was born in an Indian camp on the Clear Water River. And then we went up, the folks moved up to Denver, Idaho. Of course, there is nothing there now. We lived there on the edge of the Nez Perce Reservation, and we of course saw more Indians there than we saw White folks, while we lived there. They was the Nez Perce Indians.

We went to, I remember one time at Denver, Papa had a big racehorse he called "Kennaway". And so the Indians were having a big pow wow, Fourth of July down on the river. So, my dad took his racehorse and went down. Well, Mama was pretty stubborn, she wanted to go too. So, she got an old gray team, borrowed it from some folks there. And the wagon didn't have any end gate in either end. So she put our clothes all in this trunk. And my brother was just about, oh he couldn't have been over two years old, I was about four. And my sister and we started out.

Well, one horse was balky. And it would come, you know, someplace and balk, and then somebody would come along on horseback and they'd get the horse started for Mama. And we was

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going up the hill, and the trunk would want to slide down the end of it. We would start down the hill; the trunk would slide out the front end, because there was no end gates, either front to stop it. So anyway we got down there. I can remember so well, I would ride in the wagon and I'd get tired, and I'd get out and walk. And then they'd get too far ahead of me and I'd cry, and Millie would have to get me, that's my sister, put me back up in the wagon.

But anyway, we hadn't any more than got there, and the White boys and the Indian boys were having a ball game. So, of course the White boys had to start an argument. And these old squaws sat down and they began to --- I remember just as plain as I am looking at you, and those old Indian squaws would be sitting out there. And they began to rock like this, you know, and sing their song. And Papa went and got his racehorse and he tied it on behind this wagon. And he bundled us in, and he said, "Whenever those old squaws begin to sing like that, it's time for the White man to go home."

So we never got to see any of the big Fourth of July celebration. We got out of there and went back up to Burns, or to Denver rather, that was the name of the town.

But when my brother was born we left the Nez Perce Reservation up in there. They ---

SIDE B

(Unrelated conversation)

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