

Mr. Jim Gayton and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gayton

Larry: This is Larry Sprunk and the following is an interview that I had with Mr. Jim Gayton and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gayton at the Henry Gayton home outside of Selfridge, North Dakota. The interview was held June 17, 1974, at 7:00 in the evening at the Henry Gayton home.

Larry: Okay, can you tell me about your father for a while, Jim, before we start getting more recent.

~~Mrs. Gayton: Where he came from, you know. He came from Cleveland and...~~

~~Jim Gayton: Where he came from or why?~~

~~Larry: Yeah, why did he come out to North Dakota?~~

Jim Gayton: Well, just after he graduated from Cleveland, Ohio, high school, well then, you know he was thinking about ~~West,~~ ~~you know,~~ that means out in here, you know, ~~see.~~ So he started out and he came to St. Louis. He had a gun made there, special order. It was a muzzle loading gun, weighed ~~fourteen~~¹⁴ pounds, just the way he wanted it made, ~~you know.~~ And he brought that and he came into Nebraska there and there he hunted with the ~~Pokkaw~~^{Sp?} Indians there for three years. Then from there he came up here to Fort Rice.

Larry: When did he get here, Jim? What year was it?

Jim: ~~Well, I'll tell ya,~~ ~~As~~ far as I know he married my mother in 1858 at Fort Rice.

Larry: What was your mother's name?

Jim: Well, she's got an Indian name that's hard to interpret, ~~you know.~~ But as near as we can her name is Joy to the Nation.

She's known all over among the Sioux, you know. That was her name.

Larry: ~~What tribe was she from?~~

Jim: ~~Sioux.~~

Larry: But now how does the Sioux nation break down? I mean, of the Sioux?)
what portion ^{Was it Arikara or...}

Jim: No, no, this was genuine Sioux.

Henry Gayton: This was the Standing Rock Sioux. They call us Oglala Sioux, too ain't it?

Jim: Some Oglala Sioux. I think them the ones that use the "l" in their talk.

Henry: See, we use the "d".

Mrs. Gayton: They say Dakota and they say Lakota. But they're down in South Dakota more.

Larry: I see. What did your dad do then, Jim?

Jim: He worked at Fort Rice in Major Galpin's Post Trading Store there.

Larry: And that was in 1850.....

Jim: Yeah, he was there when he got acquainted with my mother in '58.

~~fifty eight,~~
~~you see.~~ You see the Sioux, hunting all summer out on the prairies, buffalo. They'd have them buffalo hides tanned. And then they'd bring them in ~~at~~ ^{to} trade, for whatever things they wanted. And that's where he worked, in that store.

Larry: But he wasn't in the military? He just...

~~No, no....)~~

Jim: He worked in that Post Trading Store, Major Galpin's

Larry: When were you born, Jim?

Jim: I was born in ^{'87.} ~~eighty seven.~~

Larry: So your dad was getting fairly old, then, when you were born?

Jim: Oh, yeah.

Mrs. Gayton: ~~He's the youngest one.~~

Jim: ~~I'm the youngest in a family of nine.~~ (over)

Mrs. Gayton: Well, by that time, you'd moved to Emmons County, hadn't you?

Jim: Yeah, well, from Fort Rice he went down the first bottom on the east side of the river north of Mobridge. Was what they called the Glen^Haven Bottom. That's where he started his woodyard. They called it the Gayton Woodyard. That's where he hired a big crew of men, ~~you know~~, and they cut cord^D wood for him. And the steamboats, ~~you know~~, came there and load up with wood, cord^D wood, whatever they need, and go on up the river. Comin' back if they're short of wood they stop and load up again and go.

Larry: Was that Gayton's Crossing?

Jim: Frank Fisk says that's what they called it up there, where I was born in Emmons County. That was Gayton's Woodyard ^{as it was} ~~that was~~ called down there.

Larry: ~~That was further south, was it, Jim?~~

Jim: ~~Oh, yes, that was way down, north of...~~

Henry Gayton: ~~Purt near to Mobridge.~~

Mrs. Gayton: Tell him why your dad moved from there?

Jim: Well, that's where he was. He had that big woodyard there, ~~you know~~. Well, there was a dispatch carrier from Fort Rice that carried dispatches, military dispatches, from there to Grand River where the other post was, ~~so~~. And he always figured,

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my dad said, that he'd come down from Fort Rice to his woodyard just in time for dinner--~~eleven o'clock~~^{11:00}, my dad would come in and cook and then when it's time all the crew come in for dinner, ~~you know~~. Well, he'd eat with 'em, ~~you know~~, and then go on, ~~you know~~. Comin' back, same way, ~~you know~~, he'd be there, ~~at eleven o'clock~~^{11:00}, ~~you know~~. He didn't have to feed ~~em~~^{him}, but then that was the custom ⁱⁿ them days, ~~you know~~. So one day my dad said he come up and he was there a little early. My dad was still with his men out there cutting wood. Well, he got mad, no dinner, ~~you know~~. This was in the fall. Everything was dry. He went up on the north end of that bottom, Glenhaven Bottom, and he lit a fire there, grass and stuff. Well, that fire went...burnt him out. Burnt ~~eleven hundred~~¹¹⁰⁰ cords of wood for him, all stacked up. ~~Eleven hundred~~¹¹⁰⁰ cords. He sued the government, but he never got a penny out of it.

Larry: And this guy burned that wood because he didn't have any...

Jim: Yeah, his name was Red Hail. I seen that guy. Big man, Indian, you know. He used to be at Cannonball, afterwards, ~~you know~~.

Larry: And he burned that wood because he didn't have dinner ready.

Jim: Yeah, because he didn't get no dinner. He set that whole bottom afire. ~~Eleven hundred~~¹¹⁰⁰ cords of wood.

Henry: ~~That whole thing's under water now.~~

Larry: How many men would your dad have in a crew.

Jim: I don't know, he never did say. But he had quite a crew of men.

Larry: And all he cut wood for was the steamboats.

~~Jim: Yes sir. Well, they worked for him, you know. Every man.~~

Henry: We got one of his books, ~~there you know~~, where he keeps track. This fella cut so many cords of wood for a slab of bacon,

a little sugar, flour, baking powder, and then he writes on this side marked so many cords of wood. He had to work it out, buy some axes, stuff like that. ~~I don't know whether my mother burnt that up or not. I got some of his old books here, old diaries you know. In his own handwriting. They might be out there in the trunk, I don't know. My mother...see, my dad kept a diary for many years. I got a bunch here.~~

Jim: Your day's work at that time was five cords of wood a day. My dad said. That's a lot of ~~wood~~ ~~that~~ old tough cottonwood, you know.

Larry: ~~What~~ ~~Would~~ they use ~~one~~ one of these two-⁹man ripsaws?

~~Jim: Yeah, two saws.~~

~~Henry: Oh, yeah, two man saw. Crosscut saw.~~

Jim: Yeah, crosscut saw, they called it.

Larry: How many years was he at that bottom? ~~there~~

Jim: Well, from there he moved up to Horseheads. Nothing there, ~~you see, the wood~~, the trees are all burnt out you know. He started that woodyard up there at Horsehead Bottom. That's where I was born. That's where six of us was born. Three...two... were born at Glenhaven Bottom and my oldest sister was born in Yankton during Civil War.

Larry: She was the first one in the family.

Jim: Yeah...November 15, 1862...she was born. But Bill and John, they were born at the Gayton Woodyard. And the other six were born at...

Larry: Horsehead Bottom.

Jim: Horsehead Bottom.

Larry: That must have been the place that Frank Fisk called Gayton's Crossing.

Jim: Yeah, landing, he called it, didn't he?

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LARRY: Yeah, Gayton's Landing, that's right.

Jim: Yes.

Larry: How many years was he there, Jim?

Jim: Well, we moved over in 1902. According to that picture, ~~on the back of it~~, 1872, he stopped there.

Larry: So he was there from 1872 until 1902 ~~and~~ 

~~Jim: Yeah.~~

~~Larry: (That's when you crossed the river?~~

Jim: We moved over here, yeah, on the reservation. 

~~Mrs. Gayton: Tell him how it happened there that Charlie had those cattle, you know, and then you.... I mean Bill.~~

~~Jim: Bill. Bill moved. My dad had a...~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: That's his older brother.~~

~~Jim: My dad had a ¹³⁹ hundred and and thirty nine head of Roan Durums over there, but the farmers was ~~crowding in~~, crowding in on him, ~~you know~~. The pastures was gettin' short around there, see. So he had my oldest brother, Bill, ~~he was living over here, oh,~~ ^{right} ~~about four miles from here, northeast here.~~ He had him ~~come and~~ get them cattle in ¹⁹⁶ ~~ninety six~~. Crossed 'em over here. ~~

~~Jim: (This was all free, free that time, ~~yes~~ for the Indians, ~~you know~~ to run their stock. Well, see, my dad couldn't run them cattle there, it had to be my brother, see.~~

Larry: Was there a ferry there then, to take the cattle across or did they...?

Jim: I think they crossed 'em before the river broke 

~~Larry: Oh, in the spring, huh?~~

~~Jim: Yeah, in the spring.~~

~~Larry: Say you folks know these stories, you know, know what Jim knows more than I do, so if...~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Yeah, I'll ask questions then.~~

Larry: ~~Yeah, sure, help me out.~~

Jim: ~~Yes that's right.~~

Larry: So your dad must have known all those steamboat captains then.

Jim: Oh, yeah. There's nobody living today that knows anything about them three big steamboats that we know about. ~~_____~~ ↗

Henry: ~~Well, you... tell him the name then.~~

Jim: ~~Yeah.~~ Bachelor. F.Y. Bachelor, that's one them big stern wheelers plied up the river from Fort Benton, Montana, to ~~St. Louis.~~ ^{St.} ~~And the Castalia,~~ that's another ^{freight} steamer. And the Josephine, that's a big one too. Them big smokestacks... yeah, that was a snag boat, though.

Larry: What do you mean?

Jim: He cleared the river of snags, logs, pick 'em out, ~~you know,~~ ~~so~~ so the others won't run into 'em, ~~you know.~~ We used to watch 'em there; they'd hook that big chain around that log and then they'd back up. Them big spars, they called it. And then the wheel, ~~you know,~~ ^{would} back ^{and} just pull that old log right outta there. They let 'em float down the river...yes.

Larry: Did Grant Marsh have a steamboat then?

Jim: He was...I'm pretty sure he was a captain of a ship, but not on them, I don't think. My dad used to speak of the Far West, but we never saw that boat, ~~you know.~~ That was a big boat, I guess. But he knew the captain of that ship. His name was Massey, Captain Massey, was his name. My dad said he carried a bullet here in his arm. He got that when Wild Bill was shot at Deadwood. You heard ^{of} Wild Bill, haven't ya? ↗

Larry: ~~Yeah...~~

Jim: ~~Yeah,~~ he shot right through from the back of the head, ~~you know,~~ ^{Massey} and ~~he~~ was sitting opposite of Wild Bill. They were gambling ~~see~~ and that bullet went right into his arm.

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And he told my dad and my dad said that it was bothering him so that he was going to have it cut out. Yeah, that was Captain Massey.

Mrs. Gayton: Tell him how he got the land, ~~you know~~, Each of them got allotted land. That's another reason you came over, too. ~~see~~.

Larry: Yeah, tell me about that, Jim.

Mrs. Gayton: You told us that there was a surveyor that came ~~you know~~, and allotted. And the Gaytons got what, ²² ~~twenty two~~ sections?

Jim: ~~Thirty two~~ ³² sections, I think it was. All through here.

Henry: We used to own all this land around here. WAS all allotted to the Gaytons, you see. Some of 'em got a section, the men got sections and their wives got half sections.

Jim: If they're of age.

Henry: And then we got a quarter, see, a ¹⁶⁰ ~~hundred and sixty~~ acres.

~~Jim: Under eighteen. The kids, yeah.~~

~~Henry: This is what I'm living on now.~~

Jim: But the head of the family, is called the husband or the chief, he ^{got} ~~gets~~ a whole section.

~~Mrs. Gayton: See, he's half Indian, because his father was white and then his mother was Indian and so his...~~

Larry: So at one time you had ³² ~~thirty two~~ sections of land in Sioux County.

~~Henry: Yeah.~~

Jim: Yeah, the whole Gayton family. Yeah.

~~Henry: You just go to the courthouse, they'll show it to ya.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Where did it...how far did it go?~~

~~Jim: Well, I don't know, different places...around Henry Saddlin's, out in through there, you know:~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Selfridge town, too?~~

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Jim: ~~What?~~

Mrs. Gayton: ~~Not the Selfridge town, though?~~

Jim: ~~No, no....~~

Mrs. Gayton: ~~'Cause the town was already there, wasn't it?~~

Henry: ~~All around it though.~~

Jim: ~~All around it.~~ We was around before ^{Selfridge} ~~that town~~ was built, you know. ¹⁹⁰⁸ ~~Nineteen eight~~, we was allotted. ~~Yep.~~

Larry: Did your dad...now, Jim, this Andy Marsh, when his wife was shot, were you alive then?

Jim: No, No.

Larry: That was before your time.

Jim: Yeah.

Larry: But your dad remembered that.

Jim: Oh, yes, he was my dad's great friend and chum at Fort Rice. He made his home with my dad.

Larry: Andy Marsh.

Jim: Yes, Andy Marsh. His wife was a cousin of my mother's. She was fifteen years old, but my mother said she was fullgrown. Big woman, you know.

Larry: How old was she, then, when she was killed by these Indians?

Jim: Well, that's it, I just couldn't tell you exactly, but he must not a been married over a year, you know. And my mother said she was fifteen years old when he married her.

Larry: That happened on the east side of the Missouri, too, didn't it?

Jim: Right there where we live, where I was born and raised there.

Larry: Did Andy Marsh cut wood for your dad, too.

Jim: Yes.

Larry: Your dad had supplies, then, he had stocks that he would swap for wood. If somebody wanted some...

Jim: Well, ^{no} he hired the men, see. He paid 'em, see.

Larry: Oh, I thought they could come ^{and} cut wood for your dad and...

Jim: Well, whenever he sold the wood, you see, that's where he'd get his money, see. The steamboats, you know. Oh, yeah... six dollars a cord.

Larry: That's what it sold for.

Jim: That's what he sold it for.

Larry: And how much burned up?

Jim: Eleven hundred cords.

Larry: Boy, that's a lot.

Jim: That was a lot of money in those days, you know.

Larry: Yeah, a lot of work, too.

Jim: You bet. I tell ya.

Henry: Yeah, a lot of them worked it off, you know.

He'd give 'em somethin' to eat and then they'd come and cut so many cords of wood and...

Jim: The tobacco, you know. My dad bought ^(chewing) tobacco and all that. Charged against that, you know.

Henry: I got a book here. I got one of Grandpa's old books, you know. I think it's out in the trunk or else it's burned up.

Mrs. Gayton: I looked to see if it was there, but it wasn't.

Henry: No, it isn't. That's all my dad's diary in there.

Jim: ^{my dad} got his groceries at Fort Rice, see. And a barrel of flour, weighs a ¹⁹⁶ hundred and ~~ninety six~~ pounds, cost ^{\$50.00.} ~~fifty~~ dollars. Two sacks of flour, nowadays, ~~that is, you know,~~ ⁹⁸ ninety-eight pounds. It isn't exactly a ^{100 -} hundred pound sack, you know.

Two of 'em, that barrel holds, ~~you know~~ ^{\$50.00.} ~~Fifty dollars.~~
That's what he fed his men on. My dad said coffee was
~~a dollar~~ ^{\$1.00} a pound. Sugar was ...oh, coffee. When them Indians
brought in their furs to trade out, they had orders from this
Major Galpin to measure, if they wanted coffee, ~~to measure~~ that
coffee in the pint cup with his whole hand in it, ~~and dip it up,~~
for a dollar. That was beatin' 'em, wasn't it?

Larry: It sure was.

Jim: Sugar, the same way. Well, that was the order, you know.
Major Galpin was married to an Indian woman, ~~you know.~~

Mrs. Gayton: I remember that you told us when they came over
here in ~~nineteen-o-two~~ ¹⁹⁰², how they, when they take charge of the
land...

~~Jim: That's when I was born, nineteen-o-two.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: ...they nailed posts, huh? Tell about that,
how they nailed the posts down, you know, to show that that
was their quarter.~~

Jim: Oh, when we picked our land, ~~you know~~ we put four posts
and we crossed 'em, ~~you know~~ so nobody could touch that. That
land been picked, ~~you know~~ That's what we done, ~~you know.~~
Nobody else could take it.

~~Mrs. Gayton: It had been surveyed. There was a man that had
been here and surveyed it and then they, that's the way...~~

Larry: Would you do that on the corner of a section, or in the
middle of a section?

Jim: ~~It didn't make...wherever the corners were. On a quarter
or a half or a whole section, you know. This was all surveyed
here, you know. The corners were all... All's you had to do was
find a corner, you know, and there's a number there on the rocks~~

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you know. Carved in there, you know. Section-so-and-so.

~~Henry: My number's ^{seventeen,} seventeen, you see, that's my allotment number.~~

~~Jim: Section so-and-so, you know.~~

Mrs. Gayton: Then your dad built a three-room house, then, ~~didn't he,~~ when he came over here in ^{1902.} ~~nineteen-oh-two.~~

Jim: Three, yeah. So that's it right there, ~~you know~~. It's an old house.

Mrs. Gayton: But his grandmother ^{his mother} lived in the tent, didn't she. She didn't like to live in the house.

Jim: Yeah, see that tent way back there. My mother lived there. She wouldn't stay in the house.

~~Larry: Oh, is that right.~~

~~Jim: No, sir. (She'd rather live in a tent.~~

Larry: Where was that from here, Jim?

Jim: Just a mile. Just over that hill.

~~Henry: Over one of the hills here, about a half mile.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Right across east. You're pointing up that way. It's over here.~~

~~Jim: Yeah, it's over here.~~

~~Larry: That's where this cabin was.~~

~~Jim: Yes sir.~~

~~Larry: Is that right?~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Valentine Jochim lives close to there now.~~

Jim: We had a spring there, ~~you know~~ that we got our water from.

Mrs. Gayton: And then the government gave you rations, 'member. You told us about it--every two weeks.

Jim: Oh, that was when we lived in Emmons County. We never... got a pound of meat after we moved over here.

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Mrs. Gayton: ~~Oh, 'cause then you brought your own and had your own cattle and your own land, yeah. But over there they each...~~

Jim: We had our own cattle, ~~you know.~~ But when we lived in Emmons County, ~~you know,~~ every two weeks we got a whole hind quarter of beef. Every two weeks. Sugar, coffee, flour, bacon...

Larry: Would that come from Fort Rice too?

Jim: No, this was government.

Henry: Down here at Fort Yates.

Jim: Fort Yates, ^{is} ~~see, that's~~ the head of the U.S. government here, ~~you know,~~ Indian affairs, you know.

Henry: I can remember some of this stuff. Nineteen seventeen, you know, ~~the train run on this line and it still runs twice a week.~~ We had to go to Porcupine. That's on the reservation. And they give us each ~~what was it?-- bacon, about that wide~~ wasn't it?

Jim: Oh, yeah. Yeah. That was ^{1917.} ~~nineteen seventeen.~~

Henry: ~~Bacon and sugar and flour and they turned these guys loose.~~

Jim: ¹²⁰⁰ You got ~~twelve~~ hundred pounds of flour that time.

Henry: Yeah, ¹²⁰⁰ ~~twelve~~ hundred pounds of flour. That's our family. And then they turned 'em loose, ~~you see,~~ ^{and} they give 'em a little button. United States citizen. And then they give 'em an arrow and the women, they got a pouch and a coin purse. It says on there "United States citizen."

Mrs. Gayton: ~~That was in nineteen seventeen.~~

Henry: ~~Seventeen. Turn 'em loose.~~

Jim: That's right. They turned ³⁵⁰ ~~three hundred and fifty~~ Indians-- able-bodied--released from the...

Mrs. Gayton: ~~Wards of the government.~~

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~~Jim:~~ ~~Wards of the government, you know. I was one of 'em.~~

Henry: He lost his land on account o' that. Couldn't pay his taxes.

Larry: Oh, you mean ~~when they did that, then that meant~~ from then on you had to support yourself and take care of all of your land and the taxes.

Jim: Yeah, pay taxes.

~~Henry: Yeah, that's why they lost a lot o' that land. My uncle lost a whole section, here in town, right across the tracks.~~

~~On the west side of the tracks, as you cross the tracks.~~

~~That whole section, in there. He lost that whole damn thing.~~

~~Taxes.~~

Larry: They started taxing you right away then. Right after...

Jim: Two weeks after I was turned loose. The courthouse down at Fort Yates slapped ^{840.00} ~~forty dollars~~ a quarter on that land.

Larry: And how many quarters did you have?

Jim: Two. Half section. ↑

~~Henry: See, he got a half section.~~

Jim: (Forty dollars right now. Two weeks after I was turned loose. And I was born and raised here, but I had to become a citizen, you know.

~~Henry: But the time liquor was illegal--beer--you couldn't even go in. They were citizens. They couldn't go in there and buy it, though. That was out. Somebody else had to buy it for 'em.~~

~~Larry: That was a strange kind of citizenship.~~

~~Jim and Henry (in unison): Yeah.~~

Larry: So they gave you all that bacon and that sugar and those little presents and then two weeks later you got taxed.

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Jim: Yeah, that's right. Two weeks.

Mrs. Gayton: And you went to work for the railroad, ^(then) didn't ya?

~~Jim: Huh?~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: When was it you went to work on the railroad?~~

Jim: Oh, that was in ^{125.} ~~twenty five.~~

Larry: Was your dad alive yet then, Jim, in ¹⁷ ~~seventeen?~~

Jim: No, no. ¹⁹⁰⁹ ~~Nineteen nine,~~ he died, the first day of March.

~~Henry: We got our own cemetary, right up here on top of the hill.~~

~~Jim: Sixty five years ago.~~

~~Henry: Lincoln cemetary. He's buried up there.~~

Mrs. Gayton: And when did your mother die?

Jim: In ^{123.} ~~twenty three.~~ June ^{23rd.} ~~twenty third.~~ ~~Will be...~~

~~forty nine now, will be... somethin' like that.~~ She was ⁸⁵ ~~eighty five~~ when she passed away.

Larry: Your father would have been pretty upset, in nineteen seventeen, if he would have been alive to see that happen, wouldn't he?

Jim: Yeah. Yeah he...he went back to Cleveland, Ohio, just once, when his father died. My grandfather, you know. He went back there about the estate, you know. But his brother-in-law, E. J. Field, was appointed administrator and he went through everything. He never got nothin', only a tool chest of my dad's. That's all he got.

Mrs. Gayton: James B. Gayton, his father, went to school with President Garfield in Cleveland.

Jim: He's supposed to be a classmate of James--what is--A ain't it? James A. Garfield.

~~Larry: I think so. Jim, when your dad came over and brought the family over in ¹⁸⁷² ~~nineteen two,~~ over here to Sioux County, how many children were ^{there?} ~~in the family yet then?~~~~

Jim: That was myself, Aunt Amy, Aunt Alice and...

Henry: My dad?

Jim: And...yeah, your dad was marrried, but then he was helpin' us at work, you know. He helped my dad, you know. There's only just three...four.

Mrs. Gayton: Here's where he told us about. Andy Marsh's... Someone else had told you about that, huh?

Larry: Well, Frank Fisk had, on that little, that tape recording he did, with Doctor Bertheau.

Mrs. Gayton: See here's that story of Andy Marsh's wife Mary. That's in here.

Jim: Yeah, he was a great friend of my dad's. Andy Marsh.

Larry: Jim, what did the kids in the family do with your dad--I mean when they were growing up. Did you have jobs to do, too?

Jim: We all...we were at home, right here. Some of 'em was married and ~~was~~ makin' their own living, ~~you know~~ on the reservation.

Larry: When your dad came over here in ^{1902,} ~~nineteen two,~~ did he get the cattle ~~that~~ that he had sent over earlier?

Jim: Yeah. ~~Nineteen four,~~ ^{1904,} we came over here and my brother Bill--that's my oldest brother, ~~you know~~ ~~he~~ rounded up all the cattle there and we divided 'em up, in the fall ^{of 1904.} ~~thirteen~~ ~~nineteen four~~ Out of the ¹³⁸ ~~thirty eight,~~ hundred and thirty ~~eight~~ head, ~~you know~~ ⁷⁵ We got ~~seventy five~~ out of it. As our share. He took the other ^{75.} ~~seventy five.~~

Larry: ~~Your brother Bill.~~

Jim: Yeah.

Larry: ~~So~~ ^Would you and your sisters herd cattle, ~~then~~ in the summers? ~~...~~

Jim: My sisters had cattle here, too, ~~you know~~. Yes, they had cattle and your dad...no, ~~Charlie,~~ my brother Charlie, ~~he~~

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had a few head. And I took care of them here. Yeah. I was the only one home. When he passed away we had an auction sale, sold them cattle. ²⁵⁰ ~~Two hundred and fifty head.~~ To John Stiles. ~~Course he's not here any more, either.~~

Henry: He was a big rancher in them times,

~~Larry: In Sioux County?~~

~~Henry: Yes. John A. Stiles.~~

Mrs. Gayton: They had the Stiles Cattle Company.

~~Henry: The Stiles Cattle Company.~~

Jim: We had no grass to cut here that year. ~~Nineteen nine~~ ^{1909.}

Not a spear of grass. It was dry. So we was glad to sell 'em.

We sold them big cows with a March calf in October. ~~Twenty six~~ ^{\$26.00}

dollars a head. ~~Big cow with a big March calf. Twenty-six~~

dollars. Two-year-old was ~~twenty~~ ^{\$20.00.} Yearlings. ~~was~~ Yearlings

was... ~~sixteen~~ ^{\$16.00,}, I think it was. So he bought the whole bunch and

shipped 'em to Chicago. We had to deliver 'em out to Walker,

though, ~~about...I don't know...How far is Walker from here?~~

~~Henry: Oh, it must be about twelve miles.~~

~~Jim: Oh, twenty miles out there.~~

~~Henry: Twelve, fifteen miles. Maybe more.~~

~~Jim: Yeah, we delivered 'em there.~~

~~Larry: You drove 'em down to Walker and then they shipped 'em from Walker to Chicago.~~

~~Jim: Yeah, they loaded 'em on the train...on the cars there.~~

~~Henry: See, he worked on the railroad...~~

~~Jim: Yeah. Theodore Roosevelt signed that land o' mine.~~

~~Deeded over to me. You know, you know. I was allotted that piece o' land, you know. He had his signature on there.~~

~~Teddy Roosevelt. Nineteen eight.~~

~~Larry: What were you going to say? You started to say something.~~

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~~What...oh, you were going to say something about working on the railroad.~~

~~Henry: Yeah. He worked on the railroad. That's where he retired from there, see. He worked on the railroad for twenty= some years.~~

~~Jim: Twenty-eight years, all told.~~

~~Henry: Twenty eight years.~~

~~Jim: I farmed here, you know. Raised my share of wheat, you know. But I was no big farmer, though.~~

~~Larry: Yeah. When did you start working on the railroad, Jim?~~

~~Jim: May first, ^{1925.} nineteen twenty five. Yeah.~~

~~Larry: Well, what did you do between when your dad died in ¹⁹⁰⁷ nineteen seven and when you started working on the railroad in ^{'25?} twenty five?~~

~~Jim: Well, I was farming here.~~

~~Larry: Oh, you were farming then?~~

~~Jim: Yeah. I got married, you know, and...~~

~~Larry: Jim, ¹⁹⁰⁷ what were those years like. Can you remember from ^{'25?} nineteen seven to twenty-five, kind of what years were good years and what years were bad years?~~

~~Jim: You bet your life we had great years that time. Yeah.~~

~~Always got rain, you know. Yes.~~

~~Larry: Except in ^{'09.} nine.~~

~~Jim: Yeah, fall of ¹⁹⁰⁹ nineteen nine. That was a dry year.~~

Testin' these little swales, you know, maybe one swath of a mower, five foot mower, you can cut. That's about all, you know. There was no grass nowheres.

~~Mrs. Gayton: Tell him what great hunters you were, you know, when you used to...his mother...~~

~~Jim: Huh?~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Tell him what great hunters you were when his mother...~~

Jim Gayton and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gayton - 19

Henry: ~~That's all they used to live on is wild game.~~

Mrs. Gayton: Tell him what great hunters you were.

Jim: Oh, yeah. ~~We used to live just, you know, ducks, chickes, you know, prairie chickens, you know.~~ One day his dad and I and my brother-in-law, Charles Shammell, we went up north here about two or three miles and we killed ⁵⁰ ~~fifty~~ prairie chickens there. We ate 'em all for supper. ~~Yeah~~ ~~oh there.~~ How many was there in that family at that time?

Henry: Twelve it was.

Jim: Twelve, yeah. ~~Then my sister and her kids, you know, two of my sisters, myself and my dad.~~ That was the last time my dad had a big feed on prairie chicken. ~~My mother.~~ ^{Fifty} of 'em. That was a lot of prairie chickens.

Larry: ~~Well, that's a lot of mouths to feed, too.~~

Jim: ~~I guess so.~~

Mrs. Gayton: ~~I suppose that's what they ate mostly, was meat. But I know his dad too talked about his dad going out into the they were five of them at home, why they...or if there were ten of 'em at home, why then...~~ ^{or they talked about}

Henry: ~~They were crackshots, you know.~~

Mrs. Gayton: They'd take six bullets along and get about twelve. They'd never think of just taking one, I guess.

Henry: ~~He can shoot better, faster than automatic...with a single shot.~~

Larry: Who taught you to shoot, Jim? ~~your dad?~~

Jim: My dad bought me a ^{.22} ~~twenty-two~~ rifle when I was about five years old, in Bismarck. Single shot. Remington. I tell you, I was raised with a gun.

Larry: What else were there ~~a lot of~~ around here besides prairie chickens. Can you remember any other kind of game? ~~that there was?~~

~~Jim: No, that's, ... there was no pheasants here in them days.~~
~~Them was planted here.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Were there deer?~~

~~Jim: Oh, yeah. Deer, yeah, but that was along the river, you know.~~

~~Larry: Would you ever go down in the bottoms and shoot deer?~~

~~Jim: Yeah. But just like lookin' for a needle in a haystack at that time. The Indians were hunting them, Summer and winter, you know. And what they didn't get, they'd swim across on the other side of the river, see. They were protected on that side.~~

~~Jim: Yeah, that's right.~~

~~Larry: Say, Jim, I was going to ask you. Did your dad ever talk you... did he see a lot of buffalo. Were there any buffalo left here when he came?~~

~~Jim: When my dad went after my mother at Yankton, when my sister was born down there, in ^{1862,} eighteen sixty two, my dad and they got on the steamboat, bringin' her back to Fort Rice, see. And at Fort Ra I think it is, the buffalos held that steamboat up three days. Just thousands of 'em was crossing over on this side of the river, from the east side. Well, the boat couldn't go through 'em, you know. They just anchored, ^{and} you know, let 'em go across. ~~Come over on this side.~~ Three days my dad said.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: And where was that at?~~

~~Jim: ^{At Randall,} Fort Randle, I think it was Fort Randle down there.~~

~~This side of Yankton.~~

~~Henry: South of Pierre.~~

~~Jim: Yeah, somewheres down there. Yeah, three days. They musta been a lot of buffalo, you know. That's the way they crossed the~~

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river, I guess, ~~you know. When they get ready they just...~~

Larry: Were there still buffalo around Fort Rice and down by the crossing there. ~~The bottoms where your dad worked first.~~

Jim: No, I never saw a buffalo ~~After we came over here.~~ →

Henry: ~~There used to be a lot of 'em out west here, wasn't it? Out around Siambers and west there?~~

~~Jim:~~ I guess it's ninety-some years ago the Indians had their last buffalo hunt. They started from Fort Yates and they took 'em three days, three campings, before they run into the buffalo out there. And one day's hunt they killed ^{1200.} ~~twelve hundred.~~ That was the last buffalo hunt these Indians had here. From then on they said the buffalo was goin' west. *But,* ↗

~~Henry:~~ ~~They killed twelve hundred.~~

~~Jim:~~ That was nothing, because those that was unfortunate *and* didn't have no horse to go and kill a buffalo, you know, ~~They~~ were all equally divided that ^{meat.} ~~meat.~~ ~~Each one, you know.~~ They all got divided up.

~~Larry:~~ ~~Say, Jim, I like horses. Can you tell me a horse story.~~

~~Jim:~~ ~~What's that?~~ →

Larry: ~~What,~~ ~~I mean.~~ Did you ever have any good horses that you remember, ~~you know~~ as being very good horses?

~~Henry:~~ ~~They had one bad one, I know that.~~

Jim: I had ⁶⁵ ~~sixty five~~ here myself. ~~Towards the last days here when.~~

Henry: They had one, ~~you know,~~ that we used to call the ~~kicking~~ *Mare.* They'd take the dashboard off ~~the~~ wagon, ~~you see,~~ in front, *and* sit about halfway back. ~~And then I could hear, we used to live over here. I was born and raised over here, and they live over the hill here, you know and~~ You could tell just the minute they hooked here up. She starts kickin'. She'd kick all the way from there

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clear over to our place. Then she'd spray 'em, too, at the same time. ~~Oh, boy.~~

Larry: But you had to move the seat halfway back in the wagon.

~~Henry: Yeah.~~

Jim: Yeah, don't stand up there too close.

~~Henry: Boy, she'd kick every bit of the way. All the way over.~~

Mrs. Gayton: Tell him how they'd break a horse to drive, you know.

~~Jim: Oh, we used to hook 'em up, you know. Wild, you know. I had a big hundred foot corral there. Circle, you know. Them horses, you know...we'd just rope one, you know. We'd have a gentle one, you know...hog tie 'em, put the harness on 'em and...~~

Henry: I was bringin' 'em in, you see, and first one they catch, on goes the harness and away they go up that ~~it's a~~ long hill. ~~that.~~ I know I could remember I used to run behind 'em cryin' to beat hell. They'd be gone. By the time they'd get up on top of the hill there the horse was broke. And then they'd get to town and back, ~~and~~ ^{and by then} she's well broke.

Larry: Did you ever have any really good horses, Jim, you know, horses that were really favorites of yours?

Jim: I had horses that I roped three coyotes with. I tell ya. It takes a good horse to catch a coyote, ~~with, you know.~~ I roped 'em. Three in my life.

Henry: He had a trained mare, ~~that~~ Nellie, *that would* →

~~Jim: Mmm.~~

~~Henry: Take his hat and~~ pick his hat up and put it on his head. ~~and~~ He'd make her lay down and roll over and all that stuff. The only way she'd get a bit in her mouth...he'd talk to her and she'd open her mouth and run that bit in there. ~~Remember that one? Old Nellie?~~

Jim: Yes.

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~~Mrs. Gayton: We've got a lot of horses out here now.~~

~~Larry: Do ya. Oh, I love horses.~~

~~Jim: Oh, you bet. A horse is a horse. These days, you know.~~

~~Henry: He had that big bunch of horses, you know. I used to go out. They'd be way out maybe ^{10, 12} ~~ten~~ twelve miles from here and I'd get up on the high hill ^{and} just holler at 'em, ~~you know.~~ One they used to call the old Bell Mare. She had that stiff leg. Boy, she'd just turn and, boy, they'd head for home. You couldn't steal 'em. They'd head for home. By the time I got back up here, why ^(here) they'd be in the corral layin' down, ~~you know.~~~~

~~Larry: And waitin' for you, huh?~~

~~Jim: But they stole 'em all, what I had left. Lawrence had moved in and he fired all, see they used roam all over this farm right here. Used to be a man by the name of Lawrence that lived there. And he drove my horses on the other side of his place, see, and from then on some rustlers I guess picked 'em all up.~~

~~Larry: Was there a lot of ^{rustling} ~~that~~ going on, Jim?~~

~~Jim: Oh, I guess so.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Cattle rustling too, wasn't there.~~

~~Jim: There was thousands of wild horses here on this flat between here and McLaughlin, you know.~~

~~Henry: And up this way too.~~

~~Jim: This way, Everywhere, see.~~

~~Henry: Oh, boy, you get on one hill and boy, all you could see is dust. Indian horses, you know.~~

~~Larry: Who rustled those, Jim?~~

~~Jim: ~~That~~ I couldn't tell ya, that we know, who they were, you know, ...well, there's one I recall, Mike Bridle, here, and Jack Guire. They're all dead now, ~~you know.~~ Guant Kaiser and all them.~~

~~Henry: Jack Guire he just died here...when was it? Last year?~~

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~~Jim: Last year, yeah.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: He was in the pen...~~

Henry: ~~But~~, He was in the pen... ^{Kaiser} and Moustache Maude and old Doc Black. They used to rustle and that old Jack Guire'd get it. He'd go to the pen. Now look where he is... rich son of a gun... dead. Them was the days, I tell ya, old Moustache. You've heard of ~~her~~ Mustache Maude?

Larry: I've heard of her, ~~yeah.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: I knew her. Yeah, they were here.~~

Henry: She ^{had} ~~got~~ a rough voice, heavy beard, ~~you know~~ and she'd have a match ^{in her mouth} ~~over here~~ all the time and an old Bull Durum sack, ~~hangin'...~~

Jim: Six shooter, ~~you know~~, in her belt. Oh, boy.

~~Henry: She'd wear those leather skirts.~~

~~Larry: Chaps?~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: No, this was a skirt. Riding skirt.~~

~~Jim: Riding skirt, they called it them days.~~

Henry: She'd come in. She used to live way up north here in the hills. ~~She'd come in with her team, you know. She was nice, though, heck, she was a nice woman. Heavy beard.~~

~~Larry: She had a beard, huh?~~

~~Jim and Henry: Oh, yes.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: That's why they call her Moustache.~~

~~Larry: I thought maybe she just had a few hairs under her nose.~~

~~Jim: No, no, she had a heavy beard. Heavier than I got, I know that.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Then her husband, Doc Black, was just a little tiny guy.~~

~~Larry:~~
Jim: Little tiny fellow, ^{who wore} you know, and he'd go around. ~~He wears~~

a black hat. Bad eyes, ~~you know~~, but you can't beat him in a poker game. He'd be goin' around with a cane, ^{but} ~~you know, he'd be goin' around.~~ You'd get him on the table to play poker, boy.

Jim: They say he had one little corner in his eyes where he could see out of. Both of his eyes were turned white, ~~you know.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Cataracts, I suppose, huh?~~

~~Henry: Yeah, something.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: I think cataracts probably.~~

Henry: Chewin' tobacco, all over...gee, he was an awful lookin' mess. He wore that old black hat right down here, ~~and then he'd go around...cane, you know, and shucks, you get him on the table boy...~~

Jim: He'd steal the hat right off your head. ~~I tell you...~~

Larry: And a few cattle to boot, huh?

Jim: You betcha.

~~Larry~~: Well, he and Moustache Maude and this Guire--were they the only rustlers or were there others around?

~~Henry: Mike Reiner.~~

Jim: Oh, there was a crew worked here. That's the way they figured anyway. They'd steal the horses ~~over~~ here, they'd take 'em ^{south} ~~that way~~ and them guys down there'd get rid of 'em, ~~see~~ ^A And then them guys, ^{would} they'd bring a bunch over here. ~~to these, you know.~~ And they'd ~~get~~ rid of 'em ~~up~~. I don't know. They'd load 'em on trains, ~~you know,~~ at Mandan. Yeah, that's the way they worked that.

Henry: Well, you lost a lot of horses too, ~~you know~~, when we used to have that [?] green test. They used to test 'em like they do cattle now. Is it, [?] Bangs Test? They used to do that. Gee, they'd have ~~six, seven,~~ maybe a thousand head of horses way up south o' Solen, there. [?] Hafto Butte, they called...they'd have 'em all there. Give 'em a ~~urine~~ test. ~~Those'd react...they come and cut back~~

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~~isn't it? Shoot 'em and...~~

Jim: Yeah, that was Timber Butte.

Henry: Yeah, they used to brand 'em with numeral brands, which was which. Yeah, we lost a lot o' horses, a lot o' mares.

So they'd know

~~They never...~~

Jim: They shot thousands of 'em. They was diseased.

Henry: I know we lost our stallion that way. Old King. They took him off of the peckin' row. They took him up there and they run the devil out of him. Killed him.

~~Larry: Jim, people on the east side of the Missouri, they told me. Did you know a guy named Meade Ward? Did you ever know a guy named Meade Ward?~~

~~Jim: Meade Ward, no.~~

~~Larry: He's a horse raiser on the east side of the Missouri, down by... oh, what's the name of that church out there? ... east of the Missouri...~~

~~Jim: Winona?~~

~~Larry: No, further north. It's just...~~

~~Jim: Hazelton.~~

~~Larry: No, it's a little further north and east of that. Right along the Missouri there. There's a church there and there used to be a town there.~~

~~Jim: 'Tisn't Glencoe.~~

~~Larry: Yeah, Glencoe. This Meade Ward raises horses by Glencoe Church. A little bit south of that. And he said that they used to steal horses on the east side of the Missouri and sell 'em on the west side. And they would steal horses on the west side and sell 'em on the east side. So they couldn't trace 'em.~~

~~Henry: Yeah, could be.~~

~~Jim: No, I didn't know nobody by the Ward... name of Ward.~~

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Larry: Well, now, Jim, ~~when you were farming~~ from ~~nineteen seven~~ ¹⁹⁰⁷ to ~~twenty-five~~ ¹²⁵, was this open range around here yet?

Jim: Yes, ~~yes, yes, yes~~. You could just cut hay any damn place you wanted. Anywhere, till ~~nineteen fifteen~~ ¹⁹¹⁵. That's when they threw this reservation open ^{to} ~~what land was left, after it was allotted to the Indians, see. What was left over.~~

Larry: ~~There's something that I don't understand. Now I thought that Sioux County was an Indian reservation, you know, that that was...~~

Jim: ~~It was.~~

Larry: Well, how ^(could) ~~they~~ throw it open to...

Jim: Well, I don't know. It's sorta like that Watergate business, I imagine.

Henry: ~~Homesteaders'd come in.~~

Jim: ~~Homesteaders.~~ Throw it open to homesteaders. See, just ~~one~~, only one o' my kids got land...my oldest daughter. That quarter's still over here, you know. And the others never got a...didn't get any.

Mrs. Gayton: ~~Well, probably some of those Indians that had lost their land too, you know, that went for taxes, and I suppose then the people could come and homestead it.~~

Larry: ~~Oh, then that land was held and thrown open to homesteaders. And that was in nineteen fifteen.~~

Jim: ~~Yup. That's when all these farmers came in.~~

Larry: ~~And that was the end of the open range?~~

Jim: ~~That was the end of the...~~

Larry: ~~A lot of things.~~

Jim: ~~A lot...of the land. That's all there was to it. All the land was taken over for homesteaders, see.~~

Mrs. Gayton: ~~Then they had those big...wheat farmers, you know, but great big farms, wheat farms and everything was broken up for~~

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~~farming, wasn't it? For wheat. Like Sig Robertson and...~~

~~Henry: York...like old York, you know. That's the guy I was tryin' to think of. He was an insurance man from Bismarck.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Ben York?~~

~~Henry: No...what's his name? Used to come downtown and sell insurance?~~

~~Jim: Oh, Stock.~~

~~Henry: Stock, yeah. That's the guy I was tryin' to think of. Stock and Yorks. Them were all big farmers.~~

~~Jim: From Braddock.~~

~~Henry: They used to come over here and farm in the spring. They broke up all that country, southwest o' town, here. They broke up all that Indian land.~~

~~Larry: Well, did they lease that then or...?~~

~~Jim: Yeah, they'd lease it from the Indians, you know.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: They still do.~~

~~Henry: They still do. Still do.~~

~~Jim: 'Bout fifty cents an acre. They get their first crop. Fifty cents an acre, see, they break it up. They'd get that flax out o' there...they usually planted, first crop, you know. They'd get that free for breakin' it, you know.~~

~~Henry: Now it's...now they're leasin' that land for around five and six dollars an acre.~~

~~Larry: How long does that lease run, then?~~

~~Jim: Any...~~

~~Henry: Three years.~~

~~Larry: Oh, how ever long...~~

~~Jim: As long as you want to lease it.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: We used to lease these...I don't know how many sections and our son has cattle now.~~

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Henry: You see, ~~we~~ what we used to do...I think it was in the forties they changed it...we used to run our cattle on this land see we rented from the Indians. And we paid in the fall. Now you have to pay everything in advance, ~~you see~~. They got you. And then in October it's due again. Your lease is worth quite a bit. We used to pay only ^{10¢} ~~ten cents~~ an acre. Now it's...I don't know...it's around twenty some dollars per cow unit, ~~See~~ all you're allowed is to run used to be seven head to a quarter section o' land. Now I think they've changed that. I don't know.

Mrs. Gayton: See, they're trying to get the land back...they were after all that big farming. They broke up all the land they could get a hold of, ~~didn't they, Jim?~~

Jim: ~~Oh, yes.~~

Mrs. Gayton: ~~They broke up all the land they could get a hold of when they...~~

a couple

Jim: ~~Yeah, you know. Then after they'd get~~ crops they'd leave, ~~you know~~. Then them fields would all grow up to thistles, ~~you know.~~

Mrs. Gayton: And then when the ^{'30's} ~~thirties~~ came, there wasn't any grass left. And then there was terrible dust storms.

Jim: See my piece of land, my allotment, is southwest of town, about seven miles. And I traded that for this I'm living on now.

Larry: Jim, who were some of the other old timers that you can remember around here, ~~over by~~ Porcupine or Shields or Selfridge? ~~some of the old cowboys or...the oldtimers...the Indians, you know.~~

Mrs. Gayton: ~~What about the McLaughlins? You could probably tell him something about them.~~

Henry: ~~Old Charlie McLaughlin.~~

Jim: Oh, Charlie McLaughlin. They're gone, o' course, you know.

Larry: Can you tell me a little about them, Jim?

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Jim: ~~Yeah, just a minute.~~ You spoke about Glencoe.

Larry: ~~Okay.~~

Jim: You know we had a stage line over there. Maybe you heard about that.

Larry: Well, I heard about it, but that's all.

Jim: Cupitz. Charles Cupitz had a stage line from Bismarck to Winona right across from Fort Yates. That's a stage line there, ~~you know.~~ And they'd leave Bismarck ^{6:00} ~~six o'clock~~ in the morning, I think. Drove by horses, ~~you know,~~ just like them you see on TV, ~~you know.~~ Stage coach, ~~you know.~~ Well, the stage driver he comes to Stuartsdale. You know where Stuartsdale is?

South of Bismarck, about five miles.

Mrs. Gayton: ~~Along the river?~~

Jim: ~~No, no. Right out.~~ That's the first stop. The mail was distributed at Stuartsdale. Then they'd put the new mail on there, ~~you know,~~ coming this way. They'd stop at Glencoe. Then they'd change horses. ~~Stuartsdale. Glencoe.~~

Henry: ~~How about Headwick?~~

Jim: ~~No, no, that's way over.~~

Henry: ~~That's way over north and east.~~

Jim: Well, from Glencoe they come to Livona. We know all the people that lived in Livona. Bakers, you know. They were postmasters there, ~~you know,~~ and they farmed around there. They distributed the mail and put a fresh team on there...come down to Gayton Post Office. Casey was the postmaster there. Him and his wife. Well, the same thing there, you know. They distributed the mail and put what mail was going south you know put her on there and then they come to Hampton where we lived. Same thing there and then from there they'd go down to Emmonsburg. and then from Emmonsburg into Winona. That's the last stop.

Larry: Then they'd turn around and go back again?

Jim: Next morning. You see one goes up to Winona. He takes the mail that way. And that one from Bismarck brings the mail this way. It doesn't matter what kind of a blizzard day it was, they'd come right through.

Larry: Did you know any of those drivers?

Jim: ~~W~~ John Eastman. ~~Oh, yes.~~ And LaBrock. Them was the two that we knew. LaBrock and John Eastwood. John was my favorite. He's a good guy. Cupitz had a big store, ~~there, see~~ in Bismarck. Oh, ~~that's a big one. It's all plate glass.~~ gee...that was way back. And we used to reload our own ~~shells~~ ^{shells} see. ~~And I used to.~~ ^{If} I give this money to LaBrock he would go to Cupitz, course he owns this stage line, see. Well, a little box o' ^{.22's was 25¢,} ~~twenty two twenty five cents~~, he charged me for bringin' it down. But John Eastwood, if I gave him the money, he'll go to Grans's and buy the box o' shells and he'd put 'em in his pocket you know. Next day I'll go out there ^{and} he'll give it to me. Don't charge nothing. No sir. Yeah, he was a good guy, that little John Eastwood.

Mrs. Gayton: You said he stayed in the GP ~~that~~ ⁷⁰ ~~seventy~~ years ago. Or ⁸⁰ ~~eighty~~ years ago.

Jim: Oh, ⁸⁰ ~~eighty~~, yeah. The first GP that was built there by Henry Tattle, ~~you know~~. We used to stay there. I used to go up with my dad.

Larry: That would have been ^{1894.} ~~eighteen ninety four~~, then, right? ~~About that?~~

Jim: Yeah. Well, as far as I know that hotel burnt up. Then they rebuilt this one that's demolished right now.

Larry: But you remember the first one, right?

Jim: Oh, yeah. My dad knew Henry Tattle, ~~you know~~. He knew 'em

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all. Everybody. In Bismarck. Wasn't a very big town. Now you get lost you go up there. George Gussner, ~~you know~~, had the first butcher shop there.

Larry: In Bismarck.

Jim: Yeah. His son just died here a couple years ago. But I didn't know him. We knew George though...Mister Gussner, ~~you know~~. Boy, he made the real summer sausage there. Pure beef, ~~you know~~. Now you don't know what you're eatin', you know. And Johnny Holton had the first big restaurant there, ~~a~~ cafe. Boy oh boy, that's a big place. We used to eat there. We never ate at the hotel. My dad knew Johnny Holman, ~~you know~~ and the Grans ~~they~~ had a hardware store there. Fred Beale had a big hardware store there. He had a farm down there by Apple Creek.

Larry: Who were some of the other oldtimers around Bismarck, Jim?

Jim: Well, Cupitz had that big store. We knew his son Max and his daughter, but I don't know whether they's livin' yet or not. ~~I don't know~~. That's many years ago.

Mrs. Gayton: Do you ^{remember} ~~remember~~ the owner of the GP Hotel? ~~Remember anything about the owner there or the clerk...~~

Jim: Henry Tattler? That was Henry, you know. My dad knew him, ~~you know~~. He knew the Charles Wachters was the first ones that came there. Yegens. Johnny Yegen. They carry that milk now, you know. ~~Cream. He knew all them you know. I seen Johnny Yegen when we used to go to Bismarck, you know. My dad said that was Johnny Yegen, so that's all I know.~~

Mrs. Gayton: ~~He remembers so well.~~

Larry: ~~Yeah. You got a better memory, Jim, than I do, and I haven't lived one third as long as you have. Jim, I wanted to~~

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ask you, when the steamboat picked up wood at your dad's landing there, or crossing there, how far would that wood take him. ~~Was there spots all along the river where they would take~~

~~Jim: Yeah, it was...they're rich, you know. Corded off... where they could swing the boat right against the shore, you know and then tie it up so they wouldn't roll out.~~

Larry: How many cords would they take on?

Jim: Well, I don't know. They just put on what they need, ~~you know.~~

Larry: But your dad's place was the last one before Bismarck? ~~Where they could take wood on?~~

Jim: Yeah, that's right. Yeah.

Larry: And would they go beyond Bismarck ~~or is that where they...~~ ^{to...}

Jim: Yes...Fort Benton.

Larry: That was the end of the line.

Jim: Yeah, from there they'd turn around and come back. You see, they pick up everything. Freight. I. P. Baker, you probably heard about him in Bismarck. I. P. Baker. He had a big warehouse there right by our house. My dad took care o' that. All the stockmen...sheepmen stored their wook in that warehouse, see. My dad took care o' that. Never paid my dad anything, but then he watched the place, ~~you know.~~ That was a big warehouse...was a big elm tree there. That big boat would swing in there, ~~you know.~~ They were all colored crews. Oh, boy... big fellas. They'd swing that boat there and that ~~rop~~ ^{rope} was about that big. There'd be a dozen of 'em, get it on their shoulder and they'd jump right off that boat, ~~you know.~~ And they'd run right up there with that ~~rop~~ ^{rope} and they'd take a half hitch around that old elm tree, ~~you know.~~ That held that old boat there.

Larry: That was by this big warehouse in Bismarck?

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Jim: No, at Horsehead. Where I was born, you know.

Larry: They had a great big warehouse there, huh? 

~~Jim: Yeah.~~

~~Larry: (Was that a buying station then, Jim?) where they would
buy~~

Jim: No, that belonged to I. P. Baker. He had a line, you know there, but he shipped 'em out ~~that~~ that wool. We used to set that watch, you know, that crew workin' there, them colored men, you know. You know them things weigh ~~four~~ ⁴⁰⁰ hundred pounds-- ~~three hundred fifty~~ ³⁵⁰⁻⁴⁰⁰, four hundred pounds--them sacks o' wool. Six feet high, you know, or long. We seen them guys get right up to the door, you know, just kick one right over their shoulder and walk right down that bank on the gangplank onto the boat. Boy, they were powerful, I'm tellin' you.

Larry: Did you know any of the captains on those...

~~Jim: No, I didn't. My dad knew 'em all.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: You were too small, huh?~~

~~Jim: Yeah,~~

~~Larry: Too young to remember them.~~

Jim: Yeah, yeah. We didn't go on the boats. But we'd run, when we'd hear that old steamboat whistle 'bout six miles down the river, you know. Pretty soon come around the bend, you know. Them big smokestacks.

Larry: Pourin' smoke, huh.

Jim: Yes sir. Between the two smokestacks F. Y. Bachelor, you know. And between the same on the other one, Castalia. And Josephine. That's the snag boat, I was tellin' ya about.

Larry: Say, Jim, would any of these steamboats get hung up in the Missouri on sandbars? I mean when I look at the Missouri now it doesn't seem possible that steamboats went down the Missouri.

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Jim: Them days, I tell ya, Missouri River was a river, you know. But in the ^{'30's} ~~thirties~~ we had that drought here, ~~you know~~. Why the Missouri River almost dried up, ~~you know~~. You could wade across part near. But them days, you know, that river was a river.

~~Henry: It was wild then, I suppose.~~

~~Jim: You bet.~~

Larry: Did your dad ever get flooded out down there, Jim, in the spring?

Jim: Well, winter of ^{'96.} ~~ninety six~~. It's supposed to be on record at Bismarck. The hardest winter that North Dakota had. Winter of ^{'96} ~~ninety six~~. Everybody talked about that. All them deep coulees where we lived ~~there they~~ were snowed full. Deep creeks, you know. Got snowed full with snow. ~~Oh, I tell you~~. But we never missed a day's school that winter. My dad took us in bobsleigh, ~~you know~~ 'bout two miles to ^{the} schoolhouse ~~you know~~.
Where we went to school. That's the hardest winter ever recorded, they claim.

Larry: Was that a bad flood then in the spring?

Jim: Well, yeah. ~~My dad, you know~~, ~~We's~~ all in that big log house that we lived in, ~~you know~~. Four rooms. ^{16 x 18} ~~Sixteen by eighteen~~ room log houses, you know. ~~One after another. All one, you know~~. My dad went down there in the spring when the ice was melting, you know. Going out, you know. He come back. He said we gotta get outta here, he said, there, down below us there the water is overflowing the banks, he said. ~~So my mother, you know, you know my mother, you know~~. Grandma, She got her tent ready. ~~These lodge, you know, lodges, cold, you know~~. We went up on a little higher ground there, 'side the hill there, ~~you know~~. She pitched that tent there. Next morning right about from me to you from the house. House

door, you know. The water came and the whole flat was under water.

Yeah, that's right. That was the winter...that spring, you know.

Larry: Do you remember coyotes howling a lot in those early years

Jim?

~~Jim: Yes.~~

~~Larry: Well, I suppose you remember that, don't you?~~

~~Jim: Yeah, I guess they howled out here. Right now.~~

~~Henry: Oh, christ. Purt near every evening here. Last evening I walked up a little ways and there was one right in here some place close. Boy he was really yelpin' it up out there. Pretty soon some more were over in the hills there.~~

Jim: Change o' weather, they always howl. They know when there's a change o' weather comin'

~~Larry: Did your mother tell you anything, Jim, Indian ways of telling when the weather was changing like coyotes howling or anything like that.~~

~~Jim: Well, No she never said anything like that, but then~~

~~Larry: But she always knew, I suppose.~~

Jim: ~~Yeah,~~ but dad, ~~too,~~ you know. ~~They're all...~~ When you hear a coyote howling, my dad said, change o' weather comin', ~~you know.~~

Henry: Another thing too, you could tell by the horses, ~~you know.~~

Jim: Same way. You see horses running, ~~you know,~~ playing and kickin', ~~you know.~~

~~Henry: Somethin' comin', see.~~

~~Jim: They know. Oh, yes.~~

~~Henry: That comes true every time.~~

~~Mrs. Gayton: Even cattle know.~~

Henry: Even cattle. You go feed your cattle out and they won't clean their feet up. They'll start movin'. Pretty soon you see 'em strikin' out.

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~~Mrs. Gayton: For shelter.~~

~~Larry: Is that when bad weather's coming?~~

~~Jim: Yup. Change o' weather they call it.~~

~~Henry:~~ Sure, we always go by the horses and cattle. We know when there's somethin' comin'.

Jim: Especially horses. They'll kick up and they'll run a ways and then they'll stand there. Well, pretty soon they'll keep a goin' till they find their place.

~~Mrs. Gayton: Except this last...when was that? In sixty...~~

Henry: ^{In 1966.} ~~Sixty six.~~ You see, we fed our cattle up north here. I had about two stacks o' hay, so I told the boys feed 'em up there. Oh, it was a nice day. Somethin' like today. That was in March...gee, it was a nice day. And that evening--she was workin' in Yates at the courthouse there--I went to town, about ^{3:00} ~~three o'clock~~, I guess. Came out o' one of them places there, and couldn't hardly see a darn thing, so I thought, well it's just in town. And I started out and boy, could just barely see the road. And I turned and I couldn't see. So I went to the phone and I called her. I says you better get goin', I said, boy she's pretty rough out here. And there was another guy worked, he lives west here. He's dead now. He was the **R**egister o' **D**eeds. She went down with him. So then this Ronnie--second boy, there--he came, I says you better go down and meet your mother, I said. I said I can't see that road. So he went down got her. And that was it. Boy...that time the cattle didn't move down, you see.

Mrs. Gayton: I think Ronnie's cattle weren't used to this. We had 'em all together. We lost ~~50~~ ⁵⁰ head o' cattle then.

Henry: They was standin' right outside the window. You could see 'em, you know. Poor devils. They was just ice. Eyes was froze shut. And you couldn't see your hand before you like that, ~~you know~~, and I would go out every once in a while and knock that

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ice off. It didn't do any good. Boy...they'd start. What.. how many? Two...three died right out here, right in front here. And they were layin' all over along the road.

~~Mrs. Gayton: They were ours and our two boys.~~

Larry: What year was that, Henry?

Henry: Sixty-six. March third, ¹⁹⁶⁶ ~~nineteen sixty six.~~

Mrs. Gayton: We had that blizzard and that's the time that Governor Guy went over in the plane and said that it wasn't so bad here. They had a bad one farther west, ~~I think it was, wasn't it, or something...~~

Henry: (around
Jim: Yeah, ^{around} Hettinger.

Mrs. Gayton: But that time and they blamed it onta Ronnie had jsut gotten his cattle and they were new to this country and they didn't know. But our cattle and our oldest boy's cattle usually went down to the break ~~...~~, but that time they just milled around here.

Larry: Fifty head, huh?

Henry: I'd drag 'em out with a tractor and the boy come with a farm hand and a ~~fork~~ ^A fork, scoop 'em up and load 'em on the flat rack and....We got regular bone yard out here. There they were laying around

Mrs. Gayton: They tried to feed 'em with a saddle horse...

Henry: Then a lot of 'em you know they...the the snow was... well, the trees are a little higher now. Snow banked right across the road clear up to the bales and they got up there, you see, and they got...well, they didn't eat for three days. Start into that alfalfa and...we lost, I don't know, eight...'bout ten or twelve head. They just couldn't stand it any longer. It was just too damn much for 'em.

Larry: When did you get married, then, Jim?

Jim: I first got married in ^{1913.} ~~nineteen thirteen.~~

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Larry: In ~~thirteen~~¹³. And you were farming, then yet.

Jim: Oh, yeah.

~~Mrs. Gayton: That was an Indian woman you married the first time, wasn't it?~~

~~Henry: He was a ladies man then.~~

~~Jim: Had one daughter.~~

Mrs. Gayton: Then she passed away, didn't she?

Jim: Yeah. Then I married again in ~~sixteen~~¹⁶.

~~Larry: And you had one girl by your first wife.~~

~~Jim: First wife, yeah. Her daughter is living here in Portland right now. Working out there.~~

~~Larry: She's your granddaughter.~~

~~Jim: Yeah.~~

Henry: Jim, tell him about the second marriage, how you... before you got married that time.

~~Jim: Your dad was implicating that. Not your dad but Uncle Charlie. He was a sheriff here at that time.~~

~~Henry: Yeah. See, Uncle Charlie Gayton he was the first sheriff o' Sioux County.~~

Larry: Well, what happened, Jim? How did you get married the second time?

Jim: Well, we just skipped out, that's all. ~~you know~~. I went to McIntosh. Left here at ~~two o'clock~~^{2:00} in the morning, from my place here.

~~Henry: He had a snappy team and a buggy.~~

~~Larry: He must ^(have had,) , yeah.~~

Jim: ~~Yeah~~ It's ~~thirty~~³⁰⁻ some miles out there. I left at ~~two o'clock~~^{2:00} in the morning and I was out there at ~~five o'clock~~^{5:00}. I tell ya, that was a team that traveled like a car, ~~you know~~. Beats cars.

~~Larry: You got married and come back, huh?~~

~~Jim: Yeah.~~

~~Henry: He called 'em Queen and Pedro, you know. That was his~~

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team:

McIntosh.

Jim: I woke the judge up, ~~you know~~ at ~~McIntosh~~. I knew the judge, you know. He was a young fella. ~~His name was Harry... what was his name... Harry.~~ "Jim, what can I do for you," he said. Early in the morning, I woke him up. He was in bed yet, you know. I told him and... "all right," he says, "you see up that building in town there, that window. You go up there and the Clerk o' the Court lives there," ~~he says.~~ "You go up and get him." So I and the woman, you know, we walked up there and I woke him up. "What can I do for ya, Jim" he said. I knew 'em all in McIntosh. So I told him. "All right," he says, "go down to the courthouse," he says, "I'll be there." Sunday morning, you know. So then they had to have a witness. And right down from the courthouse, there was a man that lived there. Harry Jaeger was his name. Harry Williamson... Harry Williamson was the judge's name. "Jim," he said "go down there and get Jaeger," ~~he said.~~ So I went down there and he says, "Well what can I do for you?" he said. "I want you to come up and witness for me," ~~I said.~~ "I'm gettin' married" "Okay," he says. Everything just worked fine, you know. So he come there and he signed ~~you know~~ his name to that paper, ~~you know~~ when I got married and from then on I went right on southwest clear to Grand River. Sixty miles I drove that day. That team was ready to go yet. Boy, that team could go. Queen and Pedro... yeah, ~~eleven o'clock~~ ^{11:00}, I was down at my sister's.

Larry: Sixty miles in one day.

Jim: Yup.

Larry: You started working on the railroad in ~~twenty-five~~, ^{125?} ~~Jim?~~

Jim: Yeah, first day o' May. ¹⁹²⁵ ~~Nineteen twenty five.~~

And I quit on May ^{29th, '53.} ~~twenty-ninth~~, fifty-three. Twenty-eight years I worked ^{there}.

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Larry: What did you do, ~~Jim~~, on the railroad?

Henry: He was a spike man.

Jim: Oh, we done work. We put in ties, you know. Anything.

~~Henry: Boy, he was powerful, I tell ya, a while back.~~

Jim: Yes. ^{work} train comin' we'd have to unload some, you know.

~~Oh, I tell you.~~

~~Henry: Even today now he goes down to the railroads and stand around there. Watch them other guys. He don't drink...~~

Larry: ~~Aunt~~ I think it was Aunt Wynhandle, Jim, told me you could pick up a railroad tie under your arm like this.

Jim: Oh, yeah. That ain't nothin' you know. ~~Oh, yeah I know them Wynhandles.~~

Larry: You worked in a section gang, then?

Jim: Yeah. Section. We used to have a lot o' laborers, ~~you know~~, that is, five or six to a crew sometimes. Seven, sometimes a dozen. Now they have only one...the foreman...and one man with him. They goes ⁷⁸ ~~seventy~~ ^{eight} miles to take care of track.

Larry: How many miles did you cover? ~~Jim in a...~~

Jim: We had several different distances, ~~you know~~. First we started out at ¹⁵ ~~fifteen~~ miles. Then they lengthened that to ²³ ~~twenty three~~ miles.

~~Mrs. Gayton: Do you remember when the first railroad came through?~~

~~Jim: Oh, yeah, Nineteen eight...no, nineteen ten.~~

Larry: Jim, who were the guys that worked on putting in the rail-bed for the track. ~~Were those farmers or Indians or...~~

Jim: No, no. They had crew. Extra guys...that is, graders, ~~you know~~. They graded them roads, ~~you know~~. Through here, ~~with~~ horses.

Larry: But those outfits were with the railroads. They weren't men from around here.

Jim: No, no. No, them was contracted, see. *Yeah.*

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Mrs. Gayton: Do you remember when they built that grade going to Fort Yates?

Henry: I remember that. The old railroads...

Jim: Oh, yeah...

Mrs. Gayton: They were going to lay a railroad through...

Jim: From Mandan down past Fort Yates, way down there. Water level, they claim, you know. Yeah. NP. They never run the railroad track from Cannonball down.

Mrs. Gayton: Hank can remember when the soldiers were at Fort Yates. When it was a fort, see. And his mother baked bread for the soldiers and also washed their clothes and things like that. He remembers when they took a lot o' the soldiers and they took 'em to Fort Snelling.

Henry: My dad was a carpenter, you know that built those little boxes, when they dug up all those graves there.

Mrs. Gayton: See where the football field is there?

That was right in there, wasn't it.

Henry: All in through there clear up to where Sitting Bull's grave is. We used to stand on the corner there. They wouldn't let us go down. They wouldn't let us go down there, see. My dad built all them boxes. You remember? Built all those small boxes.

Jim: Shipped 'em all to Fort Snelling. They reburied 'em ^(over) there, see.

Larry: Oh, where the football field is now, that was the burial grounds for the fort.

Henry: Yeah, all that over to the viaduct there, see. When they built that dike, you know, they dug a hell a lot o' graves. Nobody go near there. There was a lot o' jewelry and stuff in those graves I guess. They wouldn't let 'em get near, I guess.

Mrs. Gayton: I suppose they were Indian warriors, too, besides... besides just the soldiers, huh?

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Larry: Jim, you knew Frank Fisk pretty well then, huh?

Jim: Oh, yes I can remember...

Larry: You guys knew Frank Fisk pretty well then.

Henry: Oh, yes.

Jim: His dad too.

Mrs. Gayton: I can remember him too.

Jim: What was his dad...Jim. Old Fisk. What was...

Jim: George.

Henry: He used to barber in Yates for many years. Old fella.

Jim: Took him about an hour and a half to cut your hair, you know. He'd talk...and then he'd snip a few hairs, you know... then he'd talk...and he'd snip a few, you know. That was Frank's dad, you know. George. His mother was a little bit of a woman.

Then he had a sister by the name of Laura. Toozy, we called her.

Henry: She died over around Olgama. North of Detroit Lakes.

Larry: Was Frank Fisk's wife related to Sitting Bull?

Jim: No...

Henry: She's a Cannoreaer.

Jim: She was a premo. She married Pete Cannoreaer. Yeah.

Hermeana Premo, you know. Aunt Abby's sister in law, you know.

She married that Pete Cannorear. And Frank married their daughter Angela.

Larry: Well, did Sitting Bull adopt Frank Fisk, then, or take him into the tribe or something because in this tape recording that Herman Bertheau, this doctor from Linton, made with Frank Fisk, Frank mentions that he was related to Sitting Bull or that Sitting Bull had taken him into the tribe. Do you know anything...

Jim: He might be an adopted. He mighta been adopted into the tribe. That's about all. But he's not related. He's a white man. 'Course they adopt 'em, you know.

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Mrs. Gayton: This is what it says here about Captain James L. Fisk. Is that Frank Fisk's father?

Jim: George Fisk is his name.

Mrs. Gayton: ^(reading) This must be somebody else, then. Captain James L. Fisk. Started from Fort Rice during the summer of eighteen sixty-four or sixty-five with a large number of immigrants he was to escort to the new gold field in Montana and Idaho. He had come through Fort Rice picking up an escort of fifty cavalry men. He passed near the three buttes which are within the boundaries of Grant County, North Dakota. He had a doctor with his command who claimed he found traces of platinum near the buttes. Fisk once told me that he had kept a diary that explained the exact location of this spot but he had sent it to Washington, D. C., for purposes of recording. And it had burned in a fire some years later. The cavalry and immigrants reached the head of the Cannonball River and were attacked by a large force of Sioux Indians. The hostiles caused the white men so much trouble that they were forced to entrench and were held down there for many years by the--for many days--by the Indians. This earthward entrenchment was called Fort Diltz. At last they were compelled to send some of the cavalry back to Fort Rice for help. A rescue column sent out by General Alfred Sully soon reached the immigrant train and escorted them all back to Fort Rice. Some of the gold seekers were only too glad to get back to their homes in Minnesota. The farther from the Sioux Indians the better. Years later Captain Fisk came to our ranch trying to locate the place where the platinum traces had been found some forty years before."

Larry: That's F-I-S-K, though, isn't it?

Mrs. Gayton: Yeah.

Larry: And Frank Fisk spelled his name F-I-S-K-E, wasn't it?

Jim: MM-hmm. No, his dad's name was George. George Fiske.

Mrs. Gayton: Yeah, I just wondered. Must be another Fisk, then. You never heard of this one, huh?

Jim: Uh-huh.

Larry: Did you ever have your picture taken by Frank Fisk, Jim?

Jim: Oh, yeah.

Henry: See my other grandfather, you know, he used to be the baker at Fort Rice. His name was Mulhern. J. B. Mulhern. See, both o' my grandfathers was white.

Jim: Redmaker, they called him. Indians called him. He was post baker there.

Henry. Till he died. He was just a little short fella. Irishman.

Larry: Oh. You guys got history runnin' through your veins. Who were some of the other oldtimers, Jim, you can remember, besides Frank Fiske? Did you know Chief Gall or...

Jim: No, I never did know them.

Henry: I didn't know them at all. Of course I'm younger. He would but I don't think he does.

Jim: I doubt...

Henry: I dont know even Sitting Bull, by golly.

Jim: My brother in law seen Sitting Bull, you know.

Henry: Every Indian you talk too...yeah, he's my so-and-so. My great great great uncle or great great grandfather, some darn thing. They're all related.

Jim: My mother always said uncle, you know. That was her uncle. Sitting Bull, you know. I don't know how close she was related to old Sitting Bull, you know.

Mrs. Gayton: See, my kids pictures. This is the first one that Frank Fiske took of my...

Jim: Sitting Bull was killed in ninety, you read. Eighteen ninety.

Mrs. Gayton: And that Frank Fiske took.

Jim: I don't know about Frank Fiske, whether he knew him or not. I wouldn't say.

Larry: Well, you were too young then to have known Sitting Bull.

Jim: I was...eighty-seven...I was three years old when he was killed.

Larry: But your dad and mother would have known him, I suppose.

Jim: Oh, yeah. My dad seen him, yes.

Larry: And your mother was related to him.

Jim: My mother always said. My uncle. My uncle Sitting Bull, you know. Thunky-yorta kay, you know. That's his name. Sitting Bull, you know. They had him in the World's Fair, Chicago. My dad saw him there, you know. He was there at World's Fair. First World's Fair they had in Chicago. Way back in the nineties sometime. Or eighties, I don't know. Yeah, Sitting Bull was there.

Henry: That's too far back for me.

Larry: Hard for me to even imagine that, yeah.

Jim: Yeah. No, I never saw him. Or any of them others. Gall...or...

Larry: Frank Zahn, or any...

Jim: Who?

Larry: Frank Zahn, Zain?

Jim: Yeah, we know...

Henry: We call him Zahn, you know. We always called him Zain.

Jim: They pronounce that Zahn, you know, but we always Zain, you know. Z-A-H-N, you know.

Larry: Yeah, which is the right way to say that? I've always said Zahn.

Jim: Either way. If you want to call him Zahn, all right. If

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I say it I'll say Zain, you know.

Henry: His dad was Billy Zain, wasn't it?

Jim: Huh?

Henry: His dad was Billy. Billy Zahn.

Jim: Bill Zain, yeah.

Henry: Boy you oughta hear that guy talk Indian.

Jim: He was a discharged soldier from Fort Yates, you know.

Henry: He was a white fella, you know. Old Billy Zahn. He married a full blooded Indian. At Solen. I think that's where he died.

Larry: And his son was Frank?

Jim: Yeah.

Larry: Did you know Frank, Jim?

Jim: Yes...we knew him well.

Larry: Well, when did he die?

Henry: When did Frank die, Cora?

Mrs. Gayton: Who? Frank Fiske?

Henry: No. Frank Zain.

Mrs. Gayton: Oh, Francis.

Henry: Francis, yeah, we called him Francis.

Jim: Francis, you mean. Francis Z^ain. From Bismarck.

Mrs. Gayton: His widow still lives there. You should get in con... she's got a lot of...

Larry: Oh, is she still living?

Henry: I was talkin' to her one day in Bismarck, here. When was it?

Mrs. Gayton: She's in the telephone book. Mrs. Francis...

Larry: Z-A-H-N, right?

Jim: Z-A-H-N.

Mrs. Gayton: And I think it's F. B., isn't it?

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Jim: F. B., yes. Francis. His name's Francis.

Henry: Yes, F. B. F. B. Zahn. Yeah. It says Judge F. B. Zahn. That's the way she writes her name.

Jim: They used to come over there where we lived. We all played together, you know. Henry Zain, Johnny Zain, Billy Zain.

Henry: I see her once in a while. When was it we saw Bismarck last? I was talkin' to her. Mrs. Zahn.

Jim: His wife?

Henry: MM-hmmm.

Mrs. Gayton: That's his third wife, isn't it? That his third wife, Jim?

Jim: I don't know.

Mrs. Gayton: I think it's his third wife.

Henry: Yeah, he married that woman from Florida...

Jim: Florida?

Henry: Young one. No, she's white. She was young. She left him. Had two...one boy or two? Young Zahn, he's in Minneapolis, she told me. Young Junior.

Larry: Say, I was going to ask you--did you know the Indian ballplayer from Fort Yates, was he?--what was his name? I've heard about that Indian ballplayer.

Jim: Joe Day?

Larry: Yeah.

Jim: Joe Day, he's from Shields, I believe. Oh, yes. I pitched against him. We used to have...eider out, boy.

Mrs. Gayton: Selfridge had a real good...I just found that the other day. Jim is the one in the back. Then that Hank's brother sitting down there, one of 'em.

Henry: He used to catch for him here. He was quite a pitcher.

Larry: Were you a pitcher, Jim?

Jim: Oh, yes.

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Larry: Well, what...Joe Day was a pitcher, too...

Jim: Yeah, yeah.

Henry: Porcupine where he used to play with Raleigh...Flasher.

Mrs. Gayton: He did play in the big leagues. though, didn't he?

Henry: Yeah. In Iowa. That's where he picked up that white woman, you know, Dorothy. She came up here and they got married. He married this white woman. Raised one two three four kids, I guess. Then she divorced him. She works in the BIA office. Dorothy's her name.

Larry: Is he still living?

Henry: He's dead. No, Joe died.

Mrs. Gayton: Not too many years ago, though.

Henry: Not too many, no. 'Bout five six years.

Jim: 'Bout four five years ago, yeah. In the home up here. Lisbon, I think. He was a veteran.

Larry: He was in that old soldiers' home, then, at Lisbon.

Jim: Yeah. That's where he used to go every winter, you know. From here you know. That's where he passed away.

Larry: Well, when this Joe Day was still around here he was hired to pitch, wasn't he, by a lot of teams like Flasher and...

Jim: Yeah, he pitched all in through up north here. Sometime he come down here and we used to mix up with him.

Henry: The Little League, wasn't it? Or what the hell was it called.

Jim: He went down to sign up for Topeka one time. The American Association. But he wasn't good enough. He had to come back. Yeah. He was a good pitcher around here but that American Association, you know, Topeka, you know, Kansas...

Larry: You pitched against him, though, huh?

Jim: Oh, yes.

Larry: Was he a good ballplayer?

Jim: Sure. He was a good pitcher.

Henry: Oh, we had some tough games there.

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Jim: Yeah, lots of smoke. They called him Smoky Joe, you know.

Larry: Was that a rivalry between Shields and Porcupine or...

Henry: Selfridge, of course.

Larry: Yeah, Selfridge and Porcupine, yeah...

Jim: You bet. We used to take him on here. I pitched twelve years for Selfridge. Never lost very many games either.

Larry: When did baseball fade out? I mean when did...

Jim: Darn near twenty years ago, ain't it.

Mrs. Gayton: Yeah, but our boys played it. They used to have pretty good teams here when our boys played too, you know. Roger and Sonny played. That's in the forties, I suppose, huh?

Jim: The last year I played was in fifty-nine.

Larry: You were still playing then huh?

Jim: Yes. Or forty-nine. I was fifty-nine years old. The boys here belonged to this here league here. What do you call it? Grant Morton and Sioux. And they didn't want to play, here. They was gettin' up players those young fellas. I knew 'em all, you know, farmer boys here. Well we ain't gonna sign up unless you will, they said. Oh, I'm too old. Go on and play, you boys, I said. I was fifty-nine years old. No, we want you in the team. So all right I signed up. My position pitcher. Fifty-nine years old. Pitcher.

Henry: Satchel Page.

Larry: Yeah.

Jim: So every Sunday I'd go out they'd get beat. So on Father's Day we played Flasher up here. And I pitched there sixteen years--thirty years--before. They all knew me, you know. Some of them old guys, you know. Well, I said, well, boys I'm gonna start this game, I said but you boys will have to finish it. Man, I was fifty-nine years old, you know. All right. I got on the mound and I warmed up, you know, and all them people sittin' around there, old guys, you know. "Oh, that's Grandpa," they said. I could hear 'em, you know. "That's old

Grandpa." I pitched six innings, they didn't score, you know. We had three scores. Six innings and when I got outta there one o' these young fellas got in there and finished the game but we lost the game. Eight to something. Yeah. My arm hurt, see, after six innings, you know. Couldn't pitch.

Henry: I shoul^ada went in there that time.

Jim: Yeah...so on the twenty-ninth again we was gonna play Leaf. All right, boys, I'm gonna start the game, I said. You boys 'll have to finish up. So I got in there and we was leading three to two--six innings I pitched again. Well, I got outta there. gone upstairs and heard. Lost the game again. So that's the last time I pitched ball.

Larry: But you were fifty-nine, huh?

Jim: Mm-hmm. Yeah.

Larry: Can you remember the old--I suppose both of you can remember- the old rodeos they used to have at Fort Yates and Porcupine and Shields?

Mrs. Gayton: Fairs, they called 'em.

Henry: Yeah, there was no rodeos. There was always fairs.

Jim: Fair, they called it, you know. They all gather, you know.

Henry: There was no such thing as rodeos them days.

Jim: Most o' the time they all gathered at Fort Yates because that's the headquarters, see, all the substations came down there and celebrated together, see. Shields, Porcupine, Cannonball, and Little Eagle, and Bullhead. They all gather. That whole flat used to be covered with tents. West o' Yates, there. That whole flat. With team o' horses, you know it'd take you several hours to make the rounds. Yeah, we used to drive around there you know.

Larry: But there would be horse riding with that, wouldn't there?

I mean it wouldn't be like a rodeo, today, but...

Jim: Oh, no. They rode buckin' horses there, you know. And everything. Races. Footraces. Anything.

Henry: There was more horse racing than anything else. There wasn't hardly any o' that rodeo stuff. Mostly horse racing. They had an awfully good track there. The old rodeo grounds... just ^(right) west o' Yates there a little ways.

Larry: Did they have this...what did you call it? Where you... one guy would ride around the track and then take the saddle off his horse and put it on another horse?

Jim: Relay race.

Larry: Yeah, relay race. Did you have those too?

Henry: Yes...hell, they used to have some awful good race horses ^(here) at one time. Them Indians. They were out for it.

Jim: I was down there...took in the Fourth o' July, there, one time. That was it. Cowboy race, you know, see. Oh, there was a lot o' them--dozen, I guess, took part. Well, they held them horses with riders all around 'em, you know. So they couldn't get away, see. Well, when the word was given, you rope your horse, see, saddle it and you go one-eighth mile and there's a stake there. You turn that stake and come back. Well, the first one is a winner, you see. Well, this Ben Loneman caught his horse, you know, and he was riding it. He dead around there so he was coiling up his rope, you know. And he turned the corner, you know, around the stake and he was comin' back when this Francis Crowfeather he was on his way down. And them two horses hit together. Boy, they just went up in the air like that. Killed one horse dead there. Yeah, broke his neck. And broke the other one's shoulder. You know them was real cow horses. They wasn't afraid o' nothing, you see. They just went right into each other. Boy...

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Larry: And that was at one of these fairs?

Jim: That was nineteen ten, yeah.

Henry: Oh, they used to have some awful good fairs, them days. Now it's...

Jim: I can still see them go up in the air that time. I was there, close by, you know. Hey, that horse was killed. Broke his neck. Right there. The other one had a broken shoulder-- had to shoot him, you know. And Ben Loneman...^(to Larry) you remember him, don't ya?

Henry: Yes.

Jim: Francis Crowfeather from Kennel, you know.

Henry: I know all them.

Mrs. Gayton: In the jubilee book here it says the nineteen twenty-six famous baseball team.

Jim: Yeah...that's the champion team.

Mrs. Gayton: (reading) From the Missouri River to the Montana Line and from the Grand River in South Dakota to Mandan, the ball team in Selfridge took them all on and won every game but one. The team consisted of the following: Howard Ross, umpire, Owen Faye, Jim Gayton, Andy Rausch, and Ray Lines, Bob Sprech, Jay Bernard Smith, manager, Lloyd Soloman, Hugh Stewart, Clarence Gilbertson, Bill Gayton and Bob Murphy. That's the ones on that picture.

Jim: There's only two or three left out o' that team now.

Henry: Andy Rausch...I saw him one time at the golf...

Jim: You did!

Henry: Yeah, at Mandan. I went in there and he was sittin' there and I said "How, Andy." He looked at me. "By golly," he says, "I don't know if I know you." I said, "hell you don't." He used to be our cashier, here at the First State Bank. His brother Pete runs that furniture store in Bismarck.

Larry: Yeah, I knew the name Rausch. Yeah.

(I said yeah.)

Henry: And he said, "by golly, is that you, Hank?" Gee, he was tickled. Oh, he was surprised. He got up and shook hands and, oh, we had quite a visit then. I don't know, we sat an hour. I don't know whether he came back or not. That's his brother Pete that runs that furniture store. We used to know him. ^(to Jim) You remember old Pete--Pete Rausch?

Jim: Yeah, he played ball ^{here} with us.

Henry: He used to play...played first base, wasn't it? Have to go in and see him sometime. See if he remembers me.

Jim: They had a team o' Rauschs. All boys. Nine o' 'em. I don't know whether they're all livin' yet or not.

Henry: Pete's got that furniture store and then...

Mrs. Gayton: But I think probably his sons are running it. I don't think that he is active in it.

Henry: Oh, yeah. He goes down to Florida every year, I guess. Suppose one o' the boys probably runs it.

Larry: Let me ask you folks a little bit about the thirties. Were the thirties pretty rough in Sioux County?

Henry: Oh, boy, I guess so.

Jim: Oh boy. Nothing here. Only 'hoppers. They ate up everything.

Mrs. Gayton: Even fenceposts. They'd be just thick on the fenceposts.

Jim: These big telegraph poles down at the railroad. They was just as thick, you couldn't see the pole, you know. With 'hoppers. And they sit on them telegraph wires. Just like birds, you know. Oh, just as thick as you could see 'em.

Larry: Is it true, Jim, that they'd make the track so slippery on the railroad that...

Jim: I guess so. Yes.

Larry: They'd have to throw sand down to get started?

Jim: Yeah. we hauling twenty-five ties, you know. Down south o' Selfridge there to put in. There's a little grade there, we can't make it. With them 'hoppers so thick on the rails. We just have to get out. The crew pushed that load up the hill, you know. Yes...you're just a mess comin' home. In the evening from work. Them 'hoppers are just flying by the millions, you know. They hit you, you know. They just smash up. Comin' about thirty miles an hour, you know. You just have to put your hand over your eyes, you know. Because one guy--a laborer on the main line--lost his eye by one o' them 'hoppers, you know. Oh, yes. We had orders to wear goggles, you know. Yeah, that's right. At least they were...(to Henry) you seen them, didn't ya? Them 'hoppers that big. No wings on 'em. They just sit on the rail, you can pick 'em up. They were that tame, you know. You know. And they wasn't scared at all. You could just pick 'em up. I tell you.

Henry: They shoulda dried a lot o' them. You coulda sold... made money on 'em.

Mrs. Gayton: It would pile up on...if the wind would come from the northwest why, it would pile up, you know, just like snowbanks along the windows. We were living over in the old place then and the table...You'd set the table you'd have to put a dish towel or something because it just sifted in through the house was you know an old wooden frame house, why, everything was, well dried, so there were cracks all over and it would sift in and you'd have to put things over or the dishes would be just covered with dust. Then the next day, why it would come and blow that dust the other way. And everybody was hard up.

Larry: Isn't it funny how the soil kinda' reclaims itself? You can't even see where that was anymore, you know.

Henry: Yeah. Like this field out here, you know. That just

took it right down. The plow went down youknow. It took... I don't know if you could see it right now. There's a ridge goes right across. Just piled right up.

Larry: And now that's all worn down and you can't even...

Henry: You have a heck of a time raisin' a crop on now. Put this all into alfalfa and then like this oats the good soil is all off. The bottom soil is no goo. Just kind of a yellow color, you know, and it's...now, like this here, see we worked on this last summer quite a bit and I think we're gonna get a pretty good crop o' oats outta it this year. But, boy she was a son of a gun. I bought--what was it?--eight cows that time. No feed. Couldn't put up no feed for 'em and I put 'em way up in the brakes there . There was a fellow...got enough hay along the creeks, you know. I put 'em up there and they didn't stay up there very long. They came home and this fellow Lawrence, he used to live right down here, put up bunch o' thistle stacks. Cut a bunch o' thistles, you know and the spring o' the year I went in town and I think--what was it I gave, twenty-two dollars a ton for hay? Minnesota hay? Nice and green. Throw it out and they just layed down on it. They never even ate it, you know. I went over to this thistle stack. It was just a mush. Throw that over and boy they left that darn old green slew hay and ate that old thistle. Then I went and got some cottonseed cake. Now it's soybean meal, they call it, soybean pellets now. We used to get that cottonseed cake. Just put it in a pail and boy, ring a little bit, and boy them old cows would come a runnin'. Put 'em through that spring.

Mrs. Gayton: Then he and his cousin worked on WPA.

Henry: I worked on this WPA. Two dollars and...two dollars and a half a day?

Jim: Two forty-five, wasn't it?

Henry: Somethin' like...

Jim: Two forty, I think it was.

Henry: I used to have to saddle...harness up a team and drive about four miles. Get over there by eight o'clock. And follow that damn fresno for eight hours. From eight to five...

Mrs. Gayton: They built dams.

Henry: Two and a half a day. Boy, it was tiresome. And then we finished this one dam and we would move way up in the brakes. That was quite a ways further. And I'd have t' get up there by eight o'clock. Milk them cows before I get up there. Now, the same kinda work, look what they gettin'. Then I worked in Yates. We put in that water treatment plant, the first one. Wheeled the concrete with wheelbarrows. Two dollars and forty-three cents a day. Geez...some days there we put in ten hours but we got paid overtime. Some days we put in ten hours. It all depends on if you finish this one...there's different sections, you know, where the water goes around. Ah, we had to finish one section. We worked till ten, eleven, twelve hours. Next day you start another one, and same thing again. Wheel every bit of it. Now they got these mixers. Just drive up there and turn it on and that's all there is to it. Then I worked in the damn... worked with a couple plasterers. Plastered all them buildings down at Yates. Just two of us. Cousin and I. Richard Gayton. He lives out in Salem now. Him and I worked together so the contractor he said, well, he said, I'm gonna keep you two guys on. Steady. And we live d up here and I used to walk from there clear down t' the blacktop, and then he'd come and pick me up and then we'd go to Yates.

Mrs. Gayton: Wasn't any blacktop then though.

Henry: No, there wasn't any blacktop then. It was gravel then.

We worked eight hours and come back same way and he put us on this job for the winter. And we'll keep you on steady he said. We worked together pretty good. So I was carryin' that damn plaster. You know, you ever carry hot...? Oh, boy, shoulder used to get pretty raw. And plasterin'...there were two brothers. We was workin' there and there was a place you had t' go up and had to turn and tip it, you know. God damn I couldn't make it. I was so damn mad I said "Who in the hell wants to work two dollars and forty-three cents and break your goddamn back for two forty-three a day. And I just cussed and I just... "Don't you like this kinda work?" "The hell I do. Goddamn you can just stick it up...so then the timekeeper came. "Whattsa matter?" I said, "You can take this damn job," I said. "I don't want it." Not for two dollars and forty-three cents a day." So they raised me two cents. They gave me two forty-five. I worked a little while and then I thought oh, the heck with it. Oh, it was tough.

Mrs. Gayton: Then you got cattle, didn't ya?

Henry: Yeah. Then I got so damn sick of it I went and got a loan. Somethin' like this FHA loan. We had a different setup. It was an Indian setup, you know. So I bought eight cows and a team. I raised a bunch o' horses. I milked 'em for a while, till I was out there. These are all range cows I broke to milk. I had the hovels on there and I was about half scared too. I was sweatin' like a darn old big horse. Doggone this one cow had pinkeye, you know, in one eye, see and the cat came in there and she saw this other side. Boy she just kicked and away she went. I was milkin' her in the shed and boy, she took off. She just took off for half a mile so I got on the horse and boy, I

stayed right behind her. I made her hop clear back again. Took the hobbles off and that was the last o' milkin'. Geez...golly I was so darn mad. Oh, we had it pretty tough.

Mrs. Gayton: And I taught school.

Henry: And then she taught school and the wages wasn't worth goin' for, you know, but it was better 'n nothin'. She stayed right with me for till we got a little bit on our feet then. The wages was gettin' a little better for her and I kept on workin' a little. What we used to make is three times that now.

Mrs. Gayton: But that's the way we got our start. Built up this place. Used to live in this house at one time, was in town.

Larry: Jim did?

Mrs. Gayton: Mm-hmm.

Jim: I sold a lot o' beer. Used to be an old saloon. Boy, he sold a lot o' beer in...

Henry: I bought this house for four hundred and fifty dollars. In town.

Jim: I lived in his...we lived in his house for seven years.

Mrs. Gayton: It was just this much. When we built on.

Henry: We built on and remodeled, put a bathroom in and everything. Then I bought three other buildings besides this for four hundred ^(and) fifty dollars. Had 'em moved out here for ninety. Then it cost me quite a bit to remodel it. In sixty-two, wasn't it? I put a well in and sewer...got running water, so we're livin' comfortable.

Larry: Was it hard to find good water in...around Selfridge here... in Sioux County?

Henry: No. It was good water.

Jim: It was all good water.

Henry: That well in the old place up there, that, boy, that was hard. That's hard water. Anybody'd come there, boy, it'd turn

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their stomach, I'll tell ya.

Mrs. Gayton: Alkali.

Henry: Yeah, a lot o' alkali in it.

Mrs. Gayton: Both these wells are good water. It's all good water.

Larry: Are these surface wells, then?

Mrs. Gayton: No, deep wells.

Henry: This one here is a hundred and sixty-five feet deep and the other one out--for the cattle there--that's a hundred and fifty-one feet.

Larry: But it's good water, huh?

Henry: Good water. You can taste some before you go, boy, that's good water.

Larry: Henry, how early would you have to get up when you were working on dams out in the brakes? How early would you have to get up to milk the cows and get out there by eight o'clock?

Henry: Oh, around four. Get the horses in, harness 'em up and hook 'em on the wagon and start out.

Larry: How late would it be by the time you got home, then?

Henry: Oh, take about an hour and a half. Two hours sometimes. All depends. How fast you drive.

Mrs. Gayton: This ain't like city water, but I think it's good water.

Larry: Oh, well I don't like city water too well.

Jim: I don't like that water in town.

Larry: I don't either. No. This is good water.

Jim: Tastes of the pipe, you know. Rusty. I have rainwater. I'm not connected with the water in town. I use rainwater. I got a cistern.

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Larry: That's a good idea. I don't blame ya. I don't like that city water, either.

Jim: You tasted of it, huh? I never liked it.

Henry: When he goes out to Portland he don't even drink water at all while he's out there. Maybe two months, three months, he don't even drink water.

Mrs. Gayton: His children are all out west.

Henry: He doesn't drink water out there at all.

Larry: What do you drink, Jim?

Jim: Oh, coffee, tea. But I don't...The water's good but I just don't care for 't. I never touch it. Not even a mouthful.

Mrs. Gayton: You don't drink much water anyway, do you?

Jim: At home, I drink, you know. You see there's no mineral in that water out west. No mineral. Here, you know, there's mineral in this water, you know. It's good water all right.

Mrs. Gayton: Are you getting tired?

Jim: Me? No.

Mrs. Gayton: Do you go to bed early or do you go to bed late?

Jim: Oh, I go to bed early, you know. I get up around a quarter after four. In the morning.

Henry: Hell, he'd a been in bed two hours ago, already.

Mrs. Gayton: It's nine o'clock your time.

Larry: Well, we just about got that tape filled up.

Mrs. Gayton: I was just wondering if you want him to tell... I think he remembers about the early churches. Don't you?

Larry: Okay, yeah.

Jim: What?

Mrs. Gayton: The early churches. What was the earliest church that was here?

Jim: Oh...that was Pentecost. That I know of.

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Mrs. Gayton: The Catholic Church, that came afterwards, huh?

Jim: Yeah...

Henry: Say, Jim, we was talkin' about here one day. Mrs. Hinton was here. Who was

Larry: This is Larry Sprunk and the following is the completion of the interview with Mr. Jim Gayton and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gayton which was begun at the Henry Gayton home outside Selfridge the 17th of June, 1974 and which was completed the evening of October 25, 1974 again at the Henry Gayton home outside Selfridge. The interview began at approximately 7:00 in the evening and although there was a gap of months between the two interviewing sessions the topics generally speaking cover the same areas only are more intensive in this completing portion of the interview. Mrs. May Hinton of Selfridge was also at this last session and her voice is heard occasionally in the interview in this last portion.

Larry: They gave me a whole list of questions, Jim, to ask you.

Jim: Maybe I don't know.

Larry: Now you said on that interview that I had with you before that your folks were married at Fort Rice in eighteen fifty-eight.

Jim: Thirty-eight. Or...fifty-eight, yeah, you're right.

Larry: Was there a store there then or...the Fort wasn't there according to this guy at the museum, the fort wasn't started until eighteen sixty-four as a fort. Was there a store there before that?

Jim: Not that I...I don't know. That's all my dad ever said.

Larry: Was that they were married at Fort Rice in eighteen fifty-eight.

Jim: Yes sir.

Larry: Okay. Say, I met a guy down in Mott that used to work on

the railroad with you, Jim, and he told me to say hello to you when I saw you again. Do you remember a guy named Basanko? William Basanko?

Jim: Oh, yeah. Oh, Bill Basanko. Sure. He's retired. Section foreman. Yeah, I know Bill.

Larry: Told me to say hello to ya.

Jim: Yeah? Well, gee.

Larry: Can you tell me a little bit more...well, Hank, you might be able to help on this, too...about the Stiles Cattle Company? You mentioned that in the other interview but you didn't say too much about it. Was that started before your family came over across the river? Was the Stiles Cattle Company?...

Henry: No, that was started after.

Jim: That was later, later, later...way back...

Henry: That was started in the teens there.

Jim: Oh, yeah.

Henry: See, when we went to that boarding school there we used to watch 'em, you know...

Jim: Northwest o' Fort Yates, over in here in the hill there.

Henry: He had seven thousand. They used to feed 'em right along them hills there right west o' Yates.

Larry: Was that after the Indians were given citizenship and taxed?

Jim and Henry (simultaneous): Oh, yes.

Larry: That was after that?

Henry: Before that.

Larry: Oh, before that.

Jim: You see we was allotted by the government nineteen eight. We got our land from the government. Yeah. In nineteen eight.

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Larry: But then where was he running his cattle? Was that open range?

Jim: He had a big pasture over here.

Henry: Oh he had the lease.

Larry: Oh, I see. He leased it through the Indian office.

Jim: Yup.

Henry: BIA. He run around ten thousand head o' cattle in there. Clear up to Solen. You know where Solen is? He had from Fort Yates clear up to Solen and from there clear out to number six. He had that whole thing up in there.

Larry: How long did that outfit keep going?

Jim: Well, I couldn't tell ya. He knows more.

Henry: I think they pulled it up in nineteen twenty-four. See Wesley--you remember Wesley Shock--he was the foreman on there. I think around nineteen twenty-four.

Larry: Did Jack Ramie--was he a foreman for that outfit too?

Jim: Yeah. He worked for Stiles.

Henry: Jack Ramie, Charlie Dunn, he's gone, Jack Ramie's gone... oh, there's several of 'em. They're all gone now.

Mrs. Gayton: Do you remember any others?

Henry: Bunch o' them cowboys, you know, they're all dead. Hank Onefeather's one of 'em. And George...

Larry: Is that the same George Defender, Hank, that was a good rodeo...

Henry: Rider? Yeah. That's the guy. He used to work for him. They ride a bronc every day. Ride 'em out. Sometime they have to walk home. *Horse comes home and they're out in the pasture someplace.*

Larry: Can you remember any other foremen or cowboys that rode for Stiles?

Jim: I couldn't tell ya.

Henry: Oh, golly,

I don't remember.

Jim: They were all cowboys them days.

Henry: Keepseagles. There's one o' them living yet in Fort Yates. Joe Keepseagles. I think he used t' ride. Oh, golly, there's so darn many of 'em but I can't remember their names any more. Most of them are dead.

Larry: Jim, I wanted to ask you, when you were a boy, growing up, did your mother ever fix Indian meals, turnips or anything, for the kids? Or did your dad do the cooking?

Jim: Oh, yes. Well, I tell ya, when it came to making bread, light bread, my dad done all the baking. He cooked for all his crew. That cut his cord wood, you know. His crew. And till my sisters growed up. Then they started to cook then. Took over, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: But what did your mother cook?

Jim: Well, my mother used to cook, you know, just among her own family, you know, yeah, oh, yes, we had wild turnips, you know, cooked with meat, you know, oh, we always thought there was nothing like that, you know. Any better, I mean.

Henry: Dried corn? Turkey?

Jim: Yeah, dried corn, you know.

Mrs. Gayton: Dried meat?

Jim: Dried beef, you know.

Larry: How did they dry the beef, Jim? Was that the way they made pemican or...

Jim: Well, pemican is where they pound the meat up, you know. After it's dry they roast it in the oven, you know, and then they pound that up. It's just fluffy, you know. Boy, that's real good.

Henry: My cousin makes it, you know. She makes it in those big roasting pans, you know. She's gonna make me a bunch of it this

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winter.

Mrs. Hinton: How do you mean fluffy, Jim? That was berries and meat, wasn't it?

Jim: You know, it's all pounded up till it's just, you know...

Mrs. Hinton: I read several different ^{kinds of} recipes for pemican

'cause I been watching for the different kinds of food. They didn't all make it the same. Some used venison...

Jim: But when they make it into pemican they put grease in it, you know.

Henry: Marrow.

Mrs. Hinton: Wasn't it bone marrow, too? That's right, we had bone marrow.

Jim: Well, they chop these bones all up of a critter that's been butchered, you know. Then they boil that an' all that grease comes outta the bone, you know, and they skim that off. Boy, that never freezes hardly. It's always...

Henry: Just gets thick is all.

Mrs. Hinton: Well they said it tasted just as good as butter. That's what some white man...I don't know whether it was Major McLaughlin or somebody said that.

Henry: Rich. Awful rich.

Larry: Would choke cherries go into that too?

Jim: Yeah. Into that pemican.

Henry: Say, Cora, bring one o' them swords over here.

Mrs. Gayton: Kate and I made some. But we ground it in the... we ground it, see.

Henry: See the Indians take rocks and smash 'em.

Larry: Is that pemican now?

Henry: No, that's dried cherries. Wild cherries.

Mrs. Gayton: They make boujappe out o' this, they call it.

They take this and soak it in water now. You soak it in water,

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boil it and then some strain it. And then you take that--to get the seeds out, see--you boil this and you get the seeds out and then you sweeten it and thicken it with,...and then you strain it and then you ^{sweeten} it and thicken it with cornstarch and then it's kinda like a thin soup. Or I mean a pudding. Thin pudding, and then they eat it with fried bread. Smell it.

Henry: It's choke cherries.

Mrs. Gayton: Can you smell choke cherries?

Larry: Those are choke cherries, huh? Oh, yeah, it really smells rich.

Jim: Boy, that's a real meal. You take that and take some o' that good ol' fried bread. The way the Indians make it. Oh, jesus, boy, you can really make a meal outta that.

Henry: (to Mrs. Hinton) You ever eat any o' that?

Mrs. Hinton: No, I never have.

Larry: Jim, can you tell me how your mother made Indian bread, fried bread?

Jim: Oh, she used to just stir it up, you know, with flour and baking powder.

Henry: Very little lard.

Jim: Little lard.

Larry: And drop it in...?

Jim: Then they roll it out...

Henry: Then they roll it out and they slit it with a knife...

Jim: You could put it in a bread pan, you know, just put it right in there, the full size o' the bread pan, and bake it you know.

Henry: That's that other...that's that gobooboo bread. On the stove.

Jim: Oh, this is...fried bread, we called it, you know.

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Henry: Yeah...fried in deep fat.

Jim: Yeah.

Henry: But this other you know that other bread...boy, that's real good.

Larry: Now what kind are you talking about, Hank?

Henry: Gobooboo bread, they called it.

Larry: Is that what Jim was describing?

Henry: I think so.

Jim: It's somethin' like corn bread. Whole thing, you know. In the pan, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: Corn meal in it?

Jim: No, no. Just flour.

Henry: Put it in there and put it on top o' the stove and she cooked. My sister bakes that. Then you could cut it up an' boy, that's good.

Jim: They put bacon grease all on the top and bake it, you know.

Larry: Was that regular bread dough?

Jim: Yeah, that was bread dough. Yeah. Regular bread dough. My mother used to make that.

Henry: Gobooboo bread, they call it.

Jim: Oh, I don't know. What they call it.

Henry: Yeah, my sister made it.

Larry: Jim, in the last time I talked to you you mentioned the last big Indian buffalo hunt but you didn't give a date. Can you remember approximately what year that might have been? The last big buffalo hunt, where they went west and I think you said they got eleven hundred buffalo in one day?

Jim: Eleven hundred, yes. In one day's hunt. That was around better 'n ninety years ago now.

Larry: Was it in the eighteen eighties or...

Jim: Past...it's past that now, I guess. In the...

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Larry: The late eighteen seventies?

Jim: Yes, it's over...purt near pretty close to a hundred years ago now. As far as I can remember. The Indians went from Fort Yates here they made three campings, you know, stops, you know, they camped. When they run into the buffalo.

Henry: Well, you could see them old trails right through here.

Jim: Yeah.

Henry: Yeah, right over east there you could see where them old trail...clear t' Fort Yates.

Jim: Three days camping when they run into the buffalo.

Larry: And that would have been in the late eighteen seventies or early eighteen eighties.

Jim: In the eighties I guess it was. Right from Fort Yates, here.

Larry: Eighteen eighty-four, yeah.

Jim: Yeah, eighteen...yeah.

Mrs. Hinton: I knew there was a place in here where I had...

Jim: Yeah, that's quite a few years ago now.

Larry: Jim, can you remember Winona at all or was that mostly gone when you were growing up?

Jim: What's that?

Larry: Winona.

Jim: Oh, Winona. That's quite a little town yet.

Henry: That's where they used to go and get their whiskey.

Larry: Can you remember any of the guys that ran stores or had...

Jim: John Stiles had a store there.

Larry: He did?

Jim: He's the one that had the store here. Fort Yates. Him and Cagnon together.

Larry: What was Cagnon's first name? Do you remember?

Jim: Jack.

Mrs. Gayton: Carrington.

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Larry: Oh, Carrington. Jack Carrington.

Jim: He was French. Jack was.

Larry: So Stiles got his start over in Winona and then crossed the river...

Jim: And came over here, yeah.

Henry: Yeah, an had a store here. They used to call it the big store and then the Hokinson's owned the other store--right across from the BIA office. They used to call that the little store.

Larry: In Fort Yates.

Henry: Yeah. Where the hospital stands now that's where this old big store used to be. That's where Carrington and Stiles owned. Up there by the hospital.

Larry: Who had some of the other stores and bars in Winona, Jim?

Jim: Well, John had a bar there.

Mrs. Gayton: John Stiles?

Jim: John Stiles.

Larry: He had a store and a bar.

Jim: Mm-hmm.

Larry: I read somewhere that Moustache Maude and Ott Black had a bar in Winona for a while. Is that true?

Jim: Well, that's where she originated from. I know that. Old Moustache Maude.

Mrs. Hinton: You know that in his book he never mentions being married to her.

Larry: Who, Ott Black?

Mrs. Hinton: Ott Black. In his End of the Longhorn Trail. He never mentions her as his wife.

Larry: Were they ever married formally?

Henry: I don't know. We've known 'em for years. I don't know. Boy, she was a tough one, I tell ya. She had a beard just like

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yours. Oh, boy. That old Bull Durham sack hangin' outta here and some leather pants she wears, you know, them chaps. Cigarette in her mough and one up here, you know and match on the other side. She used to live up here in the hills. She'd come to town with a team. She's nice though.

Jim: Had a big six shooter always carryin'. In her belt.

Mrs. Gayton: I came in nineteen twenty-seven and I remember her.

Jim: (to Mrs. Hinton) You've seen her, haven't ya?

Mrs. Hinton: No.

JIM: Oh, you wasn't here when she was around here too much, huh?

Larry: When did she die?

Henry: Gee, when did she die? I can't remember.

Jim: You got me.

Larry: Did you ever go to Winona as a kid, Jim?

Jim: We come through there. Way back, coming over t' Fort Yates, we crossed over on the ice, you know. My dad and my mother and I.

Larry: So there was still a town there then.

Jim: Oh, yes. It wasn't much of a town but it's still a little berg or whatever you call it, you know.

Henry: I think you could still see some buildings over there.

Jim: No. There's nothing there anymore. That's all under water there.

Mrs. Hinton: Where did you go to school, Jim? Where did you go to school over there?

Henry: Linton, didn't ya.

Jim: No, no. Horsehead. One o' them little county crackerboxes, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: Was Cannonball called Heckton when you lived over there? It was.

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Jim: What?

Mrs. Hinton : Cannonball was called Heckton. Do you remember? H-E-K-T-O-N. Do you remember that?

Jim: No, I never heard that.

Henry: Yeah, I can remember that.

Mrs. Gayton: Yeah, I've heard that too, that it was called.

Larry: Jim, I've heard that Winona was such a wild town. Was there a sheriff there? Was there any marshall or sheriff or anything in Winona?

Henry: All the law's on this side.

Jim: That was a tough town, I guess. When we came through there, I tell you there was six shooters goin' off ^{over there} you know, everywheres, you know.

Larry: Is that where the soldiers would go...

Jim: Yes. From Fort Yates. Every pay day they go over there.

Henry: Walk across on ice, you know when it's froze over. I know my dad used to tell about that.

Larry: Is that why it was so wild?

Jim: Yes sir.

Larry: Because of the soldiers going over and...

Jim: You bet your life. You don't want to be caught over there, I'll tell ya. With them soldiers around there.

Larry: Was that right on the river bank, Jim?

Jim: Yeah, it's just straight back. Right back. Just outta the timber, you know. In a little raise, you know.

Larry: Was that town tore down or did it burn down or did it flood out or...

Jim: I guess all torn down.

Larry: Say, Jim, I was going to ask you and I forgot last time. They tore down all of those buildings up there that were Fort Lincoln when the army abandoned that fort up at Mandan.

Was that all torn down before you ever went to Mandan or can you remember seeing any of that fort left yet?

Jim: That musta been torn down after we came over here.

Larry: Oh. Cause there wasn't anything there when you...

Jim: There was a fort there, you see. That's where Custer started out of. Yes.

Larry: But you never saw any of that?

Jim: I never was up Fort Lincoln at all.

Larry: When did these big farmers come in and starte breaking the land in Sioux County and raising flax? Because last time I talked to you and Hank you mentioned that there was a lot of big outfits would come into Sioux County and break up a whole bunch o' land and put it into flax and then after they got their flas off of it they'd just leave it.

Henry: Then they come back in the fall. To harvest it.

Larry: Yeah. What years did that happen?

Henry: Oh, that's in the teens.

Jim: Yeah, that's in the teens, you know.

Henry: See, my brothers had a half section out there. while I was a quarter. They used to go through...two miles long. Sig Robertson and his brother. They broke up a lot o' that land in there.

Larry: Would they lease it for a certain period of time?

Henry: Yup.

Jim: Fifty cents an acre.

Henry: Fifty cents an acre that time. Now it's about four... four or five...six dollars. Yeah.

Jim: They got the crop off the first breaking. That didn't cost 'em nothing. They'd lease the land, they'd break it an got the crop but the lease didn't cost 'em nothing. But after that, you

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know, if they paid fifty cents an acre.

Mrs. Hinton: Oh, they didn't have to pay before they'd broke it, huh?

Henry: No. It's raw land, you see, and they let 'em break it I guess...I don't remember that part.

Jim: Yeah.

Henry: That's how they broke that whole country in west of Selfridge here and southwest. Sig Robertson, Nick Robertson, and Craling over here had them great big old tractors, you know. Huber. You don't hear of 'em anymore. Huber tractors...what the heck was that big tractor ol' Craling had? That was a Huber, wasn't it? That great big old tractor. You don't hear of 'em anymore.

Jim: He'd go just half a section right outta town there.

Larry: Jim, was Major McLaughlin well-liked? Because there are some people at the museum asked me to ask you if you can remember how Major McLaughlin was liked in Fort Yates because some of the things that have been written about McLaughlin make him look like he was very popular and other things that have been written about him make him look like he was kind of a scoundrel. Can you remember how McLaughlin...

Henry: You know the Indians say they sold us down the river.

Jim: Well, he was here before we came over here, you know. Way back, you know. And I didn't know much about Major McLaughlin at all. I saw him after we came over here, you know, years afterwards. He was a--what you call--in Washington--inspector. Yeah.

Mrs. Hinton: Oh, yeah. The cattle an' things, wasn't he? The cattle that was given to the Indians--didn't he have t' inspect that?

Jim: Well, he was an inspector on the reservations, you know.

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To see that they was run the way they should be, you know. His first place was at Fort Totten, I guess. Then he was transferred to Fort Yates.

Larry: Well, now, Jim, tell me the way it was. Was he a scoundrel or was he a good man?

Jim: Well, I don't know. As far as I know he was well-liked. I guess.

Larry: But would he cheat the Indians?

Jim: Well...well, he wrote a book called My Friend the Indian. Oh, he talked...he wrote that book pretty nice about the Indians but then that's all I know. I couldn't say anything.

Larry: Well, you mentioned the last time that we were here about the people at the commissary would say that when the Indians came in to buy coffee that they were supposed to measure the coffee with their hand down in the scoop.

Jim: That was at Fort Rice.

Larry: McLaughlin wasn't connected with that?

Jim: No, no. Fort McLaughlin never was up there. At Fort Rice, you know. That's about thirty miles out of Mandan, you know. Right along the river. Where that fort was.

Larry: Yeah, further north.

Jim: This way. South.

Larry: But north of Fort Yates.

Jim: Oh, yes.

Larry: Yeah. Way up there. Yeah. Who was in charge of Fort Rice while that was being done. I mean who was responsible for cheating like that.

Jim: Well, that was...at Major Galpin's store. That's where my dad worked.

Larry: Yeah. Galpin was the guy that was in charge o' that.

Jim: That's the way he trained his men. To serve the Indians,

you know, see. If they wanted coffee, why put your whole hand in that pint cup and dip it up. So they wasn't gettin much for a dollar, you know. Same way with sugar. That's what my dad said. He had to do it, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: Galpin became an agency super^{int}endent later, didn't he?

Jim: Yeah.

Larry: Was Galpin an agency superintendent down here at Fort Yates?

Jim: No, no. No, Galpin, I don't know after that. After my dad moved away from Fort Rice, you know. But that's where he got a lot of this groceries, you know. Hauled it down there. And some on the steamboat. Comin' up from Saint Louis, you know.

Larry: How was Frank Zahn like? Now, you would remember that too, Hank, wouldn't you. You can remember him. Was he a good judge at Fort Yates?

Jim: Frank...Zain? Yeah, we always say Zain.

Henry: I've pronounced that wrong.

Mrs. Hinton: I always say Zahn. That's Francis, huh?

Mrs. Gayton: Francis they always called him. Francis.

Jim: Francis you mean. Francis Zain.

Larry: Yeah.

Jim: Oh, as far as I know. He's a swell guy. Francis.

Larry: He was there when you were going to school, wouldn't he have been, Hank?

Henry: I remember that. He was quite a fiddler too.

Larry: Oh, he played the fiddle too.

Mrs. Gayton: Yeah, he was an artist.

Larry: Was he a judge in Indian...

Henry: Indian judge.

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Mrs. Hinton: Interpreter.

Jim: Yeah, he was an interpreter.

Mrs. Hinton: Wasn't he at Sitting Bull's killing?

Jim: I don't know whether he was a judge or not.

Henry: He was an Indian judge.

Mrs. Gayton: That's lately, now. That's later.

That's after I got here. I think that May you know that too. That was in the thirties, I think.

Henry: She calls herself Mrs. Judge, you know. They still call him judge.

Mrs. Gayton: She's still living, you know.

Larry: Well, was Francis really a judge or was he just an interpreter? Or was he a judge for an agency...

Jim: He done a little interpreting. Far as I know, he done a little interpreting.

Henry: He's a Indian judge. Indian courts.

Jim: But he's dead now. Yeah.

Mrs. Gayton: Yeah, but he was a judge in the Indian...

Mrs. Hinton: He was an interpreter at Fort McLaughlin. According to what I read.

Larry: But as far as you guys can remember he got along in Fort Yates and there weren't any hard feelings or...

Henry: No.

Jim: No.

Henry: Then his nephew took over, you know. Louis, he was the judge. After he retired. Then he moved to Bismarck, see, then it was Gipp took over.

Larry: He followed Francis Zain. What kind of an effect-- in nineteen fifteen or in nineteen thirty-four--there was a major change in government policy toward the Indians as far as this fellow at the museum told me that in nineteen thirty-four

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there was a change in government regulations toward the Indians around here. Do you remember any change in nineteen thirty-four as far as the government policy was concerned?

Henry: Well, I don't know. We used to have these farmers, you know, they called 'em, like old Shipman...

Jim: Every district.

Henry: Every district there was a farmer, you see. Then they'd go out an' tell you what to do.

Larry: Yeah, that must have been what they were talking about.

Jim: Must be, yeah.

Henry: They're all gone and dead. This Jefferson up here and Shipman at Fort Yates an'...Bill...what's his name?...Bill... you know, the postmaster. Father.

Mrs. Gayton: Hokinson.

Henry: No, no.

Mrs. Gayton: Stewart.

Henry: Stewart. Ol' Bill Stewart. He was a farmer. See, every week...every month they get together and then they have to go out and tell these...I mean they have a meeting down here and then they tell these farmers what they're supposed to do. Go around and tell these young guys--us guys, you know--what to do, see.

Jim: And if there's something you need you're in this district-- Porcupine--why that agent there or farmer, they call him, he'd recommend it for you. Down at Fort Yates see.

Henry: If you don't, why you're out.

Jim: Yeah, that's all laid down, you know. That's the authority they had.

Larry: They were called boss farmers?

Jim: Yeah, that's it. Boss farmers.

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Larry: And they were supervisors or something like that?

Jim: Yeah.

Mrs. Hinton: Was it ~~only~~ farming or was it cattle too?

Jim: Cannonball had one. He run that district, you know. Took care o' them people in that district, see.

Larry: Didn't Porcupine have a bad one there for a while? I talked to a fellow up at...

Henry: J efferson.

Jim: Jefferson?

Henry: He had a big fight with them...

Jim: Oh, I guess he fought for the rights for the Indians, you know, but they almost killed him, you know, by Turners. Turner boys.

Larry: Yeah...this fellow up at Raleigh was telling me about the boss farmer that got in at Porcupine and got in a little bit o' trouble.

Henry: That's that Jefferson.

Larry: He got in trouble not with the Indians but with the government or with the white people or?...

Jim: White people. They turned their stock loose when they had no business, see. On the Indian property, land.

Larry: They were running their cattle west...

Jim: At large, you know. He took 'em up for damages an' that's how they almost killed him. They used two by fours on him at-- what was that little town up here?--

Henry: Breen.

Jim: No, right here. Chadwick. There they pounded him up, you know. He held them cattle for damages, you know. For trespassing.

Henry: That's when this Harkins, I was tellin' you about-- he had a run a lotta cattle in the ground. Eight thousand

head. And he lived right close to Chadwick, you know.

Larry: Where was Chadwick from Selfridge? Approximately.

Jim: Ten miles north.

Larry: Ten miles north.

Mrs. Hinton: On the railroad? Right on the line, wasn't it?

Jim: Yeah, right on the railroad.

Larry: Was that a holding point or a shipping point or...

Jim: Yeah, there's stockyards there. Yes.

Larry: An' that's where this Jefferson was holding the cattle for damages that they had done to the Indian land?

Jim: Yeah.

Larry: And that's where they got him.

Jim: Yeah. There at Chadwick. Yeah.

Henry: Oh, they used to make some awful raids here, boy.

When old Mosmueller^A was superintendent here when Jefferson and Stewart and Hanson they'd go out to these farmers. Catch 'em with a bunch, you know. REady to go. Take it out and dump it out to the pigs. See a bunch o' drunken pigs, you know.

Jim: This F. C. Turner, he was a bad one. That's the one that the Indians called a bad man.

Mrs. Hinton: That wasn't the Turners, then, at Fort Yates.

Henry: No, these were different Turners. They lived right up here where the Yates road turns off. Just a little east there, a little ways.

Jim: Yeah. F. C. Turner.

Larry: What did the F stand for?

Jim: You got me. That's all I know. He always treated me all right.

Henry: Fred C. Turner, I think.

Jim: F. C. Turner. That was his name.

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Henry: I think his name is Fred.

Larry: Did he lease land, Jim, from the Indians?

Jim: Oh, yes, he had land. But sometimes, you know, he'd just turn 'em loose, let 'em graze on Indian land, you know, without paying for it, you know. That's how come that Jefferson picked him up, you know.

Larry: Well, couldn't they cut him off from his lease, I mean if he would...

Jim: Well now, I don't know.

Henry: They could hold him for trespassing, that's about all.

Jim: Yeah.

Larry: But he was one o' the worst around here.

Jim: That's right. He had a lotta...

Mrs. Hinton: Is that Sioux County now? I should be getting notes on that.

Henry: Yeah, they were tough. I think he had three...three or four boys.

Jim: Jim Turner and Bradford Turner and...

Henry: Thirty, forty below zero, hell, their furs would be wide open. Didn't even bother 'em.

Larry: And that was during the early thirties, was it?

Henry: No, no. In the...that's in the teens, wasn't it? Or the twenties.

Jim: In the twenties, I guess it was. Yeah.

Larry: Well when they had these boss farmers, did the Indians still have land by families or had they lost a lotta that land when the taxes came? Now, you mentioned the last time I was here in nineteen seventeen, I think, you said that everybody in this district had gone over to Porcupine and they had gotten a citizenship button or something...

Jim: Three hundred and fifty. Was turned loose. Able-bodied.

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Mrs. Hinton: What was the date o' that?

Jim: Able-bodied Indians.

Henry: Nineteen seventeen.

Jim: Nineteen seventeen.

Mrs. Hinton: That's why I was surprised when you said you got your land in nineteen eight.

Jim: Well, that's when they turned me loose, see, from...

Henry: Yeah, my dad too.

Jim: Yeah, all the Gaytons was turned loose that day. Three hundred and fifty all told. Able-bodied to take care of themselves.

Larry: But that was in seventeen.

Jim: Nineteen seventeen.

Larry: But the Gaytons got their land in nineteen eight.

Jim: Oh, yeah, everybody got their allotment in nineteen eight.

Henry: Sure.

Larry: But then they weren't taxed until seventeen. Right?

Henry: Yeah, that's when they turned 'em loose. Started taxing 'em, you see they were citizens but they couldn't go in the bar and buy beer or anything else.

Larry: In seventeen.

Henry: Well, ever since then.

Larry: Well then in the thirties when there were these boss farmers the Indians have been able to keep as families enough land so that they were farming their own land. The Indians weren't leasing land from the Indian agencies...?

Jim: Yeah, they had their land yet you know. They hadn't sold any of it you know. Oh, once in a while, maybe a quarter they'd sell, you know.

Larry: But now like you mentioned Hank, your dad lost a section... in seventeen.

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Henry: No, he didn't lose that. He lost a half a section.

Jim: Yes, after that was allotted him. Two weeks after I was turned loose from, from, you know, the government...

Mrs. Hinton: Made a citizen.

Jim: ...this courthouse slapped taxes right on my land. Two weeks after I was turned loose. As an able-bodied man. A citizen. Forty dollars a quarter.

Henry: That's a half a section he lost 'cause he couldn't pay the taxes.

Larry: Well, now, that land that you lost, was that land opened up for white settlers then or...

Henry and Jim: (simultaneously) No.

Larry: ...did it go back to the government or to the Indian agency...

Jim: Belonged to the county.

Mrs. Hinton: Wasn't that the land that was auctioned off then?

Jim: Right here. Yeah.

Mrs. Hinton: On the steps of the courthouse, wasn't it?

Henry: Val's livin' on one quarter. The the section that you're talkin' about that was my uncle's. That's the Gayton in Selfridge.

Larry: Over by Selfridge.

Henry: The Gayton addition. Wendon Feist is livin' on half of it and Harry Whipple is living on the other half.

Larry: So that land went back to the county and then the county it was auctioned off but the Indians that lost it never got a chance to get it back. That didn't go back to the Indian agency or...

Jim: No.

Larry:...it just. It was sold at a public auction.

Henry: I suppose.

Jim: Belonged to the county.

Larry: What kind of farming would these boss farmers try to

get going in Sioux County?

Henry: Just like they do now. Just like the rest of 'em, you know. With the horses. Had no tractors them days.

Larry: I was gonna say where would you get the equipment?

Henry: Didn't have any. They gave us one o' those walking plows. We had ta farm with that. Then we bought these... sulkies, we called 'em...

Larry: Riding [↑]bobs.

Mrs. Hinton: Hank was that plow given to the Indians who came in on the reservation? Into the reservation.

Henry: No, just a lot east. See, then, when we, when they got theirs--see, I never got in on that--we got, when we was eighteen they call it Sioux benefit. You applied for that. I think we got...what the heck was it? Paid two hundred dollars, I think. They give you that. Then when I was twenty-one you callit the...trust fund, wasn't it. Twenty-one. You get that trust fund. That was about six hundred dollars I got. They just give ya that.

Jim: You had to apply for it in Washington.

Henry: Yeah, you had to make out an application.

Jim: You got credit there for a year, you know. In Washington.

Larry: Well, that whole farming operation in the early thirties couldn't have been too successful, ^{could} it? That was a drought then. You couldn't raise anything in the thirties around...

Henry: No, these was in the...that was earlier than that. They give ya. They give 'em each a team.

Larry: But I mean the boss farmer. That operation. That was in the thirties, was it?

Henry: Well they was just about gone then.

Mrs. Hinton: When I came to Shields in thirty-seven there was

a boss farmer out at Porcupine substation. His name was Osmond. I think his name was Osmond.

Henry: Yeah, that was after Jefferson left.

Mrs. Hinton: Was in thirty-seven. But there was a boss farmer there then.

Larry: Yet in thirty-seven.

Mrs. Hinton: Thirty-seven. In September of thirty-seven.

Mrs. Gayton: Yeah, that's right.

Mrs. Hinton: And they stayed there through that school year.

Larry: But that must have been pretty futile to try and raise... you know, get Indians to raise good crops in the thirties as dry as it was. Or was the drought bad here, Jim?

Jim: Oh, I guess.

Mrs. Gayton: Boy, I'll say.

Henry: I got a loan through the agent and I was workin' at Yates. I worked in Yates on, you know, common labor. I got so darn tired of it in thirty-six I applied for this loan. I got a thousand dollars, I believe it was. Or two thousand, I forget what it was now. I went and bought me eight cows. An' a team. I raised a bunch o' horses. And outta them eight cows I raised a few head. That was a comfort, I tell you. You hadda buy hay at twenty-two dollars a ton and that Minnesota hay, nice green hay, they just laid down on it and that's it. And the neighbor down here--^ALawrencon--he put up a whole bunch o' these thistles. And just a mush, you know. They'll leave the green hay and I'll throw in that two three four five, maybe, forkfuls o that damn thistles. They'll eat that and leave the damn green hay.

Mrs. Hinton: That was cut when it was green wasn't it.

Henry: Mm-hmm.

Larry: The thistles.

Henry: Thistles.

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Larry: Were you on the railroad, then, Jim, in the thirties. You were working on the railroad.

Jim: Yeah, I quit farming in twenty-four.

Larry: That's when you started on the railroad.

Jim: Twenty-five I went to work on the railroad.

Larry: Where did you work out of?

Jim: Outta Selfridge.

Larry: Was that a division point?

Jim: No.

Larry: You worked on the section gang...

Jim: Yeah. Sections.

Larry: What was your territory, Jim?

Jim: We took care of fifteen miles o' track from Selfridge north and first south and then north then they give us twenty-three miles to take care of. The lengthened the sections, you know.

Henry: Went clear through Raleigh.

Jim: We worked...we helped each other, you know. There was a section crew at Raleigh, one at Shields, one at Maple Leaf down here between here and McLaughlin.

Larry: Is Maple Leaf in North Dakota? Or is it...

Jim: No, that's in South Dakota.

Larry: So you had fifteen miles of track both ways from...

Jim: Well, we used to work that way, you know. And then they give us this section this way you know. From Selfridge.

Henry: North.

Jim: Yeah, north.

Larry: So you had--you didn't have--track on both sides of Selfridge you had from Selfridge fifteen miles north and then later twenty-three miles north.

Jim: Yeah.

Henry: Then they went south...

Jim: Then they got another foreman. He took care of from Selfridge south to McLaughlin.

Larry: I see. There were two section gangs.

Jim: Yeah. Right together, here, you know. See.

Larry: How many men would be on a section gang?

Jim: Well, sometimes we had seven, you know. In the good days. But but nowadays there's only one man with a boss. Take care of seventy-eight miles of track.

Larry: Jim, did you have handcars when you were working?

Jim: Just one day I helped pump a handcar. When I went to work. That's all.

Larry: And then they got the motor.

Jim: Motor. Motorcars, yes.

Larry: Would you have to run over the track after every train went through? Or how often?

Jim: Not exactly.

Larry: How often would you have to check your track?

Jim: Oh, 'bout the end o' the week, or somethin' like that. Go over the track, you know. See everything is okay. We're always busy puttin' them ties in, I'll tell ya. Eighty and ninety a day, you know.

Larry: Was the track in better shape then? A lot better shape then than it is...

Jim: No. Boy. Just mudtrack. No gravel, nothing. Just mud-track. Gumbo, you might call it. Oh, they used t' have wrecks, you know. And big holes, you know. Tracks. Sunk in the ground you know.

Larry: Would they break a lotta track in the wintertime?

Jim: Yeah, they do. They snap quite a few rails. You see in the wintertime they get stuck in these snowbanks, you know,

cuts or somethin', they--them old locomotives them days, you know, they spin, spin the wheel, they just eat the rail out, you know. And when it's frosty they'll snap, you know. Oh, yeah.

Larry: Would you have to check the rails more often in the wintertime?

Jim: Well, we go over the track, 'cause there's no ties to put in, you know, we go over the track...

Larry: So you worried about rails in the wintertime and ties in the summertime?

Jim: Yeah, yes, we change rails in the wintertime. Yeah.

Larry: How would you make the splices? Or pull the rails out in the wintertime. You didn't have electric tools or anything.

Jim: No, we had hand drill, you know. Stand there and make them holes, you know. Put bolts in. Put an angle bar on each side if it's broke, you know. Hold 'em together, you know.

Larry: Are those the same rails on that track now that were there then?

Jim: Most of 'em. That's right. They're only sixty-five pounds to the yard, you know. They're small. But they claim them's the best steel that ever was put out. Better 'n them on the main line, them big fifteen...they call it. Yes.

Larry: How often would Selfridge get trains? When you started on the railroad in twenty-four?

Jim: Every day we had two passengers. And sometime four freights.

Larry: A day?

Jim: Yes. Two of 'em goes up, two comes down, freights. Lots of traffic them days, you know. Freight, I mean.

Larry: Would you take a check on the rail in the morning and again at night or once a day or...

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Jim: Once a day, you know. We're goin' to work. We may work towards the end of our section, see. Well, you go along, we inspect the rails as we go, see. And they're all right, you know.

Larry: They must have kept the road bed a little bit cleaner than they do now, didn't they? I mean how could you check the rails...

Jim: Oh, they show up. Later on they brought gravel and we put gravel under. Had extra gangs come here and put the gravel under. He worked there. We had extra men.

Henry: I used to play him out.

Jim: Round...we had aroun' fifteen there, industry boys.

Henry: Didn't I?

Jim: Huh?

Henry: Play you out.

Jim: He never seen the day he played me out.

Mrs. Hinton: I used to see Jim coming home with railroad ties from delivery that he was givin', you know. He'd have one on his hip and one on his shoulder. Carrying 'em.

Larry: You know, Bill Basanko told me, Jim, that you were the strongest guy he ever worked with on the railroad.

Jim: He broke some o' them rails.

Larry: I wanted to ask you...how could you check the rails in the wintertime. I mean if it was a bad winter, could you see a break?

Jim: Oh, yes. If that rail'll break they'll come right up, you know.

Larry: Oh, they will.

Jim: You bet. It'll almost throw your motorcar off, you know. When you hit them. Yes.

Larry: Would an engineer know if he had broken a nail? I mean

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if you checked the rail and came home and after you got back into Selfridge, if a train came through and snapped a rail would they let you know then or didn't that ever happen?

Jim: No, they wouldn't know, you know.

Henry: They got a man that rides up on the caboose, doesn't he. He marks it for you, wherever it's bad, isn't it. Sometimes, doesn't he? Roadmaster I mean.

Jim: Oh, the roadmaster sometimes stand on the back of the caboose, you know, or coach and watch, you know. As they travel, you know. He's got good eyes and he can see if there's any broke, you know. And he'll sow a butterfly, they call it, a note, you know. Telling you there's a bad spot someplace, maybe a broken rail, you know. Get that fixed.

Larry: Did this have a good roadbed? Does this railroad have a good roadbed or did it have a good roadbed when you started?

Jim: No. Nothin' but pure mud as I said.

Larry: Built right on the prairie or...

Jim: Yes. Graded up. But not much of a grade either.

Larry: And then when did you haul the gravel in? When you...

Jim: Oh, later. In the thirties, forties, you know. They brought the gravel in from Montana. What'd they call that? It's washed. Gee, beautiful gravel, you know. Small. Lots of them What do you call them? Oh, stones, you know.

Larry: Granite, you mean?

Jim: Yeah. No, not granite, but high[#]priced stuff you pick up.

Larry: Crushed rock or?

Jim: No, no.

Mrs. Hinton: Not marble.

Henry: Granite?

Jim: Not granite. It's things you make for your rings or

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Mrs. Hinton: Agates?

Jim: Yeah, agate.

Larry: That's right. There's agate rock.

Jim: You can find some pretty ones, you know, sometimes.

Larry: Would that be worked into the roadbed then? Or just dumped on it?

Jim: It's unloaded right over the rails. If you're goin' this way you just unload gravel all on top o' the rail. Just bare it up. Till you unload all the gravel. Then they put two ties behind the rear wheel of the last car. Gravel car. Then the engine will just back up. And just scrape that just smooth off the rails.

Mrs. Hinton: The wheels of what now, Jim? What was that? We put the two ties behind the wheels of what.

Jim: Back wheels, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: Of the motorcar.

Jim: No, no. Train.

Mrs. Hinton: Train.

Jim: Train.

Larry: Then they'd back it up.

Jim: Yeah. back and just push that off just slick. Like this. Level it off, you know.

Larry: Jim, when you started in twenty-four what were the wages? What did you get a month? Do you remember?

Jim: Thirty-eight cents an hour.

Larry: Were you paid twice a month or once a month or...

Jim: Twice a month, yes.

Larry: Can you remember what those checks would be, approximately.

Jim: Thirty-eight cents an hour. Eight hours a day. Three dollars and four cents a day. Is what we got. I worked three years before I got a one cent raise. Made it thirty-nine cents an hour.

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Larry: So you started in twenty-four at thirty-eight cents an hour and in twenty-seven you went to thirty-nine cents an hour.

Jim: Thirty-nine cents an hour. And in the forties I got another raise. It was seven cents, somethin' like that. And in fifty-three when I quit the wages were a dollar and fifty-two cents an hour. On the railroad.

Larry: Never did get too good, did it?

Jim: Now they're sittin' good on the railroad, I'm tellin you. They get twenty-five dollars a day, now, you know.

Larry: How many years did you work on the railroad, Jim?

Jim: Twenty-eight years.

Larry: From twenty-four till fifty-three. Did they have any fringe benefits then, like insurance or hospitalization.

Jim: Oh, yes. Yes. They take that outta your check. Yes.

Larry: They didn't add it on they took it out, huh?

Jim: All eight years.

Henry: You had to work thirty days, a new man went on, before he got his first check.

Jim. Yeah. Thirty days. All them years I worked I was in the hospital four days.

Larry: In twenty-eight years.

Jim: Yup. Never was in the hospital after that. That was in nineteen thirty. I was in the hospital four days. In Mobridge.

Larry: What for, Jim?

Jim: Well, we was renewin' ties and I was pulling an old one out from the rails, you know, after it was raised, you know. And I kinked my back some way. Oh, I couldn't hardly walk or... so I went to Mobridge and the doctor took three x-rays of my back. It was nothing. I just kinked a muscle, that was all. Yeah. So I was there four days.

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Larry: And that was the only four days you missed.

Jim: That's all.

Mrs. Hinton: In how long a time?

Larry: Twenty-eight years.

Henry: No, he's never been in the hospital.

Larry: Were there a lot of hobos traveling on this train in the thirties.

Jim: Oh, by the hundreds. Just travel up and down. Back. They called themselves the I.W.W. Industrial Workers of the World but that I.W.W. stood for "I Won't Work".

Larry: Did they have a lotta trouble with those guys?

Jim: No, no. They just rode up and down. In the boxcars, you know.

Henry: They couldn't even harness a horse. Some of 'em.

Jim: Yeah, that's right. You've seen 'em, haven't ya?

Mrs. Hinton: Yeah, my dad was a printer and o' course he always had the job of trying to find jobs for people to do. People'd report jobs that, you know, where they needed somebody. These fellas would come through. They'd ride the rails. But then some of ~~the~~ ones in the eastern part of the state you know really were pretty good workers. They'd come and sometimes they'd settle in with a family and stay there.

Henry: Yeah, we had some good ones.

Larry: Was there a hobo jungle in Selfridge?

Henry: There used to be.

Jim: Yes. That stockyard right there on the west side o' Selfridge there.

Larry: How would you guys that worked on the section gang--how would you get along with those hobos? Did...

Jim: They never bothered you.

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Larry: Were you told to throw 'em off the train or didn't...

Jim: Oh, no. No, no.

Larry: The railroads didn't care whether or not they rode on the boxcars or not.

Jim: It never bothered 'em. They just let 'em ride. They go way up to New England and train come back they'd come right back again. On the same train. Go down. I don't know where they'd go. Go ^{all} over, you know.

Larry: Is this a branch line or is this...

Jim: Branch line.

Larry: On the Milwaukee?

Jim: Of the Milwaukee.

Larry: Did you get to know any hobos, Jim? Did you ever meet any o' those guys?

Jim: Well, there used to be one here for about twenty years. He'd come on train get off at Selfridge. He had a lotta needles or something he'd ~~set down~~ ^{sell} you know. Then he'd get on the train go t' the next station, you know, get off there. One did stay with me. Oh, yeah. I got to know him, you know. He was from Montana out in there. I knew him so well he used to give us needle or some for a few eggs, you know. Or coffee or a little sugar. He'd go up in the dump ground and cook himself a meal, you know. Just for a pasttime, I guess. I think he's well-fixed. You know. Just to be doin' that, you know. Yeah. Just to be doin' somethin', you know.

Larry: What was his name, Jim?

Jim: I couldn't think of it now. One time he came down to my place and I went to work you know. I just told him take over, you know, at the house. He washed his clothes there, you know, an' when I come back he had supper all ready. He went up to the

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store and bought bacon and stuff, you know. He had my supper ready when I come back. Oh, yes. He's quite a guy.

Larry: I was gonna ask you something and I can't remember what it was now. Oh, that one guy rode the train for twenty years?

Jim: Just about. Yeah. Every year he'd come up. Go up the line, know, sell these what do you call, you know. He had lotsa things to sell, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: Pots and pans, maybe, huh?

Jim: Yeah.

Mrs. Hinton: Did he come in the fall or the spring?

Jim: No, No. More in the summer, see. He sleeps in the car, you know. Boxcar. He had his roll o' blankets, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: There was one that used to come to the town where I was born and we kids used to tease him, I remember. Some of the boys did. And they always called him Dansky. But he always came. He was an itinerant peddler. But I don't know. He had some long...kids spun out some long...but on the end of it was Dansky.

Larry: You mentioned the I.W.W., Jim. Was Sioux County a strong Nonpartisan League. Was the Nonpartisan League strong in Sioux County?

Jim: I think there was. Yeah. One time.

Henry: When ol' Langer was still here, you know.

Jim: A. C. Townley.

Henry: Yeah, A. C. Townley.

Larry: Did you guys ever hear those Langer speak or Townley speak? Did they ever come down to Selfridge and give speeches?

Jim: Yes, they came here. Mrs. Langer.

Larry: Did you hear any o' those speeches?

Jim: Oh, yes.

Mrs. Hinton: You see Langer used to memorize some Sioux, didn't he?

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He'd start out his speech with that. Generally something kinda ribald.

Larry: Was he a good speaker, Jim?

Jim: Oh, yes.

Larry: Would you say the Nonpartisan League had the majority of voters in Sioux County? Was the Nonpartisan League more popular than the Democratic or Republican parties.

Henry: At the time I think they was.

Jim: I never did belong to them, you know.

Larry: You weren't too political, huh, Jim?

Mrs. Hinton: Now there was a connection between Joe Wicks and Bill Langer somehow, wasn't there?

Jim: Yeah.

Larry: Was there any Farmers Holiday members in Sioux County? Did the Farm Holiday Association get organized in Sioux County?

Henry: No, not that I know of.

Jim: No.

Henry: There was a lot of IVA's, you know. My dad used to be an IVA.

Larry: Can you tell me, Jim, about any--thought you were done, didn't ya? Can you tell me anything about the county seat fights between Selfridge and Fort Yates when they would try to get the county seat. Can you remember that?

Jim: Oh, yeah.

Larry: When did tht start?

Jim: Nineteen eleven.

Henry: Yeah, in twenty-eight we had a big one here.

Mrs. Hinton: Also in forty-seven.

Jim: Yeah. First started in nineteen eleven.

Larry: Where was it, then? Where was the county seat?

Jim: Well, they was fightin'. We was fightin' for the county

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seat between Selfridge and Fort Yates. They took it to Bismarck, you know. Up there before the governor, you know. Hanna. Hanna turned around and set it at Fort Yates, United States.

Larry: From nineteen eleven until the next fight which was in... twenty-eight?

Jim: I don't know when it was next.

Henry: One in twenty-eight. (To Mrs. Hinton) Do you remember that?

Mrs. Hinton: No, I don't. I wasn't here, then.

Henry: They had two big dances, you know, in that big garage... and then the big hall. Course they're tearin' it down now.

Larry: You mean they were trying to get the county seat to Selfridge?

Henry: The ladies in Selfridge put on a big...an still they lost it.

Larry: That was the one in twenty-eight, then?

Henry: Twenty-eight, yeah.

Larry: And then you said there was another one in forty...

Mrs. Hinton: That's the time they gave Joe Wicks a whole lotta money to try to shift the Indian vote over.

Henry: Oh, yeah. They signed a bunch o' affidavits, or what you call them. Still didn't work.

Mrs. Hinton: They still lost.

Larry: So the last county seat fight was in forty-two.

Mrs. Hinton: Well, no, it would have been earlier. It would have been later than forty-two. Somewhere between forty-three, forty-nine. Right in there someplace. I couldn't pinpoint it.

Larry: But it's always been at Fort Yates. From the time that Governor Hanna put it at Fort Yates, it's stayed there.

Henry: Yeah.

Jim: That's when this county here first organized, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: But the building is just...medieval, you know.

Jim: And Selfridge and Fort Yates fought against each other. Wanted it out here on the railroad, see. The courthouse. Railroad.

Henry: The Indian vote kept it down there.

Jim: Yeah, it was the same thing when they come to voting they put dead people's names on them ballots, too, you know. And Selfridge had the clean sheet. Fort Yates didn't. Yes. They had dead names on their ticket, you know. But Selfridge had a clean ticket here. But Hanna set it down there and there it stayed.

Larry: Jim I wanted to ask you, when you were a boy growing up what would you and your brothers and sisters do at night? I mean North Dakota must have been pretty lonely pretty desolate country. Would you play checkers or would your dad read to you...

Henry: Cribbage. We played a lotta cribbage, you know. Isn't it?

Jim: Oh, he means from way back, I guess.

Larry: Yeah.

Jim: Well, I don't know. Didn't seem to be...

Henry: Didn't bother him none.

Jim: No. We was up and a goin', you know, all the time. Go out, hunt, you know.

Larry: Well, would you go to bed early at night and get up earlier in the morning?

Jim: Oh, whenever you feel like it. Yes.

Henry: They hunt a lot.

Larry: Oh, you used to do a lot of hunting.

Jim: Oh, yeah.

Larry: You mentioned your father got you a twenty-two when you

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were five years old or something like that?

Jim: Yeah. I was six years old when I fired a sixteen guage shotgun. Well, Frank Fisk said we was a great crack shots. The whole Gayton family, you know.

Larry: Who taught you, Jim, your dad?

Jim: Well, may dad was a hunter. Himself, you know. He's a good shot, I tell you. And we all had guns, you know. Them days.

Henry: I know my dad used to say they used to sit along the banks of the river down here at Yates shoot at that bark, you know. They'd shoot it before he hit the water again.

Mrs. Hinton: I wanted to get hold of some of the games that Indian children played.

Larry: Yeah, would you play any games at all, Jim? Did your mother teach you any Indian games or anything like that?

Mrs. Hinton: Didn't they have some kind of a stick game?

Jim: Yeah. Oh, yes, they gambled. Indians. Out, when they were out wild, you know.

Henry: They used to have that guessing contest in school. You know the kids always played it.

Jim: And they had long slim wood youknow that they slide on the ice, see who can slide it furthest, you know. On the ice.

Larry: Would you do that on the Missouri, then or...

Jim: On any icy place, you know. Years ago they used to... they gambled, oh yes.

Henry: They used to take them horns and make 'em you know. And then they take that stick with a string on it an' make that damn thing dance on the ice, see.

Jim: Top, you mean. Top.

Mrs. Hinton: Well, now, I read about some kind of a stick game.

What is that stick game that they talked about that the little kids played.

Jim: Oh, guessing, I guess, ain't it?

Mrs. Hinton: No, something with a stick that they...wasn't there something where they had a circle that they tried to...put the stick through?

Henry: I don't know. I don't remember that.

Larry: Jim, when was Selfridge started? Can you remember when there wasn't a town there at all?

Jim: Oh, yeah. We lived here before there was anything around here.

Larry: What was responsible for Selfridge starting. The railroad? Or was...why was that spot picked?

Jim: Well, the railroad took they bought that quarter, where the town is now, you know. See. Nineteen ten.

Larry: Who were some of the first people to live in Selfridge and start stores? Can you remember the first...

Jim: First store that was built there in Selfridge was Felpot. E. W. Felpot from New York.

Larry: What kind of a store was that?

Jim: Grocery store.

Larry: General store, kind of?

Jim: Yeah. Everything was cheap. You know.

Henry: He's buried up here in our cemetary. See, we got our own cemetary up by the hill here. Gayton cemetary.

Larry: Yeah, you told me.

Jim: Well, he'd close up in the winter time, go back to New York, you know. In the spring he'd come back, open up the store. Till nineteen thirteen.

Henry: Was it thirteen or fourteen when Schmidtsted came it?

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Jim: Schmidtsted came in in there in thirteen then.

Henry: That's the store that's still standin' there.

Larry: Did he buy out the other fellow?

Jim: No, no. The first store was closer to the railroad.

Henry: That burn down or what?

Jim: Yeah, he burned it down. I think he was a Jew.

Yeah. I went out there one morning, you know, to get some groceries. There was no store there. I said what happened there. "Oh," he said, "somebody burned it down." Yeah. Pile o' wood there, you know, in one corner. Where that store stood, you know. Was a big store.

Mrs. Hinton: Didn't he have a restaurant too besides the store?

Jim: Yeah, he had a restaurant before that. Right down close t' that depot. Fifty cents for all you wanta eat, you know.

Henry: Try it now, and see how much you get for fifty cents.

Mrs. Hinton: Wasn't that in nineteen ten?

Jim: Yeah, nineteen ten.

Mrs. Hinton: Mm-hmm. The railroad bought the land and then they wanted settlers there, see, so then they sold it to people didn't they?

Jim: What's that?

Mrs. Hinton: The railroad got land, bought the land. Then they turned it over to people who wanted to settle. Then they sent these immigrant cars, you know, to encourage people to come out. They helped 'em get out here cheaply with their goods and their families.

Henry: Gee, a lot of immigrant...emigrant cars come in. Boy. Bring a team, you know or a cow or two. All their household goods.

Larry: Was that about nineteen ten or eleven when the immigrant cars started coming in or was that...

Henry: Yeah. Yeah, in the twenties. Early twenties.

Jim: In nineteen fifteen, you see, this reservation was thrown open. For homesteaders. That's when all these people come in.

Mrs. Hinton: Well, Ralph's folks came in fifteen. But they had come by immigrant car a long time before that but they didn't come to this area. They came to...I think it was around Menoken someplace.

Larry: Until nineteen fifteen Sioux County was all Indian land.

Jim: Most of it, yes.

Henry: Still is. Most of it's Indian land.

Larry: Except for the land that was taken over by the county and sold at auctions?

Henry: Still, thousands and thousands of Indian land here.

Larry: Most of it is Indian land, isn't it?

Jim: Yeah.

Mrs. Hinton: Well, didn't the government surveyors put out their stakes in nineteen two.

Jim: What's that?

Mrs. Hinton: The government surveyors.

Henry: Nineteen eight, I think, wasn't it?

Jim: Oh, yeah, nineteen eight, that's...

Mrs. Hinton: Oh, I put down two, I thought that's what you said, Jim, but maybe I got that wrong, huh?

Jim: This was surveyed before that, see. I don't know when.

Mrs. Hinton: Gunderson was a surveyor.

Jim: Yeah. But when we heard, you know, that we was gonna be allotted we was ordered to get out and pick your land, see. So we did. And this governor's son worked on the on the Sheyenne Reservation. He was a lotta Indians down there, see. And we had our land picked here. I think there's thirty-two sections. Gayton. And we notified him, see. We had our land all picked,

he just come up here and allotted us. Numbers on the sections all here, you know. Oh, it was surveyed some time, I don't know when. That was before we ever came over here.

Larry: Now, Jim, how did the government policy differ from a full Sioux to now your dad was an Englishman and your mother was a full Sioux--was there any difference in policy between a full Sioux and a half Sioux or how would...

Jim: No, not at that time.

Larry: What percentage of Indian blood would someone have to have to...

Jim: Fourth now.

Larry: From a fourth on up to a full Sioux.

Jim: It used to be right up to a sixteenth. But now they cut 'em down to one-fourth.

Larry: When did that happen? Has that been recently?

Henry: Not too long ago.

Larry: Fifties?...sixties?...

Henry: In the forties, probably. Fifties.

Jim: Yes.

Mrs. Hinton: Be registered do you mean, now?

Henry: I don't know if they...I don't know what they're doin'. They're tryin' to cut us off, you see, all those mixed bloods. See, I'm half. While my kids are fourth.

Larry: And, Jim, you're a half, right?

Jim: I'm a half.

Larry: So, now, anything less than a fourth, there's no policy at all.

Mrs. Hinton: That's right. But are the benefits retroactive, though, so that people that were registered before this...still get...

Henry: No, there's nothing anymore. They can't get anything any more.

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Larry: Well, Hank, if you're a half, your dad married an Indian lady, right?

Henry: She was half. She was half Irish. No. She was a full-blooded Indian. See my mother was half Irish, half Indian. And my dad was half white, half Indian.

Larry: So you stayed at a half, right? Jim, I'm gonna talk to Henry for a while now.

Jim:: Yeah, go ahead.

Henry: Better be careful. I might give ya somethin' I don't know anything about.

Larry: Now, Henry were you educated all the way from the first grade on in Indian schools?

Henry: Up to the sixth, I think. I went to boarding school there at Fort Yates, ~~you know~~. That was run by the nuns, see.

Larry: ~~Yeah, what order was that? Was that a Benedictine order or...~~

Henry: ~~Gosh, I don't know. I think so.~~

Larry: So you went from grade one through grade six...

Henry: First track, second track, third track, and then primary. That's the way we went.

Larry: ~~Is~~ How would that be an equivalent to grades? I mean, like...

Henry: Well, we had to learn the first charts. That was big sheets up there, standing up there, ^[and we] had to learn all our ABC's and all that stuff. And the second chart. Then after we finished that then we went into primary. First primary, then second and on down.

Larry: How old were you when you got started? About six or seven.

Henry: Somewhere in there.

Larry: So, at that age, you didn't go home again, until the

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school year was over?

Henry: No, we'd come home in the summer time, ~~June, June,~~
~~June,~~ Last o' June, school was out. We go in September and stay
there till June. Stay right there 't the school.

Larry: Wasn't that kinda hard for a kid six or seven years old?
Would any kids drop out or couldn't you drop out?

Henry: Oh, boy, you'd have t' go right back to school. Police
were right there, you know.

~~Larry: Were those Indian police?~~

~~Henry: Sure.~~

Larry: So you didn't have a choice of a public school or a
boarding school.

Henry: We didn't have any. Didn't have no public schools.

Larry: Either you went to the Catholic boarding school or you
didn't go.

Henry: It was the only school on the reservation then. ~~you know.~~

Larry: Can you tell me, Hank, a little bit what a ^{normal school} day would be
like? ~~what time you would get up, what you would have to do on~~
~~a normal day.~~

Henry: We had to get up at ^{5 or 6:00.} ~~I think it's five or six o'clock.~~
Get our clothes on. Get downstairs. Had to pray ~~for~~ for about
half an hour. Then we'd go eat breakfast. Had to pray for all
our meals. Before and after. And go back to the dorms an' do
all our husework.

~~Mrs. Hinton: Did you go to mass then?~~

~~Henry: Huh?~~

~~Mrs. Hinton: Did you go to mass?~~

Henry: ~~Yes,~~ We had to go to church, too, whether we wanted
to or not.

Larry: ~~How,~~ Would they let you keep any of your Indian ways
at all?

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Henry: No. They used to have the older ones check the Indian kids, you know, ~~and~~ catch 'em talkin' Indian ^{and} punish 'em for it, ~~you see~~. They weren't allowed to talk Indian.

Larry: Could you wear your hair long? ~~and~~

Henry: Oh, yes.

~~Larry: You could still do that?~~

~~Henry: Yeah.~~

Larry: But ~~anything~~, anything of the Indian life, you had to leave at home?

Henry: Yeah.

~~Mrs. Hinton: You wore a uniform, didn't you.~~

~~Henry~~? We wore uniforms. We were allowed three ^{or six} pairs o' shoes a year. ~~Or was it six pairs o' shoes a year?~~ Socks. Three, four pairs o' socks. Underwear, same way. Shirts. Overalls. Then, Sundays, we had blue uniforms. Those caps, ^{with a} ~~you know~~ shiny bill on them. They used to dress pretty snazzy on Sunday.

Larry: What would you do on weekends? ~~or would you have classes on Saturday too?~~

Henry: ~~No. That's~~ Saturday afternoons, ^{we'd} go down to the store. ^{we} If ~~you~~ got any mney. They sell cake, the sisters make it, you ~~know.~~

Larry: Could you play at any time during the week or did you have a play period?

Henry: ~~Henry~~. For a few hours. ↗

~~Henry~~ You don't have a chance to play. You're prayin' all the time. You're down on your knees. Evening the same way before you go to bed. Right on cement floor you have to kneel, ~~you know~~. Loud, every one of 'em. Maybe ⁵⁰⁰ ~~four, five hundred~~ kids. Then the ol' sister'd be walkin' around, you know, and she'd be listenin'. You're not prayin' and, boy, up goes your ear.

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Larry: ~~Were you kidding me, Hank, or~~ Did you mean it when you said that they used to pull the ear? ~~right away from the...~~

Henry: Yeah, they used to tear it. That's a fact. 

Larry: ~~Tear the skin, right?~~

Henry: Lot of them kids had sores there. That's right.

LARRY: Was discipline pretty strict then?

Henry: Darn right boy. We had t' do all our own sewing.

Saturdays. Find all them little kids. ~~you know~~ For ^{nits.} ~~nits.~~

They give you the little saucer. Put a little kerosene in there and they give you that ~~fine~~ fine comb. And you have to fine comb ~~for~~ ^{for} nits.

Larry: Was that on Satur~~days?~~ ~~or was that on...~~

Henry: Saturdays. Fridays, all have to take a shower.

Larry: ~~Hank, it sounds like you were force fed religion. Did it work? I mean~~ Did most of the Indian children accept the Catholic religion?

Henry: Well, most of 'em were Catholics anyway.

Larry: They were raised in the home as Catholics too?

Henry: Yeah. The punishment there was Saturday afternoons. ~~You~~ You have to go to bed. Stay in bed all afternoon. ~~And~~ Sunday. The rest is out walkin', ~~you know~~ or somethin'. You have to stay in bed. Get up suppertime. Right after supper, go down and pray awhile then you have to go back again. That's our punishment.

Larry: Jim, did you mother ever accept the white man's religion or did she always have her Indian belief in the greatness of nature and seasons?

Jim: What's that?

Larry: Did your mother accept the white man's religion or did she always believe in the great spirit and the cycle of seasons

Jim: My mother always prayed to God. I don't know. She

~~learnt that.~~

~~Larry: Not to a Catholic god or a Baptist god or just to God.~~

~~Jim: Oh, yeah. She never belonged to no church. As far as I know.~~

~~Larry: Was that gone out of most of the Indian people by the time you were in school, then, Hank, I mean, was there any attempt on the part of the older Indians to hang on to their religion? ~~rather~~~~

~~Henry:~~

Henry: Yeah. There's still a lot of 'em there. Oh, yes. I know Dad told us "You're not going to join no church till you're of age. Then you pick out what church you want to belong to." Then my mother was a Catholic. She went to--what's that place? Chelako? Where's that place where Jane went? Carlyle. The Chelako's where they send most of 'em that wanta be nuns. My mother was. They went down there an' I guess she didn't like it too well. Preist started messin' around I guess. She took off. She came home.

Larry: Well, if your mother was Irish that would account for the Catholic, wouldn't it? I mean, most Irish...

Henry: She was a Catholic.

Larry: Who was the head of the...Who was the head of the boarding school here, Hank, when you were going to school?

Henry: The BIA.

Larry: Was there any one Catholic monsieger in charge of the school?

Henry: Father Bernard is the preist.

Larry: That's right. Yeah, I remember.

Henry: Father Bernard. He was a good one. Boy, everybody liked him.

Mrs. Hinton: The Catholic influence came because the president authorized them to come in here and be missionaries in here so

they got in here before any of the protestants did.

Henry: U. S. Grant. When he was president. Boy, I tell you we used to be scared at nights, you know, nuns would be snooping around in the dark, you know, and boy you had to go to the bathroom run into one o' them oh, boy, we'd take off. Be so damn scared.

Larry: You couldn't see them in the dark either, did ya?

Henry: No, you could just see that white in there.

They were strict, but I don't know, We learned to do all our own sewing.

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┌ Larry: Were there good ^{sisters} ~~ones~~ as well as bad ones? ~~Hank?~~ I mean ~~all of the sisters weren't...wouldn't rip your ear off or anything.~~

Henry: They were all pretty good. We had to polish up the floors every morning before school, make our beds. We did all our laundry. They had those ^{tubs that} ~~used~~ used to stand on rails. Two guys on each one. →

Larry: ~~Oh, and go back and forth you mean, with the...~~

Henry: ^{We'd} Stand there and count up, all right ^{200 or 250,} ~~two hundred,~~ ~~two hundred fifty~~ and we'd race, ~~you know.~~ Gee, that machine'd be just covered with suds. See who gets who first. Put it through the wringer and then the girls ^{would} ~~they~~ take it and hang 'em up. ~~But~~ ^{We} We had to help in the bakery. They made those great big loaves. ~~Oh, they're about that long.~~ ~~•Bout that thick.~~ Every year ^{at} ~~at~~ vacation ~~we~~ they gave us one great big loaf. ~~And~~ ^{We'd put it} ~~put~~ in a pillowcase and bring it home.

Larry: Would you look forward to going to school in the fall, Hank, or would you dread it?

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Henry: Oh, yeah. Then during the summer we were detailed for two weeks. Had to go down there ^{and} do the milkin' and stuff like that.

Larry: ~~Was~~ ^{Was} there a farm connected with the boarding school?

Henry: Oh, yeah, raised all our own vegetables. Had all our own milk.

~~Mrs. Hinton: Was that those great big white drums that were here when I first came?~~

~~Henry: Yeah, way up on the hill there. They're all gone now. Yeah, they had a real dairy there.~~

Larry: What kind of a fellow was Father Bernard?

Henry: Oh, boy, he was a good 'un. He was a real good ol' priest. Boy, he can talk Indian too. He can really preach. Everybody liked him. Father Bernard.

Larry: You mean he could preach in Sioux?

Henry: Yeah, that's right, boy, he can talk better 'n I can. I know that. A lotta white people down here at Fort Yates can talk better 'n' I can.

Larry: Well, why would Father Bernard preach in Sioux if the sisters that taught in the school wouldn't let you speak-- wouldn't let the kids speak in Sioux?

Henry: He can preach in English and Indian.

Mrs. Gayton: Excuse me. Because see he'd be talking, he'd be preaching to adults. And they were not in school to learn English.

Larry: Oh, I see. They had never had a chance to...

Mrs. Hinton: Yeah, the kids, you see, they had to learn English.

Henry: See, my mother used to talk Indian to us all the time.

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My dad would talk English to us. But we picked up a lot of that at home you see and then went to school down there. Hell, they talked their own language anyway, whether they liked it or not.

Larry: Would you speak Sioux at home then during the summer, Hank?

Henry: Yeah.

Larry: And then in the fall you'd have to go back to complete English. Everything in English again.

Henry: Yeah.

Larry: Was ~~that~~ the point at which you could stop going to school after the sixth or the certificate? ~~Is that what you called it? Then you didn't have to go anymore.~~

Henry: ~~No. Didn't have to but I don't know.~~ I went to ~~then~~ ^{Flanders} then. That's way down in South Dakota. Way down there near Sioux Falls. That's a big Indian school. Right now it's one of the biggest I guess.

Larry: How far did you go down there? ~~I mean did you finish about six grades here and then go down to Flanders...~~

Henry: I went through high school, but doggone I thought I was too smart. They had everything there you could learn. ~~you know.~~ They had a big long building. You could take up tailoring or printing or blacksmith or carpenter work or anything you wanted there. I didn't care for it, you see. I was too damn smart that time. Now I realize shoulda went on to school, kept on a goin'. It's too late.

Larry: Did any of the Indians from Standing Rock go to the school in Wahpeton? Or was that for...

Henry: Oh, yes. They got a lotta Indian kids there now.

Larry: Hank, the last time I was here you were telling me about skiing on barrelstaves. Can you tell me how you did

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that again and where you did the skiing?

Henry: Right there on that big hill there at Yates. By the water reservoir. (To Jim) He k[^]nows that. Boy we used to decorate them damn thing. Come off that hill. Stand on a little short stave, y ou know, off one o' these wooden barrels. That's what we make 'em out of. Then we put a steel runner on there. Then we got a little block there for the heel. Boy, they'd come off of that hill. Then we got a place there jump off. Boy, we'd go.

Larry: How could you get those staves polished enough so they would slide on the snow?

Henry: Well, they're slick. Yeah, it's hard wood. Then we have them bobsleds. Boy they used to make some fancy ones there. Half a dozen of 'em get on there and away they'd go. Go way down to the river. WAS quite a ways, 'bout half a mile or more.

Larry: Hellbent for election, huh?

Henry: Every night we'd go up there and stay till bedtime.

Larry: Were there any other things that the kids at the school would do together besides skiing or sledding?

Henry: Oh, they used to play a lot o' this...we take nails, croquet, take nails and put 'em like that, you know and up here, one up here and two...be five of 'em up here and then in the middle four and make a little pedal. Take marbles you know and get down on our hands and knees and crawl around there and play croquet.

Larry: Oh, you mean like ^{lawn}croquet on a board.

Henry: Yeah. Then we used to then we played that--lemme see if I got my knife here--then we used to play, in the spring of the year we'd take our knives an' --don't know if I can--

we used to play baseball. We'd make a nice place, soft ground and we'd take this and put it like this. Like that. That's a home run an' --I can't remember all of it now. We'd just take this like this and then we'd flip it. Whichever way the knife goes, this way it's a first base or an' up like that it's a home run or somethin' like that. Yeah, we played quite a game.

Larry: You mean you'd throw it to stick it in the ground?

Henry: No, we just put it down like this on the ground and then flipped it.

Larry: Oh, I see.

Henry: Whichever way that knife lands, see, it's first base or second base or home run or somethin'.

Larry: So the ground would have to be pretty soft then so it would...

Henry: Oh, yeah. Marbles. Yeah, we used to play marbles a lot.

Mrs. Gayton: Tell what you told Kim.

Henry: What? Oh, then these darn things, see them. We used to have a lotta these. These are joints off an old cow. We used to play horseshoe with them. Polish 'em up.

Larry: You mean the first grade came after the certificate.

Henry: No, you don't get no certificates there.

Mrs. Hinton: Oh, I thought you said something about a certificate.

Larry: There was a first chart, second chart, third chart...

Henry: Then the primary, first primary, second primary, then on into the first and second, third, right on down.

Larry: Grade.

Henry: Yeah.

Larry: Oh, I see. So you could go through those charts and primary in one year. And then start in the first grade. After you finished the primary.

Henry: Yeah, they stamped you with that long stick and you have

to pronounce every damn word, you know. Gee. They were tough, I tell you. They were strict, but we lived through it. We had to. There was no other school to go to.

Mrs. Hinton: I have some photographs. Pete Bise has lots of photographs. And some of those men are dressed to the nines I tell you, they have a cravat, you know, a silk tie, and suits with the short lapels and oh, they're just dressed up and some of the women were--they looked like society dames. Now they must have taken rather kindly to some of that clothing. They seemed to be enjoying wearing it.

Henry: That was a big school. Around five, six hundred girls on one side, about the same on the other side--boys.

Larry: Would the kids come from...

Henry: All over.

Larry: All over. ^{Up north and...} Not just from Standing Rock.

Henry: No. They come from all over.

Mrs. Hinton: You know Annie Goodrow told me that she went to school at Haskell and then she was--they found her a job--and that was in Mayville, North Dakota and she did housework there along with two Indian girls were there before her. And I said, "Oh, where did you go?" And she said, "Oh, it was a military man's home." And I said, "Colonel Robinson?" And she said, "How'd you know that?" I said, "Well, I practically grew up in that house." But she was just so thrilled you know to be...

Larry: Yeah, that's right. You told me that once before.

Mrs. Hinton: But now that I thought was kind of interesting. They found him a job. They had some sort of job placement.

Henry: Oh, you see, they could go to Haskell after high school here. If they want to. They can go on down to Haskell. And Carlyle was another one. That's where my sister graduated, see.

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Nineteen fourteen.

Mrs. Hinton: That's where Jim Thorpe went, wasn't it? Say, by the way, where was he from? Is he Sioux?

Henry: I don't know. I don't think he was a Sioux, was he?

Jim: Who's that?

Henry: Jim Thorpe.

Jim: He was no Sioux. I think he was from Oklahoma.

Mrs. Hinton: I found a picture. Jim, were you the one that was wanting a picture of that baseball team that was...I found a picture of the early Selfridge baseball nine and they said they just took all the teams around here.

Henry: Oh, yeah. They couldn't beat 'em here.

Larry: Jim, when did you play baseball? You played for quite a while, didn't ya? Did you start in about....when did you start playing baseball, about what year? Do you remember?

Jim: Oh, aroun' ten. Nineteen ten.

Larry: And you played through the teens and twenties and...

Henry: 'Bout like Satchel Page.

Larry: You were a pitcher, weren't you, Jim?

Henry: Yeah. I used to strike him out. My brother caught for me. Catcher.

Jim: Over in Emmons County where we lived I never knew what a baseball was. We made our own ball to play with. Outta these store strings, you know. White. We'd roll 'em all up, you know. Never knew what a glove was till we moved over t' Fort Yates here in nineteen two. First time I seen baseballs and gloves then. On display in the stores there, see. Boy, my dad had to get me one right now. I think it was two seventy-five for a glove. Good one, you know. And a nine-inning Spaulding ball was seventy-five cents. Nine inning game, you know. You bet.

Larry: How did you learn to throw, Jim? Would you throw just

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a fastball or...could you throw curves and...

Jim: Oh, I threw fast, out, in, you know. That's about all I had. Plenty o' speed behind it.

Larry: Did somebody show you how to throw a curve ball or would you just...

Jim: Yeah. An Indian by the name of--from Cannonball--he was workin' for my brother-in-law. Where we stayed after we moved over here, see. Two miles west o' Fort Yates there. My sister lived there then, you know. And that's where we stayed. Till September, we moved out here. His name was Basil Twobear. Basil.

Larry: And he showed you how to...

Jim: He showed me how to throw the outcurve, you know. Yeah.

Mrs. Hinton: From Cannonball, was he?

Jim: Uh-huh.

Mrs. Hinton: Was he a relative of that minister up there?

Jim: No. He died many years ago. Basil Twobear. So I used to go down to my brother-in-law's barn there, you know. I'd put up a stake, you know. That's where I'd be throwin that ball. All by myself. Yup. Try and break that curve, you know. Into that stake, standing up, you know.

Larry: Who would Selfridge play, Jim? What teams would you play?

Jim: Oh, we played all over.

Henry: Fort Yates, Raleigh, Flasher, McLaughlin, Mobridge, McIntosh, Lemmon, Shields, Fort Rice.

Mrs. Hinton: Was Joe Day on your team?

Henry: Joe Day had his own...boy, he was a pitcher, that guy.

Larry: Joe Day was an Indian, too, wasn't he?

Henry: Yeah, he used to battle Jim sometimes.

Larry: Oh. Could you beat him, Jim?

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Jim: Yeah, we're just about even.

Larry: Oh. Didn't Joe Day go into professional baseball?

Jim: Down at Topeka, Kansas. But he wasn't good enough.

Larry: Did you ever think about it, Jim?

Jim: Oh, yes. I wanted to get in professional if I could but there was no scouts around them days you know. Now, they pick 'em up, you know, from the schools and everything, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: Day's name was really Grayday.

Jim: Joe Grayday. He was called Smoky Joe.

Henry: His right name was Doublerider. That was his right name.. Sure. Doublerider. (To Jim) Wasn't it?

Jim: I suppose you know Boney Trackrider, didn't ya? He used to be Ronald Shields, that big old bellow, you know. That was Dick Doublerider's dad.

Mrs. Hinton: I don't think I did know him. I knew Charlie Walkintoe. I remember him with his braids and the red yarn woven into it, you know.

Henry: He was a policeman.

Jim: Joe Day was a grandson of Barney...

Henry: Trackrider.

Jim: Trackrider, yeah. That's his grandson.

Mrs. Hinton: Trackrider, is it?

Henry: Trackhider. That's Joe's real name.

Jim: Doublerider is right name.

Henry: Took that track outta there. He just calls himself Joe Day.

Mrs. Hinton: Yeah. See I taught some of your daughters.

Larry: Did you know John Grass?

Jim: Yeah. Old John? Oh, yes. Pagee was his name. That's grass. He was a chief, you know.

Henry: Oh, Chief Grass. Yeah, we know him well.

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Jim: His grandson was the first one--World War

Henry: Yeah, that's why this post is named after him. John Grass post.

Jim: Yeah, the first world war. He lost his life over there.

Larry: Where did John Grass get his gift of speech? He was such an orator. Was that something that the Sioux prided themselves on, was being able to give...

Jim: Came natural, you know. Yeah.

Larry: How'd that happen, Jim?

Jim: Well, that morning...we usually get our lineup, you know. Just before we go to work, see. See who's coming or any trades you know. And we watch out for 'em, see. Well, that morning on the lineup it said "Inspection Car Coming from Mobridge", you know. With men. There was eleven men that was wanted up to Leith. They wanted some extra help up there. And this trainmaster and roadmaster was in charge o' that there. That there inspection car. So worked right in town there till they came and went by. But on the lineup it didn't say no return, see. So we figured, you know, they'd be comin' back tomorrow. So after they left we went out on track and we was burning fireguards there. That was in September. Nineteen forty-three. And we had dinner, you know. The freight train was coming. So we didn't put the motorcar on till the train went by and then we put the motorcar on we was gonna go north. We just started up and there was a curve and here come that big inspection car. Oh, I tell you...it looked wicked. I just couldn't picture it. It was just comin' like that, seemed like. With the speed an' we stopped our motorcar. Our foreman was holding the lever, you know. Had a brake on it. And we seen that they wasn't stopping at all. Till they was within, oh, thirty feet, I imagine. I said, "Jump". That's all I said.

We figured everybody'd jump. But six of 'em jumped and the foreman was still sittin' on there. Holding that brake, you know, when that inspection car hit. But six of 'em jumped and the foreman was still sittin' on there, holding that brake, you know, when that inspection car hit him. Broke his neck, you know.

Larry: Boy, that'd do it, wouldn't it?

Mrs. Hinton: What was his name again now?

Jim: Thompson.

Mrs. Hinton: But what was his first name?

Jim: Thomas. Thomas T. Thompson. It was a high grade there. When I jumped I was lookin' back an I seen them bars and everything was just aflyin'. So I run up as quick as I could. And everybody was on the other side lookin' at somebody, so I went over there and there was my boss, you know. Layin' there. His mouth was full o' cinders, you know. I wiped them off, out of his mouth. I felt of his pulse and you could just feel it once in a while. He died two days afterward in Mobridge. He never come to, his neck was broke, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: I remember when--his funeral. He was buried in the Congregational Church here in McLaughlin. And they had a sort of veil, you know where the coffin came up, you know, the lid, like this, and this veil was draped over it. So you could just ^{dimly} see him 'cause he was pretty badly...messed up, I guess.

Jim: That happened on September twenty-eighth.

Larry: Did you work on the railroad long enough, Jim, to get retirement?

Jim: Oh, yeah. I quit. I retired myself. That was twenty-eight years.

Larry: How old were you when you quit?

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Jim: Sixty-six.

Larry: Yeah, that's long enough.

Jim: So we had the hearing down at McLaughlin, you know. Over that. October eleventh. We went down there, the whole crew went down there. We were all called, you know. To testify, you know. So I was the first one called, you know. "Jim," they said--¹Hervin, Hervin he was a Miles City bigshot out there. "Jim," he says, "how fast was that inspection car traveling when they hit your motorcar?" he said. I said, "fifty miles an hour". I think they was goin' faster 'n that, you know, but I'd give or take. And three others gave the same speed, you know. So when the roadmaster was called--his name was Myron Oakson. "Myron," they said, "how fast was your--were you traveling--when you hit that motorcar?" "Five miles an hour," he said. You know that inspection car could go a hundred miles an hour, you know. That's how big. Just like one o' these schoolbuses, purt near, you know.

Mrs. Hinton: They used to go up and down the streets, didn't they? They had a way of changing over to the regular wheels. Yes, you see it was just like a great big bus, like he said.

Henry: That's what they use here now.

Larry: Oh, they could lower the...

Henry: Yeah, they got 'em underneath there. Lower 'em and go on the rail if you wanta.

Jim: Or get off. Lift them electric wheels, you know. Go on the highway, you know. Yeah.

Larry: So what happened, Jim? What did the guy get?

Jim: Nothing. That was all cut and dried. One was the roadmaster, you see. He was a swell guy, though. I liked Myron, you know. But he purt near killed a whole bunch. And the other was a trainmaster, you know. Yeah. He was shot to

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death in Idaho, you know. What was his name?

Henry: Trainmaster?

Jim: Yeah. He was shot to death there, Wyoming, by a woman. Or Idaho it was. Idaho. Yeah, he was a swell guy too. I know him you know. But they had been drinking. That's where they come in. Been drinking, see. They never seen our motorcar, I don't suppose.

Larry: Kind of a close shave, huh?

Jim: You bet your life.

Mrs. Hinton: The highway markers...did I tell you that that the highway markers is from one of Frank Fisk's pictures.

Larry: Yeah, it was Red Tomahawk.

Mrs. Hinton: Yeah.

Larry: That's the outline, yeah.

Mrs. Hinton: And Miles Etter, the editor told me one day that he had noticed a picture of an Indian chief over at the agency and he said "Who was that?" And then he said, well, he didn't know, it wasn't labeled, see. So One day somebody came in to the printing office. He said, "I say now," he said, "have you ever seen a five dollar bill that looked like this?" And it had a picture of that same Indian. Same picture, see. And he said, "Miles, who is that Indian?" And he says, "That's Running Antelope." Well, the next time Miles went over to the agency he told them so then they went ahead and put a label on the picture. But, anyway, a side of that was that he said that the government felt that Running Antelope was pretty influential. But he hadn't really aligned himself with Sitting Bull or with the government. So they put his picture on a five dollar bill for a while trying to woo him over to their side, see. 'Cause it doesn't have it any more. This man had two five dollar bills with that Indian's picture on.

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Larry: Those would be pretty valuable, I bet, now.

Mrs. Hinton: I bet they would be.

Larry: How old was Fran...?

Jim: Who was that man? Do you remember?

Larry: How old was Frank when he died?

Mrs. Hinton: Miles could tell you. He named him. But I don't remember.

Larry: How old was Frank when he died, Jim?

Jim: Eighty something.

Mrs. Hinton: Was he really?

Jim: Aw, he must have been. First part o' the eighties.

Larry: An he was still going to school when your family moved...

Jim: Nineteen two. Yes. When we came here. So was Laura Twosley, his sister.

Mrs. Hinton: Laura Kingsley. Kingsley, was it or Kings... what was her name? Kings...

Jim: Kensal, I think.