LOLA YOUNG

Union County resident for 92 years

AN ORAL HISTORY

Interviews in December, 2001,
January & February, 2002
at an adult foster home in La Grande OR

Interviewer: Eugene Smith

UNION COUNTY, OREGON HISTORY PROJECT
2004
(revised from 2003)

UNION COUNTY, OREGON HISTORY PROJECT
An Affiliate of the Oregon Historical Society

A non-profit, tax-exempt corporation formed in 2002

In collaboration with Eastern Oregon University
Cove Improvement Club History Committee
Elgin Museum & Historical Society
Union Museum Society

Purposes

To record & publish oral histories of long-time Union County residents
&
To create a community encyclopedia

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Preface

Much of the history of a place is stored in the memories of people who have lived there. Their stories may be told to family members, but, unless someone makes a special effort to record these stories, they become lost to future generations.

Each of the historical societies in Union County, Oregon has begun to make that effort. Tape recordings exist in several locations, some of them transcribed in written form, others not. A more ambitious and thorough effort seemed necessary so that more of the oral history of Union County could be captured and preserved.

The Union County, Oregon History Project, begun in 2002, is making that more ambitious effort. One of its principal purposes is to collect as many oral histories of older Union County residents as possible and to make them available in both taped and written form. This edited transcript is part of the series of oral histories to be produced by that project.

About the Interview and This Edited Version

The four one-hour interviews with Lola Young took place at a foster care home in La Grande, where she lives with four other women. At age 92, Lola spends much of her time in a wheel chair because of difficulty in walking; she also has some difficulty with vision and hearing, but she is alert mentally and has remarkable powers of memory. Eugene Smith was the interviewer on December 4, 2001; January 10, February 4, and February 20, 2002. Her son, Gerald Young, was present, at her request, for all interviews.

Heather Pilling's full transcription (available for research purposes) presents the literal contents of the interview. The edited version presented here differs from the literal transcription in the following characteristics:

- reorganization of content

- deletion of some extraneous comments

- omission of false sentence starts and other normal speech fillers that detract from readability

- normalization of pronunciation and grammar in conformity with standards of written English.

LY designates Lola Young's words, *I* the interviewer's.

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Family Background

I: What is your full name?

LY.: Lola Sarah Banton Young.

I: *Banton* was your maiden name?

LY: Yes.

I: You were born in 1910?

LY: Yes.

I: Where?

LY: I was born in La Grande on Cherry Street, but I don't know the address. I know it was just across the track coming this way [north], but I don't know if Mother ever told us. It was in that first block.

I: What were your parents' names?

LY: His name was William. Her name was Sarah. I was named after her.

I: Were you the only child?

LY: There were seven of us.

I: Where were you in that seven?

Banton home in Ladd Canyon, 1930
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

LY: The last one. I grew up in Ladd Canyon.

I: About where in Ladd Canyon was that?

LY: Just as you go into the canyon from La Grande. There's a bridge just to the left of that. At that time there was a barbed wire fence and a pole gate we had to open that gate every time we went or came back from anyplace. We always kept it shut.

I: What sort of a ranch was it?

LY: It was mostly a hay ranch. Dad had a few cattle. He and his sister, Lavina, owned some land down below, where the wildlife refuge is. When she passed away, she left her half of the place to Dad so he had eighty acres altogether.

I: Was that a homestead claim?

LY: Yes, it would have been.

I: Do you remember about when they claimed it?

LY: He was born 1866; I don't know when it became a homestead.

I: Did they come from somewhere east?

LY: Mother came from New York to Kansas and from Kansas to here in a covered wagon in 1882. She had a picture of Ezra Meeker, taken with the Banton family, which we can't find. One time my grandchildren had this little show and tell at school, so I gave them that picture and some of Mother's clothes.

I: And they never came back home?

LY: I didn't have the picture when they brought the clothes back. I always kind of thought somebody got hold of the picture, but I couldn't confirm that. Mother had a blue skirt. I can see it yet.

I: Did both your mother and father come over the Oregon Trail?

LY: No, Dad was born in La Grande in 1866, out in what they called Lone Tree [about two miles east of La Grande]. Some high school boys went out and cut that tree down. He was born there, and, when he was about two years old, his dad and his mother were living there. I'm not sure about this. Anyway, my father and mother moved up there to Ladd Canyon, and then so many kids came along--seven altogether--that my father kept adding on to the place. I guess it was a little cabin style to start with, and they kept adding onto it till we got a house. I know that Marvin Fager's father painted a picture of the house, and he offered to sell it to me, but he wanted so much for it--that was in hard times--that I did not have the money to buy it.

I: Did your mother tell you anything about that trip by covered wagon?

LY: She didn't tell much. They were told that the Indians would get them, but she said they never did. One time they got ready for them and went in the cellar, while they were in Kansas, and hid themselves, but she said the Indians never came.

Experiences with Native Americans

I: What can you remember about the Indians that you saw yourself?

LY: It always pops up in my mind about seeing them around the house, picking apples. They loved to get apples in the fall for their little papooses.

I: How were they dressed?

LY: They had on kind of flowing dresses, as I remember, and shirts and buckskin pants.

I: Hats?

LY: I don't remember anything else about the clothing. I think they wore bright clothing.

I: Where do you think they got it?

A wagon train setting out on Oregon Trail from Independence MO in 1882;
Lola's mother, Sarah McCauley Banton, traveled on this wagon train
(sign on large, white building: "Seymour House")
Negative & print courtesy of Fred Hill

LY: I think they made it.

I: Did they have long hair?

LY: Yes.

I: Braided?

LY: Some did and some didn't.

I: Did they smoke?

LY: Some did and some didn't.

I: How did their teeth look?

LY: They looked like good teeth to me.

I: Did they seem well nourished?

LY: Yes, they did.

LY: They gave my sister, who is five years older than I, and me each a string of beads.

I: Why do you think they gave you beads?

LY: They were just that kind--really nice to us.

I: These were Indians who were traveling through, I suppose.

LY: Yes. And they'd gather wool from a barbed wire along the road. The sheep would run under the fence, and, when they did that, they'd pull wool off and leave it on the fence. The Indians always gathered that.

I: How do you think they used it?

LY: I think they must have made clothing out of it.

I: Did you see both men and women?

LY: Yes.

I: Why do you think they were so friendly?

LY: They liked us, I guess.

I: What did you do to make them like you?

Painting of Banton ranch by father of Marvin Fager, 1930
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

LY: We were just good to them, and they were good to us. They had youngsters, and we would play with them.

I: They weren't beggars?

LY: No, except every once in awhile they'd stop at the back door by the kitchen. They were kind of like the gypsies, who stopped there a lot, too; they wanted money to get medicine for their little ones. The Indians were much the same that way, and they never offered to hurt us.

I: Do you know where they slept or where their shelters were?

LY: I think they just got their things out where they were and slept under a tree.

I: They didn't have tents?

LY: No tents that we saw.

I: Did you ever see them on the move, when they were going from Grande Ronde to somewhere else?

LY: Not then but in later years they moved with their horses when they brought the sheep over from the Pendleton valley and pastured them in the Grande Ronde Valley. That is when they gathered lots of their camas [plant long favored by Northwest Indians as food; grows readily in marshy parts of Grande Ronde Valley]. We had a field down below us that had lots of camas. They would gather that camas and then grind it up to make flour.

I: Could you describe the way camas looked when it grew?

LY: Much like it does now. Do you know how it grows now?

I: I've seen pictures, but I've never actually seen it growing.

LY: It makes a white or a blue flower on a stem.

I: It was the root that they ate, isn't it?

LY: They got the root. They had the ground all dug up.

I: Did they have to dry the root before they could grind it up for food?

LY: Yes, they did.

I: Did they grind it with stones?

LY: Yes. We have one of the stones--those dish-looking things, a mortar and pestle.

I: About how old were you, do you think, when you saw an Indian for the last time around here?

LY: It was when they came through to gather the wool off the fences. I was probably just starting school--probably about five or six years old.

I: Do you think they died after that or that they went onto the reservation?

LY: I think their relatives probably went back to the Pendleton valley. I just kind of imagine they went back there.

I: What's your opinion about what happened to the Indians in later years?

LY: I really don't know. I think they went to different places and formed their camps.

I: What's your opinion about putting the Indians on the reservations?

LY: I think the Indians were here first--that they should have their own idea of where they want to live. I think God made all of us the same, and there's no reason why He didn't make the Indians the same, too.

I: Do you think that not having them share in what was around here was unfair to them?

LY: They didn't seem to want to stay here. I don't believe I ever heard of any that wanted to stay here. They all seemed to want to go back to the Umatilla valley.

I: Maybe they wanted to be with more people who shared their customs.

LY: Yes, that might have been. And of course there were Indians over there then. They might have wanted to get back where they were.

I'd like to tell of the time that my father-in-law, Frank Young, was taken prisoner by the Indians near Wallowa Lake [in Wallowa County]. He and two other men from Summerville took two pack horses, and, when they got up there, the Indians took them prisoners. So they went in a teepee to spend the night, and before they went to bed, they came out and got around the campfire. They got to kind of playing. They didn't seem to be too afraid. Henry Young, a great athlete, was standing on his hands and jumping way up in the air and turning somersaults. They'd say "Ooh, aah, ooh, aah" to him.

The next morning the Indians put them on their horses and headed them toward La Grande and told them to go home and never come back again. Henry Young never entered Wallowa County again after that. He said that was his promise to the Indians, and he didn't ever go back. But it wasn't because he didn't like them.

I: Do you have any idea why these Indians were somewhat hostile toward white people?

LY: No, but Chief Joseph was the one that took the prisoners and kept them all night up there.

I: That was the older Chief Joseph, was it?

LY: Yes, it was. Younger Chief Joseph was also there.

I: But he didn't want him up there?

LY: He didn't want him up there. Henry said the three of them left Wallowa Lake. Later, he lay down one evening in front of the fireplace and wrote a kind of diary about going up there. The boys [Lola's sons] found about half of it. [See appendix for letter describing the trip from Summerville to the lake and part way back.] Then he evidently went to bed, because there wasn't any more of it finished. They wished there had been so they could have known the rest of the story. Evidently he didn't take time to write all of it.

I: For about how many years did you live in the Ladd Canyon house?

LY: I lived there until I started to high school and stayed with one of my sisters in La Grande.

Attending Ladd Canyon School

I: Did you go to a one-room school?

LY: Yes, but I didn't go to the old one. The new one is still there as a family residence but not the old one.

I: What was the name of the new one?

LY: Ladd Canyon Schoolhouse. It had wide steps in front that we went up and down to go into the school house.

I: You walked there from home?

LY: We were supposed to, but sometimes we rode our horse until some of the neighbors told my folks, "That horse is going to kill that girl." They wouldn't let me ride much anymore.

We walked a mile and a half to school. One day I was on my way to school and that day my brother Bill wasn't with me. There had been just a skiff of snow the night before. I was hopping along by myself, and I hit this skiff of snow, but I didn't think anything about it. The minute I hit it, I sprained my ankle. I couldn't get anybody to hear me. I was up in the fields, where nobody could hear me. Finally, Mr. Austin went by and heard me.

Lola in 1919
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

The schoolhouse had one of those big, round stoves, with a metal casing around it. The kids all gathered around it in cold weather and put their backs up to that stove. That's the way we warmed up.

A few years after it was built, they built a bathroom and two other rooms on the back; one was a library and the other was a catchall.

There must have been about forty kids that attended there.

I: What kind of desks did you have?

LY: They had desks that you sit on the seat that flops down and the top goes up.

I: Were they fastened together with runners at the bottom?

LY: Yes. Steel runners. When you moved one desk, why you moved them all. Each desk had an inkwell.

I: Did you use a steel-nibbed pen?

LY: Yes.

I: Do you remember penmanship lessons?

LY: I have a certificate at home at the farm where Dale [son] lives.

I: Did you do those exercises where you

do round-and-round and up-and-down strokes?

LY: Yes. The marks looked like a rake. There were just two of us in the class, and everybody thought, "Oh, she'll [LY] be the one who'll get the certificate." Lo and behold, when it came back it was mine. I still have the certificate. I framed it. I write well yet. I think I write better than a lot of other people do.

I: Tell me about other school activities.

LY: Another thing we always did first thing in the morning was to stand up and speak allegiance to the flag.

The first teacher we had was Mrs. Elmer. She later married a man out here in the valley. I remember she'd come to our place on Sunday afternoon. They had a mill up there. It was about three miles upstream from our place in Ladd Canyon. She'd walk all the way to the school.

I: How did the teacher organize things so that all different-aged kids were doing what they should be doing?

LY: She walked around the room all the time, saw what we were doing, and helped us with our work, if we needed help.

Ladd Canyon School, 1920s
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

I: Did you ever have discussions of subjects that everybody took part in?

LY: Oh, yes. We'd do arithmetic and geography on the board and see who could get the problem done first.

I: Can you remember what a geography problem would be like? Did you recite state capitals, for example?

LY: Yes, that was one thing.

I: How would you do that at the board?

LY: She'd call out, "What's the capital of Oregon?" and we'd write it down on the board.

I: Did you have to locate it on a map, too?

LY: I imagine we did. I don't remember that, but I suppose we did.

I: How did she handle spelling?

LY: She would give us about ten to twelve words in the spelling book, and then we were to study those overnight or for two or three days. Then we'd have a test on Thursday.

I: If you didn't do well on that test, what happened?

LY: She'd have another one the next week.

I: Did you have spelling bees, too?

LY: Yes, we had spelling bees, generally between two of the grades.

I: Were you a good speller?

LY: I thought I was.

I: Did you win the spelling bees most of the time?

LY: I won some of them. Another girl that was my friend would win some, too, because she was good.

I: What did the teacher do when the kids got unruly?

LY: She'd make them stay after school.

I: And do what?

LY: I remember one thing was I had to learn a poem--like Longfellow. I could learn fast. She'd have us let her hear it. The next day I forgot it. That was the punishment she gave. I don't remember anybody getting a spanking.

I: I suppose some of the boys were too big for her to spank, weren't they?

LY: Yes.

I: Did she ever scream at you or cry?

LY: I think she did one time when one of the boys put a mouse in her drawer.

I: What were some of the other activities at the school--plays or dances?

LY: We always had plays for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and different holidays. At Thanksgiving we'd have the Pilgrims and the Indians.

I: As you think about the time you spent in that one-room school, do you see anything that you think was bad about it?

LY: No, I don't. I think it was good.

I: You learned a lot?

LY: Learned a lot and the teacher helped a lot. We always had kind teachers. None of them was very cross, that I remember.

Life on the Banton Ranch

I: From the early years of living in the Ladd Canyon house, describe what you can remember of how a typical day went--what time you got up, what you ate for breakfast, what you did during the morning.

LY: My dad would get up about four or five, but I think I got up about five-thirty or six. We had a few cows, and they had to be milked. Sometimes he'd milk all of them; sometimes he'd have me down and help him if my brothers were gone.

I: Did you have breakfast first?

LY: No, we went out and did some of our work before we had breakfast.

I: Did you wash up or anything in the morning?

LY: Oh yes, we'd wash.

I: Cold water?

LY: I'll say.

I: Any soap?

Class at Ladd Canyon School ca. 1917
(Lola in front row, 2nd from left. age 6 or 7)
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Girls at Ladd Canyon School in nightgowns they made in school
Miss Harper, teacher, ca. 1919 (Lola with ribbon in hair)
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Students at Ladd Canyon School, ca. 1916
teacher, Betta Allen; Lola 4th from left , middle row; Bill Banton, brother, 2nd from boy w/hat over face; Etta, sister, holding flag on viewer's left corner
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

LY: Yes, we had soap.

I: I suppose the water was in a bowl of some kind.

LY: We had a spring up back of the house. Dad put some kind of a pipe up there so that it ran down to a sink.

I: An outdoor sink?

LY: Indoor. We turned it on and it ran day and night. People would come out from La Grande and have a fit because we didn't turn the water off.

I: Where did the excess water go--through a hole in the floor?

LY: It must have, I guess, and out into a ditch. We generally used it to water some kind of garden. We'd bathe in a bucket; Mother generally put it on the stove and warmed it up before we washed.

I: After you helped do the milking, did you have more chores to do or could you play for the rest of the morning?

LY: We helped Dad. As far back as I remember he always had a cream separator; we would help him turn that. He put a cup under the spout where the milk came out, put it under the cream, and drink that every morning. Sometimes we'd get a cup, fill it with fresh cow's milk, and drink that. Now they say it needs to be pasteurized. It didn't hurt us any.

I: Did you have homemade bread every week or so?

LY: Mother made bread and butter. She sold butter and eggs in the hard times. I remember she had a big dasher; I'd sneak in there every once in a while and get my finger under the dasher. When she came down, I'd get butter.

I: So you had a bruised finger?

LY: Yes, I had to quit that.

I: Did she add salt to the butter?

LY: She might have. She made biscuits in a bread pan. She put some flour in the middle and added milk and the other things. She made the best biscuits.

I: I'll bet she cooked them in a wood stove.

LY: Yes, it was a Home Comfort. We had to get the wood to keep it going.

I: I suppose you kept the stove going pretty much all day, especially in cold weather.

LY: Yes, because it was a big house that had lots of holes in it.

I: Not much insulation?

LY: I doubt if it had any.

I: Did you wear heavy clothes all day long during the winter?

LY: Mother put long underwear and wool shirts on us when we got up in the morning to wear to school, but my sister would get outside and roll them up to have shortlongs.

I: She didn't like the way they looked?

LY: No, she thought it was old-fashioned.

I: What did you do for lunch usually? Biscuits with butter?

LY: She cooked lunch, but when we went to school we took sandwiches and milk.

I: When you came home from school, were there some more chores to do?

LY: Yes, by the time we got home from school it was time to start doing chores again. We had to get the wood in for the night.

I: What kind of light did you have inside the house?

LY: First we had a coal-oil lamp; later Aladdin put out a gas lamp and we used that. It gave better light to study by.

We all gathered around one lamp; we never had a fireplace.

For heat we had wood stoves in the kitchen and the living room, but, even with those, it got so cold that we put up drapes to keep it warmer. Sometimes the wind blew those drapes way out, so we just had to stand the cold.

Preparing & Eating Meals

I: What did you often have for dinner?

LY: My parents raised meat--generally pork, sometimes beef. She always had some kind of meat, potatoes, gravy, and some kind of vegetable.

I: How did she cook the meat usually?

LY: She'd fry it on top of the stove. I don't remember very many roasts.

I: What time would she start cooking?

LY: When the men were at home working, we had our meal at noon. She cooked fried potatoes with onions in them.

I: What kinds of vegetables?

Lola's mother, Sarah Banton, ca. 1925
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Lola's father, William Banton (right) & her brother, Bill, ca. 1925
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

LY: Several things out of the garden that they had put down in the cellar--beets, turnips, and carrots.

I: How were they cooked usually?

LY: Usually put on and boiled and then a little seasoning put on them. Sometimes she'd cream them.

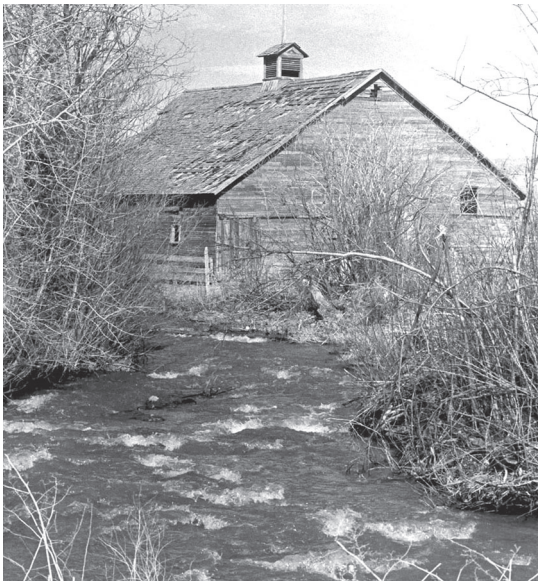
I: What was the food served on? What kind of plates--crockery or metal?

LY: No, they were porcelain. We kids had our own children's plates. Mine had a man or a monkey or something on a bicycle.

I: I imagine you used the same plate for month after month.

LY: Yes.

I: Were your meals in the summertime much different from what they were in the winter?



Banton barn at Ladd Canyon
next to Ladd Creek, 1960
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

LY: I can't remember if they were much different, because sometimes we'd want to go on a picnic and Dad said, "What is the use of going on a picnic when we have a place to eat right where we are?" He wasn't much on picnics.

I: If there was food left over from a meal, was there a cool place to store it?

LY: Nowhere but under the sink. That place was cool. She used that for a cooler, or sometimes she'd put things out on the back porch.

Washing Dishes & Bodies

I: How did you wash the dishes after a meal?

LY: She put them in the dish pan with water part way up and got in there and washed with her hands.

I: Did you heat the water on the stove to wash the dishes?

LY: Yes.

I: What kind of soap?

LY: I think she made her own soap out of lye and grease.

Flume at Bantons' Ladd Canyon ranch, used to
provide rotary power to shop tools,
such as wood lathe, drill, and sander, 1914
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

I: Do you remember watching her do that?

LY: Yes, I remember her.

I: What was the process?

LY: She'd melt the grease and add the lye to it. Then she'd put it in a pan, and when it got cold, she took a knife and cut it in bars. It smelled like old naphtha soap and was yellow in color.

I: Did you use the same soap for taking a bath as you did for washing the dishes?

LY: No, I think she had hand soap that she used for the bath. It seems like she bought it.

I: I'll bet she had two different pans for washing dishes--one for soap and then one to rinse. Is that right?

LY: Yes.

I: Did you have towels to dry them with or just let them air dry?

LY: We dried dishes with towels; that was always my job, not to wash them.

I: Were the drying towels made out of flour sacks?

LY: Yes.

Clothing & Personal Care

I: When you were quite young and going to the one-room school, what kind of clothing did you usually wear?

LY: I generally wore those dresses she made. It seemed to me like they were just a hole for the neck and two holes to stick my arms through. She put a thing around the middle.

I: Did all the girls wear pretty much the same thing?

LY: Yes. We didn't pay much attention to what we wore.

I: What did the boys wear?

LY: They wore bib overalls with the straps over the shoulders, and they'd have shirts on.

I: What sorts of shoes did you kids have?

LY: Generally Oxfords or something like that. I can't remember ever having button shoes.

I: Did your mother wash the family's clothes pretty much the same way she washed the dishes--with that soap she made?

LY: We boiled them.

I: What did that do to the colors?

LY: We didn't notice any difference. We had a washboard; in summertime we washed out in the backyard, where it was cooler. I had to do the clothes washing.

I: How often would clothes get washed?

LY: Every week we'd have wash day on Monday and iron the clothes on Tuesday--as a ritual.

I: Why do you think that was?

LY: I guess somebody must have started it, and it just kept up.

I: Then I suppose you had to hang up the clothes to dry outside.

LY: Yes, we hung them outside on the clothesline.

I: Did you just flop them over the clothesline or did you have pins?

LY: We had clothes pins.

I: Wooden ones?

LY: Yes. I remember hanging up some laundry for Dad one time; the underwear had sleeves. Hanging up, it looked like somebody standing there.

I: What places in the house did you have to keep your clothes?

LY: Some of them were in drawers, and some of them hung up on coat hangers in closets.

I: Did you have enough clothes to be able to wear something different each day?

LY: I bought my first dress when I started high school. I sure liked that dress; I think I wore it everyday for a week.

Getting Things by Mail

I: I wonder if you remember ever using a Sears Roebuck or Montgomery Ward catalog.

LY: Yes, a lot of things were ordered out of the Montgomery Ward catalog.

I: Usually clothing?

LY: Clothing and I remember my doll, first doll, was ordered out of the catalog.

I: How was it delivered?

LY: It'd come in the mail. The doll's still in the box it came in. I've got it at home. It's a sleepy-eyed doll.

I: How was the mail delivered, or did you have to go somewhere to pick it up?

LY: About two or three miles down the road was a place where all the mailboxes were. One of them was ours.

I: Would a doll box fit in that mailbox?

LY: We didn't have a big mailbox then. Sometimes they just tied the package with string on the mailbox.

I: Was it exciting to get things in the mail?

LY: Yes, I'd been wanting one for a long time. I wanted one with the sleepy eyes, and my brother took it apart to see what made the eyes blink. So it wasn't much good after that.

I: What did you do to him?

LY: He was bigger than me.

Mother's Clothing

I: What kind of clothing did your parents wear?

LY: I remember Mother wearing kind of a gathered skirt. I don't remember her having many dresses on. They were blue material. She sewed them herself, and they had a band around the waist.

I: Down to the ankles?

LY: Yes.

I: Did she wear heavy stockings?

LY: Yes, she'd wear heavier stockings--cotton stockings.

I: Did she ever dress up and go to a party or a dance?

LY: No, except for the Get-Together Club, a club they had out there for the women in the neighborhood. They'd all get together and have a kind of a party. Sometimes during the First World War, I think they made neck scarves and mittens. Other than that, I guess they just caught up on the news. (see photograph on p. 30)

Mother's Attitude about Hair Styles

I: How did your mother fix her hair?

LY: It was long and she wore it in a bun until women started cutting their hair. My sister was the first one to cut her hair, and mother about had a fit.

Lola on horse named Dexter (part Shetland), age 16, 1926
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

I: Who did the cutting?

LY: She had it cut in town. I don't know whether the barber cut it or whether she went to some friend. But it wasn't very long until Mother decided to have hers cut. Then she had waves all over the top of her hair. Her hair was naturally wavy.

I: Why do think she was angry about cutting her hair?

LY: She just thought we had gone to the dogs if we started doing that.

Pets & Facts of Life

I: Did you have pets during the time you lived at the house in Ladd Canyon?

LY: Dogs and cats.

I: Did they stay outside?

LY: Yes.

I: Like barn cats?

LY: They went anyplace they wanted to. We

Lola (far right) with friends (l. to r.)
Helen Austin, Marian Miller, Beth Myrl Miller
ca. 1925
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

always had two dogs. Dad always said he had to have two dogs to keep each other company.

I: From watching those animals did you find out pretty early about reproduction?

LY: I was quite a bit older before I did that. I was probably nine or ten before I found out. I think the kids at school told me. My parents would shush up when I'd get around the stove, telling about our sister who was pregnant; they didn't want me to know it.

I: Did you ask questions about how she got pregnant?

LY: I guess I just took it as a matter of fact. Maybe she swallowed a watermelon; one sister said they found a baby under a rock.

I: Did you hear stories about a stork?

LY: Yes, but we didn't believe much in storks.

Christmas

I: What happened on some of the holidays like Christmas?

LY: Nothing special. I remember one Christmas I didn't have a doll buggy, and I wanted one awfully bad. Pretty soon Christmas came. Dad was Santa. The Christmas tree was in a separate room; he went in there and started to call off the names and came out where we were and brought out a doll buggy with a canvas cover. It rolled over and made me mad.

I: Why?

LY: I'd wanted a really dolled-up buggy.

Visits to Hot Lake

I: At the time that you were living in Ladd Canyon, did you visit Hot Lake?

LY: When we lived there and I went to school, Dr. Phy kind of took to the school. He'd come over and get us and take us farther up Ladd Canyon, to The Park. The Neinbergers had it. They had a big swing that went out over the creek. My sisters got in it, and I watched them; it scared me to death. I thought sure they were going to fall in the water. I've been afraid of water ever since.

There was a big building up there--kind of a dance hall. He'd take us up there for the noon meal. He'd let us play in the afternoon, then put us in the car, and take us back to Hot Lake again. He'd have us there for dinner--the first place I ever ate borscht soup. It was made with beets and was served cold. I didn't think much of it.

I: Why did you think he did that?

LY: Just out of the goodness of his heart, I think. He seemed to enjoy doing that.

I: How did you get to Hot Lake?

LY: More often than not we went in the buggy.

I: I'd like you to talk more about Hot Lake. What do you remember what went on there?

LY: Nice place. They had a big, oval-shaped desk, where people registered. The rooms were upstairs. To the right

were the mineral baths. As kids, we didn't pay too much attention. We'd go where our folks went. We knew it was a nice place. They had a shiny floor; everything was kept up well. I remember to the right as you went out the door was a room for plants.

I: Do you remember what Hot Lake itself looked like at the time?

LY: It was clear water, and smelled like egg. After we went by Hot Lake and on the left, there was a spring that ran all the time. Every time we'd go past there Dad would have to stop and drink some of that water--the same kind of water that was in the lake. It didn't smell good.

I: Did he invite you to take a drink, too?

LY: No, I never did take a drink because I didn't like that sulfur.

Sunday School & Religion-related Experiences

I: Tell me about church activities that you remember from your youth.

LY: They would come out from La Grande and hold Sunday school in our school. They'd have cards to give us. Sometimes we'd talk about things on those cards. So far as a regular church like they have now, I don't think they had any of those in the country yet. My mother was a Presbyterian; I don't know whether she went to a church or not. She never did say.

I: Did you memorize verses from the Bible at Sunday School?

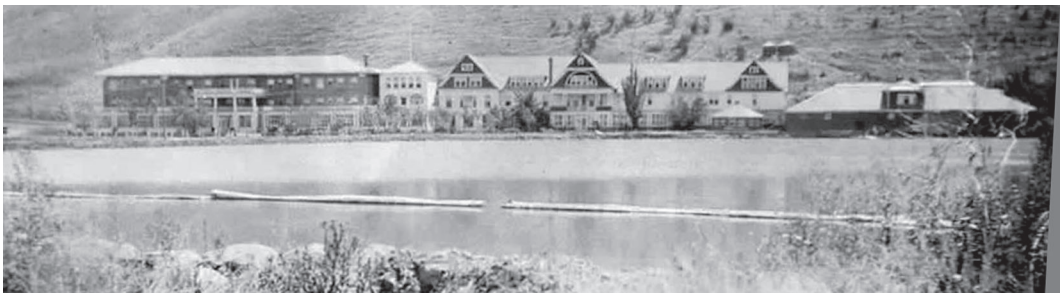
LY: Yes. We'd put a string in the Bible; there was a certain place where you had to put the string. Then one of us held it up and said something from the Bible. Pretty soon the Bible started going around; that was a sign that it was answering our question. I think it was like an Ouiji board.

I: Did a lot of people use the Ouiji board then?

LY: Yes, quite a few people had them.

I: What would be a question that they might want the Ouiji board to answer?

LY: Some of them would ask if they were going to have children and how many. I always thought that whoever had their hand on the Ouiji board was running it; I didn't have much faith in it.



Hot Lake Sanitorium in 1920s
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

I: Were you aware at the time of very many other people who went to church or had a strong religious belief?

LY: They used it all the time. They talked about God, but as far as having any get-together and talking about it, I can't remember that they did that.

I: Was there much conversation about the devil and hellfire?

LY: Oh, yes. You were going to hell for sure if you didn't do right.

I: Do you think that a lot of people saw religion as a source of fear for not doing right?

LY: Yes, I think they did. I remember when I was serving in the Christian Science reading room, when I was older then, a girl came in one day and was feeling bad--having trouble with family things--and talked to me about the devil. She said he was on her shoulder, she saw him, she knew he was there. I told her it was in her mind that there was a devil. "No," she said, "he's sitting on my shoulder, I can see him." I think some people are like that. They think the devil is going to get them for sure.

I: Did you hear talk about heaven?

LY: Yes.

I: What was that supposed to be like?

LY: That was supposed to be a beautiful place--with God up there.

I: Did people seem to think that's where they were going when they died?

LY: Yes, most people did, if they were religious at all.

I: Was it hard for many people to keep from sinning?

LY: I imagine for some people it was, but most of them lived a good life--enjoyed themselves.

I: What did the preachers look like?

LY: They had nice suits; some of them wore robes. They'd get up in front at the schoolhouse and preach to us for about an hour.

I: Do you remember what they talked about?

LY: They talked about sin and heaven and God. I recall one man who went to the service when there was hardly anybody there, so he sat in the back seat. After the service, the preacher went to him and said, "Did you enjoy my service?" The man said "Yes, but I live on a farm. When I feed the cows, I don't feed them the whole load if there's only three there."

High School in La Grande

I: At that time, a lot of people quit school at the end of eighth grade and didn't try to go on to high school.

LY: Yes, that's the way with my family. I was the only one in my family that went through high school. I went through grade school in seven and a half years and went in high school at mid-year. My sisters started, but they quit. Every body said they just went in the front door and out the back.

I: Did you ever figure out why they didn't stick with it?

LY: They didn't like school. They wanted to get a job. My older sister got a job in the candy store. The other one, when she was going to grade school, would say she had a headache, and our sister had to take her home. There wasn't anything the matter with her. She just didn't want to go to school.

I: Do you remember why you thought you wanted or needed to go to school?

LY: I just thought I needed to learn more.

I: What made you different?

LY: I don't know. I must have got some different genes.

I: When you were in high school, how did you get there every day from Hot Lake?

LY: My brother worked for the county shops, so I would come to him in his car.

I: When you started high school classes, did you think that you were well prepared?

LY: I thought I was when I started, but I found out I wasn't.

I: What were some of your difficulties?

LY: I took Latin for one thing. That's the only thing in high school I failed. And I didn't like geometry. I got it all right, but I didn't like it.

I: I suppose going to high school where you had several teachers and you moved from class to class seemed a lot different from the Ladd Canyon School.

LY: Yes, I enjoyed high school, especially having several girlfriends. We had a a man teacher for study hall. One time when I was in study hall, somebody gave me some gum. I put it in my mouth; he saw me chewing it and told me to get up and spit it out the window. I think that was one of the most embarrassing things that happened to me--to go up in front of everybody and throw the gum out the window.

I: Were you going back and forth each day from Ladd Canyon?

LY: We had a car then. My oldest brother had a job with the county, and he let me go to school with him.

I: Did you have home ec. classes?

LY: Yes. I can remember yet the first thing I made was a "floating island" in home ec. We beat up egg whites and put them on top of a kind of a custard; that was the floating island. I did well in cooking class.

I: Did you take typing or shorthand?

LY: I took typing and I would have taken shorthand, but they didn't teach it then. I was sure glad I took typing. It's helped me many times. I still have the typewriter I used in high school.

LY: Yes. Oh, I hated history. I just couldn't get anywhere in history. And that old, old history didn't mean anything to me then.

I: Did you have to memorize and take tests on dates and people's names?

LY: Yes. I didn't like Caesar and some of those people that were in the old books.

I: Do you wish you had gone to college?

LY: Oh, yes, many a time. My brother said he would pay my way, but I didn't have sense enough to accept.

I: Did you like to read from the time you were small?

LY: Oh, boy, did I like to read! Mother said, if she ever needed me to help her, she'd go look in the corner and find me with a book.

I: That could have something to do with the idea of your going on to high school because if you could read, you could probably do the school work well.

LY: Yes. I got my books out of the library--all of Emily Loring's books. I liked them.

I: Did you do any typing for other people?

LY: Yes. I went to the courthouse one summer. My sister-in-law was a recorder there; she got work for me one summer. I worked putting names of people that voted in the precinct in the ledger. I thought it was important work. But I got rheumatism or arthritis while I was working there, and I spent about six or eight weeks in bed with it.

Ailments & Remedies

LY: Mother was a great one not to go to the doctor. She would go to Moon's drugstore, and they'd tell her what to give me. When she did, I went to sleep, and she thought I had died because she couldn't wake me up.

I: Do you remember being in pain often?

LY: I was in pain with that rheumatism. It seemed like it started in my thumb and kept jumping from joint to joint. I stood up against the stove one time. It felt so good.

I: Did anybody say, "We need to take you to Hot Lake"?

LY: Mother did go to Dr. Phy and he doctored me, but the medicine she got from the Moons did me more good than anything he did.

Exploring La Grande

I: Tell me about walking down Adams Avenue in La Grande fifty or more years ago.

LY: They used to have circuses and parades. We'd go in on those days and stand on the sidewalk to see the elephants and everything on the street. Finally, they decided they were too heavy for the concrete, and they stopped the parades.

I: When you'd walk down the street, what stores would you go in?

LY: Not too many. White's Restaurant always had white tablecloths on the tables. Mother would take me there lots of times; we'd get a piece of pie for afternoon dessert.

I: Did you go to the Montgomery Ward store?

LY: When it came in, yes, we went there a lot.

I: What sorts of things would you buy there?

LY: Shirts and other clothes. I remember once I bought some Tweed perfume--or somebody had given to me--and I went in there and one woman said, "Oh, you smell good! You've got some of that Tweed perfume on." I said, "Yes, I do." She said, "Well, I sure like it." I don't think it's manufactured anymore.

I: Did you go to Wright's Drugstore?

LY: I'd go in there lots of times to get a soda or to eat lunch, when I was going to high school. They served a very good lunch. Midge Wright's husband, Lynn, always helped her. Midge was very friendly--a nice person to have in a store like that because she always welcomed me in and was glad to serve me.

I: Was Moon's Drugstore similar to Wright's?

LY: Yes, inside it was similar. They had a fountain, too, where they served sodas and ice cream. I don't believe they served a lunch. In the back they had composition books and things that youngsters needed at school. Mother often used Moon's drugstore when something would be the matter with us kids; she'd go and talk to them to see what she should give us.

I: Did you ever go in the Sacajawea Hotel?

LY: I was upstairs. It had a balcony and a ballroom.

I: Did you see it soon after it was built?

LY: Yes. We saw it when it was being built by Mr. Roesch; my husband said it could stand an earthquake. The soldier boys [during World War II, when servicemen took courses at Eastern Oregon College] stayed up there for quite a while.

Friends of mine and I used to go to the Sacajawea Coffee Shop a lot and eat. They served good lunches.

I: Did you ever meet Mr. Roesch?

LY: I passed him several times to know who he was. One time a group of us from high school were going home in the evening, and we passed under a chestnut tree in front of the Roesch's house--right across from the library, where the vacant lot is [on Penn Street]. Several chestnuts had fallen on the ground, so we picked one up to look at it. Mrs. Roesch came to the door and shooed us off in a hurry. She didn't want anybody to pick them up.

I: What kind of a house was that?

LY: It wasn't anything fancy--a white house, trimmed with green.

I: Was August Stange [president of Mt. Emily Lumber Company] still living when you were in La Grande?

LY: Yes, I went to school with his two daughters, Ann and Jane. They were both nice girls.

He built a high smokestack at the mill; I doubt if many people would have gone that high to paint it, but my husband's brother did.

I: That reminds me of the sugar beet factory, which also had a tall smokestack. Do you remember anything about that?

LY: My husband told me lots of stories about it, so I know it was there when he was little. They had a train that ran up to the factory, and I guess he got on a train and rode that far. His home was about a half mile from there, by the Grande Ronde River.

Meeting a Mischievous Iceman

I: Where did you meet the man you married?

LY: I'll tell you a story about that. Some of my friends had a surprise party for me. They baked me a nice cake with frosting on top and served it to me. When I got up to get something and came back, he had eaten the frosting off that piece of cake.

I: Who was he?

LY: The man who became my husband

I: Was he a young man you knew?

LY: No, that was the first time I had met him. I learned after that to eat my frosting first.

My older sister, Alta, had Velma, who was a year older than I and was going with him, but he dropped her and took me.

I: When were you married?

LY: I graduated from high school in 1928, and I didn't marry until I was twenty-one, so we went together for a couple of years. He was the iceman. I told him when we had our fiftieth reunion that I've heard lots of stories about icemen, and here I married one. He told about how the little kids would follow him up the street and eat the ice that fell off.

Lola with Banton family car at time of her high school graduation, 1928
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Frank Young, the iceman suitor, with Lola, 1925
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

I: Did you settle down in La Grande right away?

LY: Yes, we lived in La Grande at 1505 S Avenue; someone couldn't pay the bill that they owed him, and so he took the house. We lived there for about four years.

I: Where did the ice he delivered come from?

LY: In the winter my husband had his ice pond. (see p. 24 for photographs of ice-gathering and storing)

Raising Foxes Commercially

LY: Then Frank, my husband, had a mink ranch and after that foxes. He and his brother were looking for some place to put it that was protected by timber. There were several reasons they bought at Mt. Glen [about six miles north of La Grande]. We lived there until after we celebrated our fiftieth wedding anniversary. We had been married sixty-three years when he passed on.

My husband and his brother raised lots of foxes. Frank's brother stayed in a little cabin up there at the ranch and took care of the foxes so he could be close to them and no one would bother them.

They had a big dog they called Queen--a German Shepherd. She would let hardly anybody come close to her. If somebody came in and bothered the foxes, she barked. His brother came to live with us. He put old Queenie outside the back door because there was a clothesline out there, and he put her on it. She seemed to be satisfied. She didn't take to me for awhile, and then all of a sudden she thought I was all right, and she'd let me pet her.

I: Tell me more about what's involved in raising foxes.

LY: They're born kind of like kittens. They call them kits, I think. They get a little bigger all the time, though they never get very big.

Frank would buy horses that were going to be killed or were no good anymore and use lots for fox feed or lots of cow meat if somebody wanted to get rid of a cow. We had many a horse and cow that was still good when we got them and kept them for several years.

The foxes had to be about a year old when they'd pelt them. I never did see them kill a fox. They'd put the pelts on a board, and, when they were dried, they put them all together. Men would come from someplace and offer them so much for the pelts. They'd try to get the high-

Lola Banton in 1928
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Gathering & Storing Grande Ronde River Ice, 1920s & 30s

Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Clearing snow in preparation for cutting ice

Men with saws for cutting ice and horse and sled to transport it

Using poles and tongs to harvest ice

Putting up ice in sawdust-lined ice house

est price, but they never did get too much.

One man that came from Minnesota, wanting to buy the pelts. I told Frank at the time, "I don't like his eyes. I don't think you ought to sell them to him." They didn't pay any attention to me and went ahead and sold them to him. He took the pelts home, and that was the last we ever heard of him; they didn't get a penny. I remember his name yet: Puliot.

I: How much do you think they were trying to get per pelt?

LY: Around thirty-five dollars. One time when they pelted the foxes, they said I could have a fur for my neck or I could have the money. That was in hard times, so I took the money and bought a clock with it.

Church Affiliation

LY: My husband found Christian Science when his mother was alive; she was probably about forty years old then. His dad was alive and had heart trouble. When a lady came along in a buggy one day, his mother talked to her and she said, "If he's going to die, die Christian Scientist." His mother said, "I don't know what it is, but is it anything that will hurt him?" The lady said, "No, it won't hurt him a bit, and maybe it'll help him." His mother said anything that would help him she'd try. It wasn't long until the lady came again and brought her a book. He began to get better, got up, worked around, and lived until he was eighty-two. He lived quite a bit longer than they thought he would. Up till that date, Frank, my husband, was pretty skeptical, but he said, after his dad was healed, he wasn't skeptical any more.

I: Do you think it helped him in his farm work?

LY: Yes, it was bound to because he never saw anything wrong with anybody. He talked to anybody whether he knew them or not--always laughing and joking. He enjoyed life.

Growing Cherries Commercially

I: Besides foxes, did you have an orchard in Mt. Glen?

LY: Yes, we had seventy acres in cherries. It was a lot when we went to pick them. When we started out, there were mostly white people who picked; then the Mexicans started coming in, and they turned to hiring the Mexicans. The white and the Mexicans just didn't mix.

I: Before they could be picked, the cherry trees had to have a lot of attention. What sorts of things needed to be done?

LY: They were cultivated and we didn't have water, so they couldn't have water. Some years it was hard because we didn't have enough rain. They got cherry worm, and it took over. They crawl into the cherry and lay their eggs. Then the pupa comes out in the spring, falls on the ground, and develops into the fly. There isn't much difference in the looks of that fly and the normal fly, but normal flies can't do much damage. They tried to eradicate the cherry fly but couldn't.

I: Was your husband using a pesticide?

LY: Oh, yes.

I: That didn't affect the worm?

LY: They finally decided that they couldn't use the very strong one. Paulus Brothers at Salem first decided, if they put it on too strong, people would get to feeling they were getting poisoned cherries. So they changed to Rotenone. You could put that on and in just a few days pick and eat the cherries, and they wouldn't hurt you as long as they were washed off.

We had U-pick, and I'd say hundreds of people used to come out and pick cherries. Frank would always tell them to wash the cherries before they ate them, but some people would have children with them, and those children would go with them up in the orchards to pick. They'd come out with cherry juice from head to foot. He told some of them he should have weighed them before they went up to the orchard.

I: How much did he sell them for?

LY: The average was about six cents a pound. They bought that place thinking they would have a place for the animals, but, when they bought it, they put out the first cherry orchard. They planted a small one north of the house, and, of course, that one came into bearing first. Then they planted here and they planted there. Frank was called the king cherry grower of Union County.

I: Was that because he had so many cherries or because he was so good at it--or both?

LY: It was because he had so many acres of cherries--and because he'd rather talk than eat.

Lola with sons Dale & Gerald, 1934
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Frank Young with sons Gerald (1 1/2 yrs.) & Dale (1 1/2 mos.), July 15, 1934; car is Willys Knight
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

I: Could he make a living at that time out of cherries, or was this a sideline?

LY: My husband thought he had enough to keep us in our old age, but, if he were here now, he'd know he's been fooled. He didn't work anyplace else. We had Royal Annes, Bings, Lamberts, and Vans. The Van is the one that they use for pollination; the seed looks like a bean.

The Royal Anne is a good cherry. There was Rainier that came later, and at first it was an awfully good cherry. When he first wanted to try it, he bought a lot of his starts up at Wenatchee. They talked him into trying that kind and he got one or two trees. We liked them better than the Royal Annes, but they were soft when we canned them. The other growers said, "They'll never go over as a canned cherry. They're too soft." So he took out what he had because he thought they wouldn't be any good. I think he might have left one tree for us to eat from.

About four or five years later, they decided to ban the Rainier as a cherry. Now they'd do anything to get Rainier cherries. They like them, but they are a softer cherry to can.

Spraying cherry trees with Rotenone at Young orchard, Mt. Glen, Grande Ronde Valley, 1940s
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

I: How did your husband ship his cherries to markets?

LY: With Jerry's and Dale's help, he hauled them to Imbler. There, they were sorted and packed in boxes. You'd take the top off and there would be those pretty cherries. They shipped most of them east. Frank always said he'd live for the day he could take some by airplane, but he didn't get that opportunity.

I: Were the cherries packed in wooden boxes?

LY: Yes.

I: Where were they made?

LY: Right there at the packing plant. Clyde Wilson made those boxes. The pieces of wood came like a kit; you put it together and you had a box. On the end of it they'd have a tag on that said "Pumpkin Ridge Growers Cherries." He belonged to the Pumpkin Ridge Cherry Associa-

Lola Young in 1943
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

tion. There were probably twelve or fifteen growers that had cherries.

I: Were they all getting the same prices for their cherries?

LY: Yes, the ones in the association all got the same price. At Imbler, they'd sort them and weigh the culls, deducting that weight from what you brought in. Each grower was actually paid for the quality he brought in. Then all the cherries were mixed together when they were packed.

I: Was all the sorting done by hand, or were there machines that could do it?

LY: It was all by hand. They stood there at those boxes the whole time. There was a belt that went along and these boxes were on the belt. They dumped them out and sorted them as they went by. There were probably about ten men and forty women working when they were busy packing.

I: In what month and for how long did the sorting and packing go on?

LY: From about the middle of July--three or four weeks. Often we were through by the first of August. Then we'd take a camping trip up the Lostine River [in Wallowa County].

I: When did the money start coming in from the sale of those cherries?

LY: Sometimes in December and sometimes not until the next year.

I: How did you get by?

LY: I don't know. That wasn't my worry so long as we had something to eat.

I: Were you getting most of your food from the farm--with chickens and vegetables?

LY: Oh, we just ate what we had, I guess. We seemed to always have enough to buy a loaf of bread and have something to eat.

I: Was he a good saver?

LY: He was. That's the reason we had the money to keep us when we got old.

Frank Young with sons Gerald (11) & Dale (9), 1943
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

The Ladd Canyon Get-Together Club, 1915 (Lola Banton in front row, third from right)
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Lola with great-granddaughter Amanda
(granddaughter of Jerry & Arlene Young; parents Cindy & Joe Meyer), 1988 or ‘89
Photo courtesy of Gerald Young

Henry Young's Diary of a Meeting with Chief Joseph

(page1 of diary below in his handwriting,
followed by typescript by Gerald Young, grandson)

~~In August~~ 1872 the
Willowa valley was not explored
very much except by a few trappers
and stock men

At Summerville in August 1872
George Richardson & a Mr Helming
planned a trip to see the Wallowa
valley then not much known and invited
the writer of this to go along with the
object in view of taking up land
if things looked favorable so we
started with a riding horse apiece and
a pack pony to carry blankets & grub
Crossing the hill north east of Summer
we forded the Grande Ronde river and
went east until we came to the Wallowa
Hill then fording the Wallowa river
and going up a trail on the steep
mountain side until we reached
the top which was comparatively
level for 6 or 7 miles then we went
down hill again to the lower Wallowa

Note by a member of Young family:

Some punctuation and sentence structure of original document have been altered for clarity. An effort has been made to not change words. The original document is narrated in the first person and is believed to be in his handwriting. Family oral history is very similar to what is in the document, which is believed to have been written in the early 1900's by Henry John Node Young.

In 1872 the Wallowa Valley was not explored very much except by a few trappers and shack men.

At Summerville in August 1872 George Richardson and a Mr. Herring planned a trip to see the Wallowa valley when not much known and invited the writer of this to go along with the object in view of taking up land if things looked favorable. So we started with a riding horse apiece and a pack pony to carry blankets and grub.

Crossing the hill north east of Summerville we forded the Grande Ronde river and went east until we came to the Wallowa Hill then fording the Wallowa river and going up a trail on the steep mountain side until we reached the top which was comparatively level for 6 or 7 miles. Then we went down hill again to the lower Wallowa Valley where we camped for the night. After getting settled we saw a fire down by the river and walking down a hundred yards or so we saw two indians, one squatting in a round hole in the ground filled with hot water up to his neck and a fire burning close by with rocks in the fire to heat the water, The other indian was a half breed and could talk english pretty well, he said his father was a member of the Lewis & Clark expedition of years ago and also his comrade was sick and was taking this hot bath to cure himself. Next morning we went up middle valley and came across an old irishman in log shack. The only white man we saw on the trip. He said he was squatting on the ground to eventually get the land. That night Mr. Herring cut 4 small trees and laid a foundation for a claim. Next day we reached the lake and ate dinner at the lower end of the lake. Then Prairie creek being our objective we started east on nearly level country. About 1 1/2 or 2 miles from the lake as we were jogging along we were startled by 40 or 50 indians on horseback headed by Chief Joseph who dashed down on the gallop and completely surrounded us stopping our passage instantly and scowling at us intruders on their domain. There we were with a shot gun tied on this pack pony. The only gun we had.

This crowd could not speak english. The chief gave orders to another indian and he rode away to intercept another indian about a mile away who proved to be an interpreter. Coming back they came through the circle and asked us, "Where you go?" We said Prairie creek. "Chief no want white men in Prairie Creek, this his country."

We tried to explain we were only on a little hunting and fishing trip and did not want land. After talking with his chief he said to us, "Chief says you go right back and stay with us at our camp tonight and tomorrow you go home and come here no more." They opened the way for us turning us around and surrounded by 10 or 15 indians we reached their tepees about a quarter mile from the lake and stopped us about 30 yards from their camp, told us to take off our saddles and camp. We unloaded and they took our horses saying, "you stay here tonight and we bring horses back in morning then you go back."

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