

Its interesting, I guess, doggone old horse he could just--head him towards home, he'd go home.

(They seem to know how to get home.)

I don't know now this Polson. I don't know anybody in Polson cemetery.

(Interruption)

(Just a wilderness.)

Just grew up thicker than hair on a dog's back on each side of the road.

(They've got it cleaned off now though.)

(Tape skip)

Oh shoot now. He was just a young fella. He married along about the time Irene and I did. He lived up in Moody. Built a little home right out in yonder.

(Yeah.)

I think this was her allotment or someway or another. Anyway he is pretty much of a puncher. Went into the cattle business first one thing and the other. Get to running for--I think he ran for county office. And he went up north and got a job on Alaskan highway. And he's drunk, fell off his horse and just fell over and went to sleep and froze to death.

(Well, old Dave--)

Old man Dave.

(Yeah. Froze to death.)

Yeah.

(Interruption)

WHITEWATER CREEK

(Whitewater Creek goes down towards Grove. Well, this is where she heads up right here.)

Now that place just right out into that flatland there.

(Yeah.)