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**Transcript of DARE Interview (1967): Jackson, Wyoming; Primary Informant
WY001 (Tape 1830-S1)**

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INTRODUCTION: The following was recorded from Dictionary of American Regional English, tape one eight three zero, side one.

FIELDWORKER: This is a recording of Holly [beep] made at Jackson, Wyoming, on May twenty-fifth nineteen sixty-seven by [beep].

- 5 INFORMANT: The story of Arthur the Rat. Once upon a time there was a young rat who couldn't make up his mind. Whenever the other rats asked him if he would like to come out hunting with them, he would answer in a hoarse voice, "I don't know." And when they said, "Would you rather stay inside?" he wouldn't say yes or no either. He'd always shirk making a choice. One fine day his aunt Josephine said to him, "Now look here, no one will ever care for you if you don't [sic]
- 10 carry on like this. You have no more mind of your own than a greasy old blade of grass." The young rat coughed and looked wise as usual, but said nothing. "Don't you think so," said his aunt, stamping her foot, for she couldn't bear to see the young rat so cold-blooded. "I don't know," was all he ever answered, and then he'd walk off to think for an hour or more, whether he would s-, should, uh, stay in his hole in the ground or go out into the loft. One night the rats heard a
- 15 loud noise in the loft. It was a very dreary old place. The roof let the rain come washing in, the beams and rafters had all rotted through, so that the whole thing was quite unsafe. At last one of the joists gave away and the beam fell with one edge on the floor. The walls shook, the cupola fell off and all the rats' hair stood on end with fear and horror. "This won't do," said their leader. "We can't stay cooped up here any longer." So they sent out scouts to search for a new home. A
- 20 little later on that evening the scouts came back and said they had found an old-fashioned horse-barn where there would be room and board for all of them. The leader gave the order at once, "Company fall in!" and the rats crawled out of their holes and stood on the floor in a long line. Just then the old rat caught sight of young Arthur— that was the name of the shirker. He wasn't in the line, and he wasn't exactly outside it. He just stood by it. "Come on, get in line!" growled
- 25 the old rat coarsely. "Of course, you're coming too?" "I don't know," said Arthur calmly. "Why the idea of it! You don't think it's safe here anymore, do you?" "I'm not certain," said Arthur, undaunted. "The roof may not fall down yet." "Well," said the old rat, "we can't wait for you to join us." Then he turned to the others and shouted, "Right about face! March!" and the long line

30 marched out of the barn while the young rat watched them. "I think I'll go tomorrow," he said to himself, "but then again, perhaps I won't— it's so nice and snug here. I guess I'll go back to my hole under the log for a while just to make up my mind." But during the night there was a big crash. Down came beams, rafters, joists—the whole business. Next morning—it was a foggy day—some ma-, men came to look over the damage. It seemed odd to them that the old building was not haunted by rats. But at last, one of them happened to move a board, and he caught sight
35 of the young rat, quite dead, half in, half out of his hole. Thus the shirker got his due, and there was no mourning for him.

FIELDWORKER: You ready to start explaining them?

INFORMANT: Yeah, what, uh, what's your first one?

FIELDWORKER: Uh, Cincinnati.

40 INFORMANT: Uh, Cincinnati was a game that two or three boys could play, and the ring was about eighteen inches long and oval in shape, and then out about fifteen feet was the lag line, and each player put in two, three or four marbles, as many as they wanted that they could agree on, then they lagged to the lag line down, and, uh, one that got nearest there was the first one to lag back, and he lagged back to the ring.

45 FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm.

INFORMANT: And, uh, then the others followed, and, uh, whichever one that would happen to hit another player's marble or taw, he got the first shot, or if his marble hit some of the marbles in the Cincinnati ring and knocked them out, why, he could, he went right on playing in his turn. And, uh, you could either play spins in, where your taw had to spin inside the Cincinnati ring, or
50 you could just play regular Cincinnati, where you could get as many as you could before you missed one. That was Cincinnati.

FIELDWORKER: Spins in, you had, your marble had to land in there without hitting anything?

INFORMANT: Your, spins in, when you shot, and hit one of the marbles in the Cincinnati ring, your taw had to spin inside the ring and knock the marble out.

55 FIELDWORKER: Uh-huh

INFORMANT: And then every time you shot it, your taw had to remain in the ring. If it went out, you had to put the marble back and lost your turn

FIELDWORKER: Uh-huh.

INFORMANT: Now, what is your next?

60 FIELDWORKER: Purgatory.

INFORMANT: Purgatory was made with, uh, a series of holes, just like, uh, golf game, we played the diamond, diamond-shaped game, and then way off, oh, sometimes a hundred feet, was another hole, that was purgatory. And then we lagged, you lag the first time, and if you didn't get the hole then you shot, and the object was, is to get your taw into each hole in turn. You got
65 through the four holes, then you had to make the long throw over to purgatory, and sometimes you'd have to throw it by hand way over the, then shoot when you got close, to get in, and the one that completed the course in the fewest shots won the stakes, whatever they, you agreed upon.

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm.

70 INFORMANT: And, uh, I suppose it's just like golf now.

FIELDWORKER: What'd you do, you took turns then,

INFORMANT: You took turns.

FIELDWORKER: Once you, once you made it in a hole you could shoot to the next one.

INFORMANT: Until you missed.

75 FIELDWORKER: Uh-huh.

INFORMANT: Sometimes you could, uh, uh, lag from one hole to another and roll in, just like a g-, hole in one. And you l-, you started out with a line, lagging like you did for Cincinnati, you just went back, uh, ten or twelve feet from the first hole, and you lagged for that hole. Then if you got close, the next time it was your turn you shot the marble at the hole. The holes were about,
80 oh, two inches in diameter, three inches in diameter, and about three inches deep.

FIELDWORKER: How far apart were the holes?

INFORMANT: Oh, at any given length which you agreed upon between you, it could be ten feet or twenty feet. If you wanted to make a real tough game out of it, you'd make the holes twenty feet apart. If you wanted to make it easy, uh, the little kids, they'd play holes, uh, oh, six or eight
85 feet apart.

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm. And your first shot from the hole was always a lag, and then—

INFORMANT: Was a lag.

FIELDWORKER: And then wherever your marble landed you had to shoot.

INFORMANT: You had to shoot it there, you couldn't lag, you had to shoot the second time, you
90 had to shoot until you made the hole.

FIELDWORKER: And then you lagged again.

INFORMANT: Then you lagged for the next hole.

FIELDWORKER: And you always had the holes in a diamond shape, I mean, they were arranged in—

95 INFORMANT: Roughly, that's right.

FIELDWORKER: like a diamond.

INFORMANT: And, uh, usually, you came back so that you were closest to the purgatory hole on your final hole that you made, but that didn't make any difference if you were stymied for room, why, you could go across the diamond, lag across it, but it made a good game, and, uh, I don't
100 know where it originated, we played it, we liked it, we played that a lot, and, uh, (the did), just like golf now, did you ever hear of it before?

FIELDWORKER: We played one that was somewhat similar to that, but we had a, a hole in the center, and we'd, it was a little more complicated, we had a hole in, kind of a five spot of holes, and we'd go around the square, and then into the hole in the center, and once you made it in the
105 hole in the center, the first one who got in there was poison. Then he got to shoot at the other fellows' marbles. If he hit the, hit another fellow's marble, then he was out of the game, but if you missed him, he could, they could keep on going until everybody could be poison, and then you, you were playing just a regular game of marbles, the one who ended up, uh, poison at the end got the marbles in the center the, and your pot or whatever you want to call it.

110 INFORMANT: Yeah, well, uh, now this, I remember something else about this, if, uh, if you lagged and then the next player lagged and got closer to the hole, uh, you could shoot his marble and knock him away,

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm.

INFORMANT: far as you could send him, you know, like croquet. And that was, uh, the object
115 was, was to get around there as quick as you could and get to purgatory, and then you either took all their marbles that th-, their taws they were playing with, sometimes we'd play for flints, and, uh, you'd take their good shooting taws away from them [laugh]. I got about five hundred marbles stashed away upstairs in a box, and I've won when I was, I was a marble player, oh, I liked that, I was, was a good marble player. What's the next?

120 FIELDWORKER: Bumps.

INFORMANT: Oh, bumps is we'd get up agin [=against] a building, usually that was the first game we started in the spring because we lacked the room, the snow hadn't melted back far enough yet, We could always get two or three feet along the south side of a building, and we'd stand
125 back to the edge of the snow, and bump the marble up against the log building or the brick building, and, and then it'd fall back on the ground, and the next man bumped and tried to get his, his marble within a span of the first one, and if he c-

FIELDWORKER: A one hand span.

INFORMANT: One hand span, and if he could, that was his marble. That's about, that's about all there was to that.

130 FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm.

INFORMANT: And what's the next one?

FIELDWORKER: Well, odd and even.

INFORMANT: Oh, odd and even, you took a handful of marbles and said, "Odd or even," and, uh, your opponent guessed odd or even, well, if he guessed even, and you opened your hand and
135 counted eleven, he had to give you eleven marbles, and if he guessed odd, and they were odd, you had to give him that handful of marbles. That was a fast, [laugh] that game was dynamite, boy, it could make you or break you in one noon hour. Now, this rings, is that the next one? Rings was spins in, or, or, spins out. You could, uh, you put, uh, that was usually the, the older fellows that was the good shots played that, we'd made a ring about six feet or eight feet in diameter,
140 and put the marbles inside, two or three apiece, and then you, you shot from the outside, knuckles down, and, uh, you had to hit one of the marbles in the center and knock it out and leave your jaw spinning right in the ring, and, uh, if it didn't, why, you lost your turn, had to put the marble back, but if you spun in, then you could, the good, good player could clean the ring, he'd stay right in there, and get them all out. That was rings, and spins in. It was really scientific,
145 the older fellows, the good shots, played that.

FIELDWORKER: And, uh, lag was the other one.

INFORMANT: Well, that was just a, j-just make a line and, uh, uh, or two lines about twelve feet or sixteen feet apart, and all line up there and lag, and the one that got the closest to the line took the marbles, just like the pitching dollars for crack, you've done that?

150 FIELDWORKER: Uh, throwing silver dollars for the crack in the floor

INFORMANT: Silver dollars, crack in the floor. That's a great winter pastime game. Used to be, when we had silver dollars.

FIELDWORKER: Now, they got them all embedded in the bar downtown.

INFORMANT: That's right. Either that or paper dollars, and you can't pitch those.

155 FIELDWORKER: [laugh]

INFORMANT: Is that the last of the marble game?

FIELDWORKER: Yeah, that, that about takes care of the marble games.

INFORMANT: I can't recall any other. There evidently was other marble games, but, uh, I can't remember, uh,

160 FIELDWORKER: Well, did you ever play one that you just called chase, where, where you just chased each other around the playground?

INFORMANT: Over the fields, and uh, to school and back, yeah. But, uh,

FIELDWORKER: Tried, tried to hit his—

INFORMANT: Tried to hit him, and every time you hit him, why, he had to give you a marble, was that the way it went? I've done that, I'd forgot about that.
165

FIELDWORKER: And you called, did you call it chase?

INFORMANT: Well, it don't seem like it, seemed like we called it something else. If we called it anything. I know one we'd, we'd go to, home for lunch or something when I see, we, we lived on a ranch, and I rode a saddle horse to school most of the time, and, uh, when the weather was so
170 I could, and in the winter we skied, so, uh, but noon hour, we'd just go over to the barn where our horses were kept and eat our lunches. Sometimes a couple of us'd play that chase back and forth

FIELDWORKER: Mm-hmm.

INFORMANT: But we lived too far to chase each other home, [at night], three miles.

175 FIELDWORKER: Now, why don't you explain a little bit about this line of work that you do?

INFORMANT: Well, you mean the line of work I'm doing now, or, or have done, uh, hunting business?

FIELDWORKER: The hunting business.

INFORMANT: Well, uh, I established that camp up in Two Ocean Pass in nineteen twenty-three,
180 and, uh, we'd, uh, get non-resident hunters, and meet them at the, uh, airport, or in the early days, we'd meet them at the train at Rock Springs or Victor, or Lander, and bring them in by car, and, uh, stay all night at Jackson, or our ranch, at the lodge, and, uh, then the next day we'd, uh, take them up to the corral at the end of the road and, uh, put them on a saddle horse, and pack their duffel on a pack horse, and ride in to the base camp. That was an eighteen mile ride, six
185 hours, seven hours if we took it easy, and stopped and let them rest, ate lunch on the way in. And, uh, then, uh, the next morning, we'd get up and saddle our horses, and they'd have breakfast, and the cook'd have their lunch packed, and they'd take, uh, each two hunters had one guide, and the guides'd plan their strategy at the breakfast table or the evening before around the stoves in the tents. And then they'd take off in their respective directions, and to
190 some given area so that if there was three, three parties of two, and one guide out, in three different directions, why, they had to depend on themselves a-getting elk, where if they figured their strategy and went in an area close by each other, there was a chance of spooking the game back and forth from one canyon or one ridge over into the other hunters, so we usually planned it so we'd go in one place one day, another place another day, and we rotated the area so that it

195 took us about a week to get back to the first place. That way it'd give the elk in that area a chance to settle down and rest after we'd hunted there one day, and by that method, we got some above average trophies out of that area over the forty odd years we hunted there. We handled hunters from all over the United States, England, had hunters from Africa, had a big game guide from South Africa...

200 FIELDWORKER: Oh, yeah?

INFORMANT: out on a hunt, and, uh, usually professional men. Professional men seemed to, seemed to, uh, realize the importance of outdoor recreation, and, uh, we'd get lots of doctors, lots of doctors hunting. And after the kill was made, why, the, uh, guide, uh, dressed the animal out, and, uh, if they wanted the hide, he'd skin it out and save the hide, and he'd skin the scalp
205 out, take the scalp off from the antlers, and, and leave it. And then the next morning, why, the packer'd go back and the guide'd, uh, hunt that direction, and, uh, packer'd meet him at some designated place about ten o'clock after the elk had settled down, and, uh, bedded down for the day, why, they'd meet and, and then they'd go to the kill they'd made the night before, and quarter the elk up, and, uh, eat their lunch while they were there, and they'd pack the elk on the
210 two horses that the packer'd brought, and pack the head on, and the scalp and the feet, and, uh, hide, and, uh, everything a hunter wanted, but the bugle, and then they'd ta-, the packer'd take off for the camp with the meat, and the hunter and his, uh, guide would, uh, rest there awhile, and probably sleep until two or three o'clock, four o'clock on a warm day, and then they'd get up and, uh, listen for the elk to bugle, and, uh, hunt their way back to camp in the evening, plan on
215 getting there just at dark or a little after because there's always, in that high country, see, wer-, we were eighty-two hundred feet elevation on the Continental Divide, and the series of, uh, mesas, timber-covered, rising up to eleven thousand, five hundred feet, (you'd) get good protection for the game. And, uh, in the evening they'd come out. Well, there's lots of times when they came right out in the meadow there by the camp. You'd hunt in there and kill an elk on the
220 way into camp within a half a mile of the tents. We killed grizzly bear and moose, elk, and deer from that camp, year after year, up until nineteen sixty, we'd, uh, we'd get a hundred percent kill every fall, and then in nineteen, well maybe it was before nineteen sixty, they took the, uh, cow elk off the non-resident license, entirely, and made it so that no one could kill a female elk until the first of October. You had to kill an antlered elk the first three weeks of the season. Then
225 residents could kill elk of either sex, but the non-residents still had to kill the antlered elk, so it cut their chances down about twenty-five percent. Our hunting then dropped from a hundred percent kill down to about seventy-five. And it's, it's got lower than that since, it's down to about sixty-five now. And statewide, it's about thirty-eight, for non-resident hunters.

FIELDWORKER: Would the hunting pressure get too heavy?

230 INFORMANT: Not in our area, we were too far back from the, uh, road, we were too far back for the foot hunters, they couldn't get back during the day, see? Eighteen miles. The only outfits that there wa-, when we first went in there, uh, w-, I've been in there for forty days and never heard a shot fired or seen a hunter outside the people in our own party. Never see anybody. Had it all

235 to myself there for years and years until after World War II and then, uh, they started to coming
in this, this generation of guides after the war started in, and getting hunters, and started to
coming back in there, but we still only had one or two outfits that went any farther in than we
did, so we s-, we never did have too much hunting pressure on it. Our, uh, trouble was, with the
early storms'd bring the elk through there before we were through hunting. And, I've been up in
240 there late in the fall when there was two feet of snow and everything'd come out of that country,
moved down, we had to get down out of there. Snow would get so deep, we was afraid of getting
snowed in.

FIELDWORKER: Mmm.

INFORMANT: That's the only time that hunting pressure'd build up to where it was tough hunting
was, uh, eh, the game'd move out on account of the storms.

245 FIELDWORKER: Maybe you ought to explain what the elk bugle is.

INFORMANT: Well, the elk bugle is a ma-, a sound like a trumpet sound made by the male animals
during the rutting season, their mating season, which is, uh, normally from the first full moon in
September for about, uh, five weeks. And it seems that they've, uh, it, uh, aggravates it more to
have snow and cold weather. They seem to be more active during that time than they do when
250 it's a good dry fall. In the good, uh, hot days and cool nights, why, they don't say much in the
daytime. Where they're, especially where they're hunted. But, uh, when it's stormy, then they
move around a lot, and, uh, carry on considerable, and that bugle is a challenge that the bull gives
when he, uh, wants to collect a harem of cows, uh, harems run from three to twenty head is an
average group that a bull has with him. I've seen as high as sixty with one bull, but, uh, where
255 there's a lot of little bulls, a big bull can't handle that many cows while he's out on one side of
the herd, a-fighting ow-, off a bull four or five other bulls come in on the other side and each one
drives four or five cows away, and he can't keep track of that many. And then the bugle is used
to, um, challenge another bull to combat. And, uh, this, uh, this is nature's way of, uh, choosing
the fit for survival. If these bulls aren't in perfect condition they can't, uh, the, the weak bulls get
260 whipped out of the herd, get whipped away and kept away from the cows. So, it's just the strong
that, uh, can stand this rigorous rutting season, and that's why they have a good, strong calf crop.
But, uh, the cows, they make a sound, they make a high-pitched squeal, and the calves make a
high-pitched squeal, then the cows, uh, have a, kind of what we call a bark. When they're startled
or anything they'll, they'll bark, just like a dog, well a cow elk, a group of elk will have one or two
265 cows that's on the lookout all the time, just like all game is the same way, and if they see anything
suspicious or anything, they'll stand and look at it, with their ears pointed. Well, pretty soon,
every elk is watching. They'll, they'll begin to look that way. Well, if they s-, if that cow begins to
walk back and forth, kind of agitated, and lets out this peculiar bark, every animal within hearing
distance will come to their feet and get ready to go. And when that cow breaks, they break and
270 go, gone in a cloud of dust, just, and then they go down in the timber and you hear them
squealing, they're trying to locate their calves. I've seen bulls that, uh, had a little herd of cows
off in a little park, and other a-, other bull elk are bugling all around him, and he wouldn't answer

275 them because he didn't want to fight with them. He kept mum, he'd just keep as quiet, and the
bulls are real cagey during the hunting season, well, in fact, anytime. When they come to an
opening, the bull will stay back and let a cow go through the opening first. He's the l-, always the
last one to go out of cover, and he's, he's real smart. And, uh, the cows, they course know, they,
they can sense danger, and if you, uh, come up on, uh, a cow elk and look at her intently for a
few minutes, if she's laying down she'll begin to get nervous and fidgety, and pretty soon she'll
280 get up, and she'll walk around, and she'll test the air every direction, and look. They can sense
that, uh, something bothering them. And then they'll eventually move off if you keep just staring
right at them.

FIELDWORKER: Hm.

INFORMANT: Wild game is, is an education to watch.

285 FIELDWORKER: I suppose you got all, all kinds of stories about different hunts that you've been
on.

INFORMANT: Oh, I could talk for a week about hunts, it'd, uh, you talking about buck fever, you
how shook up the hunters get. I had a hunter out one day and we were coming in, uh, in the
evening ahorseback, and we rode out in a little park, and there stood a big bull elk on the other
side of the park, looking at us, big beautiful antlers up there, you know, and big beautiful animal.
290 And I said, well, Doc, step down, and kill that bull across the meadow there, and he got down off
from his horse, and took his gun out of the scabbard, and walked up and handed me the, his
saddle horse's bridle reins, and he knelt down in the trail in front of me, and took his glove off his
right hand, and raised his gun up, and let it down and worked the bolt, and raised it up, and
sighted, and let it down, and worked the bolt, and threw a shell out, and [laugh] did that four
295 times, threw four live cartridges out in the trail there. And he turned around to me, and he says,
"Where in hell am I hitting?" [laugh] I said, "You haven't hit anywhere yet, you never fired a shot."
There, and then the bull, of course, he had stood all that foolishness, he could stand, he whirled
and run into the timber, but that doctor, he, he couldn't get over that, he said, "Why, that's, uh,
that's ridiculous." He said, "I was shooting, eh, every time." He finally could see the comedy of it,
300 and got to chuckling, but, you know, it, uh, he, he was just so sure he was shooting, he never
pulled the trigger one time. I had another, another doctor that'd throw every other shell out.
He'd shoot and throw one in, and throw it right out, and throw another one in and shoot it. Then
he'd throw that out, and throw another one in, and throw it out, and throw another one in and
shoot it. So, if he had, uh, five shells in his gun, four in the chamber, and one in the barrel, he'd
305 only shoot twice, he'd throw three of them out [laugh]. Oh, you run into some, some funny things,
but there're, it's interesting, interesting work.

FIELDWORKER: And you always take one yourself every year too?

INFORMANT: Usually. Usually get a elk.

FIELDWORKER: Well, you, you have to save all the big ones for the clients (though, don't you)?

310 INFORMANT: Well, uh, we used to pass up heads. I mean, uh, we, we wouldn't kill the first bull
we saw unless the guide knew it was an exceptionally big one, above average. If it was, uh, five-
pointer or a small six, we'd say, "Don't, don't kill it, it's the first of the first of the hunt, you got
another ten days, you got another two weeks to hunt, let's get something bigger." Well, you'd
keep a-hunting, and eventually, you would get a, a bigger bull But, nowadays, it's kill the, kill the
315 first bull you see, because that probably be the only one you see.

FIELDWORKER: The herd's getting smaller?

INFORMANT: Well, they're getting smaller, and then they're getting harder to hunt, they're,
they're getting to be more of a nocturnal animal than they were fifty years ago. Used to be that
they just come out in the evening, and, and, uh, early, you know, three or four o'clock in the
320 afternoon. And they'd feed until dark and then they'd lay down, and, uh, maybe graze a little in
the night, and then in the morning they'd feed till ten o'clock. Well, now, when, after the first
week of the season where they're hunted, they, they're goi-, going in the timber at daylight. You
gotta go back in that black timber and dog them out, and boy you think it's tough hunting to hunt
an elk on his own court where he knows all the rules. Now, I'll tell you.

325 FIELDWORKER: I know about that [laugh].

INFORMANT: It's really rough. Boy, I'll tell you, it could, that timber gets so dry that those elk can
hear you coming so much farther than you can see them in that underbrush that they'll get up
and move ahead of you, and you'll never even hear them, they're so quiet. You'll see their tracks,
you'll see where they've bedded down, see where they've moved through, in front of you, and
330 you never hear a sound, never see them. They'll circle around you and go back and lay down
where they were before. You go on hunting down the canyon, and the next day hunt back and
same old thing. It's, uh, it's quite a deal.