

White Grass Heritage Project “Sharing the Legacy”

INTERVIEWEE: Tom Dorff, Wrangler at White Grass Ranch  
INTERVIEWER: Roger Butterbaugh, Caretaker of White Grass Ranch in  
Moose, Wyoming; Coordinator of the White Grass Heritage Project  
LOCATION: White Grass Ranch, Grand Teton National Park  
DATE: September 7, 2014  
Transcribed by Julie Greene in 2021

Note: This transcript has undergone minor edits, e.g., false stars and some text were removed to make it more “reader friendly”. Tom’s complete interview transcript is below:

R: (0:56) Welcome, Tom.

T: Thank you. It is fun to be here.

R: I should say you are here today as part of the reunion where former dudes and wranglers and special friends of White Grass that have gathered for the last 2 days, today is the last day, and there has been a lot of activity and many people coming back. This interview is actually taking place in one of the cabins that has been restored at White Grass Ranch.

Tom, take a moment and share with us a little of your background; where you grew up, your family; and how you left Detroit. We will talk later how you ended up at White Grass.

T: I was born in 1938, on Easter Sunday, and actually taken home to die because I was born with spinal meningitis. All my schooling was in the Detroit City Schools. I was horse crazy from the time I can remember. We lived in a semi-rural area and my father built the house we lived in and I helped a little bit. I learned some skills then, like which end of the hammer to use. I was always struck with wanderlust because anywhere we went I wanted to see everything, so I never slept. I was horse crazy and we had a lot of horse people within ½ mile of us. Whenever I had any money, I would go to the public riding stables and ride horses and sometimes I would volunteer to muck out.

R: Were you 6, 7 or 8 years old?

T: Must have been. I learned rudimentary riding skills and taking care of horses. My uncle had a farm about 100 miles away and he had a horse that he would let me ride. I would go up there and he taught me how to saddle and bridle. When I was 16yrs old, I decided I had had enough of school and I had always wanted to be a cowboy out West. So, I stuck out my thumb and hitchhiked over 10,000 miles on \$14. I ended up in Rock Springs, Wyoming which is sorta cowboy country, which is really where I was headed.

R: What is it that you can identify that attracted you to the cowboys and the horses? Your interests in horses began very, very early. Were there any books, TV, etc?

T: We didn’t have TV until I was 12 yrs old. People rode horses by our house and I always petted them. My mother grew up on a farm so it may be somewhat hereditary but we never talked about it. It was just very powerfully there. I identified with the cowboy movies and was interested in how they used the lasso and I was always gun crazy. It was part of my entire psyche and in those days. I was also crazy about Indians. In those days, Nabisco Shredded Wheat came in a box that had cardboard between the

layers and on those cardboards were something called Straight Arrow Injunitites. They showed you how to do your own Indian crafts. I made my own bows and arrows, teepee, moccasins and war clubs.

R: (6:59) It sounded like you had seeds growing for this cowboy, horse and the west and that movies were a part of it. It took hold sometime in your junior year (16yr) you decided to let's get at it!

T: I met this kid, when I got to the state of WY, who was about my age and he said he had just quit a job at the White Grass Ranch in Moose, Wyoming. My brain said if he quit, maybe there is a job so I hitchhiked up here. Frank hired me for room and board to build fence.

R: Why do you suppose he hired you?

T: I just knocked on his door and said I need a job and I wasn't dirty, or real ugly or things that may have voted against me. I have always been able to talk to people. I guess he just had pity on me; I don't recall.

T: Do you recall any questions he asked you?

T: I don't. I don't recall a question. I do recall the incidence was that he would hire me for room and board to build fence. I don't remember introducing me to the guy who was the lead fence builder but he must have done it because it happened and I started building fence. I needed money so after a couple of weeks, I went and asked if there was any way I could earn money. He said room and board people are paid \$80/month and he went back into the house and he handed my \$80, even though I had only been here a couple of weeks. I was able to buy the stuff I needed including a rope for George Clover. I built fence for most of the summer including barb wire fence.

Then they needed help in the kitchen. A gal named Ruby, who was the cook, came and they put me in there to help her. Ruby used to say there were "more god damn cows in one county in Nebraska than in the whole state of Wyoming." She would come in where we were eating and say "you guys don't know how lucky you are. If you were in most places, you would be eating the backs and necks and not what you are eating now!" We ate everything the dudes ate except if they caught fish, they got to eat their own fish, which was cooked for them. If they ate steak, we ate steak.

R: (10:05) You seemed impressed by that.

T: I am because I have been in a few places where it wasn't so.

I started in June 1954 and ended in October. I helped in the kitchen but everybody had time to play, which was really nice. You are on a dude ranch and you had time to play. The chore boy, Lou, was trying to train a horse. I got to ride and got acquainted with other people on the ranch and got a horse that I liked and got taught how to lead dudes down to the church. Most guys didn't like that but I did so I got to lead them down to the church. I did short rides, never overnight, never more than a ½ day and I remember at the end of the summer, Frank handed me a bundle of money and said these are your tips. I had no idea that there would ever be tips. There was like \$150 in cash and it was because I took people to church or kids on short rides.

R: (11:51) Would that be an indication that they liked you or found you pleasant to be with?

T: Well, I guess people who left money for me did or I don't know if that was a pool of money that was split evenly among the people. So, we got to play.

R: What would play be? You were a wrangler.

T: I could go ride a horse. I wasn't a wrangler but fence builder and kitchen help. I wasn't a wrangler until hunting camp. I never wrangled in the morning or evening. I did help saddle horses once in awhile. After the incident when I found George's rope, he took me under his wing. Why he did that, I will never know. He taught me how to ride broncs; I rodeo-ed over at Wilson every Saturday night. For some reason George took me under his wing.

R: Tell the story about the lasso rope.

T: We (myself and 2 fellows) were cutting trees over across the meadow and I found a lasso in the road. I started playing with it and lassoing my ax, which was razor sharp and I cut that lasso. A couple hours later, came George Clover, whom I didn't know, and he was about 6'7", 240 pounds and he was on a great big horse. He looked 16 feet tall and asked if anyone had seen a lariat. I said yea, and he said it was his and where was it. I said I was playing with it and cut it. He told me that I owed him a rope. That was one of the reasons I had to ask Frank Galey for money because I had to buy George a rope.

So, I bought a rope and he took me under his wing. He taught me to shoe horses on this ranch and I shod a lot of horses, subsequently. I did a lot of doctoring of horses and I learned all that while I was here in a very short period of time. I was like a sponge. I just soak up stuff and I am curious. That summer I played and worked hard and saw things I would have never imagined.

Come time for hunting season, George said he wanted me to be his wrangler. There would only be one and it would be me. I was thrilled. It was a compliment and I was proud of myself. The hunting camp had a horse camp near Moran, where there are a lot of corrals. This was White Grass's horse camp. We then drove the horses up to the hunting camp or base camp; we packed in from Moran up Pilgrim Creek.

Setting up that camp consisted of making a corral, which I did by myself. I cut the logs; George taught me how to tie a bowline in the horse's tail with a rope to drag the logs from where I cut them to where I wanted to use them. He taught me how to use the horse's strength to raise them if they were too heavy up to where I wanted them height wise. As long as you are pulling straight, the horse can pull a hell of a lot with his tail. If you try to bend the tail, the tail will break. I hauled logs that had 8 inch bases and 25 feet long with a horse's tail.

(17:24) To make a sheet bend, you make a loop from the horse's hair and hold that and then run your rope up through the center and then back through itself. You could pull this house over with it. Then, we had to set up a great big tent. We cut great big logs and the ridge pole had to be 15 feet high. It was huge. We cut long logs and tied them like an X, with a short and long side. We tied 2 of those and a big, long ridge pole. George would tie a rope to a stake and we put the ridge pole and the 2 big Xs and we tied a horse to the other side and pulled it up until the rope was tight. That was the cook tent.

R: Was base camp where you came back to most every day?

T: Yes, it was a permanent camp for the hunting trip.

R: How many days were you out?

T: We only came back to horse camp once in a while. I was at base camp almost every night. We went to Moran when we needed supplies. Somebody would bring us supplies in a truck. George and Elise (cook) would send a list and it would be filled. We would take horses down there and pack everything and bring it back to base camp, where the big tent was, where the corral was, and maybe a dozen tents for dudes, guides and wranglers and cooks. Elise did not sleep in the cook tent.

Every night I would turn the horses loose. You figured out which horses stayed together and you would put a bell on one of those horses. You would put hobbles on the horses that wanted to run off.

R: (20:51) Hobbles are?

T: Hobbles are when you tie the 2 front feet together with just a few inches between the front feet. We used leather and they didn't dig in and cause injury. In order for the horse to go, they had to hop and they couldn't go far very easily. We always kept hobbles on at least one horse. I would get up at 4am and get on this one horse and go and try to find these horses that I had belled or hobbled.

R: How many horses would you be taking on this?

T: 20-22.

R: And how many people?

T: 10 hunters at a time, several guides. Each guide could take 2 hunters legally. We didn't always have 10 hunters or the same number of guides. It depended on the number of reservations. My job was to get up, find the horses, get them fed and saddled. We always fed them oats in the morning with a nose bag. You see the same kind of nose bags on horses in NY at lunch time.

The dudes would go out with the guides and I would help with lunch and the garbage pit, latrine pit, and bring water from the stream. We had no thoughts of bacteria from the stream. We just took a bucket and dipped it in the stream and used it.

Every morning I had to light the fire for the cook. I split wood and I would go in the cook tent and start the fire and then go find my horses. It was dark so the only way you could see the horses was to get down to the dawn light and you would see the trees and skyline. You would look for the moving trees and that would be the horses. You would circle back behind them and run them back to the corral.

One morning I remember seeing the moving trees and I was on a horse named Petticoat, a little thoroughbred mare, only it wasn't a horse I was seeing...it was a moose. After I chased the moose out of the trees, the moose got ticked and chased me all the way back to camp. As I got close to camp, I let them know I was coming with a moose. Everybody was out and it ran off. Moose are not afraid of anything. That horse could barely keep me ahead of the moose. I guess the moose indeed made his point – 'don't mess with me.'

I had time in the afternoons, so I had time to play. I would go out and ride. If the hunters shot an elk, the guide would quarter it out, gut it and hang it. Then George and I would go out and pack it in and make sure the head, hide and antlers got in for the trophies.

R: (25:13) In 1954, hunters had to have licenses. Was there a limit on the number of animals they could harvest?

T: My recollection is they could take one bull elk, one buck deer, one bear and one moose. That moose might have been a separate permit. Nobody ever shot a moose or bear during that hunting camp.

R: I assume that was because they never saw a bear.

T: Apparently. During my whole time at White Grass, I never saw a bear close.

R: It sounds like you were responsible for setting up camp, keeping it going, taking care of the horses and then there was another category of workers - meaning the guides and the hunters. Was there a hierarchy there? If you were a guide, was that a higher status?

T: The guides were absolutely the kings.

R: And what they said went? But George had the final say?

T: Absolutely. Each guide was very independent. One guide was from Texas, another from Jackson, and elsewhere. There was never a conflict except one time. If the guides and the dudes were out for a couple of successive days and didn't find anything to hunt, they would spike camp. The guide would take them with a pack horse 20 or 30 miles into the wilderness and set up a small camp where the guide actually cooked. The guide would try to find animals for them to shoot.

(27:35) These spike camps would be a, 'spike away from the main camp' meaning it was 10-15-20 miles away from base camp.

One time, Hugh, the guide from Texas, and his dudes killed a couple of elk way in the hell north. It was close to Yellowstone but not in Yellowstone because that was illegal. George and I had to go up and pack those 2 elk out. We went up with pack horses and our riding horses. George was not licensed to carry a gun at that time and I was not either. So, we had no guns. We went up to the spike camp and it was getting night, and I staked our horses out. You tied them to a tree with enough rope that they could eat all night but not get tangled up around another tree. I made a mistake with one of the horses and she got tied up around a tree and went down and George had to kill her. That was kind of bitter for me and for him because he had to do it with an ax. We got to the camp where the elk was and we just left the elk hang and George made a bed on the ground. Five or six tarps from the packs, quilt, another quilt, 5 or 6 tarps from the pack. We just slept out on the ground and woke up the next morning with a foot of snow on us.

I went out that morning to get the horses that I had staked out and found the I had made a mistake and Q-Ball was down. I had tied her too close to another tree. I went back and got George and told him what happened and we tried valiantly to get that horse back on her feet. She was too far gone. For a couple of hours, we tried and then another hour after lunch. We were supposed to go back that day but we didn't. Finally, that afternoon, I had gone back to try again, I asked George to kill that horse. He did and he never lead me to believe that he was angry or disappointed with me. He took it in stride.

R: That sounds almost that you were surprised.

T: I was scared. It was a horse.

R: He seemed to take the high road which seems very meaningful to you to this day.

T: Very meaningful to this day. The next day we packed these elk back down to camp and I was a wrangler again until the end of camp.

R: (31:10) Was it dangerous hauling out the elk through bear country with no weapons?

T: We never thought of it; maybe George did. The only thing that I thought was being dangerous while we were trying to save this horse, a group of hunters came and said “Goddamn, you should have some red on because we were about to shoot you”.

I said earlier there was a conflict. George sent me out with Cookie, who was the straw boss or general foreman here at the ranch. He was also a guide that year. Cookie and a couple of guides go to a spike camp and I was supposed to go only so far and then come back. George told me that when I get up to where I am supposed to come back, Cooke is going to say, No, you are to stay with me. George said he will say that to you, but don't you do it. You come back here.

As sure as the world turns, I told Cookie that I needed to go back and he said you have to say with me because I can't do this by myself, etc. I said George told me to come back and he told me you were going to say this so I am going back. Cookie was really mad. Don't forget Cookie was a foreman here on this ranch; so, he was my superior in every way. But George was the boss of the hunting camp and Frank owned the hunting camp. So, I went back and it got dark. I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. I was riding a horse called Strawberry and George told me early on that if you want to get back to camp, don't let your horse eat because your horse will take you back to the last place he had oats. I just let her have her head and 2am I got back to camp. There was no way in hell I could have ever done it.

(33:39) But before it got dark, a really interesting thing happened. I huge bird came down into the woods, I think it might be a golden eagle, with a wingspread as long as my arms. It pounced on something.

R: What impressed you about that?

T: It was the size of the bird. It was so huge and quiet.

R: In your travels, did you find that you became interested in the happenings of nature?

T: Oh yeah, very much so. George was a naturalist in many, many ways. I don't think that word existed in 1954; certainly did not exist here.

R: You talk about George teaching about horses. Was he equally involved about sharing things about nature?

T: Oh, yeah. One of the interesting things I learned was you better look backwards because you wouldn't be able to find your way back. George taught me to see things. We would look in the woods and he would see an elk and bear.

R: Did you learn the skill to look through the trees from George?

T: I did. I still am teaching Clare (my partner) and we saw buffalo and pronghorn yesterday. They were not here in 1954. Clare and I have been together 30 years. The hunting camp was not a great success that year because there was no snow to speak of. We didn't get as many elk as they wanted. When the hunting elk closed, I rode back to the Chicago area with a couple of hunters, who took me back there. That whole season, I packed in all the stuff that the dudes brought. They brought cannons, 375 pistols and 357 magnum rifles. They had hundreds of dollars in their guns. I had to be aware of taking care of them and not damage any property.

R: (38:10) I am very interested in something you said about Frank being the owner of the camp. It has been unclear of the relationship between George Clover and Frank, specifically about the hunting camp. Did I understand correctly that originally Frank owned it? It was his camp and he had the license and George did not. The trip you are talking about, Frank did not go but it was really camp and George Clover ran it. Is that correct?

T: Yes, that is correct except Frank did come up after camp was set up and he spend a few days and nights. He was not there for the majority of the time. I think they were closing up the ranch for the season at the time.

R: We understand that George got a license to be an outfitter and guide and did George go out on his one and leave the ranch? Did Frank continue to operate a hunting camp?

T: I have no knowledge of that but in talking with people here, Frank owned that horse camp and George's horse camp was somewhere else. That leads me to believe that White Grass continued with its horse camp and George was off on his own in a different area. I suspect he knew the area well so he probably knew where he was going to set his camp up.

R: Would you have to work out with the Park where you were going to set up the camp? Did you get a permit?

T: We could not hunt in a national park. The only way you could tell when we got to Yellowstone was there were reflectors on the trees. It meant this was Yellowstone and you could only hunt between Yellowstone and Grand Teton Park.

R: Do you have an idea what the hunters paid?

T: Just guessing, there were no poor hunters on this trip. Just looking at their equipment and talking with them, they were professional and business people. They could afford to spend hundreds of dollars on rifles and could get here. Most of these people had hunted elsewhere (Africa, South American, etc). The dudes here were not poor.

R: When the pack trip ended so did your employment with Frank end? As you look over that summer, did it meet your needs?

T: Yes, it was wonderful. Everything I had hoped it would be, it was, things I couldn't even imagine. The idea of taking off from a spot in the dark, where I could see my hand, and riding off and being scared. George told me I had the best compass between my legs and let horse have its head.

R: (43:48) What did you come to believe about horses?

T: I was never afraid of horses. In the incident I was talking about, I was afraid of the situation and not the horse.

R: Did you trust the horse?

T: I trusted that the horses would take care of me as long as nothing happened to the horse. I heard many stories from George about the horse finding its way back. The horse knew where camp was.

R: It fits in the category of learning nature's way and becoming part of the sponge that you were in terms of learning.

T: One time at hunting camp, Elise (cook and future wife of George) had a horse named Spinner. He was a real cow horse and George handed me reins of Spinner one day. George said this is Spinner and not a dude horse. I rode Spinner at hunting camp and a couple of months later, I ran into Buck, a guide, in Salt Lake City. His arm was in a brace and I asked him what happened and he said it was Spinner. (George had a broken arm which was in a cast and a broken collar bone.)

R: When you look back, were there lessons learned for you?

T: Oh, yeah. How to tie a diamond hitch; trust that a horse will get you home; learned to rodeo; and learned how to break, train horses and how to ride. The idea of tying a horse's head to a horse's tail for a pack string or to drag a log using a horse's tail was new to me. I had never used a breast collar or a martingale, which are parts of a horse tack for riding.

R: What are they?

T: The breast collar goes around the horse's chest and ties to the cinch rings on the saddle. So, if you have a pull back, the saddle cannot come off over the horse's back end. A martingale is a thing that goes around the horse's neck and fastens to the bottom of the cinch and may have a tie from there to the horse's bridle or halter. It has nothing to do with securing the saddle like the breast collar does. For instance, if you are roping calves or steers, you want a breast collar because you would catch the calf or steer and then turn your horse away and then drag him to brand. You would be pulling so the breast collar keeps the saddle from falling off.

In 1954, I was the dude bucking champion at the rodeo. Lessons, you can't remember all of them; they come to my mind and I don't know why they come. Like how to split wood, I split wood at home now. If the axe got stuck, you just pick up the log and slam it down. I have had neighbors say that is crazy to do that.

(50:27) We had a great big saw to cut wood for the bathhouse because the water was heated by burning wood. I can't tell you how many fires I built for the main cabin. But, I don't think I was ever in a dude cabin. I was never in the dining room of the main cabin.

R: Did you feel separated?

T: No, I don't remember too many people that worked with me personally but I remember we were really pretty congenial; we joked and had a good time. I was the youngest, all the cabin girls were older, all the wranglers were older. Everybody had had other jobs and some had been here before. For me it was like wide eyes and open ears. For example, George always had a cigar in his mouth. One day



I asked him if he was ever going to light that thing and he said why do I want to burn up something that is good to eat.

R: I am curious about the end of the summer. You got a ride back to Illinois? Were your needs met in the summer you spent here.

T: Oh yeah. I subsequently went in the 35<sup>th</sup> Quartermaster Pack, which is the last mule packing outfit that the U.S. Army had. I worked at dude ranches owned by Frank Snell; one called Paradise Ranch in Manitou Springs, Colorado and the other Los Caballeros in Wickenburg, Arizona. I worked at a working ranch Yakima, Washington. That was the second ranch that I was working on when the REA came through. I remember in 1959, the owner's wife was ironing with a flat iron heated on a wood stove and the REA came through and lit them up.

R: Explain REA.

T: Rural Electrification Association, I think. Its purpose was to bring electricity to isolated areas. There was electricity here at the ranch because every night we ran a generator for a couple of hours and that is when things got ironed.

R: Earlier, you were telling me that you were involved in clearing the space in the forest for the power lines.

T: (55:03) Yes, those trees were cut by the REA people and left to lay. Frank and Inga wanted them. We took a little green crawler tractor and she taught me how to do a choke chain on a log. We wrapped the chain around so when you pulled it, it tightened on the log. We snaked those logs but I don't remember where we took them. Inga was trying to nudge a log with the tracks. All of a sudden, it went up and over like a bronc and went Boom! She was very surprised but never cussed. She told me to put the chain back on. My recollection of Inga is different than other people. Some people said they were afraid of her; some people thought she was unkind. I never felt that. I never wanted to cross her but I never wanted to cross anybody. I didn't want to jeopardize my position. I tried to figure out how things could be good but nobody ever jumped on me about it. It was more than you could ever dream would happen to you as a 16yr old kid who lived and breathed cowboy.

R: You tell a story about Inga and your sister-in-law.

T: I had been here less than a month and my brother got wind of where I was. On his honeymoon, he and his bride showed up here one day. They were strangers on the property and I didn't want them wandering around the property and Frank or Inga wondering who they were. I introduced them to Inga and she said she had a vacant cabin and asked them to be their guests for a few days and you can have your meals with Tom in the employees' lunch room. It was out of the blue. I would not have dreamed of asking her. It did not have to happen; it was the goodness of her heart. It was like the \$80 that Frank handed me when I had been here a couple of weeks; it was out of the goodness of his heart.

R: You got that \$80, 2 weeks early. When did he pay you next?

T: I don't remember but I was never out of money that whole summer. I had to have a tooth pulled and I didn't have to ask for money because I had it.

R: What did you spend your money on?

T: In those days, the guys wore boots that came just below your knees. They were called stovepipe boots and they had big, long ears that hung down and that was how you pulled them on. So, I bought my first pair of stovepipe boots and a hat.

R: Do you remember what they cost back then?

T: I had \$80 and didn't spend it all. I bought boots, rope, hat, underwear and new toothbrush.

R: You tell a story about tips.

T: At the end of hunting camp, Frank just handed me this bundle of money and said these are your tips. I was the most surprised person. I had over \$100 in tips. I truly don't know how I got tips.

R: Your impression was Inga was very generous; Frank was generous and kind to you. And George was kind to you which is amazing for a 16 year old kid.

T: As I have looked back for the last several years and hoping I could show Clare the ranch. Somehow I got ahold of Galloway at Wilderness Trail which is George's company name and Galloway, his son, answered the phone. I told him who I was and he told me that they were going to have a reunion at the White Grass. He said Rachel Trahern was going to handle it but he didn't know how to get ahold of her. I called Teton Park and a guy gave me Catherine Wonson's number. She then gave me Rachel's number. We had planned to come anyway but with the reunion, we have had a wonderful time.

R:(1:24) Part of the story of the ranch has to do with connections. After 60 years, I assume many of these people here you have not seen or heard from in many years. How does it feel?

T: I heard from George a little bit. It feels incredible. I read an article in the LA Times that Frank's cabin had burned down and then later that Frank had died. I knew he had a lease and that the property would revert to the Park. I knew that in 1954. I knew Clare wanted to go to Yellowstone and Teton Parks and I told her I wanted to show her White Grass. I started the research and found the information about the reunion.

R: What have you discovered since you have been back?

T: Well, things are different. Frank's house isn't there anymore. The bunkhouses are gone. There was a road in front of the meadow where I built fence, the barn and bachelor quarters are gone. The ranch basically looks like the ranch. I remember the name Ann Messler (Messler cabin); Kirk Windsor, Frank and George and John who ran the hay bailing that year. We were stacking heavy bails and the bails were not stacking well and Frank came up and said, "God damn it, grown men can't even stack hay."

R: So, in the LA Times, a columnist wrote 2 columns that you read about Frank and the ranch. Do you remember the year?

T: I do not. I suspect it was before 1985 because I read it before Frank died. I don't remember the name of the columnist.

R: Did that column have a special name that caught your attention? Did this writer write about travel?

T: I think it mentioned White Grass. He wrote just what he felt like writing. I only read these 2 articles.

R: Do you think both articles were around 1985?

T: I think they would be in that same neighborhood.

R: That is a wonderful lead. One article had to do with the house burning down and the other Frank dying.

R: (7:00) That is a wonderful lead and we should be able to look that up. Any comments about the restoration?

T: I am thrilled that you guys, the volunteers and the Park Service are doing this. I didn't know in 1954 that this was one of the oldest dude ranches in Jackson Hole. I didn't know the history of the H Quarter-Circle B Brand. I learned that this year.

R: Meaning that it was Hammond and Bispham?

T: Yeah, I had no idea. I remember being in Frank's house and seeing chaps with INGA (Inga Galey), CIG (Cynthia Galey) and FRG (Frank Galey). Each chap had different initials and were different sizes. I remember Frank had a saddle that had a lot of silver on it. I never knew the history of this place until now.

R: Is there anything else you want to add? Is there a story about the Rockefellers?

T: I took dudes to the Church of the Transfiguration in Moose on Sundays. There were probably 20 dudes and we rode through the lodge poles and not on a paved road. The Chapel was open 24 hours per day. The doors never closed. Coming back one day, there was a slicker laying in the trail. I stopped and picked it up. It had the name Rockefeller on it. He had a ranch up a ways and I figured I will take it up there. I came up to White Grass and polished Petticoat's hooves and brushed her until she looked like a million dollars. I took the slicker to the Rockefeller ranch and as I rode in, they were all laying on the ground shooting targets with 22s. One guy yelled how did I get in here and what I wanted. He told me to put the slicker down and close the gate on the way out. I thought that was enough rich people for me.

R: I am thankful that a 16 yr old kid from Detroit, comes West and overall, he is treated with great respect.

T: (11:14) I was. It was a life changing experience.

R: And your love for horses and cowboys got you into other places of employment.

T: I rode my last bucking horse when I was 35 years old.

R: Explain more about your rodeo days.

T: It was a semi pro rodeo in Wilson. The third time I went, I found out that sometimes they would let someone do an exhibition ride that you did not have to pay for but you didn't win anything. So, I did a couple of exhibition rides. Then, I started paying my entrance fee but I never won anything. I was

riding barebacks and I remember the announcer always had a joke. One time he said there was a Henry J. Keyser in the crowd and please stand up and take a bow. No one stood up. The announcer said I know he is here because his car says Henry J right on it.

I learned to ride barebacks there. I also rodeoed every Sunday in Paradise Ranch in Woodland Hills, Colorado and Manitou Springs. I rode broncs, bulls, and barebacks. After I got married, I lived in California. I lived in an area where people had horses. On my son's 3<sup>rd</sup> birthday, I tied a Shetland pony to the Christmas tree in the living room.

R: It becomes more clear how experiences at White Grass set the stage for lots of other rich experiences in your life.

T: When you ride a dude horse, he will stand there and let you make mistakes. George taught me how to ride a real horse. When I was 35 years old, a lady down the street bought a 5 yr old appaloosa horse that had never been touched. He was wild. At first, she wanted me to break him. The guy next door to her had read a book called Hackamore Reins by Randy Stephen (editor of Western Horseman magazine). Jim thought he was a cowboy and he was going to train Apache. He ended up teaching the horse to buck because he kept getting bucked off.

One Sunday morning, Sherry came to my house and said Apache just threw Harry off and she wanted me to come down and ride Apache. I said yes and went down and rode the horse until he literally fell down. He did not buck me off. He was tired, he was falling down. I rode him for a year, daily and every time you took a deep breath, he would buck you off. He bucked me off higher than any rodeo buck and one time my feet stopped going up because the stirrups stopped going up. She never got to ride him. She vanned her horses from California to Missouri and the horses got out of the van. Apache ran into a barbed wire fence and she had to put him down that day.

R: Thank you for sharing.

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