

## [Bob White's Self-Skinnin' Skunks]

FOLKLORE

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NEW YORK Forms to be Filled out for Each Interview

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Earl Bowman

ADDRESS 86 West 12th St., N.Y.C.

DATE May 10, 1939

SUBJECT "Bob White's Self-Skinnin' Skunks"

1. Date and time of interview
2. Place of interview
3. Name and address of informant
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

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FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

STATE New York

NAME OF WORKER Earl Bowman

ADDRESS 86 West 12th St., N.Y.C.

DATE MAY 10, 1939

SUBJECT "Bob White's Self-Skinnin' Skunks" "BOB WHITE's SELF-SKINNIn' SKUNKS"

"MY Uncle Steve Robertson told me about Bob White's 'self-skinnin' Skunks' one time when we were camped in a spot of great peace and beauty on the shore of Black Lake, up in the Seven Devils Mountains of Western Idaho.

"Black Lake was very high up. Indeed it was so high up that it was on top of a mountain, which, all will agree is an unusual place for a lake to be. But that is where one will find Black Lake, right on top of a mountain and, as my Uncle Steve Robertson would say "I-Gawd, if anybody don't believe it they can go up there for theirselves by gosh an' see it for there she is plumb on top of that doggone mountain!"

"We had finished our supper which consisted of a couple of blue-grouse broiled over the live coals of our fire, a frying pan full of potatoes and onions fried in bacon grease, a can of tomatoes, and coffee— not 'drip' coffee, but honest-to-God coffee boiled in a tin pot on the open camp fire 'till she'd float a horse-shoe nail, I-Gawd' (quoting my Uncle Steve again.)

2

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“On such fare we had dined and we were feeling well...

“I had heard that one might see a ‘wolverine’ in the Black Lake's country and that was one reason I had suggested to Uncle Steve that we take a little trip up into that rugged and picturesque region. But so far we had see no wolverine.

“So, I said, ‘Uncle Steve do you reckon we'll get to see a ‘wolverine’ on this trip? I hope to gosh we do because I have heard that a wolverine in a mighty peculiar animal— Some people say it is a kind of wolf and some say it is more like a cat critter. Do you suppose a wolverine is actually a ‘cross’ between the two? It doesn't seem possible for a cat critter to breed with a wolf animal and raise anything, does it?’

“Then my Uncle Steve told me about Bob White's ‘self-Skinnin' Skunks’—”

“Hell, yeah, we'll probably see a ‘wolverine’ up here in this Seven Devils country afore we go back down to Council Valley,’ my Uncle Steve said, ‘yeah, we'll prob'ly see one an' also, I-Gawd, that's prob'ly exactly what ‘wolverines’ is—part cat an' part wolf or somethin' like that. Hell, I've seen millions of ‘em an' I ought to know!

“An' as far an a cat-animal an' a wolf-animal cross-breedin' an' one or the other of ‘em have a litter of things that's half-kitten an' half-pup ‘course its possible. I-Gawd, anybody'd ought to know that, even if he wasn't a Pioneer in th' Far West in a early day like Bob White an' Mam (she was Bob's wife) an' me was after [we'migrated?] out west from Arkansas like we done...

“‘Course wolf animals an' cat animals can cross-breed!’

“In fact danged nigh anything can cross-breed with danged nigh anything else if they both agrees to th' experiment. But they's a limit to how far the damned ‘xperiment goes! Bob White found that out when he got his idea of raisin' 'self-skinnin' skinks' but he damned nigh wore hisself an' also Mam an' me both out ‘fore he found it out.

## Library of Congress

3

“Yeah, Bob was jest like lots of danged fool men is an' always has been—

“They ain't satisfied with all th' damned things they is in this world an' which Natchure herself has made, so they git th' idea they want to 'xperiment an' cross-breed somethin' with somethin' else and I-Gawd make somethin' new an' entirely different.

“Fact is, they think they's a danged sigh smarteR'n Natchure herself is an' can do somethin' she can't do or else somethin' she forgot to do.

“Yeah, that's th' way they is, an' I-Gawd, Natchure let's 'em go jest about so far an' then she says: ‘Hey, you damned fools, what'd think you're doin', tryin' to mix up what I've done made an' make somethin, new? You've gone far enough, I-Gawd!’ An' she stops 'em shortern' hell...

“She sure does. Take mules for instance—

“Men wasn't satisfied with horses an, they wasn't satisfied with jack-asses. So what do they go an' do? They go an' put 'em together— They take a horse-mare an' jackass an' breed 'em together an' git a damned mule! That's what they git... it ain't a horse an' it ain't a jackass. It's jest a danged mule an' anybody that's ever had any experience with a cussed mule knows what a mule is.

“But man was so damned smart-alecky they thought: ‘I-Gawd, see what we've done! We've gone an' cross-breeded a jackass an' a horse-mare an' plumb created a new 'species' (I think that's what you call it) of animal! That's what we've done. Hell, we're a damned sight smarteR'n Natcher herself is!’ men thought.

“Then Natchure says: “Th' hell you're smarteR'n me! Jest try to breed that damned bastard thing you got by marryin' a respectable horse-mare with a cussed jackass. Jest try to breed it—an' see what you'll git! I-Gawd you wont git nothin'! I let you do it ONCE jest to

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make you think you was smart as hell. But try to make your cussed mules a permanent institution. Jest try it— I'll dare you to!

4

“That's what Natchure told man regardin' mules, an' I-Gawd, Natchure knowed what she was talkin' about... As far as mules is concerned they's jest temporary. No dammed mule ever had a mule for a Par or a mule for a Ma. They jest ain't capable of it, I-Gawd.

“That's th' way it works ever' time men thinks they're goin' to breed somethin' new by cross-breedin' two things that already was. Natchure jest don't allow it, that's all they is to it.

“But men ain't go no sense an' they keep on tryin' to beat Natchure at her own game. I-Gawd they do. Even some of us Pioneers of th' Far West in th' early days, an' that had ought to knowed better was that way—

“Hell, I knowed a feller—‘Jones’ was his name I think—out in that Kiowa country where Bob an' me rode them cyclones I told you about onct an' Mam damn nigh wore out all her aprons shoooin' ‘em away from our camp so they wouldn't bust up that old speckled hen Man had set under th' wagon so she could hatch out a settin' of eggs an' ‘un-ache’ herself...

“Well, that feller, he was a Pioneer, but he got th' idea he'd raise a new kind of beef-animal—a new kind of cattle by crossin' a buffalo bulls with cattle-cows and vicey-versy. So, he goes an' rounds up some buffalos an' drives ‘em to th' ranch an' cross-breeds ‘em with his cattle, an' then sets back an' waits to see what happens. Well, I-Gawd he got calves that man a dammed mixture of ‘em both!

“They was th' funniest lookin' damn calves anybody ever seen— Hell, I-Gawd, I ought to know I seen ‘em.

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"They wasn't buffalo an' they wasn't cattle-critters.

"They was jest part an' part, so Jones (I'm pretty damn sure that was his name) called 'em' 'cattaloes.' Maybe that was as good a name as any for 'em, so that's what he called 'em...

"Well, I-Gawd, Jones thought he'd gone an' done a hell of a smart thing. He thought he'd gone an' invented a plumb new kind of a - animal—

5

"Then Natchure stepped in an' says: 'Hell, Jones, you ain't so damned smart. Maybe you think you are but you ain't! I let you mix them buffalo that I made up with them cattle that I made an' 'git one offspring. But that's as far as I'm goin' to let you go. Them bastard things you call 'cattaloes' ain't goin' to be permanent.' That's what Natchure told that feller Jones, who, bein' a Pioneer of th' Far West in a early day ought to a-knowed betteR'n to try to be a 'creator' on his own hook like Natchure is on heR'n.

"Well, I-Gawd, Natchure was right. Them 'cattaloes' wasn't permanent. As far as 'perpetuatin' theirselves they couldn't do a damned bit more about it than them mules could!' They was jest plumb helpless in that respect....

"Yeah, that's th' way Natchure in, she let's darn nigh anything cross-breed itself with danged nigh anything else; but jest once.

"She don't mind things playin' around an' bein' damn fools if they ain't got any better sense than to do it, but I-Gawd she draws th' line at lettin' 'em make any permanent self-perpetuatin' new kinds of bastard-animals by mixin' theirselves up that way.

"That's th' way Natchure is, she's awful patient an' ain't always naggin' but I-Gawd when she does put her foot down she sure as hell puts it down an' means business.

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“So, that's the way it is about cross-breedin' things an' I figger it ain't unreasonable to s'pose that 'wolverines' is part cat-critters an' part wolf-critters. They's probably jest a sort of one-time experiment some cat-animal like a catamount or cougar or somethin, like that an' a wolf-animal has tried... That's prob'ly why they's so danged scarce. They're more'n likely plumb incapable of producin' more of their on kind of critters by breedin' among theirselves, so when one happens it's jest th' result of a cross-breedin' experiment like I said.

“Anyhow, scarce as they is, I-Gawd I've seen millions of 'em an' no doggone wolverine looks like any other cussed animal I ever seen so that's what I figger they are...jest a danged bastard thing that never had no right to be in th' first 6 place an' is plumb helpless to keep on bein' on its own' hook, like mules an' cattaloes and et cetary which comes from cross-breedin' Natchure don't have any use for to begin with.

“That's th' way I figger it about wolverines, an' in some respects it was a danged sight worse in regard to Bob White's 'self-skinnin, skunks' which he tried to establish by cross-breedin' things Natchure never intended ought to cross-breed in th' first place, an' so raise himself somethin' brand-new in th' skunk line.

“Bob jest thought he could out-smart Natchure an' I-Gawd him an' Mam (Bob's wife) an' me also found out that any man that gits th' idea he can out-smart Natchure sure has got a hell of a surprise comin'!

“He must a-got his 'self-skinnin' skunk' idea that time when he was camped down there in th' Kiowa country an' we seen that feller Jones tryin' to cross-breed cattle an' buffaloes—

“But on second thought maybe Bob got his idea when we was in that Big Bend, Texas-Mexico section where th' wind blowed all th' hair off ever'thing like I told you about...

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“Yeah, that's where Bob prob'ly got it 'cause there was a Mexican down there that was cross-breedin' doggone dogs, I-Gawd, that's what I said— Dogs with dadgummed she-goats ah' raisin' 'pup-kids' that barked instead of bleatin' like ordinary goats does.

“They was th' dammedest things anybody ever seen, them 'pup-kids' that was half dog an' half goat was! I-Gawd, I'd ought to know, I've seen dozens of 'em.

“At first when you look at one of 'em you think its jest a funny lookin' sort of 'goat, then when you look at it again, I-Gawd it looks more like a dog than it does a goat and then when you look at it a little longer, hell, th' cussed thing don't look like anything that seems possible—it jest looks like somethin' that never was an' never ought to have been in th' first place. I-Gawd that's exactly what one of them 'pup-kids' looked like! Jest like somethin' that

7

“But they sure was. For 'bout th' time you'd git to thinkin' they ain't no sech a cussed critter, th' danged thing'd up an bark. I-Gawd that's what it'd do. Then I-gosh you'd think: 'Hell, it must be some kind of a 'dog-thing.' Then th' next thing you'd know damned if it would back off an' take a runnin' butt at somethin' an' you'd jest natcherally think: 'Goddlomighty, it must be a cussed goat-critter,' An' there you are, you're so darned mixed up an' confused about it you don't actually realize what th' hell it is.

“That's what them darned 'pup-goat' things that cussed Mexican, (his name was Pedro Garcia San Diego Gonzales— No, I-Gawd to be plumb truthful an' accurate I made a mistake an' ought to said his first name was 'Miguel' 'cause that's what it was when I come to think of it) was raisin' by cross-breedin' dogs with she goats. Yeah, that's what th' damned things was like.

“I ain't sayin' his idea wasn't pretty good. His idea was that th' goat part of th' danged things would go out an' graze on cactus an' Spanish Dagger, scap weed an' loco like goats

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does an' he wouldn't have to go with 'em to herd 'em 'cause if a damned coyote or 'lobo' (wolf) or catamount or even a cussed wild-cat or anything come around th' dog—part of them 'pup-kids' would bark an' scare th' doggone varmints away!

"I-Gawd it worked. Th' 'dog-part' of them 'pup-kids' was better'n any danged whole dog they ever was to keep varmints from ketchin' th' goat-part of theirselves!

"An' in addition, when it come milkin' time th' dog-part of them 'pup-kids' would round up th' goat-part of theirselves an' drive theirselves back to th' corral an' all th' damned Mexican (yeah, I'm danged sure his first name was Miguel) had to do was go out an' milk 'em.

"It sure was a hell of a scheme an' nobody but a darned Mexican that's so cussed lazy he don't want to do any more walkin, or for that matter anything else that he has to would a-thought up...

8

"Yeah, so you see, I-Gawd, that's probably where Bob White got his inspiration about cross-breedin' somethin' with skunks that would raise something that'd be self-skinnin', 'cause if dogs'll cross-breed with she-goats an' vicey-versey they ain't much doubt but what any danged thing they is would cross-breed with any other danged thing they is if they jest tried it hard enough.

"So that's prob'ly where Bob White got his 'self-skinnin'" skunk idea...

"In a way nobody can blame Bob much for wantin' to 'sta lish 'self-skinnin'" skunks if he could scheme out some way to do it, 'cause skunk skins is valuable an' always was, even as far back as when Bob an' Mam (Bob's wife) an' me was Pioneers in th' Far West in the early days.

"Yeah, skunk skins was valuable as hell with th' difficulty was to skin th' damned things without gittin' all flavored up with th' smell of 'em. That was th' difficulty.

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“An' I-Gawd anybody that's ever skun a couple of skunks ('specially skunks as powerful in regard to smellin' ability as skunks used to be in th' Far West in th' early days) knows how cussed persistent skunk-smell is about hangin' on' an' how danged nigh impossible it is to git sep'rated from it when anybody's all flavored up with it.

“It sure as hell does hang on an' it also sure as hell makes whoever it's hangin' on to damned miserable, an' in addition, I-Gawd it affects anybody they git close to or even in th' same neighborhood of doggone nigh as bad.

“But th' whole danged Far West was practically saturated with skunks in them early days when Bob White an' Mam an' me was Pioneers in it. Gawd, they was millions an' prob'ly, if anybody didn't want to be plump accurate an' [trut?] an' not 'xaggerate like some damned liars does, they was even billions of 'em.

9

“Natcherally, it was a hell of a temptation to kill a dozen or so, or I-Gawd maybe even a hundred of 'em an' skin 'em 'cause skunk skins was jest th' same as ready cash.

“It was a awful temptation an' I gotta admit, I-gosh, that Bob an' me would weaken once in awhile an' kill a mess of them damned skunks an' skin 'em jest to git some ready cash.

“Course we knowed it wasn't right to yield to temptation that 'way, an' 'epecially that kind of a temptation. But like eveR'body else Bob an' me was jest human an' when you figger it out ever' human they is or ever was or ever will be yields more or less to some sort of a cussed temptation sooner or later.

“So, maybe if Bob an' me did yield to that skunk-skinnin' temptation once in a while, an' like we did I-Gawd, p'rhaps we was jest bein' human after all an' damned if I can see why th' hell any other human that'd more'n likely done the same thing if they'd been tempted

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to skin them cussed skunks like Bob an' me was ought to blame us for doin' what they'd prob'ly done theirselves.

“No, sir, I-Gawd I can't.

“But, ‘course to be plumb honest about it maybe Bob an' me'd ought to been stronger-willed an' resisted our temptation to skin them damn skunks ‘cause when we'd git all flavored up with their cussed smell Mam she'd have to suffer as much as Bob an' me did. Natcherally, that wasn't fair to Mam ‘cause as far as I know, I-Gawd she never skun a doggone skunk in her life an' prob'ly never would have even if her doggone life depended on it.

“Yes, air, I realize now that Bob an' me sure as hell done Mam wrong by gittin' ourselves flavored up with skunk-smell an' then poor Mam havin' to smell it with us...an' make her suffer too.

10

“No, sir, I-Gawd, we hadn't ought to done it! ‘Cause no damn man' ain't got no damn right to yield to no damn temptation like skinnin' skunks—or any other damn thing-an' git all flavored up with skunk-smell an' make somebody smell it too.

“I-Gawd, that ain't right. People ought to think twice, or even oftener, ‘fore yieldin' to their damn temptation to skin a few skunks or somethin' an' figger out if its goin' to result in somebody else that's plumb innocent havin' to smell th' doggone skunk-smell they git theirselves flavored with an' suffer also th' same as theirselves.

“But Bob an' me was so ‘fatuated with th' idea of skinnin' them cussed skunks, ‘cause their skins was th' same as ready cash, we never stopped to realize how much Mam might have to suffer also smellin' th' skunk flavor on us— Which shows, I-Gawd, that people's all alike, when they git to thinkin' of theirselves, I-gosh they jest natcherally don't think of nobody or nothin' else but their damned selves an' nobody else.

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“Even us Pioneers of th’ Far West in th’ early days, like Bob an’ me, an’ who’d a-died any damn day for Mam if she’d a-needed it, I-Gawd, wasn’t always as thoughtful an’ considerate of our wimmen-Pioneers as we’d ought to a-been.

“Yeah, I-Gawd, we wasn’t, an’ ‘cause we wasn’t Mam, she had to smell Bob’s an’ my skunk flavor an’ suffer also.

“It makes me plumb ashamed when I think about it, but I-Gawd that’s th’ way it was an’ regrettin’ it or bein’ ashamed ain’t goin’ to do no good ‘cause when a damned thing’s done she’s done an’ that’s all they is to it— It ain’t goin’ to be un-did by no damned bein’ ashamed or regrettin’. Th’ only thing that does a cussed bit of good is not to do th’ dadgummed thing in th’ first 11 place.

“Yeah, I-Gawd, that’s th’ way it is, an’ Mam she suffered. She sure as hell did.

“But Mam was awful patient an’ she didn’t want to complain or do nothin’ that would interfere with Bob’s an’ my schemes, or discourage us none or break our spirits or nothin’, so she kept still jest as long I-Gawd as she could. That’s th’ way them wimmen-Pioneers was, they’d jest natcherally go through hell an’ brimstone ‘fore they’d discourage or break th’ spirits of us men-Pioneers in the Far West in th’ early days. They knowed damn well that if they whined an’ belly-ached till they broke our doggone spirits we never would be worth a damn anymore— We’d jest be like a poor darned broncho that’s had his spirit broke [b?] bein’ jerked an’ abused an’ kicked an’ beat over th’ head by some danged fool while he was breakin’ him.

“Yeah, I-Gawd, them wimmen-Pioneers of th’ Far West didn’t want us men-Pioneers to be no damned...worms...

“They sure as hell didn’t.

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“So, Mam stood Bob's an' my skunk-smell 'till she jest couldn't stand it no longer. An' finally, I-Gawd, in self-defense she jest had to up an' resist an' speak her mind:

“Bob White, an' you too Steve Robertson,' Mam said one evenin' at supper when Bob an' me had a little more skunk-flavor on us than usual, in fact so danged much it practically spoilt Mam's supper, 'Bob White,' Mam said, 'you an' Steve Robertson's jest gotta quit skinnin' them cussed skunks an' gittin' all flavored up with skunk-smell. I jest can't endure it another doggone day—or night either for that matter. My appetite's already practically ruin't by it an' I ain't had a decent night sleepin' for Gawd knows how long. If anybody thinks its any pleasure to sleep with a man that smells as 'skunky' as you do 12 when you come to bed, Bob White, all I gotta say is that they's got a darned peciliar idea of what pleasure consists of— If a woman's gotta sleep with a 'skunk-smellin' man she'd jest as well not sleep with any doggone man as far as it's bein' pleasant's concerned. For myself, I-Gawd, I jest wont do it anymore!' Mam says.

“Goddlomighty, Mam, Bob says, awful regretful, 'I never dre'mt (dreamed) you felt that way about me an' Steve havin' skunk-flavor on us from skinnin' them damned skunks! Why, dammit, Mam, I wouldn't be un-agreeable for you to sleep with for all th' damned skunk-skins in th' whole danged world, an' I-Gawd you gotta admit that's a hell of a lot of skull-skins, Mam!. 'An' jest to prove it,' Bob says, 'I'll promise on my [?] word never to skin another doggone skunk as long as I live— Hell, Mam, they ain't nothin' I wouldn't do 'fore I'd do anything to make it so's it wouldn't be a pleasure for you to sleep with me, Mam! Honest, t'Gawd they ain't!' Bob says plumb earnest.

“Well, if you want me to git my enjoyment out of sleepin' with you, Bob White, or with eatin' with you or with bein' around you in any shape whatever,' Mam says, grim-like, 'I-Gawd you'd better not skin no more skunks, that's all I got to say!'

“Mam, she was plumb in earnest an' so was Bob. An' as far as I know he never did skin another doggone skunk in his live.

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“But that didn't keep him from wishin' for them skunk-skins 'cause every darned one of 'em was jest th' same as ready cash. An' seein' all them whole damn herds of skunks runnin' 'round like they was, was a awful temptation.

“Bob wanted them damn skunk-skins terrible but he'd promised Mam on his sacr'd word he wouldn't never skin another cussed skunk an' I-Gawd a Pioneer like Bob an' me was would rather die than break his doggone promise...

13

“So, that's th' way it was till one day Bob got his idea. It was a hell of a idea, I gotta admit. Bob was plump excited about it when he got it. But as far as I was concerned I had my doubts right from th' start.

“Bob's idea was to cross-breed [???] (which shed their skins ) with she-skunks or vicey-versey whichever was plausabler, an' raise what he called 'skunk-wallahs!'

“I-Gawd, it'll work!” Bob says, ‘an' when them damn 'skunk-wallahs' unskin theirselves all we gotta do is go out an' gather up th' doggone skins an' ever' cussed one of 'em'll be jest th' same as ready cash like regl'ar skunk-skins is!’

“‘Yeah,’ I says, ‘but how do you know th' damn things'll cross-breed to start with, an' also how th' hell you goin' to find out if a cussed chuck-wallah's a he-chuck-wallah or a she-chuck-wallah, I-Gawd, that's what I'd like to know! Also in addition, as far as I'm concerned,’ I says, ‘th' same applies to skunks. Personally, I ain't never yet been able to tell a he-skunk from a she-skunk jest by lookin' at 'em from a distance an' I-Gawd that's th' only way anybody in his right mind wants to or is goin' to look at 'em,’ I says.’

“Hell, we'll jest have to take a chanc't on that,’ Bob says, ‘I'll fix up some cross-breedin' corrals an' then make some chuck-wallah traps to ketch my start of chuck-wallahs in an' also some skunk traps to ketch some skunks to cross-breed with, an' I-Gawd, we'll sort 'em out th' best we can, after which we'll put th' he-chuck-wallahs with th' she-skunks, an'

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th' she-chuck-wallahs with th' he-skunks an' sooner or later one or th' other's just bound to cross-breed. Hell, if that damn Mexican down in th' Big Bend, Texas-Mexico country could cross-breed he-dogs with she-goats an' raise them damn 'pup-kids' they ain't no reason on earth why we can't cross-breed he-skunks with she-chuck-wallahs or jest th' opposite as th' case might be! Bob says plumb enthusiastic.

14

“Well, I-Gawd, Mam an' me put in two miserable damned months helpin' Bob sort out his he-skunks from his she-skunks an' also she-chuck-wallahs from he-chuck-wallahs an' in addition, Mam she jest danged nigh wore herself out catchin' Mormon-crickets to feed th' darned things on...(It was down in th' southeast corner of Nevada where they's a hell of a lot of Mormon-crickets an' also th' cussed country is practically saturated with th' biggest chuck-wallahs you ever seen an' more damn skunks I-Gawd than anywhere else in th' world.)

“Bob, he figgered if we fed 'em on 'Mormon-crickets'—which is big an' fat an' awful juicy—they'd cross-breed quicker an' more effective.

“For two whole damn months Mam an' me stood it.

“Yeah, for [twowhole?] miserable months Mam an' me slaved an' worked tryin' to help Bob git them cussed chuck-wallahs to cross-breed with them doggone skunks an' raise 'skunk-wallahs' which would be practically 'self-skinnin' skunks—

“Finally Mam, she couldn't stand it no longer so she said:

“Bob White, an' you too, Steve Robertson, we're gittin' out of this cussed country an' goin' where they ain't so danged many skunks to tempt you with their skins! An' also, where I hope they ain't no doggone chunk-wallahs a-tall! I'm plumb sick of tryin' to tell a he-chuck-wallah from a she-chuck-wallah an' a set-skunk from a he-skunk... An' in addition, I'm also sick an' wore out from catchin' Mormon-crickets to feed th' damn things on while they're

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tryin' to make up their minds to cross-breed or not! So, I-Gawd, we're gittin' out of here— That's all they is to it!

“Well, Bob knowed they wasn't no use arguin' with Mam whenever she did finally speak out her mind like that, so, I-Gawd that's what we done. We got out of there an' come on up here to Idaho— 15 “So that's th' way it was. An' I don't know yet, an' I don't give a damn, whether them cussed he-chuck-wallahs ever did cross-breed with them doggone she-skunks, or jest th' opposite an' raise them darned self-skinnin' skunk-wallahs Bob White hoped to hell they'd raise.

“Hell, they may still be tryin' it as far as I know, but one thing I do know goddam well an' that is that Bob White was awful disappointed—

“Which men...not only us Pioneers of th' Far West, but the whole damn works usually is when they try to be smarteR'n Natcheure...

“Hell, we'd better git to bed!”

The End.