

[Ira H. Fisher]

FORM A [???] DUP

Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Ruby E. Wilson

ADDRESS R. #1 BOX 10B 1W. Front

DATE Sept. 15

SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant — Ira H. Fisher.
2. Date and time of interview — Sept. 15, 1:30-4:30
3. Place of interview — 808 W 12
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant.— Mabel Fisher, (grand-daughter) North Platte, Nebr.
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc., — Mr. Fisher lives with a grand-daughter in a building the front of which another man uses for a second hand automobile establishment, the back part being divided into a duplex, one-half of which Mr. Fishers' family, occupies with him. His little great grand-daughter reads the “funnies” to him, though he says he would enjoy a good story if any one had time to read to him. The place was

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clean though crowded, and I saw two articles I knew to have been made on the Sewing Project so the family may be on relief.

FORM B PERSONAL HISTORY OF INFORMANT.

NAME OF WORKER Ruby E Wilson ADDRESS

DATE August 15 SUBJECT

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Ira H. Fisher, 808 W 12 North Platte.

1. Ancestry, - Unknown other than from Eastern U.S., Fathers name was King David Fisher.
2. Place and date of birth— Born in 1863, [Gage?] County, Nebraska.
3. Family— Twelve in family.
4. Place lived in, with dates— Gage County, Thayer County, Sherman County, and Lincoln County, Nebraska.
5. Education, with dates— 9 months of school (3 terms of 3 months each) quit to herd his fathers cattle.
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates— Herding, hunting and farming.
7. Special skills and interests— Made his first Violin at 19 years at age traded it to his brother for a shotgun and made another.
8. Community and religious activities— Used to dance a lot and play for dances, embraces no religion.

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9. Description of informant,— A tall square shouldered man with white mustache and almost white hair, lost one eye and 2 years ago the sight from the other. He is cheerful and talks.

10. Other points gained in interview— Enthusastically, hitching his chair apperantly with sheer pleasure of recalling incidents of which he talked.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Ruby E. Wilson ADDRESS R# 1 Box 1AB 1W Front

DATE sept. 15 SUBJECT

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Ira H. Fisher 808 W 12 North Platte

I was born in Gage County Nebraska. My folks had relations that had came to Thayer County and took up homesteads, so my father took up a homestead there too, when I was a little shaver. We lived in a dugout in a South bank in some timber and there was brush in front. There was two springs on the place and I was back in August to the old place where my father is buried, to a Fisher reunion, and we came across a little draw and I said, "There aught to be another spring about there" To them and sure enough it was still there and I drank again same of the water. It is about 2 ft. high and we hollowed out a slat of slate rock and its still here. I used to water the cattle there.

My father is buried 3 mile east of Hebron an the south side of the river. We had a picture took of the marker. Its broken now and my little grandson had to hold it up so you could see what it is and it had an open bible on it, and my fathers name. I want to have it fixed if I live another year or so. There was'nt any town of Hebron then. It was built after my father died.

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I mind one time my father was gone and we had the horses all out south. Two mares that had colts had bells on and we had them on pickets. The other horses would run the colts and the horses would fight and we heard the bells and went out to see and looked through the brush, when we got close and an Indian was layin in tho brush, a punchian a mare to make her break loose from the picket. The other was loose and purty 2 soon the mare lunged to get away from him and then they ran and the other Indians bunched them and drove them away. We saw them drive our horses away and there was'nt anything we could do. That night we went away from home and my uncle came from Beatrice where he went to get supplies and his horses were out and he left them down by the river and came on up and we were gone and the horses were too, and he came to live neighbors where we were and got a yoke of oxen to go and get his wagon and load and we went home with him.

Two or three years later one of the mares came back with a piece of raw hide out from a buffalo hide around her neck. She'd got away and found her way home.

My father had a muzzle loading rifle. Its at the court house now with my name on it. You can get a picture of it if you want to. One time he fell on the ice on the Little Blue and broke the stock of it, and he patched it with a piece of brass and its on there yet.

A girl that used to go to school when I did is there yet and I found her when I went back. That was Becky Jackson but I forgot what her name is now. We had a stone school house. One time an old Indian came that used to be around there from the [Otoe?] Reservation, old medicine Jake, he was the medicine man of the tribe, the school house door was open but the teacher was afraid of him and wouldn't let him in and barred the door. He would'nt have hurt nothin, every body knew him, he was kind of a friend of my fathers.

All my family is big like me, I have eight children and they're all big. I dont know, maybe it was plenty of wild meat, we always had meat, antelope deer, and elk and buffalo. We kept it in the summer 3 too. We dried it after we cut it up and salted it, we put it on sticks on a scaffold and built a little fire under it.

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One time we caught a buffaloo calf and raised him on milk. He got to be about a yearlin and we could'nt keep that son-of-a-gun anywhere. We had a fence made with rails, you'd lay so many rails and fasten it and then so many another way, and zig-zag and fasten it and he he wouldn't stay any where. My brothers said they would help him in and they put him in the shed one night and piled bars all the way up and in the morning he was in the garden eating the cabbage and peas and onions (he chuckled). They got so mad they took him to the river and butchered him and we ate him.

One time my older brother was goin' huntin' and I went and a younger brother and another younger kid. We went over around the Loup and Dismal rivers and I kept wantin to kill me an elk so my brother said "now, if you want to kill your elk, get olf "Black Legs" across that pine and get you a bead." Black Legs was the old muzzle loader that is in the court house now. I aimed old Black Legs across the pine and drawed a good aim. He was layin with his rump to me and I got him in the hip and broke it. The dog had been used to running deer, catchin them by the hind log and throwin them, then he'd get a throat hold. So he lit in, the old elk had big horns and when he lit the ground with them they sounded like clubs when he was fightin the dog off. My horse was a big old grey and he smelled the elk, they have a smell horses don't like and he started out and I had that big old gun and that horse on a dead run in rough timber ground. My brother shot the elk and thats the way I got my first elk.

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There is a man at Hebron by the name of Tibbett, he was raised by people by the name of Garrison after his father was killed by the Indians. I dont think the boy was at home when it happened. Some Indians wanted to trade horses, they was always wantin to trade horses and the man didn't want too. He was a neighbor of my fathers, he started to his horse and one of the Indians dropped behind and the other walked with him. The one behind shot him in the back, the man ran to the river and he had three girls and they came from the house and stayed with him till he died there on the bank of the river. The Indians camp

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back to try to take them, but they were too much for the Indians. They took the horses and went away. There was a stone wall around his grave, we used to pass it by the road but after they had a town and a cemetery, Tibbett had his fathers grave moved to Hebron. They dug down and said they didnt find anything left but a few bones and some square nails out of the coffin but they moved the grave.

I homesteaded here, 25 years ago up north, it wasn't hard then, there was a settlement.