

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #184 - Sides A & B

Subject: George Hibbard

Place: Hibbard Home - Burns, Oregon

Date:

Interviewer:

GEORGE HIBBARD: Well, I finally found the right tape, and I'll try to get some more of my thoughts down. As I told you before, we had a Rimrock Dairy here, and we always had a couple of milkmen as well as --- one of whom was Frank Triska. And my first recollection in my life was this well house that used to be back of our --- by our woodshed, with a windmill on it. And as you know this town used to be known as a town of windmills, because every yard had a well and your pitcher pump, I mean a hand pump or windmill with a water system. Well we were a little more fortunate, we not only had a windmill, we had a gas engine and a water system installed throughout the --- a lot that we are still using.

And of course in 1926, the Morrison Knudsen Company came in and put the water system in all over town. Of course they also did work in here when they were extending the railroad, I think. But anyway, our water system with this windmill and gas pump, we first had three bells. One of them was a hog fed, and the other two were fifty-gallon wooden bells in the basement. And a zinc sink with a pitcher pump, into the sink and the drain board, a wooden drain board on it, for our house water. Then along about the time of the --- just before they put the water system in here we had a cement cistern built in the basement, and it is still there. And we had to have a wooden cover on it because of mice and bugs and whatnot dropping into it.

And periodically we would have to --- there was just a little trap door and we would have to drain it completely and get in there with boots on and scrub down the walls. And we didn't have the chlorine or anything like that in the water that would kill bacteria and all. And there would always be some scum on the walls, and so we had a pretty good supply. And of course in those days we had an inside bathroom in the closet that's in back of me here, and a tin bathtub with a pipe that ran out through the wall and drained over the hill. And we didn't have to take a bath in the washtub in the kitchen like so many people used to.

We had a reservoir on our wood range. And then later we got a hot water tank beside the wood range with coils. But we used that to heat the water in the kitchen, carry into this cold north closet in the bathroom, and if you're lucky you got about two buckets of hot water, and one of cold in the tub and that's where our Saturday nights were --- taken care of.

Then I got to thinking about Mr. Sutton who was principal at the grade school. At that time it was a three-story building, where the Slater School is now, the brick gym back there. And what a tyrant he was for the many years that he was here. He was the principal. And he was married six times, twice to one lady still living here, that I won't mention by name. But he at one time was married to a woman who was, had a daughter by a previous marriage, and she was in the third grade with me when she died. And I was so --- and after the funeral why he called and wanted me to come over. Well I was too scared to go alone, so I took my younger sister with me and walked over to his house. It's the house that Mary Bennett owns now. And when we went to the front door why he came and he asked us to come in. And he really was grief stricken, and he said that Frances Barbee, a stepdaughter of his, liked me. And so he gave me her pen and pencils, and watercolors, and pencil box that she had had in school. And it just

overwhelmed me that that was why he wanted me to come over. He really had a tender side to him, but he sure didn't show it in the classroom.

One of my sisters, I think it was Hazel; she was small and used to cry easily. And he used to like to make kids cringe or cry, or scare them to death. And he did something, made her pretty upset, and she came home and tried to hire Frank Triska to go up there and beat up on Mr. Sutton. But of course the folks wouldn't hear of that.

Another time my sister Hazel had, we had had pancakes, this was probably before I was born, I don't know, for breakfast. And she had just poured the syrup on and she didn't clean her plate up, the syrup and butter. She left quite a plate full. And so when she came home for lunch from school, here this plate of cold syrup and butter were waiting for her, which she had to clean up before she could have any lunch. It was just another one of my father's ways of making sure you take what you took, and didn't leave a lot to be thrown out.

And then I recall another incident in grade school. It was in the winter, and the snow was packed so hard on the sidewalks, or on the streets either, that you could skate on it. And I had a pair of clip-on skates with quite wide runners that were --- you could just skate on the sidewalk or street as long as you didn't break through the gravel. And Virginia and I were about late, and I had my skates on and she had books, and I had some books, and I said, "Come on Ginny," I took all the books. And on my skates I could go faster than she could run, well maybe not faster, but anyway Mr. Sutton saw us coming. And we weren't properly in line. We used to have to line up four abreast, and not whisper in line or anything. And our music and art teacher, Mrs. Weittenhiller, played the piano, and at that time Bob Voegtly played the drum. And we had to march in, in the military order. And of course the first floor was the first and second grade, and up on the second

--- well anyway the seventh and eighth grade were on the two top floors. And believe me, you didn't want to have to go into Mr. Sutton's office. And when he saw the way we were coming, while we weren't actually there in time to be in line, he never called us up. And I have always attributed just to the fact that, you know, generous, because of our trying to get there on time.

But he was sadistic in his punishment. He had an eighteen inch ruler in his office, and believe me if you had to go to the office and he used that ruler on you, you knew it. And you might go there for anything.

But when we got through the eighth grade we really knew our grammar, and our spelling, and our, you know, how to take a sentence apart, the parts, the sentence and all. And while he was a dictator, those teachers they were good, and there were a lot of good ones.

I had skipped the sixth grade, but I --- well I had one teacher in the first grade, and a teacher in the second, and the same one in the third. And then I had a fourth and fifth teacher was the same one. And I was just so fortunate, and then I skipped the sixth grade. So I graduated from high school at sixteen. Of course then, that was in the depression and that's when I started to work at the dental office and try to earn enough money to hope to go to dental school. But that wasn't to be, but --- not because I was saving my money, but because I wasn't, mainly.

But I think about another incident or two up at the grade school. One time there was a family that lived down below the hill here, in an old tarpaper shack, and they were quite poor. I won't use their name, as there are some of them still around. And there was one in Virginia's class, and one in my class, these two girls, and of course they didn't have any bathroom and their --- say they were odoriferous is putting it mildly.

And one time Ginny and I, coming down the "B" Street from school, teased these

girls about their smelling. And they went home and told their mother, and she went up to see Mr. Sutton. And the next day when Virginia and I got to school we were called into the office and told the rights and wrongs of people in poorer positions than we were, and in no uncertain terms. He was, he said, "Now I don't want to ever to hear of you making fun of anybody because of their being poor." And it was a good lesson.

And another time, we had got some new desks, and the seat was on a single post and the desk in front separate. Not the old three of them joined together like they used to have. But anyway, Mr. Sutton came down the row and you were ranked in your class. Well I had a good ranking, and so I was in the back row. So he came down one morning and was picking up our homework. He said, "Where's your arithmetic?" And I said, "I don't have it." And he just took a swipe at me with his hand, when --- to push me out of the seat into the aisle. And my toes were hooked under, around behind this post. Like you would be sitting with your toes hooked, just for a different position, and he gave me a shove like a slap, and I just went over as far as I could, and then bobbed right back up. He said, "Well, if you won't go that way, you will this way." And he just --- I had on a white wool pullover sweater with a shawl collar, and he took a hold of that collar and just pulled me out of that seat like a frog. I had got my toes unhooked by then, and laid me down on the oily floor. They were a pine floor, not hardwood, and they oiled them to keep the dust down. And he laid me down on that floor and put his oily foot right on my stomach and chest, and said, "Do you think you can get your work tomorrow?" And I said, "Yes, sir." He said, "Alright, see that you do."

Well right in front of me was a fellow about six feet tall who was, well this was in the eighth grade, but he was a real athlete. He was, well he was like these beach boys. He took weight lifting and could walk on his hands, and all sorts, he was --- actually my sister-in-law's brother, Hal's wife's brother, Walt McDonald. And he came to him and he

said, "Where's your arithmetic?" He said, "I didn't get it." And he says, "Why not?" And he said, "I had to work last night." And he was, he was cooking at a restaurant downtown. And he said, "Okay," and walked on by him --- but tomorrow. But he knew that if he tried to handle him the way he handled me, well it was not going to be very successful.

But when I told you about him being so sadistic, I've seen him take our present mayor, and for some infraction, I can't even remember what, he would just double him up. Had gone down to the, well to Columbia Prep in Portland until our eighth grade, and then he came home here. I don't know exactly what years, but he was small for his age, and he sat him with his knees right beside his ears in the wastebasket, and let him set there about a whole period, right in front of the classroom.

And just to show you how little sympathy we had for him, the morning of graduation, we graduated from the eighth grade, he was chopping wood and he chopped his thumb off, not all the way, but back to the meaty part of his thumb. And he came up to graduation with his hand all bandaged up, and I don't think he got any sympathy out of the class as far as I know.

But as I have said, he was a real tyrant. But, he was also a very thorough teacher. And as I look back on it, and I see how the kids come out of junior high and high school and all now, without the basics of their math and spelling and all, it just, it makes it --- you can always look back with the envy of the good old days, but they weren't so good when you lived through them.

But one time on Halloween a bunch of high school boys decided they would get Mr. Sutton's outhouse and tip it over, which was one of the main pranks on Halloween, was tipping over outhouses. And there was one particular kid, I don't know where he was, whether he was in grade school, grade school yet, or high school, but they --- Mr. Sutton probably knew they were going to be after his outhouse. So he'd got a shotgun and

loaded it with some rock salt, with some shells with some rock salt which don't miss --- if they're far enough away don't necessarily do much damage, but does sting and burn. Anyway, these guys tipped his outhouse over. And he says, "Look out, I'm going to shoot." And it scared one of these --- this, well his name was Phillip Cawlfeld, and he was a great big fat kid, scared him so, and he fell right in the hole. And needless to say, he didn't get shot but he might as well have. Probably a pretty smelly mess when he got home.

But I don't know whether I mentioned before, but the library was up in the upstairs of the, where city hall is now, and the outside stairway went up to it. And on this stairway was the fire bell. It was --- and the fire engines were housed in the, where the police department is. And they had bells at the intersections of each street. And some --- they had hand pumpers, and the hand pumper that was kept here as a memento was sold ten or fifteen years ago to Knox Berry Farm in California, for I think five hundred dollars.

But they also had a wagon, I mean a horse drawn pumper, and they would go to the intersection closet and they would put a pipe, I mean a hose down these wells in the center of these inter-sections. They just had a little square, keep to the right block and sign standing on the top of each well. And the --- shove that aside and let a hose down the well, and if it was a gas engine, why of course they had to be sure it started.

And then with the hand pumper, you had to have about six guys on each side pumping up and down to put out much water at all. And that was why in the early days you had such devastating fires, because it was practically all-wood construction. Oh, there was some brick and stone but a lot of the business houses downtown were flimsy wood construction, and once it got started, it usually was pretty hard to get stopped.

We didn't have quite as devastating fires as Canyon City did, but there was some real, real bad early fires. So, of course Wally can tell you what day, and where it started,

and which building. Well, particularly like the old livery stables, and well there was lots of hay and straw, and then smoking, and usually they were heated by a wood stove too. And so it's no wonder these old western towns had bad fires. Sometimes it would just take one whole side of the street, or half the length of Main Street. And it was --- well like the French Hotel fire and the Burns Hotel fire, and down where the Times-Herald used to be, was a big wooden frame building and it burned. I can remember the old presses and stuff in the vacant lot --- well it's down where that Central Pastime is.

And of course you know the old time towns always had a few Chinese. And we --- the old Chinese laundryman, name Auben. And he is just a regular fixture around town, and he always carried a big basket for laundry on his back, and he had a little, well probably a two or three room place where he did the washing. And then he would, when it was finished and ironed and dried he would deliver it the same way, all done very nicely.

And he loved to gamble though, like most Chinese. They called him Acey-Ducey Ben. Because whenever he played poker in the pool hall, or gambling establishment, if he stayed they knew he either had a pair of deuces or an ace in the hole. And of course he was successful more than he was not successful. But he was --- that's what they nicknamed him. Later he moved into a building that had been on Main Street where the Central now is, and then moved back onto the next street. And it had been a, well everything from a bawdy house to a hotel.

But he was working there, and he used a gas-heated iron. For some reason this iron flamed up and caught fire and burned him and the building. And that was the end of the building and Acey-Ducey Ben.

And then up this north end of the street, just south of, it's on the corner where the Richfield Station is, there was, well next to Reed's Drug Store, there was a Chinese



restaurant. And well, there has been Chinese restaurants here as long as I can remember. But I can remember going down there and buying a loaf of bread when the --- all our bread was of course homemade as long as our mothers could make it. But you could also buy shipped in bread. And it was more than a day old when it got in here. But if we ran out, why we would go down there and buy a loaf of bread from this Chinese restaurant.

And the first oysters I ever had were sent in cans in ice. And how they got them in here, I don't know. But the first fresh oysters, if frozen ones are fresh, we used to buy a can of them down there. And then next to it, to this was as I said, there was Reed's Drug Store and then there was the Liberty Theater, and then there was the Brown Building. And this Liberty Theater was of course the only theater in town, and they used to have, well I don't know whether they had shows every night or --- they originally had some shows up in the Tonawama Hall.

But when Julian Byrd, and as far as I know he owned the Liberty Theater, and as I have told you our electrical system was not always the most dependable. So they had a generator, a gasoline generator, to fall back on if the electricity wasn't up to voltage to project their movies. And it had a balcony in it, but it was quite narrow, but it had a downstairs and a balcony. And I don't know whether you have ever heard of Chautauqua. Chautauqua came in, it was entertainment in a tent, and they traveled all over the west. And it took its name from the Chautauqua Association back in Lake Chautauqua, New York. And my mother and father were both members and I have certificates showing ---

SIDE B

As I told you my --- showing that they were members of this Association, and there

was supposed to be, well sort of uplifting entertainment, nothing on the shady side so to speak. And in those days, if it was --- along the lines of morality why it was definitely clean entertainment.

Well now I can't remember the year, Wally would know, but we had a city marshal named Rube Haines. And you know, while his name actually was Rubin, but they used to yell, "Hey Rube," as a sign that here is the law, you had better behave yourself. And it was, he was the city marshal, and this was during prohibition. And there was a man named Oscar, not Oscar, but, well I can't remember his first name, but his name was Cavendar. And he, oh, lived, I can't tell you just where, but it's east of the, upon the edge of the hill over here by, north of Ganger and Grover's. And he was bootlegging. And at that time we were in the summer in the Chautauqua tent, and there was, the play the "Little Shepherd of the Hills," was on. And it has to do back in the Ozarks, of a retarded boy that was a shepherd --- cattle or sheep, whatever they were out in the hills, to pasture. And they would --- and he had a gun, and it was right at the very tense moment where this retarded boy was about to shoot somebody, when all of a sudden there was a shot out back of the tent.

And this Rube Haines had gone up and caught this fellow named Cavendar, and was taking him down the street back of the tent. The second, down Alder Street, right back of the tent, and Cavendar pulled a gun and shot Haines through the chest. And while he didn't die then, he died within a year, and Cavendar was sent to the pen. I don't know for how long, but it seems to me it was three years, or something like that. Well, needless to say, it just about panicked the audience, because you could hear the shot and, and then the man crying out, which was Haines yelling, "Oh, I'm shot, I'm shot," something like that.

I remember one of my brother-in-laws and sister --- they were just wooden

benches, made of rough lumber, and right in front of my brother-in-law was a young woman whose husband was one of the Reed brothers. And she stood up as if to faint, and started gasping like she was going to fall over backwards, and my brother-in-law sitting right behind her, just kept his arms folded and looked at her. And she decided if he wasn't going to catch her, she better not faint, so she sat back down. But it was really an amusing incident.

And in the morning, in the tent, they had what they called Junior Chautauqua, and it lasted from ten until twelve in the morning. And oh, they had all sorts of games for the young people. And I don't know what age groups they were limited to, probably from six to twelve or fourteen, or something like that as I remember. But it was a very ... week, and they put on all kinds of things.

I remember they had a group of Hawaiians. That's the first time I had ever seen Hawaiians do their --- most of them were men. They didn't have any hula girls as I recall, but these men were doing the hula and they had white trousers and typically Hawaiian shirts. And then I remember they had one called the Hussars, and they wore a military type of big busbies, and they would act out, they would do drills as well as playing their instruments.

And then in the wintertime they would have their winter version of the Chautauqua while --- was called lyceum. It was held in the theater, in the Liberty. And one night there was a lecturer. And these, like I said, these programs were all supposed to be clean and morally uplifting. And I don't remember what the lecture was about. But the theater was on their own generator, and this lecturer was on the platform, and as all the home entertainments were, they were, the place was packed as I remember. Anyway the generator, the governor broke on it, and it started running too fast. And the lights all around the proscenium started, the light bulbs started exploding, and the people started

to panic and trying to get out of the theater because they didn't know whether it was on fire or what. And every time a light bulb would blow, why there would be a big flash as it burned out and --- I remember this lecturer sanding up there, and he says, "Sit down or they'll knock you down." And so he calmed the people and they got out of there, and all it was, was the generator running too fast.

I can remember going behind the theater on --- well maybe Sundays, or Saturday afternoons and finding the glass slides that they used to advertise the coming week's attraction. I expect that's about the same as they do now, where they have trailers you know, previews of coming attractions. And another couple boys and I found a lot of these old glass slides, some of them broken, some of them not. But we gathered up a whole bunch of them. And one of these kids, their dad was in charge of the light plant, which was the one down where they had the big diesel engines in it, down here by the railroad tracks, the stone building down there. I think it is a truck barn now or something, mechanics. But anyway these boys, they were twins, their names were Lark and Clark Hodge. And they knew enough about lenses, and we made one of these little projectors out of a cardboard box and put, oh about a six-inch in diameter magnifying lens in the front of it. And then we would take these old slides and show them on a sheet on the wall, or one of the white surfaces of some kind. Well we thought it was really wonderful.

Then I think I've told you about the building of the flourmill, the Griss Mill, up at the dam here by the Indiana Village. Well there was a girl that came here from Silverton to visit her, well her brother-in-law was --- well it doesn't make any difference. And she was a real pretty girl, and I fell real hard for her. And we were up the milldam swimming one time, and of course the bravest thing you could do was say let's go up in the mill. Well we went up in this, and it was three stories high with a cupola on top, and four-window cupola. And if there wasn't anybody around that would run you out, why you could go up

in the mill. And we got up to the top, and then to show off why you had to go up in this little cupola and open the window and go out on the very top ridge pole which was, as you can imagine, pretty high, and carve hers and your initials side by side out there. And I remember the day I did that, and I thought boy, if I ever get down from here, I'm never going to get out on anything that high again.

And as I think I told you before, it was set fire to and burned down, and I think it was in about 19-- well I don't know, '33, or '35, somewhere along there. And I won't say who it was. But it was, maybe I have told you this before, but it was a young fellow and another boy that doesn't live here anymore, had gone hunting rabbits. And they had a lunch and they wanted some meat, so they built a fire on the loading dock to eat whatever they had. I don't know, maybe they had shot a jackrabbit, or what they had, but anyway that's what set fire to the mill and burned it down. It was all quite --- that was after I was injured.

And then you see they built an Indian School up at the, where the Indians live up north of town. And it had only been there about a year and it caught fire and burned down. And they wouldn't let the Indians into school here for a long time because they thought they had --- well they didn't, a lot of them did have trachoma, and when they, the doctors have specific drugs now for trachoma, and they cleared the trachoma up. Well then there was no excuse, and they brought them into town.

But before this they had Indian teachers, and they were out at the old camp, and up at the new camp too. They --- well Teresa Guinie was one, and oh, I can't think of who some of the others were but they taught at the Indian Schools.

And as well as you might surmise, Indians have a very high artistic ability. Whether it's beadwork, or drawing with crayons or whatever, they use lots of bright colors. But they are nearly all very artistic. And some of them could really have gone on to, well

I'm sure some of them have, but as you know there is this problem of alcoholism with the Indians. And there is also our double standard of treating the Indians sort of like the blacks were treated in the south. And I really feel that they --- well a lot of justification they have felt discriminated against, because they have been. Whether it is with the police or, of course like I say a lot of them get a job and don't keep it very long because of alcoholism.

And of course their Indian form of marriage was different from the White man's. And so they --- well different denominations have tried to develop among them. I think the one they have now, which is Evangelical Pentecostal type church, is really the most effective. Although a lot of them are Catholic, and are quite faithful in attending Catholic services. But these are some more things that I have been able to recall.

I've sort of run out right now, but I would like to try to finish this side. I haven't located that tape with the, of my nieces, Carol on it, so I don't know whether I just missed it or had anything on it. But I will wait until I see you with what more manuscript you have typed, then I will be able to tell if I've told you of something that ---

And I have found some old Times-Heralds, both about my mother's and father's death, and the accounts written about them, and also Mr. Hanley's death. You see he and my mother died within a week of each other in September. Of course it gives all the vital statistics that I might have been hazy about in telling you of my father and mother's origins.

But I want to tell you another incident. I think I told you before about the early way of disposing of sewer, before we had the sewer system. There was a swimming place in the slough down near where Frank Bennett lives, called "Slop Barrels". And that was named after this man and his wife who were both sextons at the cemetery, digging the graves. And they also did this work of going around with barrels in a wagon and cleaning

out the outhouses if they had boxes, or if they just needed pumping out or whatever. I don't know how they got it. But they took that and hauled it down into the slough and dumped it.

Well in the spring that was one of the first places that warmed up, the water did. And so we used to go down there swimming at "Slop Barrels," as we called it. Not that there was

--- it was probably polluted like most streams are around here, but I guess maybe we were immune, I don't know. But it washed away, you know, in the spring runoff usually, anyway. And it was shallow, fairly shallow, and warmed up quite early. Anyway, I was down there and there was a fellow that was a little ahead of me, older than I, named John Solomon. He is still, he works on the Oregon North-western Railroad, I think. One day he got a cramp while he was in swimming, and he came out on the bank by me. I had never seen a leg cramp like that, and it just twisted the muscle up. He was very muscular built. But what fascinated me, he had been hunting one time out near Harney with a twenty-two, and he shot at a rabbit. And it didn't have a bullet in the chamber, so he worked it again, and then with the hammer back, and looked at it and it went off and shot him right through the lungs, and went into his chest and came out his back. And he just about didn't make it into a ranch out there. He was bleeding internally and I suspect externally too, but he did. But he had this scar, this bullet hole scar on the front and back both. And I thought boy, anybody that could survive being shot right through the chest, was really great. And I have heard from first his mother, and then John and his wife, every Christmas since I have been injured, I think. His mother is gone now but --- I think he lives up Poison Creek a ways on a ranch, and works on the train. I remember seeing him over at John Day at the rodeo one time, visiting with him after, when I was visiting with my sister over there.

I'm stuck for some more. I think I told you about how we, my folks first met Mrs. Lampshire. But she and her husband, and two daughters, one was by her first husband, and Pep --- who by the way I named Pep because I couldn't say Stephanie when I was little, lived next door to us. And Pep and I grew up, she was about a year older than I, and we really --- she and my younger sister Virginia and I were about as close as brothers and sisters could be.

And I know I got the idea --- my father had told me about when he was a young fellow, and his brother they had a spring on their place down at Silverton, near Silverton, that came out from under a big rock with a watering trough. And there was lots of wild strawberries in the glade. And he told us about getting his younger sister Helen, who was probably two or three years old, and making her sit up on a rock and acting like a young robin in a nest. And he and his brother would go down in the swale and pick strawberries, and then they would chew them up and go up and make her open her mouth and spit them into her mouth, like a mother robin taking worms to her young.

Anyway one time Pep and I, and Virginia were out here in the yard. And we had a gooseberry bush, and I evidently put it up to Pep, and we were picking these gooseberries and they were fairly large, and you could crack them with your teeth just in half, and of course the center is pretty sour. We would suck the insides out, the seeds out, and fill them with spit and then give them to our sister, to Virginia. Of course she caught on pretty quick, but it was so typical of what we would do, you know, with a younger sister.

And I remember another time when Pep was, I think she was in the eighth grade, and it was --- her Grandmother Lampshire lives down the street, where Pep now lives there by the library, across from the library, and Pep lived up here. But she and two or three other girls skipped school along in March, and went over north into what we call



Brown's Canyon, or Brown's Reservoir was in there then. And the water back of the dam was the first place you could probably stand it in the spring, and there was a raft on this. And these four girls skipped school and went over there after, probably for the last class or something like that. And I can tell you who they all were, but that isn't important. Pep is the only one I talked to about it.

But they were over there and got out on this raft, and it sunk with them. And it was a cold day, and Pep had a crocheted red cap, like a stocking cap, only her grandmother had crocheted it. And the yarn wasn't of a fast color then, and I can remember seeing her running up the front steps and into the house with her clothes frozen around her, and this red cap was unrolled around the edges, and the red from the yarn was running down her cheeks. And her mother was waiting for her inside. But she was crying, running up the steps into the house. But she was --- I was talking to her about it the other day, and she vividly remembers it.

And then another time Mrs. Lampshire --- there was a swimming hole out here east of town where there was, well there were two or three of them, one was called the Sand Bar, and the Gravel Bar, and the other one Robin Hood. And I may have told you this, but I'm going to tell you again if I did. But Mrs. Lampshire went out on her porch one day when Pep and some of the kids her age, and boys, had gone down there.

Well when you went swimming with, at the river or anything, they --- one group of willows was marked off for the girl's dressing room, and over a ways was the boy's dressing room. And Mrs. Lampshire, on her porch, could look right out there, and she saw these boys sneaking up to the girls wickiup, dressing room. And she took off right down over the hill here where Weeks' house is, and across out there, and boy she straightened those boys out in a hurry.

And then I recall also before the Weeks' house was built, and before I was --- oh I

probably was in the third or fourth grade. Pep had a cousin who was in the same grade; only he was bigger than I. And we were playing on a shelf over this ledge, over above this rock bed, which is under --- there used to be a crusher, a rock crusher in that, that they gravel Foley Drive and the foothill and all in the early days. But anyway, we got into a fight there, and I got Lenton down and I was --- his name was Lenton Mullin, and I was giving him a pretty good going over.

And his mother was over at Mrs. Lampshire's, they were half-sisters, and she came over there and she told me to get off of him and quit being such a big bully. Well, he was bigger than I was. And I called her a name, and well I said, "Get out of here, you old bitch." And believe me, she got out, but she came over and told my mother what I had said, and so my next trip was over next door to apologize to Mrs. Mullin for calling her that. But it is just part of kids growing up.

I don't know whether I told you this, but my father told all three of us boys when we were young, that if we didn't use tobacco or alcohol, or swear by the time we were twenty-one, he would give each of us a hundred dollars. Well, Llewellyn got his hundred dollars, but Hal and I, nothing was mentioned about it when we became twenty-one. Of course that was after I was injured, but I had certainly not observed it all. In fact trips to John Day and Prairie on athletic events, and home brew during prohibition, and various things had got back to my dad. So nothing was mentioned when I was twenty-one, and Hal the same way.

I don't know whether he knew, or whether I have told this, but Hal --- my father as I have told you was a great one in "Y" and also in, oh the Multnomah Athletic Club in Portland. And good at swimming, and good at boxing, and good at skating, and all these things that were part of our lives. We didn't have everything made for us. So he started out with us kids, all of us, and he would get down on his knees and put on a pair of boxing

gloves and teach ---

(END OF TAPE)

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