

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #188 - Sides A/B

Subject: George Hibbard

Place: Hibbard Home - Burns, Oregon

Date:

Interviewer:

GEORGE HIBBARD: Next I want to tell about the Basque, or as we used to call them, Bascos. As you know they came from the Pyrenees in Spain. It was on the north side of the mountain were the French Basque, and on the south side were the Spanish Basque. And they came here because of the sheep. And until the Taylor Grazing Act was passed they didn't even own ranches. They would just have bands of sheep and go up on the public domain, go out on the public domain. And then they would winter on some established ranch, and buy their feed from the ranch, and do their lambing there or as some of them did drop lambing, if it was an early spring on the mountain.

And they're an unusual people in that they will go out and stay with the sheep, for maybe six months without coming to town. And usually when they did, they needed dental work. And my father formed a friendship with one Basque here named Blackie Osa. His name is Marcelino, but that's the name of his son also. And they had the --- what is now the Plaza Hotel. But this Blackie Osa would not only send patients to my father, he would bring them. And then he would stand by them --- the chair, and translate for them. He would ask my father, he said, "Fix up their mouth, whatever it needs, and whatever you do, use all the gold you can in front, and don't ever remove the four front teeth, unless it is necessary." Well my father, being logical knew why, but I didn't. And it's because they use their front teeth in pulling the testicles from the lamb. And this is of course not done

any more, but it was one of the ways they were different from the local people. And of course these were considered a great delicacy, the testicles I mean, and were called rocky mountain oysters. I remember my sister, Virginia, one time a sheep man brought us a can of some fresh ones in it, and he just stuck it in the refrigerator and he said, "There's some oysters for you." And my sister didn't know what he was talking about, and when she found out, she said, "Well, I'll cook them for you and Hal, but I certainly will not eat any of them." And so Hal skinned them and --- well took the tougher outer skin off and she fried them, and they were delicious, even though she wouldn't try them.

But as I was saying, these Basque were so --- well, they were honest and when you'd tell them their mouth was going to cost such and such, it didn't make any difference, they would write out a check even before you got through with them, for the whole amount. And it was certainly a big help to my father and mother to have them as our patients.

And they of course, as you know, have their own form of celebrating. I believe Boise is the largest Basque settlement outside of Spain. Although I don't know any more because there are a lot of Basques in San Francisco and some of the other metropolitan areas.

Now I want to talk about an old Mexican by the name of Chapel. His full name was Chapel Benetiz. And he had a little homestead out near the Double O. He was a little short black Mexican, dark Mexican I should say. And he finally married, and the woman he married was quite light, and a bit bigger than Chapel. And she claimed that she was from the royalty of Spain, not necessarily from the royalty, but she had delusions of grandeur. And her method of doing her hair up, she had it stacked up on top of her head with combs with rhinestones in them. And she had a way with her that was pretty domineering. Because sometimes Chapel would come over to the Double O, he would

want some hay for his cattle, and they'd say, "How's your wife?" And he'd say, "My woman, she all right." But if he said, "My beetch," bitch really, "she mean." They'd know that she had been giving him a bad time. She had cats all over the place, and she had a little swinging door into the cabin. And these cats could come and go as they pleased. And there were more cats there than there were people for sure. They never had any children.

And after Chapel was gone, she moved into town here. And in her later years she was quite unable to get around and get her own groceries. So my sisters, Hazel and Frances, would go down and take her shopping and do things for her. And she gave my sister Hazel a pair of earrings that were, she said were diamonds. And they probably were, although they were quite yellowish. And I think there are some diamonds that are less valuable that are yellowish, instead of the clear type. But that's the last I remember about old Chapel and his wife.

Then I suppose you have heard of Tebo, who was one of Pete French's buckaroos --- and vaqueros which the word comes from. And he was a tall gaunt Mexican, and famous for his stories. I can remember going into the back of the pool hall and he would be sitting there, and he'd say, "I can tie a knot in this string, and just blow on it and it will come untied." And he would take a little piece of string and tie a knot in it and then he would just hold it between his fingers and blow on it, and just come right apart. I never did learn how he did it.

He also could tell stories. Of course one of the most famous was the story of how up at Kiger Gorge one time he rolled a big boulder off the rim rock and it went down the one side and up the other, and the next year when he got up there, here was a little pebble rolling up one side and down the other of the bottom of Kiger Gorge.

Next I want to tell about a little acreage we owned, and we called the Little Willow

Ranch. It was out where Eben Ray lives, just across the road from Eben Ray. And it originally was 27 acres, and then by the time I was able to work there, it was about 17 acres, he had sold off 10. And on the west side of Foley Slough there was the biggest field.

And I recall one time I was sent out there to mow with a team that was gentle. I --- one of this team was a mare, that as you got nearer the finish of the land of hay, she would just go faster and pull harder all the time until the other horse was usually back against the double tree. And this bay, I'd just finished the land on the north side of the slough, and I was going to cross the slough, and most places it was a gentle slope all the way down on both sides. But one or two places there was a little cut-bank. Well I thought I was hitting it in the right place, but evidently I misjudged, and we went down over this bank. The mower bounced off of this little cut-bank, and I bounced off of the seat and landed a straddle of the mower wheel, just as it was starting up the other side of the slough. And needless to say, I didn't stay with the mower. It was a pretty painful --- and when I was able to I got up to the gate, and there was the team standing at the gate. And the old man that lived across the road, Tim Donovan, was standing there wondering what had happened to me. Well, I don't remember whether I waited for my father to come and drive me to town, but I probably went on out to the other ranch, and he came out there to get me.

Now I want to tell about a place north of Burns, up on the Lone Pine Road towards the river. You go up the Foley Grade, and it's 25 miles up to where this pasture was that we had. But in getting there we went across a flat that had mounds on it. These mounds were caused by erosion, and were covered with sagebrush. And on the bottom of the flat was more alkali and the sage couldn't grow so well. And it was naturally given the name of Mosquito Flat, because these flats looked like great big mosquito bites on the earth's

surface. And my father used to tell the story that if you went up there at night and were very quiet, and sat on the mound you could hear an Indian voice saying, "Nothing at all, nothing at all."

Next I want to speak about the big ranches. Like I told you they all had these cooks in the cook shack, cookhouse. And they always had either a bell or a triangle. And this triangle was rung by --- it was hung beside the cookhouse, and it was rung by taking a bar by it and going around the triangle fast, and it made a, quite a loud ringing noise, just like the bell would. And that was the call to dinner. And really these big ranches were like a factory, they manufactured beef. And --- in this country, and they had their hay, and they put up the hay, and they fed the cattle during the winter.

And they shipped the cattle of course, and in the early days here it was quite a job shipping cattle. They had to be driven to the railhead or --- and some of them were driven to Ontario, and some of them were driven to Winnemucca. But it was usually a joint venture of taking a big herd of cattle. And these big ranches sometimes would hit the market just right, and sometimes they would be in a falling market, or low market, and you would find yourself deeply in debt. I recall Mr. Hanley speaking of the --- taking the cattle over, and shipping, and staying with the cattle, going clear to Omaha, and then finding out that the buyers were paying a half a cent less than you expected. And there would go the profit.

And as I said on this, on these ranches they had everything for you. They had matches; they were called Lucifer's. These were little matches in squares. They had been split out of a little blocks of wood, and were tipped with a lavender chemical and sulfur, or whatever it is. And always the men had --- they had Bull Durham tobacco, with wheat straw papers, and you were allowed to smoke roll your own cigarettes in the hay field. But you were not allowed to smoke tailor makes, or factory made cigarettes.

Because roll your own cigarettes were not --- would not go without somebody, somebody puffing on them. And the tailor made, if they threw one of those down, they could start a fire. And this was one of the rules of the ranch.

And these matches came in a can, like a five-gallon gasoline or kerosene can, a square can, and they were just available. And you could take whatever you wanted, and you had to split each one off as you used it. But these were some of the things ---

Of course in these big ranches too, they used dried fruit to a great extent for their meals. There was dried peaches, and prunes, and apricots, raisins. I can remember getting me out a big box of raisins out at the Double O, and putting about a quart of them on to cook, and that was the dessert, stewed raisins.

Next I want to tell about this horn tree in our front yard. This is a mulberry tree. And to begin with my father would pick up horns when he would find shed ones, and of course usually they were the ones of the deer that he or my brothers or brother-in-laws killed. And if they were --- they were piled in a pile down next to the stonewall for a while. Then one time he got the idea, and he just stuck them up in the crotch of this, the branches of this tree out here, and kept adding to it, and kept adding. And there are elk horns, and there are deer horns, and the tree has grown up around them, and the horns that could not be removed --- oh, the upper ones could be.

But even that wasn't all. There is a mountain sheep's skull in there. And I think --- well I know one time we had a bison skull that was found in the lakebed of Malheur Lake when it dried up. And it was --- since been hauled off to the dump. But this bison was named a sub-specie of bison ... by a paleontologist from the Smithsonian. And where they found these in the lakebed, when the lake went dry in the '30's, '31, there was many unusual animals, from caribou to saber tooth tiger found. And evidently when the lake was low, the animals went out on it to --- in the ice or in the mud and mired down, and

that's where the last water was. And --- because they would find them all in a little circle, oh, about as big as this room probably.

And --- but it was an unusual thing. This mulberry tree, we had two of them. One of them was over back of the garage, which was --- now been cut down because, and it was the female. And the male never has any berries, but the female was loaded in the spring with these mulberries. And it is sort of a flat tasteless berry that the robins like, and that's about all. So it has since been cut down.

But they were brought to the United States and started here because the people thought maybe they could start a silk industry here like they had in Japan and China. But I don't think it ever turned out that way.

But my father was always experimenting with different kinds of trees. And I think there must be between fifteen and twenty different varieties in our yard. And there are, well there is a horse chestnut, which is --- it was the first one that I know of in the country. For a long time it didn't --- well Dad would put a barrel and some straw around it every winter so it wouldn't winter kill. And it's a 25-foot tree now. And it drops its nuts in the fall. Of course these horse chestnuts are known as the buckeye, and they are not edible like the regular chestnuts in the east. These are bitter. And as I say, my father experimented with many varieties of mountain ash, and juniper trees right outside my window that is --- that are still right together where he heeled them in.

I don't know whether I have told this before, but I want to talk now about a marshal here named Rube Haines. He was --- well it was back in the '20's, because prohibition was on. And he had arrested a man up on the north end of "B" Street, or I guess it's Birch, and was taking him to jail --- well for bootlegging. And was taking him to jail, and they were walking side by side when this man pulled out a gun and shot Haines. And this was occurring --- occurred right back of the Chautauqua tent in which there was a play

called, "The Shepherd of the Hills", in which the shepherd was about ready to fire a gun. And the gunshot out back startled people, and then when Haines started crying out, "Help, I'm shot, I'm shot", the crowd almost panicked. And it was quite a scene. But they closed the curtain and said they would put the same program on that evening, and that was the end.

Mr. Haines died later from the wound, although not until almost a year later. But the man was sent to the pen for it anyway. ... he should have done.

Now I want to talk about a man named George Benson. He was the warden and the caretaker, well not caretaker, but the warden at the bird refuge. And I would guess from along in the early '20's, to well down into the late '30's or '40's. And he was a very fine man. In fact the museum, if you can call it a museum at the bird refuge, is named after him. And it has at least some of his taxidermy work of the birds in the museum. They may have been supplanted by newer models, I don't know. But he lived just east of the headquarters in a house, in what used to be called the town of Voltage. Now how it got that name, you'll have to look in the "Geographical Names of Oregon" if you can, to find out why it was named Voltage, because there was no electricity within a hundred miles of it at that time.

And it --- then in later years he married, and they had no children. They lived in what was called the Springer house, and that is just down from the refuge headquarters on the east side of the big spring. I presume it's still there; it's a two-story house. And he was very knowledgeable of the birds, and I think I told this before, but he --- one time went with us out on the lake. It was my father and I, and my sister Hazel, and maybe some more. But anyway, we went out on the lake and it became quite windy. And we had a canoe, a metal canoe towing behind the motorboat, and it was the better part of --- well we decided we would go ashore, which we did on Pelican Island. It's well named



because there were pelicans and cormorants all over the island, and of all stages of young, from eggs on up to adults. And as you know they both are fishers and feed their young on fish. And there was dead little birds, and rotten eggs, and all sorts of "awful" on the island. I guess that's a good word for it.

Then my --- Mr. Benson, while we were waiting for the wind to abate, reached down and pulled a tule out of the muck, and it came out with the end nice and white. It comes out of sort of a sheath. And this --- he just held out the white end to Hazel and he says, "Take a bite off it." Which she did. Then he says, "Now see where it came from." Well she soon spit it out.

But I wanted to bring Mr. Benson into it because he was accomplished in so many ways. He got some of the white chalk blocks from the bluffs just east --- just west of The Narrows, and carved heads and busts from those. I remember he carved the head of Mr. Hanley. And they weren't busts, they were just the heads, and also I think of Lincoln. Well, Mr. Benson one time got transferred over to Idaho to a refuge, and they found out that it was illegal, or not legal, but he shouldn't have been transferred. And so then they brought him back here. It was after that that he married, and in later years they lived in town.

Next I want to talk about a dog-named Pinky. And he was an English Bull, all white, and belonged to Mr. Hanley, Bill Hanley. And this --- he would come in quite often to town, and the dog always with him, and would go over to the courthouse. And the high school at that time was where the Lincoln Junior High is now, and had two stairways, one on each side, one for boys and one for girls. And up about halfway on these stairways was a landing and a turn. Well this was where the boys that brought their lunch put their lunch, on this landing. And then they could grab them as they went out at noon. So this dog would come over from the courthouse and soon learned where the lunches were, and

began stealing a little extra snack at the expense of the boys. Well the boys took their own remedy, and some of them were in the science class, and so they caught Pinky one day. And they sandpapered right under his tail, and then put some turpentine or some high life on him, and needless to say he went back to Mr. Hanley's car in a great hurry. And Mr. Hanley even put up a hundred dollars reward, which was never collected, for the culprits that picked on Pinky.

I often wonder why some of the young people that like to go rafting down rough rivers, as the Owyhee, and the Grande Ronde, and some McKenzie's, and some of the, don't try it on the Silvies. Llewellyn had an all-metal boat, and he and Hal put it in the water up just where the Silvies leave Silvies Valley, and planned to come all the way down to the Five Mile Dam in one day. Well, they ran into some difficulties. It turned out that every time they would come to a bridge, and there are more of them across the river than you would suspect, the water was so high, that the only way they could get under the bridge was to lie down in the boat and push their boat under the bridge by the stringers above. And this took so long that they had only reached --- well I don't know what you know it as, but it's about 12 miles up the river, which is sometimes called the old Lampshire Place, sometimes called Boone Canyon, sometimes called the Thissell Place.

But anyway --- and they pulled their boat out and walked down to the nearest phone, which I expect was the Five Mile Dam, and called for somebody to come up and get them. But it was quite an experience. And I found out since then, that they weren't the first ones. Cecil Bennett and a man named Katz did this --- well maybe it was later than when Hal and Llewellyn did it, did this in a canoe. And they had their camp outfit in it, and so they camped overnight at the Thissell or Lampshire Place, and then came on the next day.

And now I want to tell you something that I don't think is very well know. There was a log drive down the Silvies at one time. Very few logs, but most of it was cut up into block wood, so that it didn't have much trouble. But about 1915, or '16, the Bennett brothers, this was Frank, and Ellis, and Bob, had cut timber up along the river and they decided to bring it down by the river when it was in high --- or flood stage. And this ---

#### SIDE B

--- the wood that these brothers sent down in short blocks was pulled out up just above the --- well above the Five Mile Dam a ways, about two miles. And then the logs came on down and I don't know whether they went over, through the Five Mile Dam evidently. But there was one great big log between three and four feet in diameter that was never recovered, and it was found by Wally Welcome and some other boys, Truxton Dalton. And out in the backwater of the mill dam, which is --- was just north of the old slaughterhouse where there was an icehouse. And this big log --- the boys took a boat and went out to where the log was, and drove a spike into it, and then they put a rope on it and towed it back into the channel and brought it down to the milldam.

In this way the log ended up in the backwater above the milldam, and when we were kids it was a great source of fun. Because you could get up on it and try to do a little log rolling. And it had a decayed side in it where it was a bit --- had a good foothold. But it was so water logged it was very difficult to get it to roll over. But when you get two or three kids on the --- get to teetering back and forth they could make it go over. And of course the bottom side was slick and slimy, and that was very difficult to stay on. Well that's enough about the logs and the boat trips.

And now I want to tell about a time that I went fishing with my father and brother Llewellyn and brother-in-law Polenan Skiens, out on the Blitzen. There is an old burnt car

that you can drive to up from Catlow Valley. And then from there you leave your car and go down into the Kiger --- I mean down into the Blitzen Gorge, and this is quite a walk. And so this day when we got down to the river my father and I went down stream, and Llewellyn and Polenan, P O L E N A N walked --- went up the stream. And the fishing was excellent, and Dad and I soon had our --- not soon, but we got both our baskets or creels filled, and I presume my brother and brother-in-law did the same thing.

And it was getting dusk, and we had been going right down the stream, because in that type of fishing you can't leisurely fish from the bank, you have to get out in the middle of the stream. But anyway we started, my father and I started back for camp along this --- it began to get a little shadows and dusk, and climbed up the wall of the first level and got up on top, and then started for the car. And we evidently didn't take our --- into consideration, but even though we thought we had gone down stream a long ways, it actually wasn't too far by the windings of the stream, and took the wrong angle to get back to our camp. Anyway we got up on the bench and started walking towards where we thought the car was, and walked and walked, and finally it got dusk and then completely dark.

And we came to a juniper that had served --- it had the lower limbs cut from it, and a sheepherder the year before had laid these limbs into a big circle for his flock to spend the night in. And so we decided this was a good place for us to spend the night too. And we got some of these dead limbs and brought them up and built a great big fire out in front of us, and we sat and slept leaning against the stock of the, trunk of this big juniper. And my father told me that as far as he could remember, this was the only time in all his hunting and fishing experiences that he didn't make it back to camp. Not that he was lost, the camp was lost! We knew where we were, but the camp didn't know where we were.

Next I want to tell about an incident --- well not an incident, but you know the Home

Drug Company is one of the oldest businesses in Burns. And --- but it was preceded by another Welcome venture. I don't mean --- I mean capitalize Welcome. And this was the saddle shop. And this saddle shop, another place, was located at the upper end of Main Street where the One Stop Service Station is now. And Wally Welcome's grandfather started it there. And he built his house where Wally lives, and it's quite a distance, but he wanted it that way so that he would have a long walk to get home, just for his health sake, and well being. It of course was moved in later years down the street. And I think that, I don't know the names of the different Welcomes, but anyway that's where the original Welcome Store was, the shop.

Then I want also to speak about the Home Drug Company. And it's been really in the Welcome family for a long, long time too, until this last year. It originally, if I remember Wally right, was in the --- what was --- used to be called the Levens Hotel, and later was the Arrowhead Hotel. Levens is L E V E N S. And as I remember it was in there when I was a boy. And then it moved down into the corner where Corbett's now is. And then later moved two doors up, or a door up the street, but in that general area. This was --- the proprietor was an uncle of Wally's named Jake Welcome. And he was just as kind as Wally.

He --- and you know all the old timers could understand some Indian of the Paiute language. Emmett Reed was known as the White Chief, because he could converse with them in their language. Well so could several other businessmen to a certain extent. And there was an old Indian here when I was a young man, and his name was Old Blind Jim, is what he was called. And he had a cane, and he could go all over this town with his cane tapping along, and feeling for curbs, and edges, and walks. And occasionally he would get lost, but not very often. If he did, and somebody met him he'd say --- ask them, "Where am I?" And they would tell him and he would become oriented, and then that was

all he needed.

Then this incident occurred when the Home Drug Company moved from the block where the Arrowhead is down to where Corky's is now. And it happened over a weekend probably. And Old Jim came to town, and he tried where it was before up at the Arrowhead, and then came on down the block, or the next block to --- and came in for what-ever he wanted at the new location of the Home Drug. But that just shows how well he was liked and thought of around here. He was very honest, never stole anything. And that is a lot more than some of them can say, because the Indians felt that anything they took from the White man really wasn't stealing, they were entitled to it for all that had been taken away from them.

Now I want to tell about another Welcome enterprise. This was the Welcome Hotel. And it was built from the ... stone, and was a block long and three stories high. And it was on the east side of Main Street from where the Union Station and car wash is to Smyth's Grocery. In fact Smyth's Grocery and apartment back of it are remnants, at least I think so, I --- of the original building. But in 1937, I believe, a fire started in this building. And there was no danger, because it was so slow in getting through most of the place that everybody was able to get out. And in fact they fought the fire for, I don't know, maybe a day and a night. But once the thing started --- there was no firewalls in it.

There was a driveway underneath it, but that was just one story, and you could turn off of Main Street and go into the driveway and check into the hotel under cover. And it was beautifully carpeted and had a fire escape. And while it was never full --- when they rented apartments up on the third floor. And it would have been full in later years, but of course then the motels began to come in. It was considered a terrible loss, but the name was so appropriate, the Welcome Hotel. And it really was quite a loss to this community when it burned down.

They had banquet rooms as well as the main dining room. After I was injured, Mr. Ed Barnes who was the --- with the Edward Hines Company, had a dinner party for me and all the friends I wanted to invite, right in this banquet hall. And there was no expense spared.

But some of these things I know are shown in pictures, but so many of the people here now don't realize what there were here. For instance the old concrete structure out at Hines that was to be a hotel. The Guardian Building and Loan Company financed it, and the security supposedly for the whole project was a bunch of wild horses running out here on the range. That's more or less exaggerated, but as I have heard the story. And it would have been a beautiful fireproof type of building. But the Guardian Building and Loan went broke during the depression. I know because I'd withdrawn my \$30 in savings from the bank, and put it into the Guardian Loan Company. And I lost my \$30 along with probably thousands of other people. But to this day, that old concrete shell is still out there. And I don't know whether anything will ever be done with it. The kids used to play in it, but became sort of a fire hazard, so it is ---

Next I want to talk about the icehouse up above the Grist Mill Dam. And each summer, I mean each winter the people that wanted ice would go up there and --- in the back water where the ice became quite thick --- usually about, oh fifteen to eighteen inches. They would saw out blocks and slide them on the ice in toward, into the shore, into the land, and then load them in a --- usually a sled, rather than a wagon. And then bring them into town, if you had a place to keep it. We did. And in the old woodshed we have one corner of it, and it was where we stored our ice. And we had a slide that we pushed the blocks up and into the --- through a window into the woodshed. And then they just load a layer on the bottom of the sawdust, and then another layer, and then another layer, until they had it up as high as we felt was needed. And then it was all covered with

sawdust. Then the ice would last through the summer. We needed it particularly for the dairy, as the water-cooling of milk was not fast enough. We used ice in the cooler that we used for taking the animal heat out of the milk before bottling.

And we also had an old DeLaval, I mean not an old, but a DeLaval separator which we separated the whole milk and sold cream. And some different from the cream you get now days. But we even had --- not only pints but half-pints, which were known as gills, bottles. And they all had the standard size top. And the little wax paper tops, or stoppers, were not very expensive then. In fact milk wasn't very expensive either. If I remember, the most we ever charged was ten cents a quart, and cheaper by the gallon of course.

And our barn was painted a lemon yellow, as well as our house. And the sides of the delivery wagon were lemon yellow, with Rimrock Dairy painted across it.

Next I want to --- no I'm not through. The ice --- we would use that ice in our summer drinks, ice tea or lemonade. And there might be a dead cow up above in the river somewhere, but we didn't ever seem to suffer from the use of the ice that way. Of course there was commercial ice and it was not made with electricity, it was put up in the big icehouse out at the same location at the Grist Mill. And this was delivered around town, and people had iceboxes that they would buy 25 or 50 pounds of ice when the ice wagon would come around, or truck. And it always had a scale hanging on the back, and a pair of tongs that they could pick the ice up with. But that was the way things were.

Next I want to tell you about the grocery delivery. There was a man, he was --- my brother and sister-in-law's father, named Tom Skiens that lived down on the edge of town toward the old Indian Camp. And he was the deliveryman. And he had a wagon in the summer, a little spring wagon. And in the winter he would put it on sleds --- make a sled of it. And then with a course in the middle, in the shafts, he would go around town delivering the groceries from the various stores and meat markets. And --- because they



were not combined in those days.

But in the winter it was great fun to take your sled with a long rope on it and go hook-a-bobbing or tag-around as we called it, behind sleds. And especially Mr. Skiens' sled, because he went everywhere in town, and didn't get very far out. When you hook-a-bobbed on a farmer's sled, you might get out as far as the Indian village or to the north, or out to the Grange Hall. And then if you didn't find one coming the other way to bring you back in, it was a long walk back. So we would watch until we would see a better one coming to meet us, and then we would cut loose of the one that was taking us out, and put a rope on the back of the other one. And with this rope you can guide the sled whether it goes right in the middle of the road, or off to one side a little, by holding it to one side or in the center, and so forth. It's sort of like a --- the same way with these water skiers. And it was lots of fun in the winter to be able to do this, traveling on sleds around the town and out into the country some.

Next I want to talk about the Pueblo Mountains. In a book that I have, "The History of Harney, Malheur, Baker, and Grant Counties," it bares an account of this, which I'll not narrate. But as you know the Pueblo Indians lived in the Southwest, and one of their greatest villages was in Pueblo National Park, Mesa Verde National Park I should say. And they built an adobe, made brick in the sun --- and some rock and built up in the cliffs, to be protected from their enemies. And they would have ladders to get up in there, and then pull the ladders up at night. And they had a round --- like an igloo made of adobe, which was called a kiva. And this is the ceremonial where the chiefs, the leaders of the tribe would get in there and council.

And well, there was a mining engineer who had worked at Mesa Verde in the disassembling and reassembling at the Chicago Worlds Fair in 1893, of one of these pueblos. And then after that he was hired by a mining company to --- he was an

engineer, a mining engineer. And he came out into Nevada, and up into Southern Harney County, and he was looking for mineral claims for this --- this company.

And he was --- it was on an overcast day and he became lost, and he decided he would have to get up to where he could see some mountain, or in a distance so he could orient himself. He found a break in the rim and --- where a little wash came down, and tied his horse at the foot of it and went walking up this little draw. And he came onto a pueblo built in the cliff. And these pueblos that he had seen back in Colorado had a sacrificial stone, where evidently they sacrificed either some of their members, or maybe it was an animal to appease their Gods. And there was a sacrificial stone, and there was a pueblo. Well he went --- he found his --- he became oriented to where he wanted to go back to camp, and went back and got his horse.

And then was in Portland shortly thereafter, and he wrote an account of finding this pueblo in the south end of the Steens Mountain, or as they are called the Pueblo Mountains. And this was published in the Oregonian, and people have looked for that ever since, and have never been able to find that pueblo. Now I don't know whether they haven't looked in the right places, or if it's still there or not. Because there has been vandalism in that area of the Indian writings on the cliffs, and it may have gone the way of the writings, some of the writings. So, I don't know.

Next I want to speak about whistling. My father taught us a whistle, which is --- we call the Hibbard whistle. And it didn't originate with him. It originated evidently down in the Willamette Valley, before he came here. It was --- had various--- well the main whistle was the same sort of a --- well, I'll whistle it for you. (Whistle) That was calling to anybody that would recognize that whistle, would know when some of the Hubbard's was calling. And so when we went out hunting we would use this whistle in the hunting to locate another member of the party. And then we also had signals. A single whistle

meant there was a deer jumped, and was coming our way. Two whistles meant to come here, or come to where your camp was, or whatever, to the other person. And this --- there was, well used because the whistle doesn't scare the deer near like a hollering does. In fact it carries further too.

Next I want to speak about wool, and when my father had sheep on the ranch. He didn't have a very large band, but we had to have them sheared. And we would send the wool --- there were two different places we would send it, the Utah Woolen Mills, and sometimes to one back in Minnesota called the Litchfield Woolen Mills. And we would have sweaters made, and sometimes just send yarn back, and some yarn and some blankets. I don't mean blankets, but bats to make quilts out of. And our mother used to knit.

You know in the First World War it became very patriotic to knit sweaters and also, oh helmets or head caps. And they are almost like the ski masks they wear now. They're hand knit, and of course you didn't like to wear the wool next to your skin, but you did have to with wool underwear. And it was pretty scratchy some-times. But I thought this was a part of the history of our area.

Then I want to speak about ticks. The old red ticks that get on every animal, and every person that goes out in the spring. And they usually don't come out until after we have had at least a few days of 70 degree or more temperature. And in this area the ticks had --- in the, well it's an infection, but it's called a rickettsia, the little microorganism that causes spotted fever. And there are two types of it; one is the Rocky Mountain spotted fever, and the type that was common in this area. And there wasn't at that time any known cure for it. Either you died with it, or you got well. But now days with the antibiotics they can pretty well save a person.

But in the interim, they first made the serum out of horse's blood, use blood from

horses for the culture. And the ticks when they get on you, sometimes you don't know and they will get up into the hair and get fastened. And if they bite you and they are infected, then it's likely you will get the spotted fever. However they developed this serum, and as I say it was made first from horse blood, then from chick embryo in the eggs. And it became much less reactive. But you had to have two shots in the spring before the ticks came out to be sure you wouldn't get the spotted fever. And these shots were almost as bad as the spotted fever for some people. And it was a ritual of spring to go get your tick shots.

Next I want to speak about Blanche McWilliams. She was one of the early comers here. And she first --- she, in the South End of the county, she met a man named John Robinson, commonly known as Jack, and a buckaroo whom she married, and by whom she had one son, John Robinson. And she was --- worked as cook for Mr. and Mrs. Ike Holland, who --- he was the bookkeeper for the Island, the Pacific Livestock Company, and its associated ranches ---

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