

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #191 - Sides A/B

Subject: George Hibbard

Place: Hibbard Home - Burns, Oregon

Date: 1975

Interviewer:

GEORGE HIBBARD: Pauline, here's a tape that I'm trying to get some things on that I don't know whether I've already given you or not. But anyway, to begin with Mr. Hanley once told me if you want to make a million dollars, you can do it if you'll find some good thing to make out of sage. Well, I've thought of a few things to make out of sage, incense for one thing. I think there's enough people buying incense again now days that would like to smell what the purple sage smelled like, as we call it purple. And it is, sometimes when the sun is setting, and the sky and the distances are great.

You know, a man named Blanding told me once that --- when I get to Eastern Oregon, I know I can stretch my eyes because that is --- I'm sure I've told you this before. And it is also where I got the inspiration for the letters over my fireplace that says, I thank thee Lord for the abundance that is mine. Because I do that every day too.

Next the Sagehen. The Sagehen is a type of grouse that lives in Harney County, and they are quite indifferent mothers. Anything upsets them in their nesting. They will go off and leave their nest and not come back to hatch their eggs. But anyway, they have survived. There are a few in the Eastern Oregon counties. And occasionally they, they are very cyclical, but occasionally they get to the high enough level of them to allow maybe a one or two day season. But in the old days they were so plentiful.

And it gave play, for the Sagehen gave itself to the name of an organization that

was formed one time in Portland of former Harney Countyites, mostly women, although I attended once. And they called themselves the Sagehens.

And I think the Harney County had the Sagebrush Symphony, which was the start of the Junior Symphony in Portland. And in fact the Sagebrush Symphony was started by a Mary Dodge who came to Burns. Her husband was an engineer, a civil engineer, and they as I recall lived down on Whiskey Flat. And the lady was a violin teacher, and musician, one of the best. And she started this Sagebrush Orchestra. And there are photos of it riding in the Fourth of July float, on a great big base viola, I guess, it was so big. But it would hold an orchestra on its --- top of it. And the Sagebrush Orchestra got to go to Portland and play, and were heard by Madame Schubenhink (sp.?) of the Metropolitan Opera, and a concert singer. So I just thought I would put this in for what it's worth.

Next I want to tell about an Indian custom, or discovery. That there is what we call mullein stocks, but its true name I think is fennel, F E N N E L. And it is also known by the, was by the Indians around Lakeview, and especially over on the Pit River over in California. That this, the leaves of this plant had something in them that would create somewhat like the rotenone chemical does on fish in our lakes and streams. It doesn't poison the fish, but it makes them numb or suffocates them or something so that they float to the surface, and then they can catch all they wanted. And I doubt if this fact is very well known.

Next I want to tell you --- I may have told you this before, but my father in his travels went to the New York, I mean to the Chicago World's Fair, the Columbia Exposition of '93. And he saw Little Sheba there. Well, Little Sheba was probably a belly dancer from Cairo or somewhere, I don't know, Egypt.

And in 1939 my father, and sister Roberta and her husband took me to the San

Francisco World's Fair as it was called. And --- on Treasure Island. And there was many exhibits of one kind or another, including one that was called Sally Rand and her Nude Ranch. Well this wasn't quite as nude as they are now days. The girls in this exhibit, which it was, an exhibition, wore big hats and bandannas around their neck and pants, or chaps I might say, with --- they were spinning ropes or shooting with bow and arrow, archery. Pulling out their six guns, and fired blank cartridges. But it was merely a show. But I thought how similar was the show that we saw there, as to the one we, that Dad saw earlier. Only he didn't tell me that he had seen this one back in Chicago.

But then there was another show there that I got to go see. Roberta sat with me in the back because they wouldn't let my wheel chair go down the aisle because of fire regulation. And Dad and my brother-in-law sat down in the front row, or near the front row. And it was the Folies-Bergere, which came from Paris. And it was being shown in the, one of the theaters on this island. And it was an interpretation of Adam and Eve. And the man dressed as a serpent was in a tree of knowledge. And Eve was supposedly in the Garden of Eden. I didn't see Adam anywhere. But anyway, the devil, as the serpent was in the tree told her to go ahead and taste the forbidden fruit. It necessarily wasn't an apple; it could have been a pomegranate for all historians know. Which is much more, it is more apt to have been than an apple. But that is the way most people think it's the apple. But that show was --- while it was a lot of nudity, it had a real moral in it. And regardless of our faith, the moral is still there.

Next I want to speak of my father having the title of doctor after becoming a dentist. And he was a DDS, which is a doctor of dental surgery. Well, it means more now days than it did then. Because an oral surgeon can get a lot more than a general practitioner. Anyway, he felt that anybody that gets the title of doctor is entitled to be called doctor and

not doc. But then in our vernacular many of us speak of them as doc. Although he was Dad to me. He expected other people to call him doctor. And those that just called him doc were not treated any different, but he felt that that should be doctor.

And it is part of our bringing up, because we are taught to say mister and misses to our elders, elders, and not call them by their first names until we feel that we are on the same age level or --- and it is true with the word reverend. Now I think I have told you this before, but I had one minister that said, "Don't call me Reverend Crane, because that means holy." Well, if he was a reverend, he should have been holy.

Next I want to speak of how much the different ethnic groups have meant to this country. Now this I may have also given you before. But when I think of the Chinese, and the Japanese, and the Indians, and the Negroes, and the Europeans --- whether they were Swedes, or Norwegians, Danes, Germans, anything, Czechs, so forth as we name them now. But they were either brown, yellow, black or white. But they have all added to the American culture so much. When I think of what the Negro culture has given us in the way of music, and the Indians too have their music. Although theirs is usually sacred. Their dances and their music are prayers and worship of the Supreme Being, and these are things that we are only now beginning to understand. And he said we own this land, the whites I'm speaking of, and the Indians owned the land as much as anybody could own God's earth. And they were living --- of course they were in their tribal warfare. And there's interracial warfare now, and interracial prejudice here in Burns, all over the world. And our only panacea is Jesus Christ, or the Son of God. And that will bring peace on this earth, and good will to all men.

Next I want to speak of some of the odd names in Eastern Oregon. And I do hope if this book is ever published that our radio station will read it and learn how to pronounce --- and maybe we don't pronounce them right, because so many of them came from the

Indians. And while the Indians pronounced one thing one way, we don't know for sure whether that's the way they did, or whether we are pronouncing it right either. But for instance Ochoco was the name of an Indian group. And this forest --- and by the way, all of the Indians of this inter-area are of the Paiute-Shoshone --- Southeastern Oregon I should say, and Nevada, clear down into Arizona, are of the Paiute and Shoshone type people.

And we speak of Eegan. Well, Eegan has been called Egan by many; because that's the way the Irish pronounce it. But Eegan was one of the Paiute Chiefs here at one time, along with Winnemucca who was farther south. And of course our own Indian tribe, the first one I --- chief I knew was old Captain Louie. And of course that was a fictitious title, because he was a chief, and his last name was taken from some white man, Louie, or Louis. And his son, Jim Louie, I remember seeing him with his beautiful headdress on, and a loin cloth, and moccasins riding in the Fourth of July parade one year, on a black stallion with just a hackamore. And it was one of the top attractions in the parade.

Well, I also remember some of the other odd names we had in this valley. And I often wondered where some of them came from. For instance there was a little town of Voltage down just east of the headquarters. Now I know I'm repeating myself on some of this. But --- I can't help myself. And it was named because one man had the idea that he could harness the Blitzen River and generate electric power. Well another man had that idea up here on the Silvies watershed, up the falls of Emigrant Creek. Jim Fellows, who was one of the heavy contributors of this library, tried to form a company and put in a generating plant at the falls on Emigrant Creek. Well, Jim didn't have enough money or know-how, and it didn't develop. But that wasn't --- make it --- I mean not feasible now days.

Of course they have been trying to put in a multi-purpose dam up here on the

Silvies. But that has run into opposition from the Malheur Bird Refuge, and also from the farmers, or ranchers I should say, along the Silvies who have their dams in the canal, put the water out on the meadows, and not have to do any pump irrigation, or sprinkling irrigation or anything else. It's all part of that. But I wouldn't be surprised but some day there will be an all-purpose dam on the Silvies, and they will have recreation, electric generation --- Don't go yet Frannie; I'm about ready to finish.

I want to speak of some other names. There were --- there was Iron Mountain out by the Double O, and there is Ten Cent Lake down west of, or north of Buena Vista on the refuge, and there is a butte there that is called Squaw Turd, and there is one out here on the highway to Bend called Squaw Butte. Well, it was also know as Squaw Teat. Well the Grand Tetons were the original of those names, because that's what they were called, the two tall peaks. And then I want ---

Next I want to speak of Indian games. ... These that I know of were, one was like the shell game in which the Indians --- men sat around in a circle with the --- their, one would have a small bone with a little leather strip around in the middle about three inches long. And he would pass it back and forth between his two hands, and then somebody across the circle would have to guess which hand it was in. Well, it's like the shell game with the pea under the three walnut shells. But his is only two chances, you had --- either right or wrong and you could guess easier than, at least fifty percent of the time. But it was evidently a very popular game with these Indians.

And then there was a game that they played with, or used some sort of a round ball, and my brother found one out at the Double O, and it's over in the museum now. It was a round stone, and whether they padded it and wrapped it in buckskin and played it like lacrosse, that I do not know, or do I suspect anybody --- does anybody know. But anyway, that is all I'll put on this tape. So I'll close for now.

I have a little more on this reel, and I'll go on with what I have. There was a family lived next door to us even before the Lampshires, this was before my time, their name was Harrison. And they had a little boy named Freddy. And he used to run off and he'd come over here, and his mother would come over looking for him. And one time he was behind the door and, and this too may be a repeat, but anyway I'm going to tell you again. And he was hiding behind the door, and his mother asked, "Is Freddy here?" And he couldn't keep quiet, so he said, "Me ain't here, Mama." Well, I know I've told you this before about Burns McGowan taking down his pants and painting his bottom green. So, I won't go on with that.

But I want to speak of a fellow that used to be here. He worked in the Home Drug, and his name was Bill Terrell. His father was a city marshal, used to get after me for driving before I was old enough to drive. And one time on the Fourth of July I was sitting in front of the Home Drug, and it was up in the Arrowhead then, and I had a water pistol. I've told you this, I know I have. Well, maybe I haven't. And I didn't have a cap gun, and the kid sitting next to me was a minister's son that I chummed with. And he said, "Let me have that water gun." And he turned, and Bill Terrell was washing the outside of the windows in front of the Home Drug at that time, and had a new haircut, and he shot him right in the back of the neck with this water gun. Then he handed it to me, and Bill Terrell turned around and saw me holding it, and he lifted me off of the curb with the toe of his boot, and I could hardly walk. Well anyway, I got over it.

Then there was a fellow named Swett, he was one of this family I spoke about earlier. His name I presume was Hans, but we called him Willis. We called him Honsy, evidently that's from the Hans. And he always, he was quite a, well he was a big heavysset fellow that came from out in Catlow, as I've told you about the Swetts, and he was on the football team. And when McDade was the principal of the high school, and he

was --- McDade was coaching the football team also, and they were down there on the field and he was a lineman, Honsy was a lineman. And he was a big fat guy anyway, and the coach wanted him to run a certain --- the quarterback to run a certain formation through this part of the line, whichever side he was on, where Honsy was on the football line. And he was bent over, and in the football position as they are, and they were supposed to go through his position. And Honsy couldn't get it through his head exactly what the play was. And he was bent over, and McDade was trying to tell him what to do when he let a big --- well he told him, he said, "This is a fake." And he, about that time Honsy let a big fart. And he said, "I said fake, not a fart!" Well I don't know whether Honsy got it straight or not, but Burns had a pretty good football team then.

Then I want to speak about the Stereopticon News we have. To me a stereopticon, it later came into the theater where they would give you polarized glasses, but this is just two photographs taken with a camera with two lens about the width apart of our eyes, which gives the depth perception. And these photographs are of natural wonders in caves, and views of, you know, there used to be called the Seven Wonders of the World. And they have discovered so many more wonders, that there is lots of, more wonders of the world.

But this of ours was a little hand held viewer with postcard size double pictures that we put on a little sliding bracket that gave depth perception to whatever picture we were looking at. And it became very interesting as we were kids growing up we could see these wonders of the world in depth, rather than in the flat of a single picture. Well its been carried on into View master, which was developed down here in Portland. And of course filmed on screens so that you could see a pilot flying up through Grand Canyon or something like that. But in the early days, to have a stereopticon viewer was as good as adding a Victrola, which had his Master's Voice Records. And there was the old white

dog, sitting listening to the record player, because he could hear his master's voice.

Well it was a good ad, and its been forgotten along with Bossiter Jeans, or Levis. And Levis are called Levis because they were first made out of the sails from the sailing ships tied up in San Francisco harbor, by a man named Levi Strauss. And he used the sailcloth to make miner's pants, and I doubt if they were dyed blue. They were probably white like the sails. But they were made of canvas so they would outwear anything that the miners had then, except maybe leather. But the stereopticon was a wonderful idea.

Next I want to speak of a girl who lived here and she was practically my twin. Her name was Dorothy Leonard, and her father was an attorney, and quite a poet, and a very erudite man. And he had, let's see, about three or four children. One of them was Mrs. Doctor Homan in Portland. And another one was a Doctor Leonard, who became a doctor, and he practiced in Portland. And he is since gone. And this youngest girl was named Dorothy as I said, and she was born on the 15th of July, while I was born on the 16th. Well, my cousin who was an early doctor in here by the name of Carl Griffith delivered the both of us. And he went to Mrs. Leonard's house first, and delivered her. This was before we had a hospital. And then he came to this house and delivered me.

And Dorothy, or Buckey as we later knew her, because she was always so full of beans and jumping around here and there, was nicknamed Buckey. And I didn't name her that, although I had nicknamed most everybody else in the family. And Buckey is gone now. But she and I started school together, and she was a wonderful girl and was intelligent as I was, and maybe more so. I'm not bragging because I wasn't all that intelligent.

But as I've told you, we had a grade school teacher who saw that we became well educated. And Buckey went on to college, which I didn't, and became one of another doctor's family, the wife of a Dr. Jess Ray. And she is gone, but I want her remembered

in this book.

And then I want to speak about the post office. And not just the game we used to call post office, wherein we would have to have letters delivered. And they were always men deliverers, and you got a kiss instead of a stamp from --- or rather boys I should say, sort of like spin the bottle which was --- you spun a bottle in a circle, and whoever it pointed to, you got to go kiss that girl, and so forth. But these are just all games that we kids played.

And the post office of course was located here and there and everywhere in Burns to begin with. I don't know where it first was, but I remember it making several moves. One time it was about where, well in the block where Ereno's Men's Store, or what used to be Felt's Jewelry Store. I don't know what is in there now. And then it was moved up on West Washington in these, in the little stuccoed front offices that were built, I believe by a man named ---

SIDE B

--- well, this is continuing with the post office. Along in the early '30's a three-story, they called it Moorish Architecture Hotel was built at the south end of main street, on the east side. And it had even a driveway through the center, under the center of it, and the post office after numerous other moves that I have spoken of, was moved down there.

But in referring to some of the old post offices, I can remember way back when Bill Gould and his wife Mamie was postmaster, and she was assistant evidently. I can remember going in there and hearing them stamping letters, one stamp on the inkpad, and next stamp on the stamp. Stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp, back and forth. That was before they had canceling machines, or pre-canceled stamps even. But it was a hotel and it had apartments in the top floor, and a big dining room, and a private

dining room.

And two men, one --- now I'm regressing, but if I don't regress I forget about something I want to tell you. Two men who were --- well one had been a banker in the First National Bank, which was located in the building where the Garland Realty is now, as opposed to the Harney County National Bank which belonged to the Brown's. Not all of it, but Leon N. Brown was the president and cashier as I recall. But this other bank was the First National, and it was owned by P. C. Petersen, and oh, some of the Levens who were related to the Welcomes, and others. And there was a man there as a cashier or --- anyway an administrator by the name of Conser. And he had one daughter, and her name was Kay. That is all that I remember was the one daughter anyway. And she was a freckled faced, auburn haired girl, a little older than I. But she has been back here twice this year, 1975. And we were very good friends of the Leonard's, and they had an apartment in the old Arrowhead as I recall.

And Buckey, who I was just speaking of before Dorothy Leonard, was a good friend of this Kay Conser. And they used to go down to the old Home Drug when it was then where Corbett's is now and, or over to the Reed Brothers Drug Store, which was where the Arco Station is now, and have their ice cream cone or their soda if they went to Uncle Jake's, as they called Jake Welcome who ran the Home Drug in those days.

But anyway, now to get back to Mr. Conser. He and a man named Ed Barnes who was the --- first man to get the idea of getting the government to sell to a mill here in Burns the federally owned timber. And he put a stipulation in the contract with the U. S. Forest Service that it had to be manufactured in Burns. Well, Ed Barnes had a great deal of influence in my early life, although Mr. Conser didn't. Mr. Conser was killed in a car accident. He was driving a convertible, and he was going to Seneca.

Well, Ed Barnes was in charge of the Seneca Company. They had a store and a

gas station, and a bar, and the post office all in one building at that time. And I don't know but what it's still that way. Anyway, Mr. Conser was killed on the, what is known as the Grange Hall Lane. There was a bridge across the slough right in front of the old Hoggs, Hogg, Mr. Hogg's house, or --- that I have previously spoken of.

Anyway, Mr. Barnes first got the Herrick interest, interested in this mill, and they --- he was from St. Maries, Idaho, and he first started the mill and the railroad from Seneca to bring this timber down on.

Well, Mr. Herrick had one daughter that I know of, Helen, and I'll tell about her, I think maybe I have already. If not, I'll tell about her later.

But Ed Barnes first came in here in 1919, and surveyed this wonderful stand of timber to the north of us that we know as the Malheur Forest. And it was classified then as the Malheur Forest, and most of it was in Grant County, although some of it's in Harney County.

And I don't know how to tell this, but I guess the best way is to just start in. In 1929, when I was 15 years old in June, and became 16 in July, I got an opportunity to drive car for the Edward Hines Company, which had bought Mr. Herrick out when he went broke and could not finish the mill here. In fact, I recall Mr. Hines was in Paris, and some of the members of his company, his son Ralph who was the oldest surviving son, his oldest son Edward Hines was killed in the First World War. And a big veteran's hospital in Chicago is called Hines Hospital in his honor.

But anyway, this Chicago based company bought out Mr. Herrick, and this Ed Barnes had been smart enough to be, before any place was selected for the mill, to buy up options on the Warm Springs just south of Burns, which would furnish warm water for the millpond. They found later that the pond would not stay warm enough even with the Warm Springs running into it, but had to have steam pipes run out into the pond to keep

the upper end of it from freezing in some of our cold winters. But they were always, there was always --- well the pond was a half mile long almost, and it has since been filled in and they put what they call the logs in a coal deck now, and have to put sprinklers on them during the summer months so that the heat does not cause bluing of the sap wood, because that lowers the grade. Anyway, this Mr. Barnes was the man that got the timber opened up.

Then when I got this job, I was telling you, I was not old enough, but I sent in for a driver's license and they asked how much experience have you had. Well, I had quite a lot of experience, but I thought if I'm 15 and I say I've had experience, and I will be 16 in July, that would be letting myself in for a little perjury. So, they sent me back my application, said when I filled it out completely they would send me my driver's license. Well, by the 16th of July I got my license. And so I took this job driving for Hines Lumber Company. And I should have had a chauffeur's license, but I felt that with a driver's license I was safe, which I was. I was never questioned as to having a chauffeur's license.

But anyway, all this evolved out of this friendship between Mr. Barnes and me, and my father, and the first manager of the, general manager of the mill who was F. W. Pettibone, followed next by his son C. W. Pettibone, who also had a son and a daughter. The daughter's name was Mary Frances, but we called her Prissy, which she was, because she was a nice girl raised in the South in a private school out of New Orleans on, near Lake Pontchartrain. And Chauncy had gone to Stoten, which is a private boy's school back in Virginia. And Chauncy and Priss came in our senior year. And they are both still living in --- Chauncy I believe in Montana, and Priss probably in California in the summer, and in Mesa, Arizona, in the winter.

But anyway, when I was driving for this company, I was getting fifty cents an hour,

plus expenses. Well, one of the first trips I took they had a --- two Model-A Fords, one was a --- well sort of a soft top sedan, and the other one was a hard top sedan, plus a limousine called a Will St. Claire. It had a crank up windshield between the front and back seats. It was a six cylinder aluminum block, water cooled engine, but --- well Mr. Wills later built the Millings and many other cars, but he was ... with his knife also. But he was the engineer back of all these cars.

And so I took Mr. Pettibone and Mr. Barnes, and some of the officials of this mill to Bend one time. And we were guests of the Brooks Scanlon Mill at a dinner in the Window Room of the old Pilot Butte Hotel, which is no longer there, overlooking Mirror Pond in the park in Bend. Well, when we got through with our meal, it was an evening meal, a sumptuous one, Mr. Barnes was sitting next to me and he took out his expense account and began writing down the price of what the meal would have been. And I didn't take my expense account book out because it did not cost me anything; it had been bought for me by the mill people. He says, "Where's your expense book?" And I said, "Well this hasn't cost me anything." He says, "You aren't going to make any money if that's the way you operate." So there I first took the step to pad my expense account.

Well, my father had told Mr. Pettibone he would let me drive for them if I --- he would see to it that I would not ever have any alcohol served to me, or cigarettes. Well of course Mr. Pettibone smoked, and Ed Barnes smoked and all, I could have had cigarettes, but I didn't want to smoke then. And I did take a drink now and then when I was with somebody else, usually a beer. But that's the way most alcoholics start, is a little sip of wine or a little sip of beer. But anyway, I didn't --- become an alcoholic that is.

But anyway, on these drives sometimes I would have to drive to Bend, sometimes to Baker, one time to Winnemucca. And so --- and I was riding with all sorts of people. There was Mr. Pettibone primarily. We spent a month in Portland together, and he and I

had adjoining rooms at the Imperial Hotel, the old Imperial which is still there I believe, much smaller than it used to be.

And then the car, for two weeks, was in the shop being repaired, and that was the big limousine. And the other two weeks all I had to do was to take him and his lady friend out for a drive. Or sometimes he would loan the car out to some salesmen or representatives of Hines who wanted to go out in the afternoon or evening for a drive up the Columbia to a roadhouse or something like that with a couple of models, if that's what you want to call them.

Anyway, I decided that if I was going to be a chauffeur, I was going to dress like one. Well, my idea of how a chauffeur dressed was to wear a cap, although mine was a white golf cap, and to have English riding boots, that cost me \$25 a pair in Portland, and then with what are known as flying pants or ... They are --- I haven't seen any in years, but they fit down inside your boot. And the boots were knee high and just pulled on, and no lacing in them. My brother later got them, my brother Hal, and had laces put in the instep, and laces up at the calf to fit his heavy legs, mine weren't that heavy.

But anyway I was making, as I say, fifty cents an hour plus expenses, and my check every month was about a \$150. Well, I would usually have to borrow money to come home from Portland on, because I would spend so much money when I was down there that you'd think I was a drunken sailor instead of a chauffeur, or a driver. I wasn't even a chauffeur.

But Mr. Pettibone and Ed Barnes too, would see that I never got any alcohol, at least when I was with them. And Ed Barnes was a hard-nosed businessman. He was also very kind, as was Mr. Pettibone and some of the other men.

I remember Alfonse Roy, of Stafford, Derbes and Roy, and Mr. Derbes, and they built the city of Hines. And a man by the name of Senter, S E N T E R, who was the

Senter Construction Company that built most of the houses in the old part of Hines, the old houses. Their architects laid it out in the oval with the parks in the center, and what a beautiful city it is, or town. In fact Burns and Hines ought to be one town. Call it Burns-Hines instead of Burns and Hines, because we consolidated our high school, and certainly our businesses cater to both areas.

And the old hotel that was started in Hines, the old concrete hotel that was started out there was --- some of these early investors. I do not know who they were, but I know the Guardian Building and Loan Company, which was not insured by the government as the loan --- savings and loans are now days, loaned the \$200,000 or \$250,000 that the hotel was going to cost in those days, with the collateral value of eighty head of wild horses in Eastern Oregon. Well I guess horses were supposed to be worth more than too, but they weren't.

But anyway, that's why that old hotel was never built, or anything done with. Maybe some day somebody will go ahead and finish it. It could be made into apartments for --- like the Saginaw Village is. But then maybe the foundations and all --- because the cement in those days was made with local gravel, and the alkali in our local gravel was so --- such a high content that the cement made in the early days here was not very permanent. And most of the old cement sidewalks laid in Burns have since had to be replaced, because the --- of the alkali content in our water and all --- But, nevertheless this is running on to an awful lot --- great extent just on this offshoot of the post office.

But anyway, I was driving for them another time; I took the Model-A over to Bend. A Model-A sedan that had the cloth-type top, to meet the train to bring some officials in the next day. And the old road between here and Bend was along section lines and it took you at least five hours to go over, and five hours to come back if you didn't have too many flat tires, and some truck hadn't dumped a bunch of roofing tacks in the road, which

one did one time. Accidentally, I mean. But anyway, I took this Model-A Ford to Bend, and my boss didn't come in on that night's train. Well, even before that I decided before train time I would have time to get a girl with a friend I knew over there, fellow --- a couple of girls and we would drive up to Redmond and back, and so we did. Well of course we got some home brew in Redmond, and we stopped at the Grange Hall half way between the two towns, I don't remember the name of it. And I think we only had six bottles of beer, but when there was four of us ---

And this boy that was with me wanted to drive the rest of the way, and let me sit in the back seat with my girl, and he could drive on into Bend. Well, it was only 15 miles and I thought surely he could drive that well. And I let him drive, and he didn't make the turn, and we rolled over about three times and then in Curtz's Park in Bend, which was off over a stone wall into a lower area that was --- Well anyway, I ended up out of the car, and the others were in the car, and the cops came. And I of course was responsible, so I called my boss back in Burns, immediate boss was Tommy Rowan. And he said, "Well George, take the car to the Ford Agency there and get it fixed up, and bring it back when it gets done." Well it took almost a week. And in the meantime another young man brought another car over and met my boss that came in the next night on the train.

Well, Mr. Pettibone investigated the accident he said, but he didn't find out that I wasn't driving, because I had claimed to be the driver, even though I wasn't. And --- but the police there actually knew because this other boy was fined \$7.50 for trespassing on a public park. I wasn't fined anything. And so anyway, as my father used to say, "Oh what a web we weave when first we endeavor to deceive." So anyway, I got home along about Thursday with the car, and they never used it again. They just took the body off it in the shop, and made a scooter or a railcar out of it for the railroad to use, The Oregon Northwestern that is, up between here and Seneca.

Then I want to tell you also about how my father kept me from continuing this job. I was a senior, to be a senior in high school, and actually I had enough credits I could graduate in three years, but I didn't. And I didn't think my senior years was necessary. Well my father said, "You're going to school in September." Well then I had to give up my job, and through --- the man who took it was named John Caldwell. And he, I wanted the job especially because they were getting a new Studebaker sedan in place of this old Will St. Claire. And I couldn't think of anything nicer than driving this new Studebaker. Well, as I say, my father insisted, so John Caldwell got it.

And one time that winter he was going to Bend, and on the way back he was bringing our sheriff, and his name was Frazier, and his wife Ora. And they were on their way back and he broke an axle in a snowdrift out near the Gap Ranch, and they had to walk, the people in the car had to walk to Silver Creek. And Mrs. Frazier's feet were frozen and she had to have her toes taken off back about to the instep. And that is further indication of my father's wisdom, and insisting I went on to high school that senior year. And oh, I'm so glad I did, because it was probably one of my best years as far as having fun and --- maybe not in learning, but I was learning some things that I hadn't ought to.

Well anyway, that is pretty much my summary of this job. I could tell you some other incidents, but they are not for this book, maybe another one.

Next I want to speak of the coyote --- I have told you before about my father hunting the coyotes with the wolfhounds and the greyhounds, so I won't repeat that. But you know the Indians here thought the coyote was so wise and so wily, well so wise --- we think of the owl as being wise, but they thought of the coyote. And he was sort of one of their deities. I'm not going to try to get into the Indian legend and all that, because that has all been recorded, and is in the library. But I just wanted to speak of that, about the coyote because many people do not know that.

Now this next --- I want to speak about, is an amusing incident that happened to my mother when she was living in Portland. And her mother had a boarding house, which I have told you, and my father stayed there before they were married. And they had a Chinese helper in the kitchen. Well my mother had a toothbrush in those days, they had such things, they really did. And not electric ones like I have. But she used to come down some mornings and she'd find that her toothbrush was wet. Well, it turned out that the Chinese helper that was helping her mother cook, had been using her toothbrush. You know the Chinese knew how to brush their teeth, the Indians knew how to brush their teeth with either a --- pick their teeth with a quill of a goose feather, or use a piece of willow that was shredded on the end, and brushed their teeth with the shredded willow. But anyway that was the incident, my mother finding that the Chinese had been using her toothbrush. I expect she got a new toothbrush and kept it separate from the others.

Next I want to speak of the chipmunks, or some of them were golden crown squirrels, rather than chipmunks. But when my father had the ranch out here in Section 9, he also had a section up in the mountains north of here in the Malheur, on the bank of the Silvies River that was called the Hanley School Section. As many of the lands were given in the United States, some of the railroads, some to the schools, and the road companies. There were school sections. And this was a school section in which there was timber, and we had to re-fence it because they found the surveying was off a little.

And one summer my two brothers and my sister-in-law Mabel --- Llewellyn and Hal and --- Llewellyn and Mabel were married at that time, and I were up there, and we were building this new fence. Well I caught a couple of chipmunks, and I had a cage here at home, and I brought them home with me. And I would carry them in my pocket with a string tied around their neck. And they would run up on my shoulder and I could feed them and whatnot, till I got home. Then I got them in the cage, and those little chipmunks

were a lot of fun and cute. And I built --- put a box with cotton in it and thought it would be warm enough for them out in the woodshed. And I didn't know that chipmunks do not hibernate, they excavate. Well, it's --- I mean the same as hibernation. But they --- when they get cold they're curled up in their little nest, and their metabolism and their heartbeat slows way down, and they don't actually freeze. If they don't actually freeze to death, why a little warmth and they begin to come out.

So anyway, I had these chipmunks. Well, when I got them up there in the mountains I was playing with them, and I had them on these little string leashes and I was calling them, "Here Chippy, here Chippy." Well my brother Llewellyn said, "Don't call them that." And I said, "Why?" And he says, "Well you're saying something you don't know what it means." He didn't tell me what it was. So I quit calling them Chippy, but maybe I called them Hanz and Fritz after that, I don't know.

But one time out here I had them in the cage and they didn't survive the freeze, or I turned them loose or something, I don't remember.

Well next I want to tell about one winter my father --- this was after I was injured, caught a little Pigmy owl. And it's the only one I have ever seen. There is a ... owl, and a Pigmy owl, and they are very similar. But this was the Pigmy, and they are about the size of a robin.

Well there are some migratory birds that come here occasionally called the Bohemian waxwing. There is also the cedar waxwing, but the Bohemian waxwing particularly have a little crest, and gray. And we had a bunch of those in the yard eating the berries off of the, well the Hawthorne and the juniper, and various berries that grew in --- we had a matrimonial vine that had red berries on it. And even the asparagus has a little red seedpod on it that they would eat. Well this was one of those times when the Bohemian waxwings were out here on the lawn, and one of them died ---

(END OF TAPE)

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