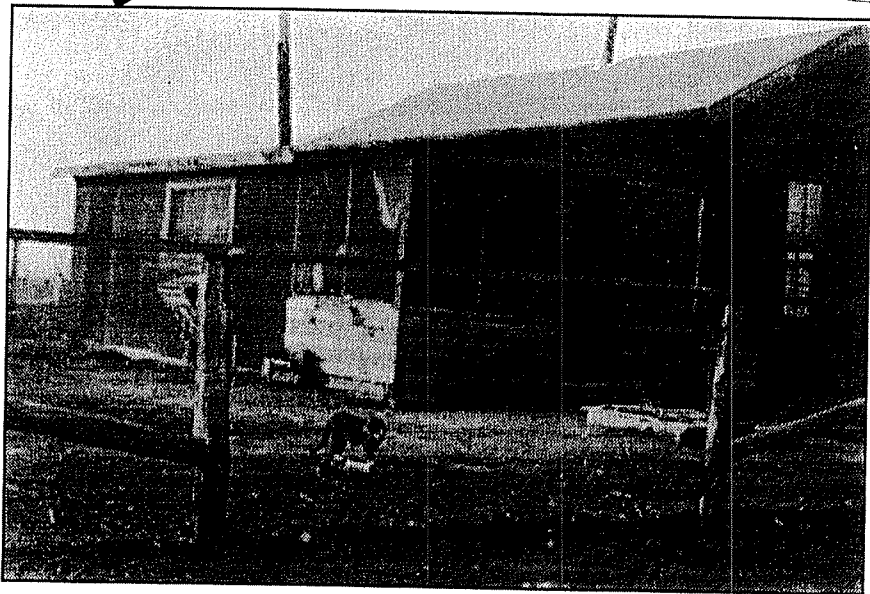
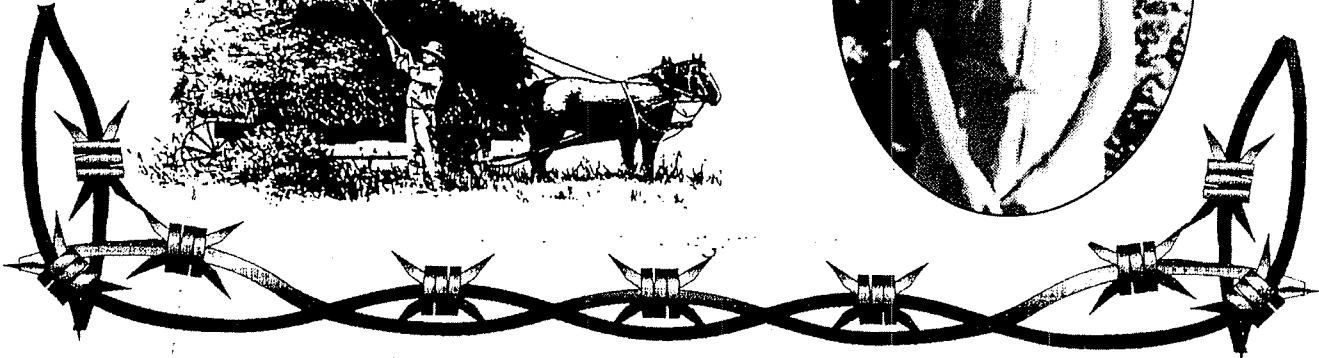


**DUEAIME RAMBLINGS**



**Just,  
Rye Grass  
Alice**



Brother Roy suggested we write memories of our younger years on the Rye Grass Ranch.  
Alice "Recalls":

I, Laura Alice was born January 19th, 1920, at the Saint Vincent Hospital, in Portland, Oregon to Treffle J. and Bessie Wood Duhaime. Dr. Gambee attended. My parents were in Portland because Dad had been drafted from County for World War I. The three Duhaime brothers, T. J., Bill, and Joe in 1915 came from Portland to take up Desert Claims (homesteads) in North Catlow Valley, (the Clover Swale Area). They were unable to eke out a living there so abandoned the property. Dad was working as a ranch hand for the Denstedts when he met Mom at a school social. They were married in 1917. Mom worked at the telephone office and lived in a cabin at the Duhaime home on Syracuse Street and Portsmouth Avenue, in the Saint Johns District. Dad was stationed at camp Lewis, Washington, and he could spend his Leaves in Portland.

I was baptized in the Catholic Church, and my name was changed to Alice Laura Marie Duhaime. The Portland Duhaimes were strict Catholics. Dad and Uncle Joe attended in Burns only occasionally.

After my dad's discharge in March of 1920, Mom and Dad and baby Alice, with Uncle Bill, left Portland by train to Ontario, Oregon, and then by stage to Crane to live in Haarney County, with Uncle Joe. They had bought 80 acres on Rye Grass Lane in January of 1920. The men found work driving four-horse teams on Fresno scrapers, building and sub-surfacing highway 78, from the Hanley Lane toward Crane. Charley Culp was the contractor. We camped in abandoned homesteader cabins, as the work progressed. Mom once found a scorpion crawling on me.

That fall we moved into the tar paper shack that the Mormon Roberts, had built on the 80 acres. Snow and wind whistled through the cracks, and Mom hung blankets around my crib the first winter.

Our neighbors were Paul Howes, Charles and Etta McPheeters, Dan and Edith Varien, Rod and Lillian Cozad, and Mr. E. C. Taylor, back in the field north. West and North were the Bolton's, Denstedt's, and Shattuck's at the Experiment Station. The Grandparents Wood, Aunt Eva, and Uncle Johnnie lived a couple miles South.

I grew up as an only child for seven years. Brother Roy was born April 27, 1927. Brother Ralph was born October 29, 1931. I tagged the men around. Dad would set me up on the gentle work horses, the red roan, Kye, was worked single on the buggy. Mom and I made the ten mile trip to Burns with Kye. In the winter, large rocks were heated in the oven and then wrapped in news paper to keep our feet warm. We were also bundled in quilts. I remember Mr. Liebig calling the fresh eggs that Mom was selling him, "cackle berries, or hen fruit."

My first up town hair cut was a circus. I jumped out of the barber chair and ran out of

their reach. (The barber shop was where the Palace Cafe is in 1995.)

We went visiting the neighbors in a horse drawn bob sled, or a hay wagon. The Denstedts had a lot of parties with cards, games, visiting, and food. I remember those blue pansies out side of the north door, especially.

My Dad was working at Denstedts in 1917, when they were married. I am sure that is where he learned to scratch a living from this arid land.

A bachelor, Andy Hall, lived near the Wood place. He repaired clocks. I never heard so many clocks ticking at once. He also drove the mail stage to Crane. He was very clean. Wouldn't let just anyone ride with him?

I also remember Mr. Taylor, who lived in the field north of Cozads. He gave me a pewter baby cup. (I still have it.) He also had a car, "Fascinating it was." He also liked to show up near meal time. He was alone, his invalid wife had died.

Uncle Bill bought a Model T Ford in about 1924 or '25. Izing glass curtains, crank and all. Mom learned to drive. No more buggy trips.

Around the Fourth of July, the neighbors would take a trip to picnic at the Embree bridge, on the Colanbough Slough, south of the Wood Homestead. The wild currants were plentiful and were gathered for jelly making. It was really a big all day trip to see the Malheur Cave, south of Crane and East of Princeton. There was water, it seemed like half a mile, inside the cave. Then the cave ended. The walking wasn't easy, slipping and tripping on the damp rocks on the floor. Lanterns and flashlights were used in an attempt to light the way. We would eat our picnic lunch in the cool mouth of the cave. (A Coleman lantern that burned white gasoline was the best.)

I liked spending the night with Grandma Wood and Aunt Eva. (Nine years older) at the homestead. Mainly I liked going up and down the stairs to the attic bedroom with the goose feather bed in it. We didn't have stairs at home. Their house smelled like spices and sugar cookies.

Later Grandma and Grandpa and Uncle Johnnie lived at the Wheitenhiller place, which was one mile north of the Variens. That house smelled like cookies also. (The big square two story white house was struck by lightning, and burned in 1993.) I remember going there with the folks when they canned beef all day. I think the beef was a stray. "Hush, Hush."

Grandma Wood developed heart problems and after Aunt Eva graduated from Rye Grass School, in 1925, they moved to Pacific Grove, California. They returned to Harney County several times. At one time they partitioned the Granary Building on Rye Grass Lane and lived there. (Allen Section.) I sometimes rode across that section to the white house to visit on my "Pet" mare. I was afraid of the Stallion running there with a band of Uncle Johnnie's mares.

Ralph and Pauline Howes Reed ranched with Uncle Johnnie for a time. Their young son, Dickie, was killed by a horse in the barn there. I was "sitter" for Donna and Dickie when they

were close neighbors at the Howes place. Pauline was my idol. She was so talented, and really a horse woman. (She is still going strong at 89 years of age in 1995.)

Uncle Johnnie continued to farm and live in the big white house, when he married Melma Kimball, the mother of my cousins, Delcy May, and Oleta Fay. At times several of Melma's siblings attended the Rye Grass School from there.

I always liked cats and mom didn't allow them in the house. She moved quickly and didn't want to fall over a cat. But I sneaked them in any way. They made good foot warmers on cold nights. A lady from Burns commented on the number of cats around and I proudly told her, "I raised my own."

Uncle Bill's Shepherd Dog, "Buster" didn't like the ruckus when the chickens were beheaded for butchering. He would get under a pole of any length and bark and wrestle with the pole the whole time.

I put in a lot of time riding stick horses, and used a lot of binder twine for halters and bridles. I even had stick cows to take out to the pasture and bring in for milking. I made plenty of mud pies. I used the poison night shade berries for the fruit. I used the big rhubarb leaves for sun hats. It's a wonder I didn't poison myself. Uncle Bills empty Bull Durham sacks had many uses.

I played house in any shed or in the wood pile. Any place that I could clean out some space in. I also played house under the County Road Bridge. I guess the spiders and stinkbugs were my playmates. I had picnics under the big sage brush with my rag doll in the doll buggy. There weren't any trees at all.

Mom always had two garden spots, where they could be irrigated from the windmills. We didn't have a lawn or flower beds, except a bed of tulips in the spring. Flowers grew in rows along with the vegetables. We had a big clump of wild pink roses and matrimony vines that grew over the fences. These, along with horse radish and rhubarb were very hardy and they would be growing long after the homesteaders were abandoned. Also, old-fashioned purple lilacs did well.

Multiplier onions grew near a fence, where they wouldn't be plowed up. The clumps, many as large as a bushel basket, were used from in the spring, sections were dug or pulled away from the sides of the mother clump. Just be sure to leave a few to multiply for use next spring. They are a very mild green onion. It was possible in the Rye Grass area to have a frost any of the summer months, so only hardy vegetables were grown.

The first wild flowers I knew were the waxy little butter cups. They opened in the evening or on cloudy days. There were plenty of dandelions and purple lupine. The native meadows had mint, white yarrow, red burr clover and others. Some people had fragrant double yellow roses.

I remember that in the spring, Dad would shut the work horses in the barn overnight. Mr. Gash, neighbor of Grandpa Wood, would come on his fat bay mare, (he would let me ride her)

early in the morning to make the hot bed. He used layers of fresh manure and good black Lome soil. This caused heat to sprout the cabbage and cauliflower seed. The hotbed on the south side of the garage was a built up boxe with a cloth cover on a frame that could be opened and closed at night to keep it frost free.

Mom made sauerkraut in the fall, in big earthen crocks. I still use her special recipe, and the three blade kraut cutter, and tamp it with her 18-inch "stomper" made from a pole with a flat bottom and a crude handle that she shaped with an ax. Mom and Grandpa Wood's secret was using a bit of sugar with the salt.

In the fall of 1925, I remember the trip to Portland with Grandma Duhaime. Oliver Soumis had brought her to visit her sons on the ranch. Mom and I returned to Portland with them for a six weeks visit. It was my first trip to a city. WOW! Cars and street cars, silent movies, and visiting all those relatives. I was a caged lion, used to having the ranch to roam over. I remember going to a corner store for strange candy, like Gummy Bears now. Keeping me clean and in a dress, with my hair combed wasn't easy.

Mom and I came home on the stage by the way of The Dalles on the Columbia River. We stayed all night in Condon. There was a sink with running water, and I played in it until my hands were withered. Then the next day to John Day and then Burns.

In the summer of 1925, the folks bought me a little bay mare, "Pet" to ride the two miles to the Rye Grass School. She was still around for Roy to start school on in 1932.

My teacher for five years was Marie Whitney. They lived at the Culp place, one mile west of the school. Sometimes, "Bun", her husband, would come early and build the fire. The stove was enclosed in a black metal jacket, with a door to the wood fire box. The jacket kept anyone from falling on the hot stove and I suppose it helped circulate the heat for the large room. For lunch in the winter time we would heat soup and milk for cocoa and even fry bread or potatoes in a skillet on the big flat top of the stove. Nina Gunkle calls this "The Original Hot Lunch Program."

On some winter mornings I would be so cold, that Mrs. Whitney would lift me off of "Pet" crying. I wore heavy underwear, long stockings, overshoes, and leggings laced to the knee, hand knitted mittens and cap, but they weren't as warm as the winter clothes of today. I could keep warmer walking, but it was too tempting to climb on the big snow drifts that often covered the fence rows. Those drifts were often near the fence posts and the big sagebrush. Then you would fall through to your crotch, and would take some time to dry out in school.

Sometimes in the winter I drove "Pet" hitched to a little sleigh. The neighbor kids liked riding in the sleigh. You could keep warmer with quilts and trade hands holding the lines. The horses were tied in the little barn all day, and they were very frisky on the way home. The McPheeters boys also rode horses. They lived a mile closer to school. Pet has to be backed in

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between the chaves that were then buckled to the harness and the tugs hooked in the single tree. All the while she is prancing to head home.

In the spring, sometimes, I didn't want Pet to slip and slide on the frozen ruts in the mud, so I walked to school, and I also slipped and struggled in the black mud at night. In the A. M. Mom would yell out the pantry window, "Hurry up or you'll be late for school." I think I could hear her for a quarter of a mile.

The winter that Roy was in the first grade, we hauled a 5-gallon can of water in the cutter for the big sheep and the turkeys and chickens and I did the chores at the Variens on the way to school. The Variens were in California. I didn't like the gobbler strutting after me, with wings down, when my hands were full of water and grain buckets.

In all my eight years at Rye Grass School, I didn't have another student in my grade. We had the usual school programs. Reciting poems and acting out plays before parents and friends, scared spitless. The Christmas program with a "HO HO" Santa with sleigh bells and bags of candy and gifts would be at night. Sometimes Goldie Shattuck played her saxophone for our programs.

We held dark coats out in a snow storm to catch flakes to study the odd shapes quickly before they melted.

Other students attending were: The three McPheeters boys, two Farsons, and Larry Shattuck from the Experiment Station, the four Gunkles, who lived in rental homes in the District. Nina was one year younger, and attended six of my eight years there. Others were there for a short time. Victoria Cozad had a beautiful chestnut sorrel horse that she let me ride with her.

Later I had a spoiled sorrel gelding to ride to school. He bucked when least expected. He lost me once when we made a sharp turn at a fence, and I went over it "plop." He must have been lazy. I called him "Dead Bones."

Once Nina, on "Pet", and me on "Dead Bones" rode to Harney City. We stopped at several ranches for a drink of water. Some gave us cookies. We thought we were far from home. I remember a lot of barbed wire gates.

Some of my teachers that followed Mrs. Whitney was: June Thompson, Jessie Foley, Lillian Cozad, and Mrs. Rhoads. Here daughters were Betty and Gene.

After Uncle Joe came to live with us, a bunk house was moved from Lowe's old sawmill site, above Harney City, for his room. Our home had three rooms and a small screened in porch. Uncle Bill had his bed in the corner of the living room, and the large bedroom had two double beds and later Roy's crib. There was a walk-in closet with shelves and clothes rod. I even set a fire with a kerosene lamp in the bedroom. I took the lamp to look for clothes on a shelf, and apparently the chimney was too close to some clothes hanging over an upper shelf, and they started

to smolder. We later noticed smoke coming through a crack in the kitchen wall paper. I ran outside and yelling my loudest, "Fire, Fire," while my mom and my friend Betty Rhoads poured water on the fire to put it out. Big help. I was.

Uncle Bill was a fair carpenter, so we had neatly built in cupboards, the floor to the ceiling in the bedroom and kitchen. There was a walk-in pantry, with cupboards and space for the DeLaValve Cream separator. We only had a small wood cook stove with a reservoir for hot water. No back with a warming oven, or even a shelf. There was a water bucket with a dipper that all drank from and a wash basin on a shelf. No Sinks. After the dishes were washed and rinsed on the kitchen table, the water was tossed outside. There was a wood box that filled from the outside, with a sloping lid on the inside. This was to discourage people from sitting on it, and being in the way. Years later a sink was built in on the south wall.

I liked to watch the lightning storms from the screened back porch. "Buster," the dog, took to his "pole" during the thunder storms too.

I remember the nest of tiny pink baby mice that we would occasionally find in the bottom towel drawer. Then the traps were set and the babies destroyed. I liked to set traps in the fields to catch sage rats or gophers. The men didn't like finding a lost trap, with the chain to break sickle sections on the hay mowers.

Jack rabbits were a menace to the early farmers. They would come in from the surrounding sagebrush fields, eating everything in their path. Undermining the hay stacks and wasting precious feed for the cattle. The netting wire fence was an expensive necessity. Coyotes would dig under the fence wire and the rabbits followed. The fences had to be patrolled, holes filled and wire snares set in the trails from the fence or under sagebrush. I set some snares on the way to school. The snare usually caught around the neck. If they weren't dead, a good stomp on the head finished them. The ears were cut off, or simply pulled off with a foot holding the head down. UGH!

A five-cent bounty was paid by the County for each pair of ears to help reimburse the farmers. Occasionally they became so thick a disease, 'Tularemia' really thinned out the rabbit population. Or the neighbors gathered around dusk, when the rabbits headed for the green crops, and wall to wall people herded them into pens made of netting wire, where they were clubbed to death. Sometimes the dead were skinned and fed to the hogs.

I definitely remember the high flood water lapping at the sides of the County Road: on April 28th, 1927. the morning that Mom was in the Burns Hospital when Roy was born. Guess Dad sent me off to school.

Birthdays weren't big events, just blowing out the birthday candles. Except my 12th birthday, Mom gave me a party, and Goldie Shattuck gave me a green glass four piece place setting luncheon set. (I still have it intact.)

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Christmas morning we had to see what Santa had left. There wasn't much money for gifts on that hard-scrabble ranch. Some years' Uncle Bill would bring a Christmas tree on a load of wood that they cut above Harney. Mom would carefully light the wax candles. I can almost smell them.

There seldom were kids in the neighborhood. Paul Howes might have a family working there with kids. We would ride horses, play in the play houses and in the dirt like boys, making houses, and roads with cars made from bark, played hopscotch, etc. I did have a few toys, and the rag doll, when I had to stay in the house. But I wanted to be outside. I don't know if Mom sent me, or if I just wanted an excuse to walk to the neighbors. I would take a pint jar and ask to borrow a cup of vinegar. Then on the way home, I poured some in the lid and sipped it. I still like sour things.

Aunt Alice, in Los Angeles, sent me hand-me-down city clothes from Cousin Blanche. Not very suitable for a country kid. Clothes had to be washed on the wash board. A wringer was clamped to the tub and turned by hand. There was a large copper boiler to heat the water and boil white clothes in. Finally Mom got a gasoline powered Maytag washer. Happy Days! Smoothing irons were heated on the wood stove. There weren't any wash and wear clothes then. We had kerosene lamps, later gasoline mantle lamps. There was a kerosene lantern for doing chores in the dark and to find the outhouse too.

My "identification mark" is a scar on my left thumb. I was around five, when I cut it to the second joint on a broken fruit jar in the outhouse. Probably was reaching for some pages from the catalogue to use for my you know what!

The only time I remember watching over my shoulder was when a rabid coyote chased Art and Ira Cox team and wagon when they were building fence south of the Howes place. They lost a wagon wheel with the team running fast. But came back to the house on three wheels. Rabid animals are blind, but follow sound.

The Cozads had an ice house with double walls insulated with sawdust. Large blocks of ice were cut on the frozen Silvies River, hauled home and stored in layers of sawdust to be used in the ice box and to make ice cream on hot summer days.

We used a root cellar, which was about half under ground, walled up inside and out. Dirt was filled between the walls and over the top for insulation. The steps sloped down into it with a door at the bottom and a sloping door at the top. The doors were left open at night in the summer time for the cool air and closed in the day time. I always felt cool inside. We didn't have an ice box, so a lot of food was kept in the cellar. In the winter buckets of hot coals were hung inside on very cold nights. Shelves lined the walls with bins for the spuds, cabbage, etc. In the spring when the water table was high, the lower shelves and bins had to be emptied, as the water raised inside and it nearly ran out the top step. A plank was placed from a step to a bin or a wall



brace. Then you had to crawl in and get canned stuff off of the upper shelves. I was sure that I would fall in. I didn't like that dark hole anyway.

The Variens and the Cozads had carbide lights, indoor pitcher water pumps, and even kitchen sinks. We had no indoor plumbing, just chamber pots. (the slop jars) under the beds. Dad was the official "Emptier." He called it the "Five Gallon Measures." We also had the "Saturday night Bath" in the wash tub, by the kitchen stove.

The Variens were good neighbors. I remember going there and putting on head phones to listen to Jim's new radio. They also had a hand held Kaleidoscope picture card viewer. Like 3-D. Neat pictures.

I liked to stop at Mrs. Variens after school. She had a very nice house and pretty blue flowered glass dishes. Cookies too! She helped mom make clothes for me. Everybody liked "Aunt Edith." She was the neighborhood 'Nurse'. Uncle Bill would go with the Model T Ford, any time, day or night, to get her to suggest home remedies for sick kids. Simmer onions for cough syrup, mustard plasters for chest colds, doses of calomel to bring down fever, followed by castor oil, salt pork slice covered with pepper was for sore throats, etc. Once the folks couldn't stop my nosebleed, so they took me to the Doctor. He put me in the hospital for the night with my nose plugged. Breakfast was soggy looking toast in milk. It didn't look edible. I told the nurse I couldn't eat that. She took it away and I went hungry. Live and Learn. I DID. I was used to pancakes, or steak, biscuits, and gravy. To this day, spring 1995, that was the only night I've spent in a hospital, except for the birth of our second daughter.

I have the Variens Oak Dining Table Roy bleached from nearly black to natural color. It is square with two leaves, and has the claw feet. Also, I have the glass door Cabinet, Jim kept the bleached Indian skull in it. The neighborhood kids had to 'ogle' that. The radio sat on top. Four legs of my coffee table are from a lamp table that Dan had built.

After Uncle Joe came, Duhaime Brothers bought Holstein milk cows. They were milking up to twenty head by hand. I kept begging to milk. I had been sneaking around squirting milk from the gentle ones around the water trough. Uncle Joe finally said, "OK." So I got a bucket and the milk stool, just then old Spade kicked and bashed in the side of a good bucket. But I continued to help milk after that.

A big cow, "Whitey", was too protective of her baby calf, toddler Roy, wandered into the corral, and the cow knocked him down, and was jumping all over him. Uncle Joe or Bill grabbed him and headed for the pole fence. Roy wasn't hurt. I remember rolling under those poles more than once when a cow just shook her head at me.

The cream separator was moved to a new milk house. Uncle Joe was the faithful 'Chore Boy'. He liked graham crackers with some warm milk, so I did like wise. I liked to turn the separator handle to get it up to speed. Too fast, the cream was thin, to slow it was too thick.

Inside the milk house there was a fifty-gallon wooden barrel, with water from the windmill running in one side and out the other, into the garden. A ten-gallon cream can was hung in the barrel to keep the cream cool. Gallon jugs of milk for the house were kept in the barrel, along with Uncle Joe's home brew bottles. Mom also bottled Root beer. A treat. The ten gallon cans of cream were taken to the train depot in Burns to be shipped to a creamery in Salt Lake City, Utah. The cream checks were welcome for the ranch.

They raised lots of hogs, since they also raised grain and alfalfa for feed. They had a big hog-wire fenced pasture across the slough West of the Buildings. Special hog houses and pens were partitioned for the sows where they raised their litters. The runts or ailing ones were kept in a cloth lined shoe box on the oven door and fed with an eye dropper for a time.

A long low hog shed was double walled with netting wire between posts and filled between with straw. The roof was made the same way. Grain was ground and dumped in fifty gallon barrels with water and left to ferment, then fed in troughs with the separated milk. The 'chore boy' did a lot of bucket carrying and wading in mucky pens.

Fat market hogs were sold by the truck load: for butchering. Hogs were hung up by the hocks on a tripod and stuck in the heart to kill them and then lowered into a vat of scalding water. Then laid on planks to scrape the hair clean with a special scraper. They were then cut up. Hams, shoulders and bacon rubbed with a sugar cure salt mix. Later the hams had a brine pumped in near the bone. The folks didn't have a smoke house to cure the meat, I don't know why? Sausage was ground, a JOB. Some was fried in patties, then packed in crocks with hot lard poured over. These would keep for some time in a cool place. Raw sausage was also tamped into four inch muslin casings, then dipped in hot parowax to seal them. E-coli was unheard of.

Mom canned pork, beef and chicken in jars in the wash boiler. Boiling them at least three hours. Later on she used a seven-quart pressure canner, heated on a one burner gasoline stove that could be regulated to keep the pressure even. This didn't take nearly as long. She also canned rhubarb and gooseberries for pies, and some fruit from the store.

When Edward Hines Sawmill sawed its first log January 1930, many families from Minnesota and the deep South were living in Hines, the new mill town. My folks became acquainted with some of them who needed hay for the family milk cow and grain for their chickens. Hines had a warmer climate, and wonderful garden soil, and most had family gardens. The large Troy Smith family shared green beans and corn that Mom couldn't raise because of the frosts. She would take her pressure cooker and help can their produce for a share. This was depression days. Sharing and trading was a way of life.

Mom always sold eggs for household money. The baby chicks were ordered in the spring, and shipped to the post office. She would keep them under a brooder (kerosene heated) for a month. If the chicks chilled, they would bunch up and smother themselves. The roosters were

butchered throughout the summer for meat for the table. The pullets would start to lay in the fall. We would eat lots of small eggs and also candle them, (hold them over a light) to show any blood spots. The filled crates were stored in the cool cellar for the weekly trip to Burns.

I hated crawling under the granary to reach nests the hens would steal out. Likely the cause of my phobia of closed in places. Ha! Later the chickens were always enclosed in netting pens.

Throughout the years, more land was purchased and leased. Several good buildings were added to the Farmstead.

Mom liked to cook and neighbors enjoyed her fried chicken dinners. Sometimes we had home made ice cream, if we had ice from Burns. Once she mistook the big bottle of Watkins cough syrup for the Vanilla, though the pigs enjoyed that. Buttermilk baking powder biscuits were her speciality.

The Gunkle's raised rabbits for meat and stretched the hides to sell. So I begged to get a doe and buck to raise my own. Guess the men built me some pens and I was in business. Gestation is only thirty days. Nests had to be filled with clean straw, the doe then pulled fur from her chest to line the nest. Occasionally a mother would eat her babies. Smelly pens had to be cleaned and daily they required fresh water, grain and hay. So, another excuse. If mom asks me to do something, "I had to take care of the rabbits." I didn't mind dressing them. Just a sharp tap on the head, chop the head off, a couple of slits above the hocks, hang by the hind legs on a nail and with a sharp pocket knife, slit the hide around the legs and tail. Get a firm grip and pull it off over the neck. All wrong side out.

I should have helped Mom with the house work, but she didn't tan my back side, so I just took off outdoors. Sometimes I tattled to Uncle Joe that "Mom was mean to me." Then he stormed in to scold her. She should have told him that it was none of his business, instead, she was hurt and would find solace in food. Mom dieted all of her life. She was too emotional and too good a cook. With two bachelor brothers-in-law, and hired men, there was stress.

I would stay in to fix dinner for the men and watch Roy on days that Mom took the eggs to town and bought groceries. Uncle Joe liked cornstarch pudding and raisin pie, and I would fix those. Wonder how I made the pie?

I did take Roy outside some. I pushed him around in my old baby buggy. Uncle Bill fastened an apple box on a home built wooden sled and I would pull him in that. In the house, I chased him with the old goose wing duster because he was afraid of it, when Mom wasn't looking of course. A nice red wagon and even a tricycle appeared for Roy.

Uncle Joe called me "kid," and was always reminding me to "Mind My Manners."

Neighbors visited and played cards, 500, and Pedro, on many Saturday evenings. Two or three tables, with refreshments following. The kids entertained themselves, and usually fell asleep.

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I went with Mom to the Country Ladies Sagebrush Embroidery Club. They met monthly at the members homes to do hand work. The bashful kids hung around their moms and the others got into mischief, but we were always ready for the dessert.

The kids also attended Grange, and the dances at the Tonawama Hall with their parents. Neither Uncle Bill nor Joe attended Grange or went to dances. Dad always said Joe called out, "Time to milk" extra early on Sunday morning after a dance.

The annual Harney County Experiment Station Field Day was the big event of the summer. Speakers from the agricultural. College and tours of the Field Crops, big tables loaded with the best of food, and there were other kids to play with. The player piano was popular too. I liked "Red River Valley."

Shattucks (Obil was the Station Super) had two sons younger than me. They included me on trips ( I spent many nights there) to Burns for the Saturday silent pictures, and even for my first "talkie." I had a real trip with them all the way to Payette, Idaho. We visited the Farsons, who had lived at the Station. Doris and Bud had attended Rye Grass School for three years. We went out to a corn field and brought Mom home a gunny sack of good sweet corn to eat and can. I was big 'stuff'.

Uncle Joe brought a cabinet Victrola with records when he moved from Portland. Mom enjoyed singing along with the records and also liked memorizing readings to recite. Grandpa Wood had taught her many hand crafts. "Cat's Cradle," the "Whining Button" with string, shadow pictures with her hands. We cut many strings of paper dolls from folded paper. I cut pictures of people from the catalogs to play with. ( Jo Ellen has the Victrola.)

There was a fascinating little weather house on the living room wall. It had a girl on one side that appeared in Fair Dry Weather, and a boy that pivoted out when it Rained. A large picture of Crater Lake hung in the gold colored frame.

In about 1932, they built an 8-X 12 bedroom on the East. Finally a room of my own! They also extended the back screen porch into a large enclosed room. The big kitchen table was in there, the Maytag and the wash tubs, even a sink and the pitcher pump, all under one roof, with windows all around.

Moving the hay derrick over the County Bridge was "Hair Raising." With four or six horse teams abreast, there was about six inches clearance on either side and when the pole skids hit the wooden deck, the horses would start to seesaw. Dad was uttering, "Easy, Easy," everybody held their breath.

I didn't drive teams much in haying as a kid. I was good at turning to short and catching the hayrack on the bolster though when the men were pitching on shocks of rye hay.

Many draft horses and a few mules were used for farming and feeding the cattle until the late 1940's. Our last work horses left in the early to mid '50's. The last teams that we had were

used only to feed the cattle in the winter.

Dad enjoyed the horses. He followed 4-6 horse teams harrowing the acres of plowed ground all day long. No harrow cart on our ranch. When Uncle Bill brought home the Oil-Pull Tractor, Dad was relieved of that chore. The Rumly Oil-Pull tractor had wide iron wheels with lugs to travel over the soft ground. It was distillate powered.

Uncle Bill "hired out" with the Oilpull at the Walsh Dairy farm near Burns. (The Pat Culp home now) to earn extra income for the ranch. He also worked to clean corrals at the Bell A Ranch, using a home made scraper. Oops! Almost forgot the excitement of hearing Grandpa Wood's and Otto Gash's big Steam Engine pulling the grain separator come chugging to thresh the loads or stacks of grain bundles. Mom cooked breakfast, dinner, and supper for the large crew of threshers. Neighbor ladies often helped with dinner, then Mom in turn helped them.

Soon they bought the Advance Rumly Combine for harvesting grain. They no longer had to bind grain for the stationary thresher. They could sack the grain on a platform on the combine, or run a spout into a grain wagon. That was still pulled by horses.

Uncle Bill was a "Genius" in his day. He would build almost anything to make the ranching easier. Early, with the help of Grandpa Wood, they built windmills, using material from the square sided five gallon kerosene cans for the fans and the tail. The gearing, they made from the crankshaft of an old Ford car. This worked well until the wind got too strong, and they had no way to slow down the mill. Thus, the mill had a short working life.

Leppy calves: After the P. L. S. Company (Island Ranch) moved large herds of cows from the south to the forest north of Harney City, with their new born calves. The folks would drive their Model T along the trails in the sagebrush to find tired and abandoned baby calves. We would bring the "Leppy" calves home to bottle and bucket feed. Many of the ranches increased their herds this way, Thanks to the Company Ranch. Their riders didn't have time to come back and look for the calves.

Paiute Indians: Johnny and Billy Pete, and "Scarface" Charley Parker was close neighbors to the East. There were other Indians that lived farther out. They went by with Bucks on a spring wagon seat. The Squaws were sitting on the floor in the back. They were always followed by dogs. Dad hated yellow Indian dogs. The dogs would stop in to chase the chickens and cats. Sometimes I would ride a ways in the wagon. I couldn't understand a word. They had fancy beaded gloves and moccasins, and they always smelled like sagebrush smoke. Billy Pete helped Dad and Uncle Bill break work horses. He helped "Cowboy" some. My Dad wasn't a cowboy. He just attempted to do what had to be done on any old plug of a saddle horse. I didn't learn how to handle a horse until I was married!

In the summer of 1931, at the age of 11, I cooked for a week or so at the 'Brown Place', north of Burns, near the Denstedt Grist Mill on the Silvies River. The Duhaime Brothers moved