

George Hughet Memoirs

Transcribed from handwritten copy

I, George Hughet will attempt to recount events and experience^s during my lifetime. On April 5th, 1903, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. I.N. Hughet in Burns, Oregon. This is the only event I cannot remember. To get my birth certificate I had to get an affidavit from Julian Byrd, the editor of the Burns Times-Herald, the news item was in fact the above mentioned I, George Hughet.

The first event I can recall very clearly was, I believe, in 1910 of Haley's Comet. It was clearly visible from the kitchen window and the tail of the comet went out of sight above the top of the window.

My Dad secured title to his homestead on Cane Creek near the Double O ranch by certificate of title signed by the President of the United States, William McKinley. At the time of his death in 1926 the Hughet family had title to about 5,700 acres of land.

During the First World War, Hughet's Oar Lock ranch had about 200 head of cattle, 50 to 75 head of horses, 100 sheep, plus chickens, turkey, and geese. Many of the horses were sold as draft animals for the artillery. During the early summer months, the horses were gathered from the open range and kept under fence at the ranch. Early every morning they were turned out and herded with the stallions during breeding season. I was not old enough for a saddle the first year so a heavy blanket was placed instead, and by hanging to the horse's mane and the straps on the blanket, I stayed on. The next year I graduated to a saddle that was too large for me, especially the stirrups. This was during the time a bounty was paid by the county for every coyote killed. At this time of year it was easy to run a small coyote down to get its hide and the bounty paid. I was riding a dark bay horse by the name of Belshizer. One day I chased a small coyote for several minutes and one foot slipped thru the stirrups. I was interested in getting that bounty so kept chasing. Next, my other foot slipped thru and my saddle was getting loose so I hung to the horse's mane to keep the saddle from turning. After a time, I run the animal down as it was a hot day. As I was setting there on my horse and trying to get my feet out of the stirrups, I noticed two horseback riders coming toward me; it

was Taft Miller and Otis Sizemore. Taft got off his horse, got my feet out of the stirrups, cinched up my saddle and then gave me a good chewing out and told me what would have happened if my saddle should have turned. Anyway, Taft skinned my coyote and gave me the hide so I could collect my bounty.

About this time, I helped milk seven or eight cows. After milking, the cows were turned out to cross Cane Creek above the house and allowed to go east of the ranch to pasture at what we called the Southward place where there was lot of green grass. An unusual scene in the creek crossing was a large ram sheep that stayed with the cows. I never before or since observed sheep that would cross water and swim a short distance to get across.

During the early teens when the bounty was on coyotes, my older brothers would saddle their horses before daylight, take our Russian Wolfhound, two other hounds, and a shepherd dog and go down to our meadow property west of Harney Lake and on some mornings, the dogs would catch and kill one to three coyotes. Don't remember if the bounty was \$1 or \$3. Anyway, a dollar was big money.

About 1913 or 1914 my older brother, Albert, was in his last year of grade school, of which I have a picture of the building. I remember the desks took up most of the room and barely left enough space for the wood stove and the teacher's desk. The original school house was east of the ranch house and my dad was the first teacher in the Double O school district.

This school building was about one half mile southeast of the ranch home. I believe this was the original home on the homestead and it was moved to this site after the house on Cane Creek was built. The school building was on two acres of land that contained about 20 fruit trees: peaches, apricots, pears, prunes, apples and cherries. Also, the balance of the area in potatoes. I remember one area of potatoes with a blue skin. They were very good as us kids ate them like apples. All this produce was possible because in the early 1900s Dad dug a mile long irrigation ditch to the site as well as a branch line to the home from Hughet spring for an additional one acre vegetable garden. We kids had the job every spring of clearing out the weeds and trash for the coming growing season for water flow.

In the early teens it was an all day trip to Burns and the only means of communication to Burns was on Bill Hanley's private telephone line which followed the foothills southeast from the Double O ranch thru the Hughet property and crossed Hughet spring, past the Sizemore ranch, across the south side of Harney Lake, crossed Mud Lake at The Narrows, over Wright's Point at the rock

pit, and north on Hanley Lane to the Bell A ranch. The only telephone pole left standing that I know of is just west of the rock pit. In an emergency to call Burns we would go to the Double O ranch and they would relay the message to Burns.

Still remember Dr. Geary from Burns in his horse and buggy who served the community in time of need. Also a blind piano and organ tuner who stopped at our place to keep Mother's organ tuned. It was interesting to watch this man take the parts off the organ and proceed to tune it up. In addition to Mother playing the organ, she had a wonderful voice and sang all the good church songs, which seems to be a lost cause in churches today in my opinion. Also, my younger sister, Gertrude, and brother, Albert, played the accordion plus Albert would chord on the organ and play the harmonica at the same time. Brother Louis had an excellent violin and sometimes played for dances. Louis was also a member of the Sagebrush Orchestra in the early teens under the direction of Mrs. Dodge, who many people will remember as having a good musical group in Burns.

Lyle Hill was another good accordion player who played at dances. Goldie and I went to a dance one time with Stella and Lyle. The dance music was the piano and violin. The music was slow and everyone was sitting on the sidelines. Lyle suddenly said "I think I can wake this group up," so out to the car he went and back with his accordion. He started to play and sing, but mostly hoop and holler. You should have seen the result. Everyone in the hall was on the floor dancing.

Two other places that had big gatherings was the Newell place that is long deserted but now called the haunted house. We went out to see the place many times. The Sunset Valley school was a fairly large building and had many gatherings, for dances and otherwise. In the early teens there were three schools from Sunset, Weaver Springs, and Dog Mountain. From one district to the other was grain fields and all settled with homesteads.

I remember one time going through Burns and Ross Ringer was in the process of threshing grain. He had the only steam engine that was fired with sagebrush and it was going full blast. He made the rounds of the valley and threshed all the grain.

One of the many homesteaders was Roy and Lillie Stahl in Sunset Valley who were Goldie Stahl Hughet's parents. In the 1920s practically all the valley was vacant as the dry weather did not permit farming. Their school house in Sunset Valley stood vacant for many years and Lyle Hill finally purchased the building

and moved it to the west side of Malheur Lake until the lake froze in the winter. It was then an easy job to skid the building to his ranch home near the Malheur Lake Bird Refuge.

During the homestead days there were lots of rabbits and at our ranch they would come around our garden patch by the dozens. Our aunt Lydia Pfordt in Pittsburgh had sent us a .22 caliber rifle that had a tubular magazine that held about 18 or 20 cartridges. In the evenings I could go, rest the rifle over the top of a fence post, empty the gun and never move out of my tracks. The following year the rabbits all died off with a disease of some kind.

We had something like 100 to 150 head of sheep and my younger brother Leonard and I spent the summer herding them on the hill tops. On one of these days I found a coyote den with four pups. I dug them out and they were kept in a pen for a year. A pair of them was sold to the St. Louis zoo for ~~one~~ one hundred dollars. Shortly after this the other two got out of the pen and killed five ^{OR} six sheep. It seemed they immediately reverted to the wild. We could not catch them so had to be destroyed.

A year or so later coyotes and bobcats came down with the rabies. On a New Year day our mother had prepared a big New Year meal and after all were seated at the table, she went outside for a breath of fresh air. No sooner outside when we heard a yell, "Mad coyote." The yell alerted the dog which tore into the coyote. The boys jumped from the table, picked up the rifles and outside. Brother Louis got in a quick shot with three dogs fighting the coyote. One of the dogs visibly bitten had to be destroyed. One of the others appeared to be bitten and was put in a chicken wire pen eight feet high for observation. Within the period for the disease to take effect, this dog also came down with the disease. It came over the eight foot fence during the night but it was found the next morning and destroyed. During this epidemic, a man feeding cattle for Link Hutton, a Wagontire rancher, was attacked by a rabid bobcat. There was six inches of snow on the ground and he had on heavy clothing. Gradually he was able to get the cat down in the deep snow and chocked it to death. He was bitten, however, and died with the disease.

A rancher was going home with his team and wagon when after opening the gate, going through, and was shutting the gate when a coyote came at him. He had no time to get to his wagon so climbed the gate post where he stayed for an hour until a neighbor came by who had a rifle.

Two ranchers were driving around the south side of Harney Lake when a bobcat leaped onto the hood of their Model T car. With a pistol on the seat beside them, they shot the cat through the windshield.

The most hair raising experience was for my younger brother, sister, and I. We had been out east of the house 200 feet away and just closed the door behind us when three small dogs, sleeping about six feet from the door in an angle of the house, set up an awful uproar of howling. We looked out and a coyote was mauling the dogs. We yelled "mad coyote." Mother ran to the north door facing Cane Creek bridge 50 feet away, and the barn and corral another 200 feet beyond. Two of my brothers and Dad were butchering a beef and heard Mother's yell. Albert came through the north door with a rifle and Leo around the corner with a club. Was glad Albert came in first with the rifle as when he opened the east door, there was the coyote, four feet away, ready to charge. After the shot we looked out and here came Leo with his sleeves rolled up and a club in his hands. I can still see him in my dreams with blood on his arms from work with the beef.

Before the outbreak of the rabies, we kids used to have good crayfish feeds out of Cane Creek. We would take a small piece of meat, a twine string, a short stick of wood, a couple of small potatoes, some salt and we were on the way. Just below Hughet Springs on Cane Creek we would lie down on the grass with the chunk of meat on the end of the pole, like a fishing pole, lower our bait over the edge, and when the crayfish came out of his burrow to get the meat, we would reach down and grab it behind the claws and heave it onto the bank. When several were caught we would go back to where we had a good fire going, which was now burned down to coals. In went the potatoes and the crayfish pincers and tails. When the potatoes were roasted we had a feast.

Bill Hanley at one time had visions of a big grain field north of the Double O ranch. So beginning at the Peterson school, east two miles, then south two miles, was all plowed up with a big caterpillar tractor pulling gang plows. We could hear the sound of the exhaust of the tractor on early mornings. On the south and west edge of the plowed field a dike was raised to keep water off the grain field from the meadow. The dike was wide enough for a roadway and was put up by Biddle Co. using plows together with two- and four-horse Fresno scrapers. We sometimes went up to watch the operation with the many horses.

My dad owned a tract of land near the 5 Mile Dam north of Burns bordering the Ted Hayes ranch on the south. In the year 1915 when I was 12 years old, my dad

sent me up to plant ten sacks of potatoes in the area next to the Hayes property; all the rest of the property was in alfalfa. There was a small house, barn and corral. I had only a plow and the potatoes in a light wagon. I put the team up for the night in a barn east of the Chevrolet garage on East C Street, then up to the Whittier Hotel on N. Broadway for my meals and lodging. In those days the hotel served meals at a long table that would seat ten or 15 people. I had my evening meal and then went to the office to get a room. After waiting there for a couple of hours and no one came to the office and I did not know who to contact to get a room, I finally went back to the barn, lay down on top of my potatoes, pulled a canvas over me and went to sleep.

Sometime during the night I came awake with a start. The fire bell was ringing and S. Broadway at Jefferson Street was lit up like a big bonfire. By the time I arrived down there the fire pumper arrived via man power. The pumper had a long hardwood wooden rod about ten or 12 feet long on each side that seven or eight men could work up and down like a pump handle. A six-inch suction hose connected to the center of the pumper was dropped into a 12-inch well casing in the center of the street intersection. There was such a well in each street from Jefferson north to C Street. The static water level was only about six or eight inches below the surface and the well had ample supply. When five or six men on each side started to pump the handle it threw a stream of water from one and one-half inch fire hose 50 or 60 feet. Shortly after the pumper arrived, a small low farm wagon was pulled up that had a gasoline motor connected to a centrifugal water pump. Two business buildings destroyed, as I remember, was a Chinese laundry where First Interstate Bank is now located and a secondhand store at the Silver Sage restaurant location. The fire station and city hall was only two blocks away at 90 West Washington Street. The fire equipment came to the fires via man power.

Early that morning after breakfast, I took off for my potato planting and stayed at the Ted Hayes ranch for a week until my planting was over. The next day after my arrival I started my work by slicing a sack of potatoes, then plow a round to cover the potatoes until all were planted. At five o'clock the horses were let to the river for water and put in the barn for the night with a manger full of hay. I then had a quarter of a mile to walk south to the Hayes ranch for the night.

After returning to the home ranch to do other kinds of work it was soon time to return to my potato patch where the rest of the land was in alfalfa. Our big ranch

wagon was loaded up with a mower, a rake and a small two-horse hay buncher. My older brother Leo, who was not yet 17 years old, and myself were sent back up as a two man haying crew; one teenage and a small boy at the age of ten. The alfalfa was cut, raked, and bunched. We then moved all the hay bunches up close to where it would be stacked. We called this yarding the hay. Next, a trench was dug for the hay net pole and dropped in. I drove the hay buncher and put a load on the net. Leo had the steel cable string^u out along the stack area. I then backed off and went to the rear and hooked the cable to the buncher and pulled the first load into the stack area; then back to the front and pulled the net pole into the trench. After the first hour or so, Leo would hang onto the net rope as I pulled the net off the stack as it was slow walking down in the loose hay. Leo was chief cook and bottle washer, and we even caught a few fish in the river on the east property line of the alfalfa and potato field. When this job was finished we stopped at the Riggs place on the way home and left the machinery as that would be the next job with a full crew.

The haying crew at the 160 acre Riggs place is shown in the picture of brothers Glenn, Louis, Albert, and Leo, with sister Stella, the cook. Acting for fun are, left to right; Leo, Glenn, Albert, cousin Ruth Wyland from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Stella, Louis, and cousin Howard Reineman from Pasadena, California. While this work was going on, I worked for the Phil Smith ranch, "Quarter Circle S" spread. The crew was P.G. Smith, Neil Smith, sr., Tubby Smith, and I. Tubby had an old Dodge touring car with no top on it. We went to work in the car to what they called the Waters place, straight east from the home ranch, across Hanley Lane about a mile or so. There was a house, barn, and a small fenced enclosure where the horses could run loose. Somewhat later, the Riggs haying crew and I, plus Steve and Dino Kerns, put up the hay on the home ranch. As the water from Hughet spring that flowed down Cane Creek was what irrigated the meadows in this area is the reason haying in this area is so much later. After the water is turned off it takes several weeks before the ground is dry enough for the equipment to be on it.

My first job in the hay field was riding the pull back horse that pulled the hay net back off the stack. As I was too small to make turns of the rope on the saddle horn, a loop was made to slip over the horn. I was instructed to watch that the horse did not step over the rope when I started up. After a time I did get careless and my horse "Whitey" did step over the rope. If it was not for the fact that the rope was

tight against my right leg, I would have been bucked off. The horse must have bucked sideways as somehow I got the loop off the horn.

Through the years, I mowed, raked, bunched, set net, and run the six-horse pull up wagon, called the Jim wagon. The first runaway, I could not stop the six horses. My brother Leo jumped on the pull back horse, galloped out alongside my running team, I leaned out and gave him the reins; a turn on his saddle horn brought them to a quick halt. I was told the next time to circle around on the field, pull the lines on my four wheel-horses, slam on the brakes, and my two half-broke leaders would soon stop, as they did on the next run away.

The pictures will show how the horses had to be covered, nose to tail, while mowing, as the mosquitoes and horse flies swarmed around by the hundreds. Following is a picture of an almost one hundred-ton stack of hay, and on the next page, my six-horse Jim wagon and brother Leonard on the four-horse rudder buck hay binder.

Several years during the fall and winter Leonard and I trapped muskrats, also for coyotes and bobcats. One time when Leonard checked his trap line, the trap was gone. While following the trail, watching for signs, he suddenly came upon a cat laying behind a bush. The cat jumped at him, but Leonard was carrying a .30 caliber Krag carbine rifle of mine which he always carried with the stock on his right shoulder and hanging on to the barrel with his right hand. When the cat jumped, the length of the trap chain stopped it short. At the same time, Leonard stepped back and automatically put both hands to the end of the barrel and using the rifle like a baseball bat, he hit the cat on the head and killed it, but also broke the stock of my rifle. I could never get a new stock so had to settle for a .30-.30 carbine which I never hit the broad side of a barn with, as I will relate later on Nichol Creek.

The following spring, with Albert and Leo, we took about 25 or 30 head of horses to Nichol Creek and turned them into the forest reserve north of the creek. We had two pack horses with our bedding, groceries and cooking utensils. The first night, we bedded down in a vacant homesteaders' field near Squaw Butte with the rattlesnakes in the sagebrush. The evening meal and breakfast was cooked over an open fire. The next day, the horses were turned loose in the forest. We stayed a couple of days with Glenn on his homestead on lower Nichol Creek. After our return to the ranch for a month, I came back and stayed with Mildred on her homestead for the summer as she was alone, west of Glenn, on her homestead.

Walt Lowe, a Harney County trapper, and a friend of his, came by one day to visit. This friend of his noticed a large rock in the back of the house that was about six feet in diameter and a fairly large hole in the top with a large wild gooseberry bush growing there that was in full bloom. This friend, who lived in Forest Grove, made the remark that he would give \$2,000 if he could have that rock in his front yard. Walt immediately said, "For that kind of money I can put it there." The friend said, "I have \$100 in my pocket, and as a side bet, bet you cannot do it." They shook hands on the bet and left. On the way through Riley, Walt stopped and hired Henry Street together with Emmett Johnson, to move the rock. Next week, here they come with six horses and all kinds of equipment. He stopped at an old abandoned sawmill and brought down a big log hauling cart. However, after breaking all his equipment, he dug down one side of the rock, and found it was deeply embedded and not on the surface as at first thought when the wager was made. I nicknamed them Rockhead and Stonehead for their efforts.

Tin Gibson from Riley came up one weekend and said J.K. Johnson needed another cowboy to go with him and Al Johnson to round up J.K.'s cows on upper Silver Creek and brand the calves. He would furnish the saddle horses and all I would need was my saddle and a rope. I had my saddle but no rope, so I rode down to Suntex, the country store and post office. I asked for credit to obtain a seagrass rope and a pair of boots. He said my name sounded familiar and gave me what I needed. The next day I rode down to Johnson's ranch and Tin and Al were ready to move. Al and I drove the horses and Tin, the cook wagon. We rode up Silver Creek past the Cecil ranch to the upper valley, crossed Silver Creek and up Rough Creek a couple of miles to a log cabin that was our headquarters for the roundup. We would round up a bunch of cows and calves and drive them back to the corral for branding. If only a half dozen were found several miles from camp, we would find a suitable place for a fire and brand them right there. My seagrass rope was very stiff for the first day but soon loosened up. Some days, if we were in camp early I would cut me a willow pole and go fishing. In an hour, I would have enough fish for a good meal. Tin Gibson proved to be a good chuckwagon cook. Meals were usually 12 hours, from breakfast back to camp to start cooking our evening meal.

When I came back to Nichol Creek, Mildred took off to stay a couple of days visiting the Alfred Johnsons. It was dark and lonesome at night as my sleeping quarters was a small 8 x 10 addition. I had a kerosene lamp I could light, but also a loaded .30-.30 rifle I could reach. That night, when sound asleep, a cougar up on

the rimrock a couple of blocks away, let out a couple of screams that set me up in bed and made the hair on my neck tingle. After I came awake good and listened, I could hear a slight noise at the corner of the house. I reached for the rifle and as my eyes focused in the poor light I could see eyes shining and was shaking somewhat as I aimed and then could see it was a big wood rat halfway through a hole in the corner of the house. I fired and my shakes quit. I then went to look and found I had missed by four or five inches. You can be sure I plugged the hole come daylight. After my breakfast, I saddled my horse and rode up to the rimrock and sure enough, there were tracks of a big cat. I was glad when Mildred came home.

As this was the year of the Volstead Act when alcoholic liquors could not be manufactured, Len Rickman and Henry Ingersoll showed up with five gallons of whiskey from Winnemucca, Nevada. It did not last long as too many of their friends wanted a bottle full. Several wanted to go fishing downstream to Silver Creek. When they waded across the creek, Rickman fell in and landed against a large rock which he crawled upon. He hung onto his pole and, with bait in a Prince Albert tobacco can in his shirt pocket, there he stayed and caught as many fish as the rest of the party for the afternoon.

Before going back to the ranch that year I had braided a rawhide rope, a pair of reins, and a romel for the end of the reins.

After haying that year Stella and I decided to go to the Narrows and visit our uncle and aunt, the Reinemans. Aunt Laura was my mother's twin sister. Our mother said, "Alright, if gentle horses are used." Instead, I hooked up two half-broke horses that were used for the first time in the hay harvest just completed. So off we went in the heavy buckboard. When we crossed the canal at the east end of our meadow, there was a slight drop off next to the water. When the front wheels hit bottom, Stella went over the front into a couple inches of water, onto her hands and feet. "What to do?" We decided to go on. As it was a cool day, Stella's feet were wet and cold, so she got out and ran behind five or six times until we reached an area of sagebrush so a fire could be made. After brush was gathered, I found I had no matches. That was where my fast horses came in good as we lined out on a mile-eating trot with no urging upon the horses. When we drove up to the porch at my aunt's place, Stella walked into the house in her stocking feet. On our aunt's questions, we told her there was water at the last gate that Stella opened. No one heard the details of this trip for a year.

That fall, after one week in my freshman year at the Harney County High School, I took off for Los Angeles with my cousin, Frank Reineman, who wanted to go to school and stay with his sister, Gertrude, at 36th and Vermont Avenue in L.A.

After my freshman year at Jefferson High School in L.A., we all moved to Pasadena. The ancestral home of the Reineman family at 1371 N. Marengo Avenue had been leased out for several years but as the lease expired, Gertrude decided to move back and not have to pay rent. I finished my high school at Pasadena High School on East Colorado Boulevard, the route of the Tournament of Roses. The athletic coach on the exercise field was continually shouting at the students, which I tired of, and signed up with the Reserve Officer Training Corps.

Because I loved the marching and the drill, my promotions were good; I was a lieutenant in the first semester of my senior year. One day the Commanding Officer, Colonel Barlow, called me over and asked me if I was aware of the fact the entire regiment lacked more drill. He stated he had been watching me and liked what he had seen. He therefore handed me a promotion to 1st Lieutenant Adjutant in charge of all drill. Of most interest was the rear ranks of the squads since the Captain of the company could not see them, like in the front of the rank. The Colonel said that right after the first of the year, the Commanding General of the Ninth Corps Area, the nine western states, would arrived for an inspection of the drill of this regiment. The outcome would be an award for first, second, and third place. I put them through intensive drill and a month after the inspection Colonel Barlow was advised his regiment has won first place and all captains had gold stars to pass out to the squads.

Up to this time I had been on the .22 caliber rifle team and in a national match, our ten-man team took third place and the bronze medal. I had never fired the army .30-06 and decided to try out on the army range at 200 to 1,000 yards. I had a surprise on my score and won the Army Silver Sharpshooter medal. In a month, I tried out again and won the Silver Expert Rifleman award.

After graduation, I drove back to Oregon in a Dodge touring car that took three and a half days on the roads of 1925. The same trip took me one day in 1959 when Roger graduated from art school in Los Angeles.

Burns was in the process of a bond issue to install the first water and sewer system. I secured a job with M. V. Dodge and Rollin Gowan on the survey crew. When the contract was let, I got on as one of the inspectors.

The next two years I worked for Dewey's Cash Store as a clerk and drove delivery truck. When a change of management was made, the name of the store was changed to Buy-Rite store and I became manager. Still remember my phone number of 35M. During this time, Goldie Stahl was a cashier in the then Harney County Bank owned by Leon Brown. In the late 1920s and early 1930s the United States was hit with the Depression and scores of people lost their jobs and business places closed. Goldie lost her job at the bank that was taken by Mr. Brown's son, Alfred, and I lost the store with too much credit on the books as no one would, or could, pay.

In 1930, Goldie and I were married even though I had no employment. One summer in 1933, I operated a garage and grocery store at the Narrows for John Parker while he was sheep shearing, and then took on a county franchise with Fuller Brush where I made no money as too many people were out of work. At the Narrows, however, I made good money. In 1928, I had purchased the first Model A Ford coupe to arrive in Burns. Goldie was employed at the variety store for E.C. Eberly and after work on Fridays she would get in the Model A and hook on to our four-wheel trailer at the Standard Oil plant that was loaded and ready for her with six to eight barrels of gas and oil. My groceries had already been picked up and in the car. So here come Goldie over Wright's Point in our light Model A coupe, pulling four tons of supplies. I was careful to advise her before starting down the hill to put the car in low gear, keep her foot on the brake in addition to the upright hand brake to keep the car at not over five miles per hour for the quarter of a mile hill. Goldie was with me on the first load taken out so I knew she could do it.

My next job was in a hardware store in the old C.H. Voegtly building on Broadway that was operated by a Bend, Oregon concern. When this concern closed its doors, as well as did the I.S. Geer & Company at Broadway and Washington, E.C. Dillman took over for the wholesale company to dispose of the stock. At this time, Dillman also owned the Alpine Creamery. I worked for Mr. Dillman, who then reopened the store under the name Dillman Hardware. I managed the store for him into 1935, as a good part of his time was spent at the creamery.

In August of 1935, R.M. Lowe, who was Water and Street Supervisor for the City of Burns came in one day and asked if I would be interested in the position of City Recorder. As it sounded like a good steady line of work, I attended a council at the City Hall where I was appointed and took on the work. At this time the whole country was in the middle of the Big Depression. The condition of the city at this

time was no police cars; R.M. Lowe used his pickup on city work; R.E. Drake, Police Chief, used his Model T flatbed truck as a police car and for cemetery use. Dr. Hibbard's youngest daughter was office clerk, and a cigar box was the cash register. Maurice Schwartz was Recorder and acted in the capacity of Treasurer as well. The fire truck was a rebuilt Pierce-Arrow of about 1912 vintage. The new truck of about two or three years was subject to recall, as no payments could be made. The city was ready to file for bankruptcy when the banks and the bond holders agreed to a re-issue of the bonds of the same serial numbers and amounts from one percent to three and a half for ten years, and four percent for the final ten years. One of my first responsibilities was to accompany the mayor and council to Portland where we met with the First National Bank officials in the issue of the new bonds: \$419,000 water bonds, and \$91,500 improvement bonds, which was for the paving of Broadway.

The article printed by the Burns Times-Herald stated I took over several jobs, but I could have been addressed as Recorder, Judge, Treasurer, Water or Street Supervisor, Surveyor, Purchasing Agent, or Budget Director.

After several years it was possible to equip a complete shop so all machinery could be repaired by the city crew. Equipment acquired included three pickups, two dump trucks, a tar kettle to hot patch the streets, a street sweeper, and a brush binder to make new brooms as the streets were swept once a week in rotation, an air compressor, a complete water meter testing and repair bench, acetylene and arc welding equipment, a D-12 Caterpillar road grader, a D-6 Caterpillar bulldozer, a Ford tractor with front end loader, all ditches dug and cast iron pipe installed by city crews; water meters read each month and billing made in Recorder's office with extra typist for a week, otherwise one office secretary even though I was out on the street 50 percent of the time.

At the time the bonds were refunded many of the bond holders were selling for as low as 43 cents on the dollar. As city funds became available, I was able to buy them up for 63 cents to 84 cents on the dollar and thus save the city Bond Sinking Fund the difference, plus interest. Up to 1955, I had saved the city \$150,000. If the old city records are still available, this can be found to be true as I kept double-entry books. The only old record I have is a copy of 1966 audit report by Knox Accountants of Medford, Oregon.

During this time, I was on my dad's Oarlock ranch. He ran the cattle on public grazing range with the P.G. Smith cattle, the Quarter Circle S ranch. My brothers

took turns, a week at a time with Harry "Smithy" Smith, a brother of P.G. Smith. One time when Smithy has gone out and set up camp, he usually went out in his Model T. car. He was driving around one day, but not watching ahead closely and hit a rock with one front wheel. There he was, two miles from camp. Being a resourceful man, forty miles from the home ranch, he decided to try and make repairs. The car was jacked up, the tire removed from the wheel and carried back to camp. With what tools he had in camp, he proceeded to cut limbs from a juniper tree and make four or five spokes for the wheel. The wheel was a bit out of time but he drove it back to the ranch. With better tools and further work on the spokes, he made it in to Burns for a new wheel.

During the war in the 1940s, we were kept busy as two organizations were active: the Harney County chapter of the American Red Cross and the Harney County Health chapter, of which I served a term as president on each. For the Health chapter, a lady would come in for the State and a favorite saying was the Health chapter double-crossed the Red Cross because of its insignia- theirs with two bars. We were having a meeting with the State in either Forest Grove or Cottage Grove when the news came in the war had ended. We had to stop the meeting for half an hour until the sirens, horns blasting, and noise had stopped.

When Rudy Reinertson had the Bend-Portland truck service here in Burns, one of his hobbies was to have a talk with a Harney County pioneer over KRNS every week. Attached hereto is my talk with Rudy. I should have kept the original of Rudy's question followed by my answers.

[Originally broadcast on radio station KRNS in 1955:]

In 1902, The Western Historical Publishing Company gathered pioneer data from 94 of Harney County's early pioneers, a few I will name here were: Tom Baker, W.C. Byrd, A.M. Dibble, J.J. Donegan, J.C. Foley, I.S. Geer, C.A. Haines, I.N. Hughet, John E. Loggan, R.J. McKinnon, I.L. Poujade, Louis Racine, Henry C. Richardson, John Robinson, J.T. Simmons, C.A. Sweek, Byron Terrill, and C.H. Voegtly. This early history I believe is very authentic as it was obtained from a large number of people and information for comparison of facts could be verified much more accurately over half a century ago, than it can be today unless such information is written down in black and white by the pioneers who actually had the experiences.

From this early Harney County history I have learned that my great grandfather, Robert R. Hughet fought in the war of 1812, and with my great grandmother came