

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #171 - Sides A/B

Subject: George Hibbard

Place: Hibbard Home - Burns, Oregon

Date:

Interviewer: George Hibbard

GEORGE HIBBARD: This, I'm going to tell about an old Indian named Tabby. My father, after hunting, had a lot of birds, ducks and geese to pick, and he had Tabby and his squaw come down and --- to where thy lived, and pick birds. Well near the woodshed, and while they were picking, Dad went into the woodshed, and he peeked out through the crack at Old Tabby and his squaw. And Old Tabby was picking out different ducks; they were usually plump and good, and putting them in his wife's sack. All Indian women carried a sack on their back. And they never carried anything. And the man always walked ahead of his wife, and he saw Tabby put these in his wife's sack. So when he came out, he just took a hold of the sack and shook out the, and dumped out the ducks. Tabby pointed his finger at his wife and said, "Eh heh". And she pointed, Dad pointed his finger at Tabby, and said, "Eh heh, eh heh".

Next, I want to talk about a horse that my brother Llewellyn got from some Gypsy horse traders coming through here. He was a colt, and he was lame and couldn't keep up with the other horses. I think he was probably a two year old. And so my brother got him for a very nominal amount, I don't know how much. So they named him Stranger. And this horse was one that I learned to do a lot of my riding on. And he was a bay with, quite tall, not real tall, not what you would say was seventeen hands horse. And I --- we had a high cantle saddle, and well, of course we never had more than one or two riding horses

on the ranch at the same time. But he was spoiled. And especially if somebody young got on him, that he knew didn't know as much about handling him as an older person.

And I can remember trying to ride away from here at the house, from the barn, I'd get him out behind the barn and get on him and start towards downtown or something. I'd get down to the next block, and he'd whirl and come running back up into the yard here. And he was all around, although we never used him for, you know, in a harness. He, as I'd say, was quite spoiled.

And one summer I was setting net, as we were stacking hay with the slide and bucks, or buck rakes. And when you're setting net, you have to clean the trench out after each load as it fills full of dirt and hay, and leaves and whatnot. And then you were supposed to mount the horse and ride up behind the load as it starts up the slide, so that you can pick up the pullback rope, as it was an easy reach. And then after the load had been tripped on the stack, you take turns around the saddle horn and pull the net back off of the stack over the slide. This is easy when the hay is up as high as the slide, but when it's only half as high; it's not so easy.

But anyway, I was --- this was a single rig saddle we used and I remember getting started on the pull-back, and usually the faster you pulled it back the better it came off. And the net would sometimes catch on the corner of the slide, and one time it broke the cinch, it caught and broke the cinch, and I just went off the horse backwards, and fortunately landed on my feet. I don't know how I did it; probably did a full flip in the air.

But then again, I would take his reins off the --- while I was setting net, I would just take his reins off over his head and usually hang them over a crowbar, or the pitch fork that was usually standing there. And I would get the net set, and call, "take it away" and then I would start for him, and he would start pulling away with his reins hanging down. And then he would hold his head to one side, and head for the house so that he wouldn't

step on his own reins. And then it was a quarter of a mile to the house to get him back. And then they had to wait all that time while I was getting back there to pull the net back off of the slide. He was exasperating to say the least.

Then I wanted to tell about one time my sister, Hazel --- well I think I have spoken before about the Rimrock Dairy we had here on the hill. And we delivered milk around town in a milk wagon. And we had a mare that was named Tempest --- and between the shafts of this milk wagon. This day my sister, Hazel, was delivering the milk, and of course the horse knew the route about as well as Hazel did. But there was a young man from down in the Willamette Valley visiting us, and he went with her on this day, and she let him drive while she was carrying the milk into the home, or wherever she took it. And this boy wasn't as accustomed to handling a horse that was ready to go, and the mare decided it was time to go home. But, she ran away with him, and he couldn't keep her from it. And there was milk bottles and milk scattered all the way from there to back home.

Next, I want to tell about my father getting a lot of Indian artifacts out of a grave over on the coast at Yachats, where he was camped with Mr. McMahan. This grave was a shell mound where the waves were gradually washing the shell mound away, and this Indian had been buried in his canoe, along with his personal possessions. It was, it included lots and lots of beads, and a muzzle loading pistol, a bone handled knife, a little purse full of wampum, or shell money.

And my father, knowing that some of the Indians, a lot of the Indians in fact, had died of smallpox and other contagious diseases, was boiling everything he took out of this grave. And it was necessary to build a fire under a can, and he was working cleaning up the skull, when he felt as though someone was watching him. He looked up the trail and there were two Indians standing in the trail, two men. And he didn't know but what maybe

this was one of their ancestors, and they would not appreciate his rifling the grave.

So he rolled the skull up the path toward them, said, "What do you think of that?" One of them stopped it with his toe, looked at it, said, "Ugh", and threw it, kicked it back to him. So he knew he had nothing to fear from this, these Indians.

And this skull, he used in the dental office to show people where the nerves come through the jawbone, both upper and lower. And when they used a needle to block the nerves so that the --- on one side or the other, all one side would be numb. And it was --- it's down at my nephews now. And most of these artifacts are in the museum.

They also were over there for another purpose, at Yachats. There's a small sardine-like fish called the pilchard that spawns on the beach. This is somewhat the way the smelt spawn up in the rivers. But at certain times in the summer, during the moon change when the tides are just right, this phenomenon occurs. It occurs in California where the fish are known as grunion. Anyway, one evening when the moon was out, here the fish began coming in on the beach. And they come up on the sand, and just flop around there a little, and then go out with the next wave, supposedly. And so my father and this man got down there with their hands and were picking up the fish as they could. There weren't too many. And the two Indians that had come earlier were sitting up there on the shell mound, and they laughed at my father and Mr. McMahan because they said, "You wait, tomorrow night, heap lotta fish."

So sure enough, the next night the fish just came in great quantities. The Indians, in the meantime, had built a little arbor-type framework of willows. And they had baskets, and they collected baskets full of these little fish. And then they would put them on the arbor to dry, and build a little smudge underneath them with the willows, which would keep the flies --- and smoke them a little bit. And that way they were getting smoked fish for their winters use, for food.

Now I think on another tape telling about Mart Brenton, if not I'll continue about him. He was quite a character in this town in the early days. He had been a bartender down in Virginia City, and came up here with Pete French's buckaroos. And the Brenton cabin in the --- refuge up in the Blitzen Valley was one that he, was his donation land claim. Because the way French got a lot of his rights to property, he would have his men take donation land claims, and he would furnish the cabin, material and the fencing, which every donation land claim had to have to prove up on in three years. And then of course since French had furnished all the wages and wherewithal, they would deed it over to French, after they had proved up on it.

And there used to only be a land office in Lakeview, but then later, later years they had a land office here. And of course some of the times there were horse races to Winnemucca, I mean to Lakeview, trying to get your filing in first. But that was just incidental.

Mart Brenton, after coming here, I don't know where he was married, but he was married, and they had two daughters, and Bertha Hossman was the youngest one. And he had a saloon here, and then during prohibition it became just a pool hall, soft drink parlor, and card room in the back, and pool table. And over on Main Street it was called The Star. And like most saloons, it had saloon girls, and there were little cribs in behind, with a high fence around where they plied their trade.

Well I can remember going down this street with Pep Lampshire and we'd go in there because her father quite often played rummy in the back. And when --- it was illegal to gamble in town, they would play for what we'd call rougens, R O U G E N S, or hickeyes, H I, well hickeyes. And these were good in trade only at the place of business. And that's the way they got around. And these were usually made of either brass or aluminum, or, and were stamped with the name of the place on it. And I say I can remember going

down the step, namely to go in there, and Mr. Lampshire would give us a twenty-five cent rougen, and we would go out into the outer part and we would buy us a couple of soft drinks and a candy bar or something like that, and, apiece.

And I can also remember being given a dime for Sunday School, and going down the street and I would stop in there and buy me a candy bar with half of it, and then only put a nickel into the Sunday School.

In later life --- well his wife left him because of his business and the women behind, and he --- after the saloon or pool hall didn't provide enough. And I think then, about then too, they were tearing down these old wooden structures on Main Street. He became Marshall of this town. This was in the Times-Herald this week, in the seventy-five year ago column. He had taken the place of John Dickenson. I don't know how long he was Marshall, but he certainly knew the spots where there was most apt to be disruption or needing police duty. And then in later life, as he got older, he went to work as bailiff in the county courthouse.

Well his language, of course he never had any schooling, and his use of words was really quite amusing, because he would be down in the clerk's office while the jury was deliberating, or something like that, and they would say, "Mart, how is it going up there in the jury room?" "Oh," he said, "its monopoly, just nothing but monopoly." He meant monotonous. But he was, as I say, a town character, but was --- most people will remember.

And in later years his daughter and her husband came back here to live, and I don't know whether he was with them at the time of his death or not. The Hossmans were neighbors, and then they moved down quite a ways. Mr. Hossman was an engineer.

Now I want to tell about a man named Billy Carroll. He was a homesteader out in Catlow Valley, with a neighbor by the name of Koontz, Bob K O O N T Z. And as most of

the people up there in the early days had to do, they had to dig their own wells. And so Billy and his neighbor Bob Koontz were digging a well, and they'd got down about 80 feet, and still hadn't reached water. When --- and it was in the wintertime, and they had a winch at the top with a bucket on it. And they would go down, one of them would go down in the bucket, and the other one would shovel into this bucket, and the other one would bring it up. Well one time I guess they were --- I don't know exactly how it happened, but Billy was in the bucket, starting up, when the rope broke and he fell, dropped him to the bottom and it broke both his legs. And so Bob Koontz decided he would have to go down and get Billy in the bucket and then raise him, climb up the rope and then raise him up to the surface. Well as it turned out, he was stranded down there also, he wasn't able to get up and they were down there almost three days before a neighbor came by. And they heard the wagon and they began hollering, and he came and found them and got them out. They put Billy in this wagon, packed his legs with snow because of gangrene, and started into Burns. And by the time they got here, his legs below the knee, below the break were frozen and they had to remove them below the knee. And later he had to have them off above his knees.

And he was always cheerful, always very optimistic, and he got artificial limbs, of course. And then he was, he ran for the position of county clerk and won. And he was one of the best liked --- and like I say he was so cheerful and he had these handicaps, but they weren't handicaps to him.

And he was always pulling tricks on people. He knew of a trick where he, he would take a piece of paper and tell somebody if they'll hold a pencil between their two hands he would break the pencil in two with just the edge of the paper. This is done by, just as you get ready to come down, you extend your finger right along side the paper and it's your finger that breaks the pencil. Anyway, there was a deputy sheriff named Gould who knew

Billy was always coming up with some new trick, and he'd come in and Billy said he wanted him to try and break this pencil with the edge of the paper. Well what he had done, he had substituted the pencil for a penholder, which was made of oak. So Gould took the paper, extended his finger along side of it, and came down with a whack on the oak penholder and just about broke his finger.

Well everybody wanted, tried to get back at Billy if he'd pulled a trick on them. He was a member of Kiwanis, so one day while he was gone during the noon hour --- they had recently torn the old outside toilets down from the back of the courthouse and somebody salvaged one of the toilet seats. So they got Billy's portrait and framed it with this toilet seat, while he was gone to Kiwanis. And when he came back after lunch, here hanging on the wall was this portrait of him, which his wife had furnished, framed with a toilet seat. He walked in and he looked up and saw it, and he started to make some accusations, but he couldn't figure out which one of the bunch standing at the door or in the room was responsible, so he had to grin and bear it. But like I say, he would take it good, he could give a joke, and he could take a joke.

There was an early day teacher here by the name of Lena Harkey. And she was an old maid, tall and gaunt, very austere. And some of the boys in her classes didn't appreciate her being so strict with them. So one time they went to her home, to the outhouse, and circled the seat with tacks. Well, needless to say, she sat on the tacks. And when she came to school the next day she told the class, she said, "Somebody put some tacks on my toilet seat, and I want you all to know that I'm toughest there!"

Next I want to speak about my father and his wanting us to be all-around athletes, or not necessarily athletes, but athletic. And he had had some training in either the "Y" or the Athletic Club, Multnomah Athletic Club, with the manly art of self-defense, or as popularly known as boxing. So he would get down on his knees with us, boy or girl alike,

whichever, if you were not tall enough to stand up with him. And he'd teach us the rudimentaries of guarding our jaw, and jabbing with the right. And he taught all of us boys, and even some of the neighbor girls.

I recall once my brother Hal putting on the gloves with Lampshire's oldest girl Gwendolyn. The outcome of this though was, that my brother Hal became a prizefighter. He wasn't very tall, about five foot eight or nine, and he was quite an athlete both in high school and in football and track. And so, it was in the time, in the '20's, when some of the clubs here like the, or the organizations, the legion or --- some would hold smokers, as they were called. And my brother Hal fought as a light, or a medium weight, that's between 160 and 168 pounds. And I don't remember how many fights he had, it seems to me it was up in the twenties. But he only lost two in all that time, and none of them was by knockout, they were by decision. Of course it took two or three weeks, or maybe a month of training beforehand. And since the purse was usually something like a hundred dollars, or thereabouts, it was hardly worth the gamble. But it seemed to satisfy the ego of the person who was good enough to win most of them. And he really did fight some pretty good men from Lakeview, and Bend, and Vale, and Pendleton, occasionally one from Portland. I remember he fought a Negro from Portland, named Showboat McQuillan.

Now I'm going to tell of another incident about a minister here named Reverend Kimmel, K I M M E L. He was of the Nazarene Church. And he was a real tall slow spoken, I think an easterner, but I don't know. And one time my brother-in-law Baxter and his two brothers took Reverend Kimmel hunting up along the river canyon in the Malheur Forest. And that river canyon has some rock jumbles in it that are very hazardous to get over. And they were hunting in the river canyon, and they had stopped for lunch or something, and mister Kimmel, Reverend Kimmel said, "What would you do if a man

broke his leg in some of this rock up here?" Well they were practical jokers and they said to him, "Well the simplest, the easiest thing would be just to shoot him and put him out of his misery. Because you could never get him out of here." And this Reverend Kimmel says, "Brother, do you mean to say you would take a man's life?" And he said, "Well it would be humane to put him out of his misery, because you couldn't carry him out." And he was so gullible that he believed him, at least until they got back to town and somebody put him straight.

We used to have air shows here in the '20's; in fact the first airplane I ever saw came in here in 1920. It flew over from; I think Southern Oregon or somewhere, probably with some stops along the way. And then a little later, on our ranch, which I've told you was east of here two miles, they made a runway. And this served most of the time, although sometimes they would land in a field closer to town so the people in town could go out and

--- without having to get a ride, within walking distance of town.

Well along in the '20's, I believe it was almost the '30's, the late '20's, there was a Ford tri-motor came in. This was one of the developments of Henry Ford that was particularly successful. There was an all metal, aluminum fuselage plane with three motors hanging on the wing, one on the fuselage, and one on each wing. And it would take about twelve passengers. And I have a picture of my father and Mr. Hanley getting aboard this airplane to have a flight up over the Steens. Well what they didn't know was that the chief pilot was pretty well loaded, with alcohol that is, and they flew up over the Steens all right, but it was the co-pilot that did the flying. And I don't know if any of them got sick or not, but I think this was probably before they had air bags, upchuck bags, whatever you want to call them. But he was, my father always wanted to try flying and things like that, and I did too.

Another year, in the early '30's, we --- Chamber of Commerce decided to put on an air show. And this air show would, was touring Oregon. And oil companies would have planes, and individuals; there were all kinds of planes. And one of these was held down in Mr. Hanley's field, just below the Silvies, cross section twenty, I believe. And they had oh, probably two hundred planes. Well the publicity about these shows would, they would send in photos of different outstanding flyers that would be here. And I got --- I was working in the dental office, so I would put these photos up in the store window, and then you were supposed to send them back in after the air show was over with. But I kept them and, some of them were collector's items.

But I recall another plane coming in here; it was called the Queen of the Yukon. And it was built in San Diego by the Ryan Company, and it was an exact duplicate of the plane that Lindberg flew the Atlantic with. And I heard later that it was lost in the --- bush flying of Alaska. I don't know any more than that about it.

But in these air shows, they would be sometimes planes that could go two hundred or two hundred and twenty miles an hour, and they would make passes before the crowd at this. And it was really quite thrilling for people who had never been off the ground.

And barnstormers, as they were called, would come through with a single plane, and they would take people up for rides, fifteen-minute ride for five dollars. And there was one time a cowboy, a little bit loaded, said he would ride one of them on a saddle, which he did. They strapped a saddle around the back of the cockpit, and he got into the saddle and they, I expect he hung onto the horn. But they didn't do any loops with him, or anything like that. They just, the pilot just flew a straight circular course, and so forth, and came down.

But my sister and I went up with one of the early aerobatic flyers, and his name was Tex Rankin, my younger sister Virginia. And we were both in the same cockpit, and

had the seatbelt across us. And we went up and, out to the ranch, on the runway, took off out there and circled around and came up over town, fairly high I presume. And then I told him, I said, "I want to do some aerobatics." Well, he did! He inverted and flew all the way to the airport before he came right side up. Needless to say I'd had enough by the time I got out of the airplane. So had my sister! But this is some of the entertainment in the isolated town during those days.

Now I want to talk about a man named Pete Stenger. He was one of the early; it's spelled S T E N G E R, men in this country, a German. And he owned a lot of land, well between Burns and the Silvies River, particularly on the south side of Highway 78. And there was no Burns at the time he was here, and Egan was the only settlement, and it was out where Egan's beer parlor is in Hines. He was quite a ladies man. He wasn't married. And he wasn't particular whether the woman he picked out was married or not. And he picked out one gal, and she was married, and her husband came to protest about it. And Stenger told him, he said, "I'll give you till sundown to get out of town." Well this man knew what was best for him, so he run and got his horse and came back by and told Stenger, he said, "I'm leaving town." "But," he said, "I wanted to let you know that I'm not only leaving, but I'm leaving two hours early." And he said, "I just have one request." He said, "The next guy that comes along, give him these two hours that I'm not using." Well Pete Stenger didn't give the next guy that long, he just pulled out his gun and shot him, and that took care of that situation. There was a creek named after Stenger up in the Malheur by Spring Creek.

Now I want to tell about the facial scars on my father's face. When he was young he was, liked to play checkers. And he had a large mole on the left side of his face, on his cheek, and the mole was quite unsightly. So he --- one time he saw the medicine show, the medicine man, and he had an ointment, and he told my father, he says, "You put this

ointment on that mole and do it for about a week." And he says, "It will take the mole off."

Well it was acid based ointment, which sure enough killed out the mole, but it also made a sore on his face. And he was in Silverton and he was playing checkers with a big bully-type fellow. And he beat this man at checkers, and the man broke the sore open. But it caused quite a scar, and that side of his face was drawn, wrinkled from the puckering of the sore.

And then in later years he was hunting pheasants and one of the other members of the party wasn't cognizant of where --- didn't know where my father was, and he shot at a pheasant and one of the pellets hit my father just under the nose on his upper lip and cased a scar there. So my father never shaved after he was 21, he had a full mustache and beard. But in later years he began trimming it, and as I remember him, he had a Vandyke and a mustache. And lots of doctors in those days wore Vandyke's. And it was odd to me that when I would watch him in the mirror, then I would notice the scar. But it was because I was seeing the opposite side of his face.

He was always interested in gun clubs and sportsman's organizations. And they had a gun club here, and they set up a trap shooting facility in what is now Veteran's Field out here. It had a trap, which is a spring-loaded mechanism for throwing clay pigeons for shooters who stand in positions in back of the trap, and the certain number of yards there. I used to load this trap. It's in a little planked, well like a dugout, half under, half dug down into the ground, and half above the ground. And the, the one who loads the trap also sets the angle at which the bird comes out. And you can shoot it straight out or have quite wide angles, and this increases the difficulty of breaking the clay pigeons. And when I knew who the shooter was, I could give him favorable shots, and if it was somebody I liked --- and somebody I disliked or that I didn't want to win, I could set them at wide angles and make it more difficult. Well my father could hold his own with most of

them. But there was --- it was fun and I used to get to shoot traps too. And it's one of the sports that is really quite popular now.

Another time this gun club decided, because the duck and goose population was so low here, they should have a predatory bird hunt. That is the ravens, crows, magpies, and even the horned owls, or hoot owls were chosen to be killed. And there was a bunch of prizes for those who had the most points. A raven or a hoot owls worth 10 points, and crows 5 points, and a magpie was 2 points. Well this competition went on all one summer, and then they had a banquet. And of course the low man was supposed to eat crow. And the high man won a nice shotgun, and then on down the line with other prizes. As I recall my father won the shotgun, and my brother won a pair of French field glasses. My brother-in-law won a 22 rifle, and I won a dozen goose decoys.

And my father and I would go out to the old cabin where ravens nested so often, and found them with young and the parents. They are very wary and they would not fly within gun range, except they would when you were disturbing their nest. This way we got lots of points. This really wasn't very effective because it's like anything else; the balance of nature soon takes care of itself. The more you kill, the more there are.

Next I want to tell you about my father and his being a teetotaler. At one time he, well different times during his life he was bothered with what we called lumbago, which was more or less back spasms. You could treat them with kidney pads and hot packs, and different things. My father was always quite thin. So Mr. Hanley came up to see him one time when he was having to stay in bed with this lumbago. And he told Dad, he said, "I want George to take me back out to the Bell-A," he said, "I want to send you up some apples and also," he said, "I'm going to send you up a bottle of wine." And he said, "I want you to drink one glass at each mealtime." Well I took Mr. Hanley back out to the ranch and he put in all the apples the back of the car would hold, then he gave me a

bottle of port wine. And I brought it home to Dad, and Dad said, "Well, you can just put that in the closet on the top shelf, I'm not going to drink it," which we did. And I later decided that I wanted to see what port wine tasted like, well it's kinda sweet. So I would at times, when nobody was around, climb up there and get the bottle and take a drink or two out of it. After awhile the bottle was getting down about halfway, and I knew somebody would discover it, so I took it to the kitchen and filled it with water. Then one time I discovered there was a flask up there with a little whiskey left in it. So I wasn't smart enough to wait until my mother wasn't around, but I went up there and found this bottle of whiskey, and came out with it. And my mother said, "Give that to me." And she just took it to the sink and poured it out, and washed the bottle out and says, "All right, you can have the flask."

I think I told you that my father had promised each one of us sons a hundred dollars when we were 21, and I didn't get mine.

Then I had a teacher, she would come in from the Double O, and she taught me in the second grade. And then the next year she taught me in the third grade, her name was Leole Fisher, L E O L E. And she was Jewish and very dark, and very pretty, and quite tall and slender. And I just worshiped her; she was so good to me. She lived over here with good friends of mine, the Daltons. And I used to go over to see my boyhood pal Jimmy Dalton, just to get to see the teacher. But she caused me two terrible embarrassments, or maybe three. My first one came, and you will have to understand that in the straight-laced days of old, people didn't dance cheek to cheek. And one time she and her young man were fined two and a half at a public dance for dancing cheek to cheek. That was my first terrible embarrassment.

The second one came when they put on a home talent show, and she did what was a dance. She made her costume out of aluminum foil, and did an Egyptian dance. It

might have been a belly dance for all I know, on the stage of the Liberty Theater. And that was my second embarrassment.

Then I had a incense burner of an Indian woman bent over blowing on a campfire. Well the campfire was a incense cube. You sat on the circle in front of this woman. My brother Hal told me she looked just like Leole Fisher. My brother Hal was a awful tease. He would sometimes, well carry it to the point where I thought it was no more funny, not funny anymore.

One time we were out spading the garden and he said, "I'll bite an angle worm in two if you will." And I said, "Sure." So he took the angleworm up into his mouth, pinched it in two with his thumb and forefinger. But I didn't see that, that was the way he did it. So I just picked the angleworm up and bit it in two myself. It's a little gritty. In fact it takes a lot of grit to do it.

Next I want to tell about some of the professional shooters, or shots, rifle shots, shotgun, whatever that used to come in. And they would put on shows. And there was one named Pat, and another one named Wade, and one of the things they would do, they would throw a can of corn or tomatoes up in the air and burst it with a rifle shot. And sometimes they would take a pump action 22 and throw a tin can in the air and just keep it bouncing up in the air, putting bullets through it. Then they would set up a piece of tin sheet, oh probably 2 x, or 3 x 3, a yard square. And then they would stand off from it and start in with a 22, and they would outline an Indian with a headdress on. An Indian's face with a headdress on, with bullet holes, without marking on this sheet whatsoever. It was a real demonstration of shooting.

I want to tell about the first horse I ever owned. It was given to me as a two year old, and it was a gray. And there was a man working at the ranch who said he would train it to --- well we'd call it whip training. They would whip the horse if he would go away from

him. They would whip him until he would come, and come up to you whenever you called him. And he couldn't get away, because he was in the corral, and it was a rather hard way to train. But this horse, I just fell in love with it. And he was, of course, took a lot of riding. A time or two I got bucked off, but not too long, and too many times. And he liked to jump. And one time I had him here in the corral and I had to take him out to the ranch, to Pete's. And I started out, and it was in the spring, and the water was over all the meadows. And I started; I was leading him, walking. I got just across the river bridge, and a car came by and it scared him a little, and he pulled away from me. He ran down the road ahead of me and I tried to call him, and he wouldn't come back. And I just kept after him, and he went in where a gate was open on the left side of the Highway 78. And he got into this yard, and so he just jumped the fence out of the yard, jumped another fence over into the next field. He just kept going like that, and I just kept after him down the highway and up the lane past the grange hall. And when I got to the ranch, there he was, he'd jumped into the corral. Well I got him there.

I was taking the cattle to the pasture one time in the mountains, and as I told you he liked to jump. And it was getting late in the day and he was tired. And there was a calf that was with its mother, and it was tired and it wanted to lie down and not go the last half-mile into the pasture. And I was watching the calf to see where it was going to lie down, then I would let it stay there and then take the cows on to the pasture and then come on back and get the calf. Well I was not watching the horse, and he stopped. And I thought he was just stopping because he was tired, so I kicked him in the ribs, and all he did was go up and over sagebrush, he didn't know which side to go over it. And I parted company with him and landed in the sagebrush, and he immediately turned around and came back after me. Now I got on up to the pasture with the calf and got in the --- then I --- We had a meeting place where my dad used to come and get me, I would meet him. So I rode over

to these, he called them the salt trees because he put the --- two big pines that he put salt around the roots, of which wasn't a good idea because it killed the pines. But nevertheless we got, I got there and unsaddled the horse and turned him loose. And then I got to thinking, what if my dad doesn't get here tonight. I will be here without any transportation. So I whistled at my horse and called him, and he came up to me. Well I put a rope around him and tied him to the, to a tree until my dad came, and then I turned him loose again.

But after I was injured in '32, he'd become a fine saddle horse. And I told my brother that I wanted to sell him, my brother Hal. And he said he would if he could. And he was working that summer out at Diamond for a man named Silvies, and he came in and he said, "Well, I got twenty-five dollars for your horse." Well I said, "Oh, good." This was after I was injured, and twenty-five dollars looked like a lot to me. What he didn't tell me was that he had sold him for thirty dollars. Well I got the twenty-five. Well he was needing a buck also, I guess, since he was married and had a baby.

Now I want to talk about the way they used to cut grain and grass and things. It was with a scythe, which was an awkward implement to swing if you don't know what you are about. It's a long blade on a crooked handle, with two little side handles. And if you swing it in the right way, it makes a sweeping arc. And as the blade slides along the grain, it cuts it off. And they have hand sickles also that are, work the same way. But a person that could swing the scythe well, could work at it all-day and --- well they would be tired, but it wasn't really as slow as you would think. And I had to learn to swing a scythe. We even had little cradles built back of the blade so that when they got enough for one bundle of grain they could stop and tie it, and leave the bundle. And then of course they would shock it, and the threshing crew would come and you would come in with wagonloads of bundles to feed the thresher.

And oh, what an event when as this steam engine, pulling the separator behind it, came to your ranch. It was some big ... usually a crew of about fifteen or so to do the threshing. Some folks would load bundles and haul them into the thresher. And of course the, whenever the steam engine --- they had to furnish wood, and you would fire the steam engine and keep up. They always blew the whistle on it at noon, and in the evening when the day is done. And you learned how to sack grain and sew sacks with ears on them. And it was always quite an event; usually neighbors came and helped you. Then you went and helped the neighbors because you couldn't hire, afford to hire. And it was, like I say, always an event. Ladies had to have a meal for the big crew. And they always really --- sort of a festival time for --- Not only knew how to sew sacks, but you also had to know how to patch them. And this would ...

When I was along about eight, I developed a tumor on my ribs, under my left arm. And it was quite a lump and getting bigger. So my father decided I had better have it out. There was a doctor here named Standard, a friend of the family. And he and my father decided to do it here at home on the ironing board in this room back of me. And Dr. Standard was a very abrupt and gruff man. And he --- I remember sitting in the sitting room with my night gown on and he came up and was talking to me. And all of a sudden he slammed a needle into me, and I had my pre-op shot like that. Well a little later they brought me in and put me on the ironing board, and the --- started giving me the anesthetic, and I think there was a misunderstanding between my father and Dr. Standard as to which type of anesthetic they were giving me. There was one called somniform, and another one, the other one was ether. And anyway, they just lay a towel over your face and drip a little of the anesthetic on the towel and you breathe it, and it puts you to sleep. And it put me to sleep all right, but it was so sound asleep, that I started turning blue. And my father finally saw that I was over dosed and he took the napkin off my face and gave

me some mouth to mouth resuscitation until I became, came around enough so that they could continue the operation. Anyway they removed this tumor. The doctor's scalpel slipped a little so I have two scars on my side instead of one. And then after the operation they put in a drain tube between the stitches. But I recall the incision filling up with fluid, and it gave me a great deal of pain because the drain tube was plugged. And then I had to go every morning down to Dr. Smith's office to have the wound dressed with sterile gauze, and underneath the scar so that it would heal properly. Needless to say, I didn't care much for Dr. Standard.

Anyone that has lived in this country will have seen mirages. But it seems to me I've --- felt like I was running into a lake more times on the Crane road going, highway going down --- it just looks like a sheet of water ahead of us in sight of the butte, and those Riddle Mountains would just be sticking up through the water. But it is one of the nicest illusions of this wide flat country where the heat gets a little intense at times and causes this phenomenon.

Then I want to tell about a pair of coyotes, young ones. When a man up at Fish Lake caught, while they were little, and he took them back to his camp and put collars on them and kept them there until they were getting fairly well grown. Fed them, and they would turn them loose and they would just run around the field and pastures there. And they would steal anything that was not fastened down. One time this man, and his wife, and his mother-in-law went up there and his mother-in-law left her purse setting on the table. And these coyotes, one of them, took it and buried it out in the grove. Then he had to tie those coyotes up for two or three days and not feed them, and take them on leashes, and one of them pulled off to the side and showed him where to dig, and there was the purse.

Well this summer, I think it was '31, another boy and I went up there to do some

fishing and he told us, he said, "I can call them." He said, "Well," he said, "I'm the only one that can." Well at that time my voice hadn't changed enough but what I could yodel pretty well myself. And these coyotes were playing across on the other side of Fish Lake up on the hillside and I ... like a coyote and here the coyotes came just pell-mell. They even cut across the end of the lake to get to where I was. After they got there, I didn't want them.

Now I may have told you this, about the dry lakebed down at the Alvord --- I think I have so I'll just skip that.

In 1928 I was fourteen, and I wanted to get a job. So my dad said, "Well you see if you can get one." And I went to work for Mr. Hanley at the Bell-A as a cook's flunkey. This, in case you don't know, is a cook's helper that has to get the supplies and help the cook in washing dishes, and setting the table and so forth. And every big ranch had a cook and a flunkey. Sometimes it was a girl, and sometimes it was a boy. It just depended on who was available for ---

So I went out there and there was two boys just a little older than I from Portland, a couple of dudes. And Mr. Hanley let these two boys and myself sleep upstairs over the cellar in the second house at the Bell-A, rather than in the bunkhouse with the rest of the crew. And this was quite a privilege because we had our own bedrolls, and this was a lot better than the bunkhouse where there were bedbugs. And after two weeks working down there, then I was delegated, along with the two other riders, to take a couple hundred head of steers out to the Double O. This was a two-day operation. We gathered and took them out into Silver Creek the first night, and then on over the top by Palomino Buttes, and down to the Dunn field, which was at the north end of the Double O at that time, I mean the next day.

And I worked at the Double O then for the rest of the summer, and there I was

flunkey again. And there was an older fellow that had been milking, and he told me he had cowpox and couldn't milk, so I would have to take over the milking. There were eight cows, and they were Herefords, mixed breeds. And most of them you had to milk them in a corral, and it was quite a struggle. Some of them you would have to put a pole around them to hold them against the wall of the corral, and others you could just tie up and --- Other than the hazards of getting kicked or switched with a dirty tail, why it was no worse than that.

But there were dudeens, or girl dudes from Portland, and I had to ride herd on them. And I not only had to ride with the regulars, when they were riding for cattle, but I had to see that these girls were okay. One of them was Helen Herrick, and the other one was Marjorie Dana. Herrick was the daughter of the man that started the mill here, before Hines bought him out. Then --- and this other girls was a journalist's daughter from Portland. And they had given her a horse called --- but she named Egypt. And he was an old sorrel ... that nobody else would ride. And one Sunday the cowboys and gals --- these two gals decided they wanted to go out to Idle Mountain and climb it. So it was about eight miles away, and they left, and I of course had to stay there and, at the Double O. So when the others were coming back, here came Marjorie walking, Marjorie Dana walking in. And she told me, she said, "My horse got in some barbed wire out here two, three miles, and cut his foreleg, and I left him tied out there, and would you go get him for me?" Well I told her I would. So I rode out a ways, and pretty soon I found the old sorrel with his head tied down to a sagebrush. And I got off and his foreleg had something wrapped around it. And I unwrapped it, and it was her brassiere and pants. And there was hardly a drop of blood on it, the inner wrapping. You can imagine what I thought about dudeens who didn't know any better than to take care of their horses.

But I got through that fall, just before school, and the foreman out there paid me

off. He paid me a dollar a day, not counting Sundays. So I earned the whole sum of \$45, which to me in those days was a pretty large sum. I think, if I remember right, I spent \$25 of it for a leather coat. But I learned a whole lot, and not the least of which was not to be available for jobs that somebody else wants you to take over.

Well I want to speak about the difference between chaps and chinks. As the old cowboys knew, the best way to protect your legs from cold was to wear an extra coverage over your Levis. Well the chaps were usually angora covered, or some of them were sheepskin, and they usually dyed them various shades of orange or bright colors. And then there was what was known as chinks. And these were just leather covers for your legs, to ride in the brush country where there was --- particularly like in Texas where there was mesquite and prickly thorns. And these chinks --- of course the riders in the bucking contests liked to have these heavier outfits on their legs because it helped in the --- hold their legs down while they were in the throws of the bucking horse.

Next I want to speak about the big old hay barn we had out here, and what a wonderful place it was. You could play out there on rainy days especially. You could get up in the hayloft and jump off the rafters and land in the hay. Or you could build your own little cubbyholes in the slope of the roof; have your own little cubbyholes. And the barn was set upon stones, and one corner of it was high enough that I could crawl under it. And I was always looking for chicken's nests. And sure enough chickens would get under there and make a nest, and I would find a big bunch of eggs. I decided I was going to sell some of these eggs and, which I proceeded to do. Well some of them were fresh, and some of them were not. Some of them had been sat on a little while, and there were little chickens starting in them. And, otherwise, I had to replace quite a lot of the eggs I peddled around the neighborhood. But as I say, the barn was a wonderful place on rainy days. My brother one time decided that the peak of it was a good place to try out an

umbrella as a parachute. He came down rather suddenly, since the parachute turned wrong side out. And I used to use the roof of it for a taking off field for my model airplanes. Even with that advantage, it didn't fly very far.

Well I want to speak about the brands that the different farmers, ranchers had in this area. Of course there was the big company ranches, had the most famous brands. Like the PLS Company had a wrench as its brand, it looked like a lazy S with an open mouth on each end. Then there was the Hanley brands, they had the Double O with a bar under it. And the Bell-A, which was simply an A without the cross bar, it just looked like a bell. But my father decided on one that was rather unique, I thought. It was a lower tooth, the outline of a lower tooth. And it is, I have the branding iron yet. But most of the cowboys who didn't know better, just called it a pair of bloomers. But it served as our brand as long as we had cattle. And I thought of some other brands, the LY was the Hanley brand. And TED was Ted Hayes' brand. That TED is all incorporated in one letter. And then there was the LY brand, also the Hanley's. And the anchor T, as it was sometimes called, but it was really the FW Triska brand. And there was the lazy S; I don't know whose that was. Or the LW, L lazy S. And I have some of these transferred on the lid of my woodbox here. The, there was a DH bar, which my niece Dorothy had registered, because this Mr. Silvies gave her a heifer calf, and then gave her all the produce of this young calf over five years. Well it was enough when she sold them to give her a business course in Portland. And it has stood her well since then.

Next I want to talk about the Fourth of July. It was, of course, always a big celebration in a little town. And there were all kinds of things; the main event of course was the parade down Main Street in which everybody took part. They used to have some kind of a float with a Statue of Liberty in which one of the bells in the town would act as the Statue of Liberty, holding a lamp up in her hand. And the Indians would partake, they

would come in their regalia, and then at the intersections they would do a dance in a circle. Squaws in a circle, and the men in the center beating their tom toms. And it was always fun to go out to the old Indian camp right after the Fourth of July and see the Indians.

WOMAN: Good morning.

GEORGE: Hi.

WOMAN: Well hey, I'll tell you what, if we go fishing this week I'll bring you back some fish.

GEORGE: Oh, good. I could just use some, if you catch them. If you go out to Mann Lake, you might.

WOMAN: We're going to go to Krumbo this week.

GEORGE: Well, okay, just a little interruption. But anyway, the Fourth of July was a big celebration. They would have horse races down the main street. Sometimes these were fairly long, and other times they would have a race just a block long. And they would have what they call potato races. And they'd have a pile of potatoes and they'd start, and they'd have to ride down to the other end of the block and get off and get a potato and carry it in their mouth back to the end of the block, and leave the potato and then go back for another one. And these were always, depending on whether the horses were quick at turning and starting, but they were always fun.

They had races where the boys would take their shoes off and put them all in a barrel and run down to the end of the block, and then come back and whichever one can get their own shoes on first would win the race. My brother Hal got some pretty good scars on his arm because he didn't take all the nails out of the top of the barrel one time. But this was part of the entertainment.

And the Indians, you know, came in as well as --- and the festivities went on of

course clear in, until the night.

But when we had the fireworks, there was always so much fun to throw firecrackers when the horses were going by, and things like that.

One time I was sitting on the curb out in front of the Arrowhead, when a fellow was washing the windows behind me. And I had a water pistol. And another kid was sitting there with me and he said, "Let me see your water pistol." All he did was take the water pistol and turned around and squirt this fellow in the back of the head with the water, and then hand me the pistol. Well, needless to say, I got lifted off the curb.

(END OF TAPE)

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