

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #185 - Sides A/B

Subject: George Hibbard

Place: Hibbard Home - Burns, Oregon

Date: 1975

Interviewer:

GEORGE HIBBARD: This is about my mother's family; their name was Works. Levi S. from Levi B. Works was my grandfather, and my grandmother was named Jean Clark. And she was born in Au Sable Forks, New York, where my mother was also. My mother was 15 years old, and she was born in 1871. And she was 15 years old when they moved to Portland, Oregon. Because of all the children older than mother, and her younger brother had gone west. They had eight children, my grandfather and grandmother on my mother's side. The same as my father's family, and our family. My mother died on September 22, 1935, and I think that would have made her 65 if she had lived two more days.

My Grandfather Works had a farm and raised trotting horses back in Au Sable, New York. And for that matter, an interest in racehorses came on down to my brother Hal. But, I don't know whether that is of much use to you. I could give you some other dates of when my grandmother passed away and things like that, but I don't think it is pertinent.

I thought of two or three anecdotes that my father told me. One time when he was hunting on Steens Mountain, he found a --- he was over the summit in a little grove of aspens, just over the summit of the Steens, and he thought if ever I reach a place where White man has never been before, this must be it. And then as he wandered through the

grove he found the remains of a log cabin so old that young aspen trees were growing in the center of it with

--- well these young trees were several feet tall above the roof of where the cabin --- of what had been the roof of the cabin. And right then he decided he would never reach a place where White man had never been before.

He also told me of hunting mountain sheep up on the Steens Mountain, and he had them on a point where he thought they wouldn't be able to get away, and yet they disappeared over the rim. And this was into the Kiger Gorge. He went up to the rim and there was a sort of a crevice down, which they had gone. And they at that time were going up the other side of the Gorge. Sort of like the story of old Tebo used to tell of rolling a rock off of the rim of Kiger Gorge, and it going clear down and up the other side. And a year later he came back and there was a little pebble rolling back and forth up one side and down the other.

But nevertheless, when my father begun looking around him in this little crevice, or chimney as they are called in mountain climbing, he noticed there was a great pile of obsidian chips and broken arrowheads. It was evidently a place where the Indians had come to watch for game and to work on arrowheads. And he told Llewellyn and Hal as near as he could where that notch was. And in later years when Dad was no longer able to, they went up there until they found what they felt sure was the right notch and looked for this --- he estimated he could have filled a bushel basket with arrowheads and pieces.

But they were unable to find any trace. But the rock of that area weathers so much every winter, that there were --- at this same particular notch that they thought was the one he had found and seen the arrowhead, there was nothing but gravel, and probably tons of it on top of whatever arrowheads there were there. So it just shows the weathering of the volcanic rock on the top of the Steens where there is so much freezing and thawing and

erosion-taking place.

I'm trying to recall some other early incidents. But I think I will go on now sort of chronologically. In 1902, my sister Hazel was born. And then in 1903, the dental office was built, and this house was also built. And of course in those days, most women had children in the home, there not being much in the way of hospitals here. And so if I'm not mistaken, my brother Hal was born either in the --- in 1904, or 1905. His birthday was in December, and I can't differentiate which year. But he and the rest of us --- that is Frances and Virginia and myself, were all born here in this house. In fact in the room just back of me here, which was my mother and father's bedroom. And that would be 1904, or '05, as I have said.

Then in about 1906, or --- well to go back a little earlier. There was to be the Lewis and Clark Exposition, sort of like a fair in Portland, I mean, yes, in 1905. And Harney County decided as its contribution, that they send representative stuffed animals of this district, this area. And my father and a couple others, Frank Triska was one of them, Frank W. Triska had the ranch here, was one of them who were delegated to get these specimens. Well, it wasn't hard to get deer and oh, coyote and that sort of thing. And there was not many, not elk in the woods like there are around here now. But there was one bull elk left, semi-tame, in a ranch. It was called the Serrano Point Field south of the Steens Mountain, or east of the Steens Mountain.

And my father killed that bull elk and they had it mounted along with other animals, and sent down to the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Although we have a picture showing a lot of the heads and animals with Frances in the picture, and she wasn't born until 1907, and she was a couple years old. So I don't know how to reconcile those dates.

As I say this house was built in 1903, so it is at present 71 years old or going on 72. Of course it has been remodeled, because at that time there was just two finished

rooms upstairs, and outside plumbing which was quite elegant for us since it was in the woodshed, with a box underneath. The three-holer that could be taken out and either dumped over the hill --- But at that time there was a man here known as honey-bucket Ab. And he had the smelly job of taking a wagon with barrels around to those places that had this type of outhouse, and collecting the various disposal, and hauling it down to a place, about where Frank Bennett now lives, which was called slop-barrels. And there was a little type, little stream that flowed in the spring, and that was where this was dumped. Needless to say this was one of the first swimming holes in the spring too, where it was, the water wasn't very deep and lots of sunshine warmed it up quickly.

However, most of our swimming was done up north where the Indian Village is, above what we call the milldam. There was a Grist Mill, three stories high with a cupola on top of it, which was run by waterpower from that dam. And then later it generated electricity for the town, as well as another dam over here on the river just above the --- where the highway crosses going out to the "Y". And then there was a big single cylinder diesel that used to generate power for the town. Of course at that time electricity wasn't on 24 hours. It would come on at eight in the morning --- I mean it would come on about dark in the evening, and run until 10 o'clock at night. Because by then the milldam would be pulled down enough, and every night when the lights would blink, they would blink 15 minutes before they turned out. And then we would have a little rhyme and say, goodnight lights, come again tomorrow night. And really we were quite advanced to be in there this far --- in the interior to have electricity.

And we had telephones way back --- oh, I think at least 1910. It was rather a primitive system, with a office in what is now the Bennett Motel, right close to where the telephone office building is. But there was a single line that ran out to Drewsey, and over to Canyon City, and down to Crane, and various other branch lines. I don't know whether

the one from Crane ran on over to what is now Diamond or not. But I do believe there was a line ran up toward Frenchglen. These lines, lots of time were just on a willow pole, or small pole. Sometimes they even ran on the --- along the barbed wire fence. They would use the fence, and put an insulator on the top wire, or something like that where there was gaps, the line was broken down or something. Really, this little community had developed quite an independence.

The Grist Mill was really a cooperative --- some of the men that had enough money to have it erected, and built. And of course the dam, and the Five Mile Dam were both built for irrigation. And they were cooperatives, as well as this other dam that I spoke of on the Silvies. Well, nearly all the dams on the Silvies were built by cooperatives; a group of those that wanted to spread the water out onto the meadows. And the slaughterhouse, which was around on the --- on to the west of the Grist Mill, a couple hundred yards across the top of the hill. And then the creamery that was built downtown where is now Timms, Alpine Creamery, that was a cooperative. And so it was all quite a local development.

And I recall in the winter of 1918, the flu epidemic. The schools were closed down and there was just the one --- well I guess there were two doctors here. Well, I'm not sure how many doctors, but hardly anyone trained as a nurse. And Dad took all of the family, except Roberta and Hazel, Roberta was working at the Harney County National Bank, and Hazel stayed home here to cook for her and to keep her company. And the rest of us went up with a hired man also, to what had been the Horton and Sayer Mill up on --- oh, well we called it Mill Creek, but it runs on down into Spring Creek. And the mill had burned down, as well as the home of the Sayers, but the bunkhouse was still there. And we lived, oh for at least a month in that bunkhouse. We had our beds in this big long room, three of them, one right beside the other. I had a young collie dog, collie type, and

he was up there with us. And it was pretty primitive, but we kept warm. And my father and brothers and the hired man were getting some mahogany wood out, and the team would --- it would haul down to town once every couple of weeks. And they would --- they had a man stationed out at the --- on the way up to the Indian Camp, up at the, what is known as the Stancliff Lane, going out across the Willow-Ray. And if he would let them come into town it was okay, but otherwise if it was just for groceries, he would say I'll take the list and go get your groceries, and bring it back to you. And then this was the way we got our groceries. And in those days, there was no sugar to be had during the war. And we used syrup, and we had syrup on our cereal. And that's another thing that I can recall is this mill made a --- oh, like wheat hearts, only they called it cream-o. And it was sort of a brownish-gray, fine ground cereal, besides rolled oats.

And the deer population was about as scarce then as it is now because we didn't have very much venison. And while we were up there one morning, I heard this --- we heard this awful fight, and Dad took his shotgun and went out the door, and this dog of mine and a coyote were having a fight. And Dad shot the coyote. And the only place we could see that he had bit my dog was the corner of one eye showed a little red in it. So rather than take a chance with him, Dad sent him down to a man on the ranch down here, and sure enough in about, in ten days he began snapping at feathers. The man had killed some geese in the spring, and --- or that winter, I don't know, or ducks or chickens it might have been. But when he was picking these, why the dog began snapping at them, anything that moved, so he knew that he was coming down with the rabies, and he shot the dog.

We had lots of good times even though we didn't --- up in that, that month we stayed up there in the mill. And then when we came back to town why Frances and Hal both got the flu. Dr. Smith used to come up --- they were both in the parlor, their beds one

end of the room, and one at the other. Then Dr. Smith told Mother, he --- how in the world she put up with the two, because they were --- as they got better they were always fighting. It had settled in one of my sisters, Frances' ear. And he was --- he had nicknamed her, after a man who was deaf. And she would throw a roll of toilet paper at him, and usually strung clear across, and he would throw it back. It was quite a battlefield at the time. But these are just some of the memories back then.

I can also remember the way my father had of inflicting punishment for wrongdoing. He wasn't adverse to using a slipper or piece of kindling out back of the woodshed. But usually it was by talking to me. I remember one time I was helping myself to a little change from my sister's purse occasionally. Or I would hold out part of the money that I had been given to put in the Sunday school collection, to buy a candy bar on the way home. And a few things like that. I even took a dollar from my sister Roberta's home one time. And I didn't think that anybody knew about it. But one Sunday, my father said, "Let's go for a ride." And we went down into a field toward the Bell A and he said, "Maybe we will see a coyote." And sure enough, he spotted one. And so he shot the coyote, and we loaded it into the trunk of the car. And then I started to go, and he said, "Wait just a minute." And he told me, he says, "You know, we form habits when we're young that will carry on the rest of our life." And he said, "I know, and you know, you've been stealing some money, a little bit now." But he said, "If you don't stop that," he said, "it will get worse, and you won't want to work for a living, but you will get so you do nothing but steal." And I felt so much worse than if he had spanked me. But I never stole after that. So, it shows how parents can discipline their children.

I remember another time he had told me --- I want the cow milked every evening when I come home. Well one --- we had electricity out in the barn by then, and it was getting dark and I saw him coming up the street, and I grabbed the bucket and ran for the

barn. And I got out there and got the cow in and had even started to milk a little when he walked in the barn. He said, "Well," he said, "I told you I wanted this cow milked by the time I got home." And he said, "You didn't do it." He said, "I had planned to give you the finest present I had ever given you," but he says, "since you didn't do as I told you," he said, "I'm not going to give it to you, and I'm not ever going to tell you what it was." Well, needless to say I was very unhappy. But I think that I profited by it. I don't remember whether I always had the cow milked, but that was something else that I have skipped telling you.

We had a big barn back of the house here; well it's where my brother's home is. And we had a --- in 1907, my father brought in the first jerseys to this area. They were shipped to Ontario by train, and then Llewellyn and somebody else went over and they brought them in. And it wasn't very popular with the stockmen of this area to bring cathan jerseys into the area along with a big old bull.

But they --- and we had what was called the Rimrock Dairy here on the hill. And they had a milk wagon. We had --- well around just back of our door here, we had it beside the woodshed, was a windmill tower with --- the bottom part of it always boarded in and in there was where they had the coolers and the bottling and the sinks for bottling milk. And this milk wagon with one horse pulling it, Hazel and Hal and some of the older ones would deliver milk over town. And I can remember even the little half --- even a quarter --- well it was called a gill. It's a quarter of a --- I believe it's an eighth of a quart, about two inches tall. Of course we had half pints, and pints, and of course milk bottles. And we had a dairyman, and it was all hand milking then. But I can remember my sister and I delivering milk --- well I, over to --- around the neighborhood close by, within four or five blocks up towards the Slater School. And we had a separator.

And then a little later my father had a ranch. ... Which is the one that Poteet has

now. We called it Albar, because they raised both alfalfa and barley was the first big crops. And of course you could take the barley up to the mill and have it rolled so that it was much more suitable for feed.

And we all learned to work on the ranch, first as --- I can remember was running a mower out there, and raking, and at that time there was no baling of hay. We stacked it either from a wagon or with the buck rakes and slide. And I can remember with a Jim wagon pulling the hay and the net up onto the stack, and I had to ride the pull-back horse that pulled the net back off the stack down the slide, into the trench, and clean the trench.

Then get on the horse and catch the top as the load started to go up on the slide, and then take the turns on the saddle horn, and pull it back. And it was sometimes not much fun, especially when the slide for the stack got up very high, when the net would catch on the slide, and would either break the rigging on the saddle, and off would come me and the saddle too. Or I would have the horse with his reins down, and he was supposed to stand till you could get on him. And just start to get on him and have him shy away from you and head for the house a quarter of a mile away. Then everybody would have to wait while I could go in and catch the horse and come back out to where the stack was. But that's the way we learned in the early days.

I can remember mowing, and there would be a bunch of Sagehen in the alfalfa field. An I would try to hit one in the head with the wrench. One time I threw all the tools out of the mower at the Sagehen. And I didn't get any Sagehen and I lost all the wrenches. I think I found them again when I had to rake the hay. At least I found some of them. But as the youngest --- thing that anyone was entrusted with was to drive the dump rake, and make the wind rows so that the hay could be picked up by the buck rake, and the wind rows formed into bunches, and then the bunches yarded close to the stack yard so you didn't have to go all over the field and bring a bunch, and two bucks --- there were

two horse bucks. Not like on the big ranches like the Bell A and the Island, they had four-horse bucks with a rudder wheel at the back which the driver stood a straddle. And on the rough meadows it wasn't much fun standing a straddle that rudder. But ours were just two horse bucks. And you could steer them easily by getting one horse to go and holding onto the other one.

Then there was --- but on the big ranches they not only had four-horse bucks but they had seven-foot mowers. Ours were five-foot mowers. And even they were hard enough on the horses, a two-horse teaches to pull a five-foot mower. But on the big meadows, a seven-foot mower --- get about five or six of them, one right after the other and they cut a section of meadow hay in fairly short order.

Of course stacking the hay was quite an art. And those that were good at it could make a nicely rounded high top stack. Some of them two and three hundred tons, with a crown on the top of it so that they shed the water as well as possible. And this was considered quite an art to be able to build up the corners and stack hay properly. The last I remember seeing was when, I believe it was Earl Sitz had the contract on the Bell A. And my niece's husband, Bob Smith, was one of the stackers. I remember driving out into the Bell A and watching as they were stacking the hay.

Mr. Hanley was a very close friend with my father. And well, several of the old timers here were special friends of his. Clarence Young and Judge Robert Duncan, and Mr. Hanley used to take periodic trips, like the 1930, I remember he went to Europe and attended the Passion Play at Oberammergau, Switzerland, which is put on every ten years. I remember he brought me a little saucer type of baked red clay. It was made by the man that played the part of Christ in the Passion Play at Oberammergau. He also gave me and my brothers each a knife. He sailed on the liner Brennan, to Hamburg, Germany. And he gave us these little penknives that had a picture of the Brennan on it.

Mr. Hanley used to also, in the winter particularly, he would go to Portland, and there was a fancy "grocerteria" there, named Sealey Dresser Company. And there he would purchase an assortment of food which was --- oh, fancy foods. One end of the crate would have grapefruit, or maybe there would be two crates. And then there would be fancy cheeses --- oh, from France and Swiss, and imported cheeses, Edam. And then he would have a couple of these crates sent to each of these families that were his particular friends. We were one, and the Duncan's, and the Young's. And what a treat it was to get some of these fancy things, celery hearts and grapefruit that was --- when grapefruit were, when the ---

SIDE B

--- weren't in the stores. But sometimes we'd get a orange, or some bananas. If they weren't in the stores, we could get them in a saloon or pool hall where there was a basket of oranges up back of the counter. And they were about ten cents apiece. Bananas weren't much cheaper. But that is some of the memories I have of that time. And I think now I had better wait until I think of some more reminiscence.

I can't remember what I put last on the tape, but I knew I was up to about 1907, that was when Frances was born. And then I, as I say, I can't remember the things that I have told you, and the things that I haven't. But I thought I would tell some about my father's ranching. And as I've told you before, he was not supposed to spend more than half the day in his dental office, which he didn't usually.

For instance in 1928, I was to have my tonsils out up at the old hospital. And we went out early in the morning to the ranch, and he said he would be back at 8 o'clock to take me up to the hospital. Well, he didn't get back. So I went alone up to the hospital, to Dr. Smith. And he took my tonsils out with a local anesthetic. And it was a good job I

guess; I don't think they have ever grown back.

But when we had the cows on the ranch, we separated the cream and brought it into the creamery, and the milk, skim milk was --- we used to feed turkeys. We raised as high as two or three hundred turkeys in a season. And these were dry picked, which is a system of where you kill the turkey by cutting the jugular vein, and then with a hook-shaped knife going into the brain, and it releases the feathers so they can be dry picked. Swift even used to send a refrigerated car in here to buy turkeys. And it was quite a project; we would have quite a crew working at the ranch. And we had quite a lot of grasshopper infestation at that time, and it would --- they would deposit their eggs, especially in salt grass knolls. And the turkeys seemed to know how to find these egg clusters in the ground, and they would get a lot of their feed right from the, ranging out on the grass, and usually only had to be grain fed just before butchering time, which was Thanksgiving and some by Christmas. But turkeys that were well fed and matured didn't have many pinfeathers because that lowered the grade that Swift would pay on them if they had crooked breastbones. We always raised the Bronze, although I think one year we had some Holland whites.

But my father was interested in many types of stock. I don't mean just cattle, primarily a milk herd. But he had Shropshire sheep, which is a black-faced sheep, and we had some hogs, although not never very many hogs. And then we had a pasture, a section up north of Burns called, up the Lone Pine Road, about 20, 21 miles, where we took the dry cows and calves in the summer for the --- in the spring for the pasture in the mountains, and then brought them down in the fall. And it was always a family project when we moved the cattle to the mountain pasture. Start them out there at Section Nine, and bring them over and take them up the Foley, what is Foley Drive, and up over the Lone Pine Road. And it was usually warm weather, and the little calves were always

wearing out and laying down. It took two or three of us with a car and horses, a couple of horses to move them because --- well dairy cows aren't as smart as the range type cattle, as far as moving them, especially when they have been kept in a ranch. And then to move them up to the mountains, it was always a rather frustrating project. I can remember riding a young horse that I had, driving them, the horse dumped me just before I got into the pasture. But he was whip broke, so he came back up to me, and I was not left a foot.

And the mountain pasture --- although my father came up in the evening with a car to get me. But it was really a pretty good way to learn to work on ranches, and also to become a buckaroo.

In 1928, I went to work at the Bell A as a flunky for the cook. And then after a couple three weeks there I, along with a couple other fellows, moved a couple hundred head of young steer out to the Double O. And then worked at the Double O the rest of the summer, all for \$45. A \$1 a day, and they didn't count Sundays, even though I had to work. We had a couple of dudeens; one was Helen Herrick, the daughter of the man who first started the sawmill here. And a girl from Portland named Marjorie Dana, whose father was on the Oregon Journal. And it was my dubious honor to ride herd of these girls, as well as milk eight cows, and do various chores as well as ride with the men for cattle. And it was quite an education.

I'm getting away really from my father and his experiences. I have a hard time recalling what I have told you and what I want to tell you. I think I told you about hunting with the hounds. And I told you about the winter of the flu. But, I'm getting ahead.

I don't remember, but we had a piano as long as I can remember. And our first piano tuner was a man named Saunders, who rode a bicycle in from Ontario. 1907, was the first year he came in. And Saunders, and his son Harold Saunders, and a nephew

tuned our piano all the years --- well in fact the last tuning it had was by Harold Saunders. He lives now in Portland, in Terwilliger Plaza --- eighty some years old. But he had been a dairyman for us along in the time when we had the Rimrock Dairy. In fact he wanted to marry one of my sisters --- either Eugenia or Hazel. But he never did marry.

So there was always music in the home, and then along about 1918, we got our first phonograph, windup phonograph. Then all of the family took a try at learning to play the piano, although I never did, I never learned to play the piano. And I don't think my sister Virginia did. But the other girls, not my brothers, but they all knew music, and I've got some of the old records.

And I told you about Mr. Hanley and his beneficence. He also gave us some very fine albums of opera, big twelve-inch disks. Then of course during World War I we got a lot of patriotic songs. Like I say, I still have some of those albums. They don't sound very good any more with the scratchy sound even on an electronic player. But it was considered, the music was part of the family life.

My father taught us all to skate, and to swim. And I think I told you about where we used to swim. But there were several places along the river, one out here where the trailer park, Village Trailer Park is, called Sand Bar. And another one down Riverside Drive called Robin Hood.

And we all went through the local schools. And my brother Llewellyn was the only one that went on to college. Especially during the depression, when I was injured, I had intended to become a dentist also. But it was very difficult, and I think I told you Llewellyn was graduated in '27. But the times were such that even if I hadn't have been injured, I doubt if I would have made it to dental school. The costs were comparatively high then. So, we don't know about those things --- might have been.

I remember one time Mr. Hanley had a friend, he was with the Union Pacific

Railroad, come in and he wanted Dad to take him out to the Double O and let him shoot where it was legal, and we did. I went with Dad, and it was some --- this man was pretty much a greenhorn. And so we really had to help him out as far as getting any kind of a bag. But Mr. Hanley was, even in those days, he was very conservation minded. And well my father was too, in a way. He used to get his deer, and a share of the birds, both upland and water birds. I can remember hunting down at the "P" Ranch. Really it is up above the "P" Ranch a ways where the hot springs is, and forms a canal that runs into the Blitzen. And Frank Triska and Dad and I were down there, and the ducks were in this canal, and I went down below where they were. And Dad and Frank started coming down the canal, and the ducks got up, why they fired at them. And I heard the shot beginning to hit the water, but I knew I had ducked my head, and it was a good thing, because one of the shots hit me on the hat band, and stung my head through the felt hat and leather hat band.

My father, once in early days in Portland, went pheasant hunting, and somebody wasn't careful with the direction they were shooting, and he had a shot that lodged in his upper lip, and the pellet was never removed. That and the fact that he had had a sore on the side of his face which started out as a mole, and then a traveling medicine man gave him some caustic ointment to put on this mole. And it fell out and caused quite a puckering on his side of his cheek. It was on one side, but it always looked like on the other because I never noticed it, except when I would stand beside him and look in the mirror, and then it seemed like it was on the opposite side from me.

But he always wore whiskers from the time he was 21. First a full beard and mustache, and then in later years a Vandyke. And he would trim it with hand clippers and scissors. And it made him, I think, more distinguished looking, especially when he was quite a lady's man. He would wear, during the summer; he would wear an all white outfit

going to the dental office. White duck trousers and white shoes, and white shirt and a straw hat --- I mean like a Panama. And I can remember when I would be down at the office and try to walk with him I couldn't keep up with him, especially coming up the hill because he took such long strides, and my legs were short at the time, and I would have to almost trot to keep up with him.

But he, as I told you, was a self-taught naturalist. And he was working with the bird refuge off and on all through the years, and had many unusual experiences in that. And he was always getting wounded birds. Different ones knew of his interest in birds. And then when he was on, in '32, he was appointed to the game commission by Governor Meirs. And that was when we first got a state police officer in here.

And while he was on the game commission, he was given a Labrador pup. And it was solid black, and as a pup it looked just like a little seal, and we named it Seal. And this was one of the first Labradors in this part of the country. And in fact his sire belonged to King George the fifth of England. And his dame was a golden retriever owned by the gun club on Sauvies Island. Anyway this dog was very well trained as a bird dog. It was under control at all times. Anyway, my father went hunting and took the dog with him, deer hunting. Well, it was against the law to run deer with dogs. But his dog wasn't of that temperament, he was under control. And so this first game officer in here arrested him for hunting with a dog. Well he appeared in court, the justice court, and the judge dismissed it. So I hear I have some company for now, I'll have to stop for now. ...

I was talking about my father being arrested. I thought I would tell you next about when he saw the only timber wolf in his early days in this country. He was hunting over on, near Prineville, on Buck Mountain. And he had his shotgun with birdseed shot in it, when he saw something moving out of the corner of his eye. So he stood by a tree, and he saw it was a timber wolf come loping along, and he was going to come fairly close to

the tree where my father was standing. So he waited until the timber wolf got as close as he was going to come, and then he fired with this fine shot, and all it did was sting the wolf and he just rung his tail and speeded up to full speed and got out of there.

And then another incident occurred that I thought was quite interesting. He was hunting over by Paulina Lake and that time also he had a shotgun, and he saw a mother bear with twin bears. And one of the little bear cubs climbed the tree and he went up under the tree and he was watching the mother bear and the other cub, because he thought she might come charging him. But he, this little bear had one paw hanging over a limb, and so he shot the little fellow's paw, and it came squalling down right at his feet. And he stood watching for the old mother bear to come back ---

...

Well Pauline, I've had some interruptions, I was telling you about the bear with the twin cubs. Well that little bear down there squalling, that mother bear just took off across the end of the lake with the other little cub right after her, splashing through the shallow waters. So there went the myth that the mother bear will come protect her cub.

Now I notice on your manuscript that I think I left off telling about part of the denture, or filling procedure in dentistry. And I think I will stop this and look at the typed, and try to organize what I was saying. ...

Well I'm cutting off on what I was telling you. But I wanted to tell you about an incident or two. Will Finley was a, sort of a federal game warden, and a great naturalist also. And he came up here in the --- oh, I don't know, probably in 1906, or '07. Well, it was after 1908, because the refuge had been made a national refuge by Teddy Roosevelt in 1908, he was the president. And like I say, Finley was sort of a federal game warden. And he brought along with him a photographer named Bowman. My father went out with them and was in the meadows east of town, and they were --- well it was down by the Bell

A. And there were birds of various kinds, as well as --- and the meadow hadn't been mowed as yet.

And Dad was riding a horse, and he went off and he saw a skunk going through the grass, and he rode up beside it, and he leaned down and picked it up by its tail and put it in a gunnysack and held it off from the side of the horse and came back. And he told Mr. Bowman, he said, "I've got something for you here." So he took the sack and just set it down on the ground and opened the top and looked down in it, and the skunk did what he was best at, and let him have it right in the face. And Mr. Finley --- I guess he thought it was a good joke, and my father thought it was, evidently. But it's a pretty drastic joke.

And then, this is some time later, my father was always from its inception, connected and in sympathy with the making of a game refuge. While a lot of the people in town, and particularly the editor of the Times-Herald, Julian Byrd, thought that it should be used more for grazing land. And if I recall, there was an editorial in the Times-Herald entitled, "Birds or Babies". And of course my father was for the birds. And a lot of the community was for having more farms around the edge of the lake.

And so one time my father was driving down by the lake, oh, south of Lawen, and he got his car stuck. But he also saw a wounded goose; it had had its wing shot, so that it could not fly. So he caught this goose. And since he was afoot, he started walking --- well up towards Lawen, and night overtook him so he climbed into, or dug into the side of a haystack, and he and the goose spent the night there. And then the next morning he was pretty well chilled, it was a pretty cool night, and he walked on to, I don't know whether he took the goose with him, I presume he did.

But anyway, he walked on and got to the Lawen Store, which at that time had been moved up onto the highway, and was no longer in the little community of Lawen itself.

And the old two story building, the proprietors lived upstairs, and of course the downstairs was where the merchandise was. Anyway he came there early in the morning and the husband of the woman, the man and the wife that ran the store, was not at home. And so he went up the south side staircase and knocked on the door of the living quarters. And this lady wasn't about to let him in. But he told her who he was; he was the dentist in Burns. And she had heard of him, so she let him come in and get warm.

And I think they had a phone there and they called here to Burns and either my brother or my brother-in-law went down to Lawen, and went on and helped him get his car out. And they came on home. But my father was always doing that. Starting off somewhere, and trying to go somewhere where he couldn't go with a car. And he never stopped to examine a new road or anything.

So one time in --- after I was injured, he took a girl who was studying the Indian culture here named Bea Blythe, B L Y T H E, or B L Y T H, I should say, and a Mrs. Blott, who was the justice of the peace wife --- and would be in the front seat beside Dad. As I recall, I can't remember whether it was a, well I would think it was a Pontiac sedan. We started out early in the morning, and we went to the headquarters of the refuge, and then up through the middle of the refuge up the canal, and to the "P" Ranch, and then went up into the Catlow Valley.

And we pulled off of the road I recall, just before you get to Long Hollow. And over in front of a cave where they found the Indian relics of, that were carbon dated back about 9,000 years, some of the sandals and the bones where the Indians had used this cave. And then went down over the grade to Fields, and then started back north. And when we got just below the Alvord, he decided to take us out on the Alvord Desert and show us how smooth it is, and so forth.

Well in doing so, there is a hot spring that runs out into the Alvord, and he didn't

test the ground there either. And the first thing we knew, why we were stuck, in the hot sun. And I --- this young girl Bea Blyth went up, he sent her walking the 5 or 6 miles to the Alvord up the county road, while he proceeded to try and dig the car out. And I was sitting in the front seat with the doors open, and Mrs. Blott had a canteen of drinking water, and wet towel around my neck, trying to keep me cooled down.

And Dad found some old boards over by this hot spring, and by digging, and jacking, and working, just as a pickup was coming back with this girl from the Alvord, he got the car out. And we then got up on the road again and went to the Alvord and got some more gas, and started on for home. And up about Alberson, thereabouts, we met my brother and brother-in-law coming out to find us. So once again we were rescued. And I think it was about 10 o'clock when I got back into bed here at home after a long arduous day.

John Scharff was here yesterday, and he recalled my father going down to the lake. And there was a board gate at the Billy Dunn place, and Dad was coming up to the gate, not usually fast. But it was --- he didn't realize but his brakes, the hydraulic brake system had gone out. And he tried to stop, but there was no stopping, so he went through the board gate. I don't think it even dented or scratched the car, the boards just parted. And well, his cars were pretty well dented up, whatever he had.

I recall another incident when Dad and Mother, and Virginia and I were starting on a trip to, oh, the coast, and going out to Bend. And of course then there was no highway, and it was section line road. And we started early in the morning, and I was driving, and Mother was beside me. And the road was two tracks with sagebrush right along. And there was long morning shadows with the sage, and I pulled to the right side a bit to miss some rocks in the roadway, and there was a big boulder in the shadow of one of the sagebrush and I hit it. And the left rear wheel, a wooden wheel, broke and the car just

laid over on its side. And my mother, as I told you, was quite heavy and she was on top of me. And the only way you could get out of a car on its side was for somebody to raise up and open the door up above you. And so it took my father on top of the car with the front door open, and me pushing from underneath, to get my mother up out of the car.

And so then Dad started walking back to Riley. And this was out about where the Gap Ranch was, seems to me. Well, not quite that far, about where the Squaw Butte Station is. And he walked back to Riley and called into town and got my brother-in-law Bert Vincent to come out. He got the car righted and --- well I don't remember exactly how they got back into town, whether he brought another wheel or what. But anyway, got the car back into town and got new parts, and then we started out again about a week later.

And it was along during the depression, and there were lots of hobos around town. And we got out by the Warm Springs, past where the mill is, and there was a hobo beside the road. And Dad said, "Slow down, I want to pick this man up." And Virginia says, "Daddy you get that man in the car, and I won't even ride in the car." And he said, "Okay, you want to walk back, or you want to ride on the running board?" She said, "Well, I'll ride on the running board." So we started out again ---

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