

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #186 - Sides A/B

Subject: George Hibbard

Place: Hibbard Home - Burns, Oregon

Date: 1975

Interviewer:

GEORGE HIBBARD: First thing I want to talk about on this tape is the House of David. Now I don't expect that means much to you, but back in the '30's, I think probably even later than that, there was some sort of a semi-religious organization that lived, I believe in Michigan. I mean it was housed, I think, in Michigan. And they had athletic teams, and they had --- they all wore beards and long hair, somewhat like the hippies of today. And they were supposedly; it was more like a fraternity because I can never see that there was much Christianity. It may have been Jewish, I don't know. But the House of David had athletic teams, baseball and basketball, and they would tour through the United States and play anybody that could, wanted to muster a team against them. Somewhat like the Harlem Globetrotters Basketball team does. And they are Globetrotters. As far as I know the House of David stayed in the United States.

But I remember the House of David coming here. And it was one of the fads of the times like Donkey Baseball was, where everybody had to ride a donkey. And somebody would come through with about nine donkeys in a truck and they would get the Kiwanis or some other service organization, Jaycees, or as we used to have here the 20/30 Club. And they would --- I meant they had to be young men from 20 to 30. That was before the Jaycees. And they would play them, whatever game it happened to be.

And I recall at one time my father, and my sister Frances, and I went down to

Salem, or rather to Silverton. But the House of David was going to play the Salem Senators, which was the minor league of the Pacific Coast League, which was a minor league before the coast got major league baseball.

Well anyway --- and on the Salem Senators was a young fellow who had been our coach in the high school here named George Emigh, spelled E M I G H, Emigh. And he was playing on this Salem Senator team when the House of David came to Salem. And they were to play the Salem Senators. Well I got to go to the game. It was, as I recall, in the Willamette University's baseball field. I think that's where the Salem Senators played at that time --- and Willamette University.

And the pitcher for the House of David for three innings was none other than Babe Didrikson. And she was one of the greatest woman athletes in the 1932 Olympics. She won the --- well some of them wondered whether she was man or woman. But she later married a professional wrestler, so I guess she was a woman. I think she played on the Woman's Professional Golf Tour, and later died of cancer of the uterus. So I presume she was a woman, although when I saw her, she looked more like a man. And she was pitching for the House of David. And Harry Mill, and George Emigh and I was in the car, and sitting on the edge of the field where we could see well. George Emigh came up against Babe Didrikson, and she struck him out just like nothing. And he came over to the car afterwards and brought her over. And I asked him I said, "What are you doing, being polite to the lady?" And he says, "If you had seen some of the curves, and the slow pitches, and the fast pitches that she was throwing, you wouldn't have thought I was being polite. I just plain couldn't hit her, hit her ball, hit the ball." And so, it's an anachronism that I have not heard of this House of David for a long time.

Like I said, Babe Didrikson was a great athlete. She became the wife, I can't think of the wrestler's name, (Zaharias) but then she died of cancer. I think there was a trophy

of --- Babe Didrikson Trophy available in the --- in gold for a long time.

Now I want to speak about the book, "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin". And my father told me when he was a boy; the only book other than the Bible that he owned was "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin". They had a family Bible, but I don't know whether, he probably had one of his own. But --- and I have that book here now, "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin". I haven't been able to locate it, partly because we've got so many books in this house, that I can't find everything I want.

Then the next I want to talk about when my father was practicing dentistry. Like all dentists and doctors, they get lots of medicine samples. Samples of toothpaste, samples of tooth powder, samples of powder for keeping dentures in, everything of that nature. And one of Dad's favorite samples was a medicine called Iodex. It was an iodine compound, probably with a little Vaseline. It was black. But he used that when we were children for practically every little cut we ever had. Wrap a finger up with a little Iodex. Of course if we had an infection like --- or a boil, why then there was another ointment, a black ointment called oh, well I can't remember it. Well anyway, but medicine samples. I can remember Hadcol Toothpowder, Revelation Tooth-powder. Well, there was no lack of imagination in the old days of naming their patent medicines. And some of them were not better than Vaseline, anyway. But they all sold.

And we used to have the, what is now like the Amway and the Avon, and the other house-to-house salesman. During the last depression there was a supply of home remedies, and vanilla, and all sorts of things, spices and everything, put out by a Watkins Company. And among this there was a Watkins Liniment. And this was good for man or beast, externally or internally. And I know it was an effective external liniment, but internally, I'm not so sure. Because one time I had a terrible stomachache, and my father got up with me in the night and he said, "Well, I'm going to give you a spoon of medicine,

and it will stop your stomach ache." He didn't tell me what it was, but it was dark brown liquid. He had a glass of water, and he said; "Now I want you to take this teaspoon full of medicine, and then I'll give you a drink of water right afterwards." Well, the teaspoon had Watkins Liniment in it. And if you've had anything like a chili pepper that was hot, you know what Watkins Liniment felt like going down. And believe me I drank the cold water right afterwards. And what do you know; I didn't have any stomachache. I didn't vomit either. But it certainly warmed my stomach up.

And that was one of the --- more often our, if we had a stomachache we had what was called oil of --- oh, not wintergreen, but oil of peppermint. Oil of peppermint, and oil of wintergreen, and we would take a little of that in some water, a spoonful, a teaspoon full in a glass of water. And maybe a little sugar in it, and then swallow that, and drink that and it would warm the stomach. And of course every home then had some paregoric, which is an opiate. And it will warm your stomach too, and put you to sleep as well. But of course any of these things that are addictive are --- become harder and harder to get as more and more people become addicted.

Speaking of the Watkins, the little that I can remember when we would order from Montgomery Ward or Sears and Roebuck, food supplies maybe for the whole winter. We would buy a box of, a carton of, well maybe three or ten pounds of raisins. And the same way with dried apricots, and dried apples, and dried peaches. And we could order flour, although we never did because we had the flourmill here, and cereal made here. So we didn't have to order those. But when I think back of the way we provided for the winter, because there wasn't any train running in here, and there wasn't any freight wagons coming in maybe once a week. Later after the railroad reached Crane, why things got better, and it wasn't nearly so long in getting things in.

But our mail, we always planned on getting our Portland paper about three days

late. And when I think back to about some of the remedies. There was --- if a child had croup, why a little bit of kerosene with a little sugar in the spoon, and a little bit of kerosene stirred in the glass of water. And the child, the baby was given that in a bottle, or if they were older, if they could drink out of a glass. And it seems to be sometimes a little turpentine was used that way. But I'm not certain about that.

But then there was a doctor here named Dr. Standard. And he was semi-related, not to us, but to my sister Roberta. Because his wife was a sister of Roberta's husband, Bert Vincent. And Dr. Standard had a little hospital in his home down --- and his wife was also a doctor. She was Dr. Suzie Standard. And I think she trained in Pennsylvania, I'm not certain. I don't know where Dr. Standard got his medical training.

But one time I had, well I had had the chicken pox when I was about three years old, and it didn't all break out in pox. And some of them turned inward and formed a sort of a growth on my side, which gradually got larger under the skin. It was just a lump on the ribs, on the outside of the rib cage. But it always had little white blisters on it and then they would turn black and flake off. I don't know, I guess I was the origin of it. But one time Dr. Standard and my father decided that the --- Dr. Standard operating, and my father acting as anesthetist, would remove that tumor from my ribs. And then we would naturally send it in to see if it was --- the state laboratory to see if it was benign or malignant. Well as it turned out, it was benign.

But I didn't go to the hospital; they just set the ironing board up in the adjoining room here. And I was about 6 or 8 years old, I don't know how old I was at that time. But I remember Dr. Standard came up early that morning, and I was sitting in the sitting room by the stove in my nightgown. And he came over to talk to me, and all of a sudden he gave me a shot right inside my nightgown, and it about scared me to death. But I began to get a little light headed after that, and so they brought me in and put me on this ironing

board.

And as I say, my dad was the anesthetist, and he thought they were using one type of --- well there was two types of anesthetic that they had at that time. One was called somnoform, and the other was called ether. Same old ether that was given now days. Well I think they were using ether, and I think what they did was start with the somnoform --- get me to sleep to begin with, and then gave me ether. And to do this, when they didn't have a mask like they do now, they just laid a towel over your mouth and nose and drip a bit of whichever one it was on the towel. You breathe through the towel and it puts you to sleep.

Well, I went to sleep all right. And evidently they didn't stop dripping the stuff, whichever it was. I think, as I say, they started with the somnoform and then gave me ether which would hold me longer. Because somnoform would only put you under for a little while, sort of like Pentothal will. And so the only problem was I began turning blue, and my heart began to fail because I was getting too deep under the ether. And they had to stop the operation. Well they applied mouth to mouth resuscitation, and I came around, as you know. But in peeling out this tumor, Dr. Standard's scalpel slipped and the flap, the skin that he had laid back to peel out the tumor, had two incisions. And that incision grew as I grew. And with the expansion of my rib cage, became a scar about eight to ten inches long now over the side of my rib cage.

But that was all except that I --- after it was done he put a little bit of sterile gauze, well they used the stitches and sewed it closed. And he put a drain tube in, a rubber, a piece of rubber tubing and --- to act as a drain tube, and bandaged it of course. Well that drain tube soon plugged up, and Dr. Standard by that time had gone back to Medford where he was --- not Medford, Nampa I mean, where he was practicing at that time. He just happened to be over here. Anyway, I had to go to Dr. Smith. And Dr. Smith's office

was down the street where --- oh, Dr. Fulton's office is, just south of there a little, before you get to Brick's TV. And every morning I would have to go down there. I usually had Frannie and Ginny to go with me because I didn't fancy going to the doctor alone. And he would take out the --- another stitch or two and then pack sterile gauze in this wound, and so it gradually began to heal. And finally it closed clear up. But it was quite an ordeal as I recall it.

Now I want to talk about a Dr. Fell, F E L L. He lived in Canyon City at one time. And of all things that he had for a habit, was a weekend to get away from his patients, he would just lock the doors and crawl up on his operating table and get a can of ether and put a towel on his face and drip with his hand on the towel until he went to sleep. Then his hand would come down on the --- with the can, and I don't know whether he knew enough to set it upright on the table beside him or what. You know he would go to come out, why he would have another little sniff, and that's the way he would spend his weekend so he wouldn't be bothered by the telephone calls, or people coming to see the doctor. But he was an old man back in the '30's, when I was over there. So I don't know about his end or anything.

We had another doctor that came here named Dr. Homan. And he was from back at Northwestern, and the --- School of Medicine in Chicago. And Dr. Smith, that's Senator Robert Smith's father, was from Tulane. (I was interrupted.) But I was talking about Dr. Homan, and he had his --- he built a new office down back of where the Times-Herald is now. I think it's an engineer's office now. And Dr. Homan was very well like there. He married Anna Leonard of the, who was of the Byrd family. And they live in Beaverton now, he is retired. But Dr. Homan was a fine doctor and friend.

I remember I had a planter's wart on the bottom of my foot and I was working at the dental office, and we had an electric cautery, and I could burn the top of that wart down so

it didn't get sore. But I couldn't get very deep without having some Novocain in there. And I couldn't stand to put the Novocain in myself, so I never got the wart taken off until I went over to Dr. Homan, and he burned it out deep enough so it never came back.

But there was, as I think I told you before, a man and his wife named Ab and Betty Dickenson. They dug the graves, and they --- well they lived down Riverside Drive and off on what is now called Gordonia Street. Although my brother-in-law also lived down there, nicknamed it Gonorrhoea Street. And all that area down there, down below the hill, and down to the east was known as Whiskey Flat in the old days. And I think it had a pretty good nickname because there sure were a lot of bootleggers down in that area. I can remember going to two or three places in my younger days when prohibition was a noble experiment, as they called it. But, old Ab as he got older, had heart trouble. And they didn't have a telephone, and the nearest telephone was my sister Roberta and her husband's house. And in the middle of the night she would come over there pounding on the door, "Get Doc Homan, get Doc Homan, Ab is taken with another one." It was just a regular joke. Up at the courthouse particularly where Roberta worked, and Dorothy Sayer Cramer who was my Latin teacher --- and she was here a couple weeks ago for Eleanor Jenkins daughter's wedding. But anyway, that get Doc Homan got to be just a regular, you know, phrase among people that knew about Betty and Ab. And he was the one that I think I told you that we called Honey bucket Ab. And maybe we can incorporate it all in one.

And another family that I recall way back from out in Catlow Valley, and they later moved into town, was the Swett family. And it was spelled S W E T T. And they had quite a large family and they were quite poor. In fact my older sister Hazel went with Ralph Swett. And he was killed though on a motorcycle, some sort of an accident. Not that she intended to marry him. I recall that Mrs. Swett came in from Catlow Valley to the

dental office. It took my father, and myself, and my brother all trying to get an ulcerated tooth out. And it was ulcerated and gone down into the glands in her neck, and it was so bad. And an ulcerated tooth doesn't absorb the Novocain at all. Well now days they would give you antibiotic until they got the infection down before they would try to pull it. But she had to have that tooth out.

And I recall Llewellyn and Dad both taking turns preparing, and I think it was Llewellyn that finally pulled the tooth. And then before it clotted or the wound closed why we wanted to get as much of the infection out, and I had to help with the syringe, irrigate that down in there with the sterile water, warm water. Well I just --- I really found out what it was to have to be a dentist, and what the, things you could run into. I still wanted to be, but I never made it.

But, you know, I was telling earlier the way my father made the old vulcanized rubber plates. Well he made one for a man named Davies from out in the Virginia Valley, which is east of Princeton. And they are Welch, they were sheep people. And he made this set in 1905. And a few years ago my brother was working on his son, and he had brought in what was left of his father's lower denture. His father was a real old man then. And he asked Llewellyn, he said, "Could you make my father a new set of dentures?" Says, "This old pair of lower dentures are so broken and worn, they have been mended so many times." Llewellyn says, "Yes, I can make them." But he says, "They'll cost more than \$35 or \$50 dollars which you paid for an upper or lower then." He said, "It will cost about \$300 now." Well I don't know whether Mr. Davies, old Mr. Davies ever got his dentures or not, probably not.

Then I want to tell --- and I was telling about Dr. Standard a while ago. We'll take this excerpt out and put it up with Dr. Standard, because at about the same time when Dr. Standard was over here, Llewellyn was out in the garden. He was a little kid. This was a

long time ago when Dr. Standard lived here, and hadn't been coming over from Nampa, as he did later. But he lived here in Burns. In fact he was here during the 1918 flu epidemic, if I remember right. Well, maybe not, maybe --- it doesn't matter. But anyway, Llewellyn was out in the garden and he was three or four years old, so I guess it was way, way, way back, because he was born in 1900. And he squatted down and he sat on a scorpion. And this scorpion stung him right in the bottom. And we have scorpions in this country, but their sting is no more fatal than an ordinary bee sting. And yet he had always heard, he was going to die when a scorpion stung you. Well there is a small scorpion in Arizona and down in Mexico that does kill children occasionally with their poison, but not here. We are too far north. In fact I haven't seen a scorpion --- well of course since I have been paralyzed, but I haven't heard of anybody finding scorpions around.

Anyway, Llewellyn came running in and this Dr. Standard --- they just sort of laughed and said, "Oh, you're not going to die, you're going to get over it." And he was crying and carrying on because nobody was doing anything about him and he was sure he was going to die. Well, he didn't die, but he was a little hard to convince right at that time.

And now I want to speak about another man. His name was Francis Griffin. And his mother, I think her name was Frances, was the county school superintendent back when I was in school, high school, grade school, I can't remember. I remember her giving out diplomas when she was a school superintendent. And this Francis Griffin was born a little mentally deficient. But he was a very, very kind person. And animals of any kind, he could not stand to see suffer. He lived down by The Narrows, and he had delusions of people trying to come at night and get him, and things like that. I remember his cabin down there by The Narrows, and he had a ladder up to the second story, and he would climb up that ladder at night and pull the ladder up so that nobody could come and get

him. Well, letting him know anyway. And they never did get him, because he was perfectly harmless. But he was teased. He was a good worker. And I don't know why people make fun of somebody that is a little different than we are, but they do.

And he thought so much of his stock. I remember in the Fourth of July Parade, he had a steer that was probably twelve or fifteen years old. Great big oxen, really that is what an ox was, was a steer that they had allowed to grow older until he was --- And he would let the kids ride it down the street in the Fourth of July Parades. Then during the second --- well to go another step with him, he liked burros too, he had some burros. Besides cattle he had horses. This was all down in Sunset Valley before the BLM and everything had to be accounted for.

He had a brother named Lester Griffin that lived right down close to him also. And I can't say as much for his brother, but I'm not going to go into that. He was, Francis, was as honest as anybody could be. And if he found a wounded bird or stray dog, he just took them with him, and sometimes he didn't even make it back to where he was living in this house. He would dig a hole in the bank, and he and his dogs would go in there. And he would always want magazines, and he would want to read.

And down between The Narrows and Wrights Point is some sandy areas along side of the road. And there is, I believe it is a verbena, but we call it a sand lily, and they were beautiful and they would bloom just in the spring when there was rain, in these sand dunes so to speak. I remember he came up to the bank when my sister Roberta was working there, and he would want to try and get --- well he got the seeds from the sand lily, and he had it in a packet, and he had Mr. Brown, then cashier of the Harney County National Bank, put these in the vault. And he was going to go back to Washington, and in fact he did go back to Washington. He took the bus, and he went back to Washington trying to get them to preserve this area out here for the sand lilies, and for his horses, and

for his burros. Well, it finally came about they made the Wild Horse and Burros Act, which was a little stupid in some ways, the way they try to enforce it. But I won't get into that either.

But this Francis Griffin was so sure that moonlighters were stealing his horses, he took one of these big old swivel chairs like they used to have in the offices of the county courthouse, or any office by a desk. And he took the frame of it and set it up on a rock clearing on top of Wright's Point so that he could sit up there and watch for moonlighters that might be stealing his stock. Well, I don't think Francis ever did catch anybody.

My father always was glad to have him bring him, oh a three-pound of wounded wing-tipped goose, or a duck, or anything when Dad had the pens out here. He would put them in where they were safe. And you can't mend their wing, but at least they weren't left to predators. But I can't skip Francis Griffin because he was such a kind person. I recall at the start of the Second World War he --- when sugar went on ration, he always bought some extra brown sugar and he brought it up here, and he said; "Now I'm going to be gone for awhile." I think maybe this was when he was to go to Washington, I don't know. But he said, "I want to put it up here and if you'll keep it for me until I get back." And so we put it in a jar, flower gardener, a flowerpot so to speak, a glazed one. And it was in the plastic bag, and we put it down in the cellar. Well, our cellar at that time was quite damp and moist, and that sugar absorbed moisture, and when Francis came back, all we had ---

SIDE B

Next I want to talk about safety and firearms. And I think I told you about the trap shooting in the ... My father tried his best to instill in us as we were growing up, never point a gun at anybody. Because it's the empty gun that kills. And I mean you think it's

empty. And to always keep you in a safe position, and not carry loaded with a hammer back, or any of the --- the things to shoot real quick because you see something moving in the brush and you think it's a deer, and you shoot and you kill somebody. And yet it takes a few lessons to learn this.

I recall I was going to get to go out hunting, I don't know whether it was rabbits or sagehens the next day, with a 22. And I was getting it ready in the kitchen Saturday night before, or the Friday night before we were going the next morning. And I was working the action, and I had it apart and I was sure there wasn't a shell in it. It had a magazine with probably fifteen capacity, and I was sure there wasn't anything in it. And I oiled it all up and I was working the action back and forth and pulling the trigger, and the first thing I knew, bang! And I had shot right through the ceiling. Well a 22 bullet didn't go through upstairs, and it was a good thing. I don't know whether it would have come through upstairs, but it sure scared me.

And it happened to Dad a time or two. One time he set a shotgun down between two people in a hack, I don't remember who or where, but when he did, that shotgun went off and scared everybody about half to death. But he didn't hit anybody. And one time when my father was in this next room, which was his bedroom, had lumbago. And my brother Llewellyn came in and he had got a new gun, and he was showing Dad how nice the action worked, and he was just pulling up and aiming and firing, and it was nearly empty. And there was a picture right above Dad of Eugenia, three of them in one frame, in a row with glass over it. And the next time he drew why he shot out one of the pictures, and the glass come showering down over Dad.

And I remember my nephew Bob Smith out in his driveway working a shotgun, and it shot a hole in the wall of his house. So it brings to mind one particular incident of mine, about the first hunting trip I went with Dad. And it was just he and I alone, and we were

up along the rim of the river, we had camped there. And he said, "I expect we'd better target our rifles in this evening before we go to bed because, while it's light, so we get up, so in the morning we won't want to be firing any guns then."

And so he put a little pine chip up on a limb of a pine tree, off I suppose fifty or hundred yards. And so he came back and he took his 30-30-lever action Remington, and pulled down on it. He had a peep site on his, and he shot and hit the chip, and of course it fell down. So he said, "Okay, it's your turn, and I'll go put the chip back up." So he put the chip up on the tree limb, and I pulled up with the 30-30 carbine, and he was standing over there beside where he had put the chip up back out of the way. And I fired and I missed the chip, at least it didn't fall down. And so I just pumped out one shell and was going to fire another one. And I had the gun pulled up and the hammer back and all in the sites, and then all of a sudden I saw my dad's head. And he was stepping back toward me, and he looked over at me, and he said, "You weren't going to shoot again, were you?" And I said, "Yes, I was." And it just scared me so that I just never had an accident again.

Except one time later I did shoot a doe instead of a buck when --- there were no does allowed. And I --- there was a buck with her and I was shooting at the buck, but I was shooting too quick and too fast and I didn't --- and I was so ashamed because he was on the game commission. But I didn't even bring that doe in. I didn't do anything with it, but leave it where I had killed it, and never told him.

But I recall one time when he found, we were out in camp and he found a little fawn that some hunters had shot, and broken down. He went ahead and killed it. And of course killing a fawn was illegal, it was just a yearling. It wasn't even a year old. And so he cleaned the little fawn out and tied its fore legs together and hung it over his back, and then started back to camp with it. Then he got near the camp he could see we had some

other people in camp that were not our party, and so he didn't come into the camp until after they had gone. And he brought this little fawn in. And of course we ate it, and didn't waste it. But it made me remember the doe I had wasted and didn't bring into camp. But it was, just being at the risk of being --- having the game warden walk into camp and fine you for killing a doe.

Then I think, Pauline, we can make a chapter of different races or ethnic groups in this area, and the part each of them has played in the development of Harney County. Of course the foremost ... would be the Indians and all the things I've told you about different Indians, would hold true to that. But also the Basque, and I've told you quite a bit about the Basques. And then the Mexicans because of the Mexicans that came in with Pete French in the early days. And then the Chinese. And we always have had Chinese in here because there were nearly always a Chinese cook in the old ranch ... a lot of them, the Island Ranch and the "P" Ranch, and Diamond. One of them was killed during the Indian uprising. And there was always Chinese Restaurants here in town. And they were always considered, I think I told you about old Ahben. The old laundry man, we called Acey-Ducey Ben. And then I told you some about the Basques, and their ways, and what the BLM did when they came in and took over the government land with control.

But there were very few Negroes ever in this area. As I recall way back, there was one Negro family down south of the Steens, and their name was Hill. I can't remember the first name, his first name. But they had a ranch down there and --- but I recall them coming in for their dental work. But there was no racial feelings against the Negroes here.

There was against the Indians, because they tried to get them into the schools, and the people just balked. At first they set up schools out at the old Indian Village. And then they built a nice combination school and gym out at the present Indian Village, and it

promptly burned down. That was during the Roosevelt, in the '30's. But one of the reasons they didn't allow the Indians to come into our schools, besides being racial, prejudice, was the trachoma so many of them had. Which is an eye disease, very contagious. And they also had lice. And my sister was playing with our washerwoman's little grandson, got some lice. Mother had to comb her long curls out with a fine-toothed comb to get the nits out, and so forth.

But the Negro, even today I don't know whether there is even one Negro family left in the county. There probably are that I don't know of. But I was talking about the ethnic groups and I forgot to mention the Japanese. And this of course came about during the Second World War when the Japanese were forcibly evacuated from the coastal areas and brought inland to these concentration camps, and whatever. And they were brought into this country and hired as linemen, I mean section men on the railroad of Hines. And of course anybody who knows the Indians, I mean the Japanese knows that they are wonderful workers. And they were just as loyal as the Americans. But war hysteria does strange things. And so they were working up at Trout Creek, they had one camp. And they had another camp on Poison Creek up just, oh, eight or ten miles north of Burns. And when I think back how wonderfully they contributed to our, and still do, to our area in culture and in work even. There was for instance the Okitas and the Ekis, and there was one little Japanese, I can't even remember what his real name was, but we called him "Peanuts". And my brother Hal used to get him to come up and work in our garden. And he was a little old man anyway, and he would stay bent over at the waist, just working one row of vegetables after the next, pulling weeds, and just like a little machine. He was so fast, and all he wanted was a dollar for the whole job. But he was --- well the Japanese are wonderful gardeners. He certainly made our garden wonderful.

Now I'm going to go into another area, and that is some of the names around here,

and how they got them. Now there was a little place, and it was called Voltage, which was right to the east of the Malheur Refuge Headquarters. I don't think it is a quarter of a mile, or half a mile around the point there. And Mr. George Benson lived there before he and Ethel McGee were married. But I just was interested in why it would be called Voltage.

Well there was a man that came in, in the early days that sought hydroelectric possibilities on the Blitzen River, and named this little post office Voltage. And you know there is a book in our library, "Geographical Names of Oregon", and it was first edited by a man named Tam MacArthur. And then his son has updated it. And it has a wonderful source of historical names in Oregon. For instance there was a place called Mule in Harney County. And oh, just between here and Bend there was a place called Rolyat. I may have told this before, because it seems to me the name Rolyat was named after Taylor who was the postmaster general at that time, and turned the name backwards, named Rolyat.

And there was another town supposedly started right in the same area, not just the same area, but called Stauffer. And of course to the north of the Bend highway was one of Bill Brown's places called Fife. And I expect he was of Welch origin was why, or Scottish, because of Fife.

And Delintment was named by an early settler upon the creek that they later dammed and made Delintment Lake. And the name is, became Anglicized from Delintment, or whatever it was in French. And --- but these names, there was Ten Cent Lake on the way to Frenchglen, and there was a butte called Squaw Turd, and of course out on the Bend highway there is Squaw Butte. Well they are all named because of their shape. And just like the Grand Tetons in French means the Big Tits, and I guess that's the way the old French trappers, voyagers named places.

And it's really too bad the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management puts new names on places. Now of course there are too many Rock Springs or Rim Rock Springs. There was a place up here on the river canyon just above the mouth of Myrtle; it was called Burger Creek when I first knew of it. And it's in a little box canyon with a spring that starts at the top of it. And now it's called Rim Rock Springs. Well there was a Rim rock Springs on the way up to the Ochoco up past the Indian Village up where the, to where --- oh, Willow Creek, Willow Creek Flat. Well of course there is Rock Springs over west of --- oh, just above, up in Silvies Valley, over to the west side over there.

And of course these are names, but everybody --- there is a Cooley Creek and a Rattlesnake Creek, and Cow Creek, and Coffee Pot Creek, and go on, and on, and on. And these --- all have a real meaning and it pains me when I hear a new radio announcer comes into our area and he can't pronounce Wallowa or Ochoco, or Madras, or whatever. I'm not sure he can even pronounce the California names where he came from correctly. But I'm not an arbiter of their reading ability. So that is part of the way things go.

And next I want to talk about the Indian games. They had a bone game in which they would pass a little polished piece of bone between the two hands while they were seated in a circle, the men. The women stood around behind the circle. But they were, as far as I know, never got to --- at least as I remember, participate. And somebody --- they would pass this bone back and forth between their two closed hands and then somebody on the other side would have to guess which hand held the bone. And it's sort of like the shell game with the walnut shells and the pea under the two walnut shells, which one it is. And every con man that ever was in a carnival knew how to work the shell game. But the Indian had that game.

And then there was a game that used a stone ball. And my brother Hal found one out at the Double O, the Double O area. It's about the size of the iron cannon ball that

was recently donated to the museum here. It was found out between here and Lakeview, out near Wagontire. But anyway, this ball was evidently, I don't know whether it was a type of, like lacrosse or what, but it was just like these breadboards and the mortars and pestles. And by the way the pestle in the mortar for grinding seeds or grains, whatever, were at a --- another connotation they were shaped in the form of a penis, with a ring around the end of it where the grip, the handgrip on the pestle was. But it evidently had this connotation in the Indian culture. And we had some wonderful examples of that, and we had them out here in the

--- both the breadboards and the rubbing boards that ground on a flat surface like a breadboard. Or the mortar and pestle which did the same thing only in a bowl shaped stone with this heavy stone pestle what would grind whatever you had in the bowl into fine ---

And they would not only grind seeds and bulbs, like the dried camas bulbs, or --- but they would grind their dried jerky, dried venison, and make a --- what is known as pemmican and put it up in bags, or baskets. And of course they used the fire to smoke fish and venison, and to help dry it and keep the flies off I suppose. And there is nothing better than venison jerky made into gravy. Oh, I drool even thinking about it. Under the Indian chapter, I think all of this should be included.

Now I'm gong to try to turn the page. Okay, now there was a family that lived next door to us here named Harrison, and there were at least two boys. I know one was named Milton Harrison, and the young one named Freddy Harrison. And Freddy, I don't know, I expect he was about my age. But he used to come over here when his mother didn't know it. He would run off and come over here. And one time he was hiding behind the door out of our parlor into the sitting room, dining room as we called it then, and his mother came to the front door and knocked, and said, "Is Freddy here?" And he couldn't

keep quiet, he had to pipe up and say, "Me ain't here, me ain't here." Well Mama probably took a switch to him all the way home. But I was too small to remember that.

And then I want to tell about a fellow, and he's still alive, his name is Bill Terrill. And he was related to Byron Terrill who was our marshal at one time. And Bill worked for the Home Drug Store. At that time, the Home Drug was in the Arrowhead Building. And this was on the Fourth of July, and I had gone down for the parade in the morning. And I had a glass with some water in it, and I had a water pistol. And Bill had --- was washing the outside of the Drug Store window with a bucket and a brush, and a drying cloth. And he had had a new haircut, and his back was to me. And I was just sitting on the curb with this preacher's kid, named David Prankton. And he was watching me fill my water gun. I didn't have a cap pistol, was what I wanted, but since I didn't have a cap pistol, why a water pistol was the next best thing. And I got it filled once, and he said, "Let me see it." And so I let David Prankton take it. And what did he do but shoot Bill Terrill right on the back of the neck with this water pistol, and then handed it back to me. (Turn this page Frannie.) And it was a wide shot --- Bill Terrill in the back of the neck. Well, I hadn't done it but he came over to the edge of the curb, and he said, "I'll teach you." And he just lifted me with the toe of his shoe, off of the curb, and I could hardly walk. It didn't break the tip of my spine, but it sure felt like it.

Now I've skipped something, and I've got to go back to this. Freddy Harrison was a boy in the neighborhood, like I was, and Burns McGowan lived in the big house over on the opposite corner here. But his grandfather had built --- Harry Smith had built. And in fact Archie and Nita McGowan lived upstairs in an apartment of the house, even after they were married. And their son Burns was about as spoiled as any single child could be, red headed. He took this Freddy Harrison one time and took his pants down, and he had some green paint that was in the garage or something of their house, and painted his

bottom with this green paint. Well he knew he didn't dare let him go home right away. And so he took him and stuffed him under the board sidewalk. We used to have the board sidewalks. They were kept level, but the street wasn't always level. And lots of times there was a gap underneath where you could crawl in under a sidewalk. And after he painted the little boy's bottom he shoved him in underneath there, and he told him to be quiet. Well, Freddy went to sleep, and as it started getting evening, and his mother came looking for him. And she couldn't find Freddy anywhere. And then finally she was walking up the walk towards the Smith house, and she walked over where he was and it woke him up. And he started crying and ... pulled him out, and here the poor little kid was with his bottom painted green. But of course Burnsy couldn't do no wrong.

And another neighbor lady, neighbor family was the Donegan family. And they had a girl named Frances, and she was all Irish and as full of fight as any of the rest of them. And she caught Burns out one time and she took him down and washed his face in the snow, and sent him home a bawling. And I expect he told on Frances, but Frances didn't care, because she was just the gal that could do it, and get away with it.

Then there was another family that I've already referred to; I spoke of in Catlow Valley named Swett. Well they had a boy, and his name was Willis, but everybody called him Honsy, or Hans. Because he was a great big fat --- well he wasn't all fat but he was -- - and he wasn't too sharp. He had about as much muscle between his ... as he did brains, I think. Anyway, I shouldn't be speaking disparagingly of someone. But he was --- he is no longer alive. Although some of his family is, and I don't want to ever say anything against somebody, their family would know it.

Honsy was on the football team, and he was quite a lineman because he was very big and husky. But like I say, he couldn't always remember. And our coach at that time was D. M. McDade, and he was a redheaded Irishman. Had gone to college at Bowdoin -

-- Bowdoin in England --- I think it is in Massachusetts, maybe it's in Maine. But he was some principal of this high school. And he ruled it just about like Sutton ruled the grade school. And he had a pretty good football team that year. And Honsy Swett was as I say, a lineman. And he had a play that, where the fullback who was Raymond Voegtly, and Wes Welcome was the quarterback, and so on. But anyway the fullback was to take the ball on a fake and go through the line where Honsy and whoever was next to him, were opening up the line. Honsy had a hard time getting it through his head what he was supposed to do. But when he got it, why he could make a pretty good dent in the other, opposing lineman, because he was so big and strong.

And they got a Model-T about the same time we got our first one. And I was riding in the car, and we had been down Hanley's Lane a ways, and were coming back up. And Honsy was driving, and I don't know, he might have had a flat tire, or what caused it. But anyway, we went into the ditch and tipped over, and I got a badly sprained jaw and cheek out of it. And it was the first time I ever tipped over. Wasn't the last time.

I remember my brother Llewellyn coming right down below the hill here, racing with another car, another Ford. Anyway, Llewellyn got over too close to the side, the other car was trying to pass him, and Llewellyn went off in the barrow pit and broke the spokes all out in the front wheel. It didn't tip over that time. I was riding in the back then. It was cut down and made a pickup, like a pickup out of it.

But there was another Swett brother named Ralph. And my sister Hazel went with Ralph, and in fact she almost married him. But, Ralph had a --- he was walking with Hazel right out in front of where Wally Welcome now lives, going down the street. And I presume they were going to walk down to the Skiens house, where Mabel and my sister-in-law, and her sister Lucille, and all of them lived. They got along in front of Wally's place, and Arthur Cougar, who's alive and lives up the road, up Foley Drive, threw a

snowball. And it didn't hit Ralph Swett, it hit Hazel in the back. Well Ralph just took off after Arthur, and his parents were German, as the name suggests, and you know he took Arthur down and rubbed his face in the snow and sent him home bawling. And his mother didn't approve of a great big guy like Ralph Swett taking her little boy to task like that. And if I got it right, she even tried to get the Marshall Rube Haines to do something about it. But anyway it didn't anything come of it. But it was just another one of these incidents.

Later after Hazel had graduated that year, she went to Monmouth to Normal School, as they called it. There was a --- the main college then for teachers. And Hazel, much to the disapproval of Mother and Dad, rode on the back of Ralph Swett --- by then had a motorcycle. And she rode on the back of the motorcycle, and went to --- he took her down to Monmouth to enter college down there. And I can't remember, seems to me she went two summers --- I mean two terms, but I'm not certain. And that gave her enough to become a teacher. And the first school she had was out in the Rye Grass Lane, and it was called the Rye Grass School.

By then she was going with Baxter. And one of her students was --- Baxter Reed - -- and one of her students was Pat Culp. And he had sometimes --- I think his little brother Fred, or Fritz, Fritz as they nicknamed him, as his grandfather was Fritz Mace. And anyway, one day Hazel was ill and not able to go out to teach, so Baxter said, "Well I'll go out." And he said, "You got the lessons all listed, and I'll just go out there ---"

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