

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #189 - Sides A/B

Subject: George Hibbard

Place: Hibbard Home - Burns, Oregon

Date: 1975

Interviewer:

GEORGE HIBBARD: First I want to tell a little about sage. The--- one time Mr. Hanley said to me, "George," he said, "do you want to make a million dollars? Figure out how to use this sage for some purpose." Well, I never until lately thought of anything. But you know there's a lot of people that live in other parts of the country that think the smell of sage, and burning sage --- brush, our regular sagebrush, is such a nice odor. Personally I don't. But --- and I've often wondered, there are so many different kinds of sage, and which type of sage it is that they get the sage dressing, I mean the sage for flavoring like in dressings and so forth. But why wouldn't a --- an incense, just take the sage and grind it into a fine powder and make an incense out of it. Be a good project for some enterprising young man, young person, I don't mean man, who could then market it like they do the bay candles or sage candles. And it seems to me this would be a very good thing.

I remember going to Southern California with my sister once, and it was --- we were going to see some Harney County people. And we stopped on the desert and dug up a little sagebrush and took it down there to Southern California for him to plant in his yard so he could smell the sage.

And then I want to talk about the Sagehen, which is one of the largest of the American grouse family. They are practically, not extinct, but they are very cyclical. And

Sagehen hunting used to be quite a thing in this area, and especially when you found them in an alfalfa field where they didn't taste so much like sagebrush does. But it's --- they have some very unusual dances

--- like a turkey gobbler. They have air sacks on --- the male has air sacks on the neck, and these males form --- climb a little knoll in the sagebrush off in the brush somewhere, where it's rather bare. And they gather around in a sort of a circle on a little knoll, and they blow up these air sacks and then make a funny --- like a gobble, not a gobble, but a noise, and strut with their tail all fanned out like a peacock, and just like the turkey gobbler struts. And the females are attracted and they come close to this clearing, and then they pick out the male that suits them, and the male and the female slip off for mating. But the females are very indifferent mothers. While they build a nest on the ground, and lay their eggs, anything, cattle coming by, or people coming by will disturb the female from the eggs and she may never go back to them.

And like I say, the mother instinct is not very strong in them. Not but what they take care of the young after they are hatched, but they are easily discouraged off of the nest. And of course coyotes and ravens and other predators are always looking for them.

And the, one time there was an organization in the --- in Portland called the Sagehens. It was a woman's organization of people that had lived in Harney County. And for a time my older sister and --- Roberta and sister Hazel had --- were members, and they would meet at different homes of people who were former Harney County residents. I remember that one of the Bennett girls and --- two of them, and oh, just different people from Burns who --- or Harney County that lived in the Portland area would meet. I think it was held once a month at alternating homes around. Or maybe it was every week, I just don't remember. But it was quite an organization that carried on for quite a time.

Then there used to be a family here named Mullin, and there was a boy my age.

And he and I used to play together quite often, and we didn't always agree. I remember one time we were playing over here next to the rock bed, which is right in front of Ray Weeks house on a little ledge, a rock ledge above the pit. At that time there was a rock crusher in the place, and this crusher was used there to make the gravel things --- loads below the hill here. Not the highway, but this Foley Drive and over on the Stancliff Lane.

But anyway, this Mullin boy and I got into a fight. And I was --- happened to be getting the better of him, and I had him on the grass sitting on him, on this rock ledge ... And his mother came walking over, she was a sister of Mrs. Lampshire, Grace Lampshire, our first mayor. Woman mayor I should say, our first woman mayor in 1920. And she began encouraging her boy to get up and beat up on me. And he was crying, and I just told --- turned to his mother and I said, "Get out of here you old bitch." Well, she did. But she came over and told my mother what I had called her. So when I got home, my mother made me go over to Mrs. Lampshires where Mrs. Mullin was, and apologize to her for having called her that name. I've never forgotten it, and I've never called anybody that name again. Oh, I might have, but not that I can remember. But usually once I had to apologize to somebody for something, I didn't do it again.

Then I want to tell about my father when he went --- I think I told this before, he went back to Chicago to the World's Fair. He went to see Little Sheba. Well, in 1939 --- no first, well in '39, there was a Worlds' Fair at Treasure Island in San Francisco. My father, and my sister Roberta and her husband Bert Vincent, went down to that fair. And my father and I went in to see Sally Rand, the fan dancer. It was called Sally Rand's Nude Ranch. And these gals weren't completely nude, but they were nearly so. And I know my sister Roberta didn't approve of me, or her husband either, or my dad going in there. But they were strolling around with big hats and a big handkerchief hanging down around her neck, and little brassieres. And they were --- with six guns on their hips and

so forth, and buckaroo boots. I'm sure they had never been in buckaroo boots before then, because they didn't know how to walk. And they were shooting bows and arrows at targets, and this and that, anything to keep moving around. But it wasn't much of a show, that wasn't.

The thing I did get to go to, a show called the Follies-Bergere, which was brought from Paris. Needless to say my sister didn't approve of going to that either. But she did go into the back of the theater with me and sit beside the wheelchair, because they wouldn't let me take the wheelchair down to a good seat, although I had two front row seats.

Because there was a newspaperman who had been here the year before when the San Francisco Opera Ballet had played here in the, what is now Lincoln Junior High School. And that --- I got to go to that opera ballet troupe and sit right next to a piano player right down in the front row, in front of the front row of the auditorium at the junior high school, what is now Lincoln Junior High School.

And I got to see these girls in the ballet troupe also when I was in San Francisco. But I'm getting away from my story of the Follies-Bergere, which was rather a risqué performance. And my dad and brother-in-law took the two front row seats, and my sister and I sat in the back. And it was supposedly Eve being tempted by the serpent coming down out of the tree of knowledge, enticing her to nuts and fruits from it.

Next I want to tell about my father always preferring to be called doctor, and not doc. He felt that anyone who was able to get the title of M.D. or D.D.S., which is doctor of dental surgery, in front of his name was entitled to be called doctor and not doc. But most --- and most people called him doctor. But occasionally some would refer to him as doc. And he didn't correct them or anything, but he told me that he preferred to be called Doctor Hibbard, and not Doc Hibbard. And it's something that I have always tried to carry

out.

Although I had one minister friend who said, "You don't need to call me Reverend." And I said, "Why?" And he said, "Well, a reverend means you're holy." And he said, "I'm not holy Crane, I'm ---" And I told him, I said, "Well, to me reverend meant that I revere someone that is --- become a minister. And that's why I call you Reverend." Well he didn't try to dissuade me, but it was just a distinction in the use of words.

In the spring of 1924, someone wrote on the glass door of the Burns Grade School, which is now the Slater School, "Blackbird, blackbird, flying south, get old Sutton in his mouth. When he found he had a fool, dropped him on the Burns Public School." Well, Mr. Sutton was the principal I have spoken of before, who was such a tyrant, but he was a wonderful teacher. And you didn't get through grade school without learning how to spell, and read, and write. And that's more than you can say this day and age. But anyway, he --- some kids would get up there early to study, saw this. And the janitor, whose name was Old Pop Sayer at the time, the man who had built the Horton and Sayer Mill. He was a huge man. I think he was about six feet six or something like that. And he was the fireman, and janitor of the grade school at that time. It was then a three-story brick building. And he saw this written on the front door with soap. And the kids said, "Don't wash it off." He said, "I won't." So they --- the kids roamed around, the doors were still locked.

And Mr. Sutton lived just about a block and a half away, on a diagonal path that he could walk up to the school from where he lived. And so here he came, and he saw this written there. And he immediately sent for Pop Sayers, and said, "Get that washed off of there." But he never found out who wrote it on there. And I don't think it would hurt to tell now, since Mr. Sutton is gone. And the boy who wrote it was Philip Cawlfild. We called him Peel Cawlfild, for Filipino. Not that he was Filipino, that was just his nickname. And

he was rather a large, and quite plump fellow. He was a senior when I was a freshman.

And one of the methods of initiating freshmen at that time was to hold them under the pump in the back yard of the old high school, or to --- with their face up, and pump water in their faces until they about drowned. And we also by that time had city water that --- and the standpipe in the back of the school building. So one day a bunch of us freshmen took this Phil Cawlfild, he was not very strong, I want to say. It didn't do any good because there were so many of us freshmen that got him alone, without any seniors around, or upper classmen. And we held him under this water faucet; face up, with a full force of water going right in his face. And he says, "My classmates will take care of you kids for doing this to me." And as I remember it, his classmates didn't do anything about it, and didn't seem to care that he had got his mouth full of water, and probably his nose too.

I evidently had a very hard time learning to speak when I was a little kid, two or three years old. Because my brother Llewellyn, his name was too much for me, so I nicknamed him Molly. The next-door neighbor was named Stephanie Lampshire. And I couldn't say Stephanie, I started calling her Pepanie, but I soon shortened it to Pep, and she's nicknamed Pep to this day.

And I couldn't even tell them I wanted a drink of water. But I knew what the sink sounded like when you pumped water into it, it went gurgling down through the trap in the drain, and I made this blub, blub, blub noise, the water going out of there. And then finally got so I could say "ahwah" when I wanted a drink of water.

Next I want to tell about my father. And we had chickens and we had a big garden, and to keep the chickens out of the garden we just put a single row of netting, chicken netting, or whatever you want to call it, around the garden, over which they could fly but ordinarily they didn't. We fed them elsewhere, and had a chicken house. But

occasionally they would get in there, and then it was up to me or us kids, Dad, whoever, to get them out of there. Well, this day there was a chicken in the pen, inside the garden, and Dad and I were trying to get it out. Dad was running and chasing this chicken and he forgot about this netting, which was about eighteen inches high, staked up around the garden. He ran right into that and it just tripped him, and he just fell face down into the garden.

And I just thought --- it just really knocked the wind out of him. And I went running over to him, and he was laying face down. And I expect it had knocked the wind out of him but he --- I spoke to him and said, "Are you all right?" Instead of lifting his face up and saying yes, he just doubled his knees up and waggle his feet. Well, needless to say I was greatly relieved by this.

I think I told on another tape where he was standing on the --- one foot on the running board of the car shooting, as I was driving across a rough meadow, and shooting at a raven, and he fell out of the car when we hit a bump, and the shotgun with the hammer back on it and went end over end and broke the stock off, and bent the barrel, and still didn't discharge that shotgun. And that the same way just --- I stopped the car and ran back to him as quick as I could. And I asked him if he was all right, and he did the same thing that time, he just waved his legs in the air to let me know he was all right. But he might really have been seriously hurt that time.

Next I want to tell about a man who was named Charlie Wilson, and his wife I think was some relation --- she was from down around Silverton anyway where my father had come from. And she might have been a third cousin or something like that. But anyway, this Charlie Wilson was a bachelor here in the early days. And when they lived down --- when I remember, where Pat Culp lived on what is known as the Levens Place. A great big home. And in it was the first player piano I ever saw. And I, Virginia and I, my

younger sister and I were invited out there for a Sunday dinner.

And Mrs. Wilson was quite a seamstress, and she did a lot of sewing for my mother, and for the girls, my sisters. And like I say, Mr. Wilson was a blacksmith, but not on Sunday. I remember he took us into the parlor, as these old houses have, they have parlors separate from the dining room or sitting room, whatever you want to call it, and it was a sitting room.

But anyway --- in this parlor was a piano, and he just, it was all closed up and the keyboard was covered, and he just walked up to it and started pumping on it with one foot. It had two pedals, but he just pumped on one of them. And this piano just started playing, and I was so amazed. Well then he raised the ... off of the keyboard and you could see the keys going up and down, and then he opened the two sliding doors on the front of the piano, it was an upright piano. A roll with the little holes in it, square hole, and it was playing whatever piece was recorded on this roll of paper.

Well, Charlie Wilson and his wife had gone to Alaska in the gold rush in 1898, and they had gone up over the Chilkoot Pass, infamous pass that they would not allow you to go on over and down Dawson on the Yukon River unless you had at least six hundred pounds of food for the year, for the time, for each person over the top of that Chilkoot Pass. And they would have to carry this backpack up this trail. And there was an up trail and a down trail, and you didn't get into the other one. If you were going on the up trail you usually had something like a canvas on your back with these supplies. And then when you got it up there you put it in your pile. And then you get on the down trail and slide down the hill on the canvas, and then load up another load under your back and go up this, this stair step trail to the summit. And it was a long hard hike, especially with fifty, sixty pounds on your back. But he and Mrs. Wilson went over that pass and went down, and as I recall, didn't find much gold because --- not because he lost it at Sophie

Smith's Saloon like so many of the others, but --- that was certainly one of the great gold rushes of the early days. And to this day you can find things that were discarded along the way. Old diaries and old clothes and things that people could do without, that they discarded along that trail. I saw just recently on a television program by the Geographic Magazine, showing the things that could still be picked up along this Chilkoot Pass.

But to me, a player piano was something that I sure wish we had. And I don't think they're a way to learn to play a piano though. If you're going to learn to play a piano, it better not be a player piano.

Next I want to tell about a incident at the grade school. Oh, about 1924, when Mr. Sutton was the principal, and he was as I've told before, quite a Hitler type man that ruled with an iron fist, but you learned your lessons. And one morning some kids arrived early and found written in soap on the front glass door, this little rhyme. Well wait a minute; I'm going to read this to you. I can't read Wally's --- I've got to stop it and rewind a little. Now, try again. "Blackbird, blackbird, flying south, with old Sutton in his mouth. When he found he had a fool, he dropped him in the Burns Grade School." Or on the Burns Grade School. Well, some kid --- well I know who it was, but I'm not going to name him, wrote that insult on the door. And the old janitor was called Pop Sayer, and he saw it there, but he didn't wash it off. They --- the kids said, "Oh, don't wash it off." He said, "I'm not going to." He went back around to the furnace room.

Well the kids sat around waiting for Mr. Sutton to come. Well, he came in a few minutes; he looked at it, and read it. He knew none of those students had written it, or they wouldn't have been standing there. But he said, "Get Pop Sayer, and tell him to wash that off," which he did.

Next I want to tell about this friend of my fathers. He was later Judge L. H. MacMahon, and I've spoken of before. He was circuit judge in Marion County. And he

didn't approve of certain things at that time, and I'd hate to think what he'd do now days, with the long hairs, hippies, and so forth. But a young man came into court on some little charge or other, and he had a little hairline mustache. And Uncle Mac, as we called him, said, "Young man, you go get that pimps mustache shaved off if you want any justice in this court." Well, that's the kind of a man he was.

Next I want to speak about --- we had, about water. We had a pitcher pump in our kitchen in the early days, in the sink. And when I was learning to talk, I still couldn't say water, so when I'd go to the kitchen sink and wanted a drink of water, I'd just make the sound that the water made, bubbling down the drain. Blub, blub, blub, like that. And then later I got so I could say ahwah, ahwahwa. And then I suppose it was water after that.

Next I want to tell about my father, and I may have told this before, I'm not certain if I did or not. We had a big garden in the --- what was the lot in back of our house here now. And we put up a netting fence around it with small stakes, because it was only about two feet high, to keep the chickens out of the garden. Well, one day there was a chicken or two that got into the garden. And Dad and I were in there chasing them out. And he was running, trying to make them fly over the fence, and keep them from circling back. He forgot about this netting fence sticking up in front of him, and he tripped on it and fell face down, flat. And I ran over to see if he was hurt, because it wasn't in the same garden where he fell, it was out on to the hard path. Well he just didn't answer me; he just waved his legs in the air to let me know that he was not injured.

Next I want to tell about the first player piano. I'm sure I've told some of this before. But anyway, I worked one Sunday. Virginia and I got to go down to a man's house; he was a blacksmith here in Burns. But he lived on the ranch where Pat Culp lives now. And we went down there for dinner, and --- Sunday dinner. And his name was Charlie Wilson, and his wife was a seamstress. And they were --- I know I've told this so I'm not

going to repeat it.

Next I want to tell about an incident over at John Day. There was a dentist came here along in --- oh, about 1928, and my brother was practicing here, and Dad was practicing here. And I'm not sure; I guess Dr. Brown was practicing here yet. But anyway, I --- a new dentist came, and his name was Dr. Prophet, and he ---

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--- anyway, this Mr. Prophet, Dr. Prophet I should say, moved to John Day, and he had an office over there until he died. He was a very, very handsome man, and he had a pretty wife too, and a couple daughters. But there was --- I was visiting over there after I was injured, and there was a girl lived down the street past my sister's home where I was visiting, that used to stop by and see me. And she had been up to the dentist's office one day, and she stopped by. Well, I must regress and also say that she was a well developed young lady, with quite large bosoms, and she --- When she got to visiting with me she said, "George, what does the word fortitude mean?" And I said, "Well, it means you've got a lot of --- you're brave or stick-to-itiveness, you aren't easily hurt, with a little bit of pain." She said, "Well, I guess it's all right." And I said, "Why?" She said --- well she had on a dress that showed how well developed she was, and she said, "Well, Dr. Prophet was working on me, and he just looked down at me and he said, "You sure got a lot of fortitude." And I didn't know whether I ought to slap him or not. I guess she had fortitude as well as busts.

Next I want to tell, in 1895, Oregon, as a leader among states, which I think it is, was the first state to import Chinese pheasants. The man that was --- ran the state game farm, was at the time my father was game commissioner, was named Gene Simpson. Gene Simpson, and he told me about the first import of Chinese pheasants into Oregon,

and how well they had done in Oregon. And of course then they spread to North Dakota, South Dakota, and Idaho, and other states became even better populated with them than Oregon is now. And has --- because they had more grain fields than Oregon has. And that's where pheasants seem to thrive the best. And then to cut out the head rows and hiding places for them and just cut down on the Chinese pheasants.

Then also while my father was game commissioner he felt that Eastern Oregon had waters, I mean Harney County had some waters of a rather slow warm type stream like the Silvies is, and we would do well with some, what are called spiny ray fish. Now that includes the perch, the bluegill, the bass, and so he asked the game commission to bring a load of that type of fish in their fish truck to plant them in the Silvies River. Well, they did.

But unbeknownst to them there were evidently some fearsome small carp, or maybe they were just the eggs of the carp in the water. But I suspect there were some small carp, and the carp are one of the worst pests. We had trash fish as it were --- as it was, because there were what we call chubs, and suckers, and catfish already. But we didn't have the carp, and the carp are just like hogs. They will eat vegetation rather than a variety of things like flies, and salmon flies, and worms, and bugs. They eat grass and weeds and they have become so populous in Malheur Lake, and they have spread up the Blitzen, and into the Silvies and over, clear over to the Double O, which is off by the refuge now. But they are one of the worst pests.

Well in fact the Orientals think very highly of them. But--- as I remember some Chinese from down in California were thinking of coming up here and trying to harvest some of them from the Malheur Lake, because they eat the sago pondweed that the ducks and the geese feed on. So --- and they are so numerous and they are so hard to dispose of.

They tried using this rotenone that poisoned the fish, but it suffocates them so that they can get rid of a lot of them. And it did get rid of a lot of them, but it didn't get all of them. And they go right out into the meadows even, when the waters spread on the meadows, and eat the grass in the meadows. And they sound like a bunch of hogs even when you're out where they're working, and if there is quite a group of them there. But anyway, they're a fish that has not only backbones and ribs, but they have what are known as floating bones in the meat.

Then I want to tell about my brother Hal. My father took a homestead down on Dog Mountain, a donation land claim I should say. I don't know why he chose --- well it might have been over below Weaver Springs, or something like that, Weaver Springs, where there would have been a 160 acres that was worth homesteading. But in the early days there was enough rain that you could dry land farm in this area, this was along between 1910, and 1915. And so he took out this land claim, and in doing that you had to clear the sagebrush and fence it and build a cabin. Well, he got a little start on this down there. And my brother Hal was two or three years old, I don't know, and well if he was, it was about 1907. And they were down there one weekend, the folks were, and worked down in it, the acreage, and there was a tall anthill. And he sat on top of that anthill and said, "I'm the kind of the ants." I think he had been hearing some of the Tarzan stories about being kind of the jungle, and so he was king of the ants. But he got ants in his pants pretty quick, and even urbane king, he abdicated quite hurriedly. Now I'm going to stop for a while. ...

Also down there on that land claim Dad --- there were rattlesnakes, and Dad battled a rattlesnake one day, and he caught it and put it in a box. Well then he made a box with a screen or mesh across and it couldn't come through, across the front of it, and brought it into Burns and put it in the waiting room of the dental office. And people would

come in there and here this rattlesnake was in the waiting room in this box. And they would go over to look at it, and it would strike at the netting and the venom would come out of its fangs and --- I don't know whether it was the screen or finer net, a little larger mesh or what. But he soon had to destroy the rattlesnake because the venom corroded the screen so it didn't last very long.

But he would --- I remember one time we were out hunting Sagehen in Silver Creek, and we saw a rattlesnake and he stopped and cut its head off. And then he skinned it and took the wet skin and put it across the back of the cut down Model-T, across the back of the seat, and the glue, just of the skin is sort of a natural glue. And it just pasted it across the back of there, and when it gradually did come off, it took the paint off with it.

But we left that rattlesnake's body on the side of the road, and when we came back from hunting, the body without any head and the innards torn out, because he wanted to see what he had been eating --- it had eaten a ground squirrel, had slithered its way clear across the road, just the reflex action. Sort of like catfish, they'll practically jump out of the frying pan.

Another time we went Sagehen hunting out northwest of town out here, Willow Creek Flat. And we had some friends from LaGrande here and they went with us. And I tuckerd out pretty soon, and couldn't keep up with the rest of them. I wasn't very old, I guess I was seven, eight, or nine, I didn't have a gun. And we came to a sheepherder's camp, and so they left me in the camp with the sheepherder, and they went on. And the sheepherder --- it was along about noon I guess, and he said, "Are you getting hungry?" And I said, "I sure am." He says, "Well I guess it's time we had something to eat." So he opened a can of corn, and a can of string beans, and a can of peas all into a frying pan and held it over the little campfire he'd built out of sagebrush, until it got warmed up. "Get

yourself a plate and a fork," he says. "We're going to have a good meal." Well that was my first taste of succotash, I guess you call it. It was slumgullion, or mixture of vegetables. There wasn't any meat in it, but it sure did taste good, especially to a hungry kid.

Next I want to tell you about a building that is now the Bible Baptist Church, down on South Egan. I believe it has some false brick siding on it. And out here at Veterans Field, we called it when I was a kid, we called it First Canyon. But it originally was called Miller's Cove. And there was a little one-room school built out there, the first school in this town. And some of the old timers, well Emmett Reed, and the Reed brothers all went out there. And I believe some of the old; other early people who were young then, went out there.

And then that building was moved down onto the corner of Main Street where the Palace parking lot is, right on the corner. And it became a shooting gallery for a time. I don't know what all it was over the years, at different times.

But --- and then in 1914, when the Nazarene Church was organized here, it was first --- there were two men named Lewis and Mathews brought in by the Presbyterians, and the Baptists. And I don't know whether there was any other --- there was no Methodist Church here, and my folks had been Methodists. And so they held a revival --- the other churches held the --- got these two preachers in here to hold a revival meeting. Well they began this revival and it went for a couple weeks. And what they were preaching didn't suit some of the Presbyterians, and then it didn't suit some of the Baptists, and it --- but it just kept going.

It lasted six weeks, and people just kept flocking to it and being converted, and they were preaching basic Bible, fundamentalist teachings. And people were coming in from the country and they --- There was a --- the Tonawama Building, which is now

Bennett's Motel, and then Mr. Byrd who owned that, Julian Byrd that was time for bringing the old movies in. So he told them they would have to find another place. Well there was a saloon on the corner, where Alice's Vogue is now, belonged to Jimmy Donegan. And it was closed at the time. And so he said, "If you want to hold your meeting down there," he says, "it's closed. The bar is still in there, and some chairs." So they moved down there, and this meeting lasted a total of six weeks.

And out of it, there was a hundred members established the Nazarene Church. Well then I guess the saloon was to be used again, so they began looking for a building to have as the Nazarene Church. And this old building that had been out here in Miller's Cove was down there on the corner where the Palace parking lot is, became the Nazarene Church.

And this --- the Nazarene Church has never --- at present, reached a membership of a hundred, as it did at that time when my two sisters, Eugenia and Roberta, and my folks and --- became Nazarenes. And as I say, it was really an offshoot of the Methodist Church. But it was fundamentalists, and an evangelistic type of church, like John Wesley of England. And they used that little building for a long, long time, until they built in 1936, I believe, or maybe in '38, the stone building that the Adventist now own up on the corner of --- I believe it's Adams and, I'm not certain of the street up there.

But anyway --- and now they have the new Harney County Church of the Nazarene out on the hill at Hines, which will seat five hundred. And they are fast approaching a membership of a hundred. And perhaps it will continue to grow, because usually during bad times all people turn back to God, that have dropped away. And it's, I think, one of the most beautiful churches I have ever seen.

Next I want to talk about an early merchant here named Hagey, H A G E Y, George Hagey. And he came from down in the Willamette Valley, right close to where my

mother and father came from.

And the Geers came from down there. The Geers had a big ranch, not a ranch, but a farm, or acreage out where the Egan Tavern in Hines is now. Their orchard ran up on the hill there, up on, to the edge of North Saginaw.

And --- but the Hageys had a little grocery store down on main street. I believe it was about where the Elks Club is now. And their home is on down at the end of the street where the Shell Service Station is. And that was later purchased by the Voegtlys, and became part of the Voegtly first addition, I believe. And --- but George Hagey and his wife, and they had a son Earl Hagey. And he had just one son, Vic Hagey. I believe this is all correct. Jessie Williams can correct it if I'm wrong. But that little grocery store was about like Smyth's Grocery is today.

And of course in later years then Safeway sent Pluribus Tiller in here, and then another chain store came called McBars. And then there was another chain called O. P. Skaggs. And Skaggs and Safeway finally merged. But Emmett Reed had a grocery store on main street, that's where the art --- Reed's Art and Sign was, and Mosley's Shoe Store, that was the Reed Building. And then, I don't know anymore to tell about that.

But I want to tell about when my father and mother first came up here. And they lived in the hotel to begin with, and then they rented old Grandma Reed's house, down on East Adams, just before you get to Cedar. I believe Wally Reed lives there now. And they lived there, and then later, in a George Young house, until they built this house on the hill here, in 1903. And Dad also built the dental office in 1903.

Well there was a man by the name of John Hogg had a ranch out on the land that the Grange Hall is now on, at the north end of it, just east of where the railroad track crosses. And I recall going out there to get grain when we had the ranch. Out at --- you know the old days they used to just speak of ranches in Section 9, which that was in ---

And like the Bell A, it had Section 21, 22, and my father had Section 29 leased one year. And of course the Red "S" Field down at the end of Wright's Point was called the Red "S" because they marked it all as swamp, which it wasn't. They measured it off by taking a boat and a wagon and going through where they could go, and there was originally 36, it was 6 miles on each side. And it was a township in that one field, the Red "S" Field. Before --- broken up.

But this Mr. Hogg, we went from our ranch up there to get some grain one year, when we didn't raise enough. And we had the old burlap sacks, and of course mice liked to gnaw and get into grain sacks, if there was a little grain left in them, or grain in them. But we ran on to some that didn't --- would hold grain. And I remember this old German, Mr. Hogg saying, "What's the matter with you? Don't you know how to mend a sack?" And he said, "Get a needle and a patch and fix those sacks up while we fill the good ones." And we --- I've never had anybody talk to me quite like he did, but maybe I learned how to patch a sack and also how to sew a sack with two ears on the top so that you could --- not that I could lift a wheat sack or a grain sack at that age. But could be picked up and loaded into the wagon.

But the funny part was --- quite a few odd names here at that time. There was not only Hogg, there was Choate, and there still is a Choate, and a Mr. Bacon, and a Mr. Pig. And they all had accounts in the Harney County National Bank at one time, which I thought was quite a coincidence.

Next I want to speak about a family that used to live here, and --- lived out in Silver Creek. The earliest one I remember was Frank Nibel, and he had one son named Bill. And Bill Nibel, as far as I can remember, was the first local boy to learn how to fly. And he bought a plane, and called it a Waco. It was made in Waco, Texas, but they called it a Waco plane. And he taught others to learn to fly, including my brother Hal, and my

brother-in-law Bert Vincent, and Daryl Eggleston, and various ones. He had gone to school down on Swan Island in Portland, to a man named Rankin, Tex Rankin, who came in here as I told in some of the other tapes during the barnstorming days.

And I remember a flight with Tex Rankin in the open bi-plane, with my sister Virginia. We were both in the cockpit, and I told him I wanted to do a few stunts. Well he did a few. And it just

--- the last thing he did was to turn inverted and fly upside down all the way from right over town out to where the airport was at that time, on just --- a quarter of a mile north of the Grange Hall, that quarter section. And just before we landed, why he turned up on the wheels and we landed on the runway down the center of that field. Well, needless to say, I'd had enough of aerobatics.

But this Bill Nibel was quite a one to --- he; this was during prohibition you remember. And he got so he would fly into Nevada, and buy a five-gallon keg of whiskey and bring it back here. And of course it was moonshine, white lightning, or whatever you want to call it. And he'd take a heater, like a little --- water tank heater, little hairpin heater and put in the keg to make it age. It actually boils a little, but --- and then he'd pour in a little caramel coloring to make it yellow so it would look like aged whiskey in an oaken whiskey barrel.

And I really got bombed on it down there at his house one night. Hal and Bill and their wives were there. I forgot about the clothesline, and I walked into it and it hit me right in the throat and put me on my back. And I got in the car and came up Main Street and parked on the wrong side. Pulled over in front of the Palace and went in and got something to take it off my breath, and got sober enough so the folks wouldn't question me when I came home. And I sat there awhile until my head cleared up a bit, and then came on up in the yard and went right upstairs to bed without the folks waking up, so they

wouldn't find out anything.

Next I want to speak --- I've spoken before, maybe I haven't --- but there was an Indian lady, I think she is about as old as any of them around here, named Sally. She goes by the name of Sally Dave now. But her husband, original husband was named Peter Quiver, which I think is a nice name for an Indian. And there was also a ... known as the Kennedys now. But their name was originally, was either Six Spear, or Shakespeare. But anyway, this Peter Quiver was a real worker, and he and Sally used to go down into California and sheep shears, he would shear sheep. And he farmed land up here, and in fact he was the last of that I knew of that farmed the 1500 acres that the Indian --- until this year, farmed the --- that acreage up along the Foley Drive.

But Sally's mother was here when the Indian uprising --- and was a friend of Sarah Winnemucca's. And Sally, when she was a girl, went over to Fort Bidwell to school. And there was a girl's, Indian girl's school at Fort Bidwell. And I think they were some of them that were moved up to Yakima after the Indian uprising of '78. And of course then they gradually drifted back into this country after --- because they didn't get along with the Yakima's. And it was a different country clear across the Columbia. But after the Indian uprising why they gathered up all the Indians they could and took them off up there into the Yakima Reservation.

I knew two men, I won't mention their names, but they were told they could go out and round up any Indians that they could find. Well they went out into Catlow Valley and they found a White man that was married to an Indian woman, and about 17 all together. And these two men, at that time it was considered a good Indian was a dead Indian. And they had them in a big hayrack or wagon. And they came north to the "P" Ranch hill, and then they stopped the horses and got off themselves and started that wagon down that

winding "P" Ranch hill, with those Indians in it, and hit the horses a lick and let them go. And that wagon went down and tipped over into the gully, or the canyon, rolled over. And they went down with their rifles and made sure there weren't any survivors. And so when they came back to Fort Harney, the commanding officer there put them under court marshal, and sent them over to Fort Klamath to where the general was, and he --- when they walked in, one of them was I think 17, and the other 18, something like that. He said, "Why these are just boys." Then wiped out any charge against them of being guilty of murder, or anything else. And that was the end of that incident. And I think this is about the end of this tape. But I will go on till I hear it hit the end.

Well anyway, this Peter Quiver later took up with a young squaw. And Sally took back her name of Dave, which was her maiden name. And she lives down below the hill here, a little cabin next to Mrs. Kvekskas. And Peter Quiver's stepdaughter later took a knife and stabbed him to death. I think she was tried and maybe spent some time in the pen for it, I don't know for sure. It was a sad ending for a really good worker, who had worked and helped develop the valley, or the land here ---

(END OF TAPE)

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