

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #190 - Sides A/B

Subject: George Hibbard

Place: Hibbard Home - Burns, Oregon

Date:

Interviewer:

GEORGE HIBBARD: I don't know just what I said last, but she was a remarkable --- she is a remarkable woman. She evidently came into the South End in the early days and married John Robinson, the cowboy known as Jack, he was a cowboy. And she had just the one son John, who was now the patron of the dormitory at Crane School. But she had such a varied career. For many years she --- after she and Jack split the blanket, so to speak, she worked as a cook for the Holland's. Mr. Holland was a bookkeeper for the PLS Company in early days, and used to take trips to the various ranches. And Mr. and Mrs. Holland had one daughter, Gladys. And my sister Roberta and Gladys were close chums; they also worked in the Harney County National Bank together. And so Blanche was really a very close friend of ours.

And she was a great swimmer. I think you will find if you talk to her, she even tried to swim the English Channel. I'm not sure as to that, but she did enter a fifty-mile swim in Lake Erie. And she did her practicing up here above the milldam, the old Grist Mill dam. And she swam the breaststroke, which is rather slow, but that's the way she'd learned. And she could go for hours and hours, and she was, as you know, rather heavy set and evidently had good insulation on her body. Because you need different things like --- when the water is very cold, like in the English Channel, they usually use axle grease or something on their bodies to try to keep their body temperature from dropping too much.

But anyway, she --- one time if I recall right, had a pistol and was wondering what would happen if she fired at a rock at close distance, which she did. And the bullet ricocheted back and I think probably is still in her leg --- shin.

And she and her son John, who was probably a first grader, and some other children were at the Gravel Pit the day I dislocated my neck. And she said that she could probably have stopped me if she had known what I was going to do. Well the owner was --- I think I told you the --- or maybe not. The owner of the Gravel Pit, a Mr. O'Brien said, "I wouldn't try it if I were you." And I said, "Oh, I can make it if I run and make a shallow dive into the water." But my judgment wasn't as good as my run was, and I didn't get out quite far enough.

Well, anyway I have another little incident to tell about Blanche. She was the night operator in our telephone office for many years. And my sister Hazel and --- sisters Hazel and Frannie both worked days down there. And it was in the, what is now the Bennett Motel, but the telephone office was on the south side in a small office. The bed was behind the switchboard where the night operator could sleep, and whenever anyone tried to call, it would ring, make a ringer, alarm go in the back room to wake the night operator up.

Well there was a Chinese Restaurant that usually closed up at 1 o'clock, well maybe it was 2. And the man who ran it, the Chinaman, would call in to see what time it was every night. Well this night Blanche was particularly sleepy, I guess, and she heard the ringer and she came out and she knew it was the Chinaman by the drop that was down. And she went to plug in the key, the plug into the key, and she stubbed her toe on the chair leg that the operators sit in and said, "Damn Chinaman anyway." Well she had the key open, and the Chinaman heard her, and needless to say that was the last late night call.

Well this year Blanche was named Senior Woman of the Year, and I think it was a very fitting tribute to her, as she is still running the ranch out in Diamond that she inherited from her second husband Gordon McWilliams, and runs cattle. She has adopted her son's two stepchildren. And had a Japanese girl living with her for almost a year, that she had met while she was on a tour of the Orient. She was --- made a tour of Scotland to see the old places where her second husband came from. And all in all she is a most remarkable woman.

Next I want to speak about an incident that occurred when my father and Judge MacMahon of Salem, and myself, and Judge MacMahon's younger son Carl went to East Lake, over near Bend, on a fishing trip. And Dad and Uncle Mac had one of these bedrolls, and they had an air mattress, the first air mattress I ever saw. And they had Carl and me --- we didn't have a tire pump to inflate it but had to do it with our mouth. And every night after, we had to inflate that thing, and then deflate it the next morning so that it didn't --- you know, lose its buoyancy. But anyway, it was just one of the incidents that occurred on this trip.

And we were out on East Lake in a rowboat, the four of us, when a windstorm came up and the lake became quite rough. And we had quite a ways to row to get to the shore where our camp was. And it was up to Carl and me to do the rowing, naturally. And we were just about holding our own and not making much headway. But we finally made it back to shore, so completely exhausted that we could hardly help in getting anything to eat, to say nothing about blowing up the air mattress, so that they might sleep in comfort while we slept on the hard ground. But this was another memory I have of my father and Judge MacMahon.

Next I want to speak about some of the shivarees --- shivarees they used to have here. As you know the word shivaree comes from a French word, but it means to make

welcome a newly wed couple in the community. And some of the ways they make them welcome in this town were rather barbarous, rather than just going to their home and having a party which was the usual procedure. The custom that I refer to particularly was for the bridegroom to take the bride in a wheelbarrow and wheel them down main street--- wheel her down main street, along with all the others trooping along behind, encouraging them. It was done till I think, oh maybe ten or fifteen years ago here occasionally, depending on who was getting married. And also usually how inebriated they were.

Next I want to talk about a man and his son named Saunders. The old man started in 1907, to come into this country to tune pianos. And he came on a bicycle from Ontario, with his leather bound kit of rubber plugs and tuning hammer, tuning fork slung in a --- under the bar of his bicycle. And once a year he would come in here and tune pianos of those who needed it. And if I remember right, the fee was only about \$5 a piano. And I can remember hearing our piano, and I would sit and watch him in the parlor when he was working. And he would go back and forth, over and over on two keys at a time, testing and testing until he gets the vibration of that wire just exactly on pitch and key. And it usually took a whole morning. And you about left the house before he got through, because it was such a repetitious thing. But after the old man was unable to come, then his son --- he had been one of our milkmen in the earlier years, a redheaded fellow name Harold Saunders. And in fact they and their uncle all took up homesteads out in Virginia Valley. And I think his sister still owns title to some of the land out there. She is --- lives in Portland, and Harold does too. But Harold particularly wanted to marry a couple of my sisters, but was unsuccessful. In fact, he never has married.

The next thing I want to talk about is books. My father was a great believer in reading and was always ordering sets of books, and individual books, and good magazines. He took the Geographic way, way back when I was just learning, and had an

encyclopedia called The Book of Knowledge, as well as a Bible commentary. And all of his, not all of his education, but a good deal of it came from reading. He had bird books, he had animal --- deer of the American continent, and all types of educational books, and as well as the Bible. And he wanted us, if we were not doing something else, I mean working, he wanted us to be reading good books. And it was a habit I formed early. And I have continued it, especially the last forty some odd years since I have been handicapped. And I don't think of myself as being particularly handicapped, because the whole world is before me in television, and in the books I have read, and ---

It was, it has been just an education of mine to grow up with my father. And what I think of his priorities and his beliefs and all --- Well for instance, he came into this country and he said if I ever build a town --- build a house in this town it will be up there on that hill, which is where our house is built. And it's on solid rock, it's not on sand as the Bible says, that a house or home built on a firm foundation will stand. And this house has stood for over 75 years. And our family was raised on the same --- because his commitment was to his God or church, to his wife, and to his children in that order. And it has such a wonderful heritage for us to live with, and to grow up with, that I just feel that whatever any of us --- the members of our family have amounted to in this life, it was all because of this --- of my father and mother, and their raising of the eight children the way they did.

It was the first book he told me that he ever owned was the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. And he was born in 17--- 1763, and I presume he got this along when he was 10 or 12, some-where along in there. And I have that book yet. And it was --- showed that he had an inquiring mind, and was open to all types of knowledge.

As Mr. Hanley in his book said, he only went to school to the tenth grade, but he learned so much just by observing nature, and human nature too, but learning about life and how we should live it in this world. I don't think Mr. Hanley probably had any fuller

life, or as good a life as my father, but that was just on the one thing, because church did not play much of a part in Mr. Hanley's life. And perhaps I shouldn't say this; I'm not the judge.

One little sad light that I wanted to tell about was about one certain cow that we had, that was named Grace. And I think my brother Hal named her after one of his girlfriends. And she had a white face and was brindle brown. They were cross breeds and the bulls with white faced, and jersey. And was a pretty independent cow. She had long horns, and she didn't like kids, and would run them out of the corral anytime you went in, with authority --- and the horns.

And this cow developed an unusual liking for grapefruit rind. When we had grapefruit, my mother would take the rinds and take them in her apron and go out to the corral gate, which was a barbed wire gate, and dump these grapefruit rinds into the corral. And Grace would come up and she would stick her nose down and try to take a bite out of grapefruit. And it would cup up over the end of her nose, and as you know cows have teeth only on their lower jaw, and she couldn't get enough of a bite on it to --- to get half of it out. But eventually she would eat the whole rind, all the rinds. And if there was another cow in there with her, she needn't come near her because she wasn't going to let them have any of it. She was also a good milk cow, but she had the habit of kicking, and when you least expected it. So we fixed up a rig --- we put a strap around her right, or I should say left rear foot, with a little ring in it. Then fixed a rope on through, behind where you could snap into the ring with a --- so that she could not kick you off the milk stool, or spill the bucket of milk. Because when she was in good humor, why she didn't mind you milking ... why it was fine. But without any warning she could just knock you galley west. And it was always so much fun to be milking, not that I thought it was fun then, always. But there was usually a cat in the barn, and you could feed the cat via the faucet ---

meaning the cow's teat. And my aim right in her face. The cat soon learned to open its mouth, and catch the stream of milk. But I think Hal mangerd Grace because of the horns, and he was on the horns of a dilemma, whether Grace was his girlfriend, or some others girlfriend.

But Hal also, my brother, got the first motorcycle I ever got to ride on. And I didn't know --- I may have told you this before but I think he got it primarily to take Grace to ride on the back behind him. But he took me on this motorcycle, and it was a four-cylinder ace, which is in those days a very unusual machine. And it would go maybe sixty miles an hour. But there was just one stretch of road that we could do that on, and it was this Foley Drive up to this Stancliff Lane, and then in towards the Willow-Ray Dairy. And I'll never forget the thrill riding on the back of that motorcycle, and going so fast, and I thought if I didn't hold on I was surely going to be blown off the back seat. It wasn't a seat, it was more or less a little package carrier or --- with a pair of places to put your feet so you didn't get them in the spokes of the wheel. But it was really a thrill in my life.

And I also had a couple other experiences on this same road. One particularly, when my brother Llewellyn was driving the Ford and we were coming down the road wide open racing another car, and he went off into the barrow pit right below the house here. And I can't remember whether he broke off a wheel, or what it was, but I didn't get hurt in that accident.

Another time I was in another Ford with another man driving and he went off the road and tipped over, and I got quite a bruise out of it in that case. But it was just over on its side and it was my face that was hurt more than anything. Didn't do any permanent damage. And of course I went through the same thing.

And when I got old enough to drive I had to find out how fast a car would go, and sometimes on the --- in town, much to the dislike of the marshals or cops, whichever we

happened to have. I remember one time when my mother, after church, going down main street in second gear --- pretty fast, and the cop was standing in front of the Burns Garage, and he held his hand up for me to stop, and I just waved at him and kept on going. And mother said, "Why he wanted you to stop." And I said, "I know it, but this isn't any time to talk to him." I said, "It's better to let him cool off a little bit before I go back to talk to him, and then maybe he won't give me a ticket." And I was right. He didn't give me a ticket the next time I went through --- down the street. I stopped to talk to him, and he says, "You're going too fast on Main Street." I said, "I'm sorry, I wouldn't do it again." And that was all there was to it.

Well, I think I've exhausted what I intended --- Well, I've got some more to add on to this now.

Next I want to talk about a silly thing. But whenever I was working on the ranch, and especially with the horses, and in the summer the horse flies would be real bad. And there are two kinds, ones sort of a --- well one we called bald that they --- white between the wings and up towards their head, and black otherwise. And then the other was sort of like --- brown like a honey bee or --- And they could land on the back of your shirt and just like a knife --- a hot needle, bite you before you even knew they were there. Well I liked nothing better than to catch a horsefly like that. You get off of a horse, or off of my back, and take a little fine straw and stick it in the back of the abdomen --- especially if it was off of a little angle and not very long, and then turn him loose. And of course he couldn't fly straight. But that was one of the things I used to do.

Then I thought I would talk about how during prohibition so many of the outlying old houses or ranches were what we called blind pigs. But they were --- this was where people could go and buy drinks or any home brew, or whatever it was. And there was one right out opposite the airport, and it was five miles out. And it had across the barn a

five made like an "S", sort of like an "S", and it was either the Five Mile Ranch or the Smile Ranch. And it was a blind pig. And there was another one up towards --- at the end of Poison Creek Canyon, the old Bowen Place. And just --- well anywhere around town there were ever so many who didn't go along with the noble experiment, as the Prohibition Amendment was called. But that was just part of the times, along in the early '30's, until 3.2 beer came --- became legal, in Roosevelt's --- Franklin Roosevelt's administration.

Next I want to talk about a house that was even bigger than this house. And it was, we called it the McKinney house. And there was McKinney --- was the original owner, and he had I don't know how many children, but one of them was Mrs. Delbin. She married --- well I can't remember his first name, and they owned a creamery. But this big McKinney house was over where Mac Lowe lived, where Macel lives now, Macel Lowe. And right across from Dr. Cliff's. And it was a big two-story house. But on the ridges --- ridge top, all --- and spaced probably two feet apart were deer horns. And it was most decorative for it, and for --- the--- well just like putting the deer horns and other horns in this elk --- in this mulberry tree. And the house burned down, as I remember, shortly after I was injured, probably in '33, or '34, somewhere along there. It made quite a bonfire too.

And next I want to talk about airplanes. The first airplane that I know of, and Wally confirmed this with me, is the --- came in, he was a barnstormer in 1920. I remember I was out at the ranch where Poteet lives when I heard this motor, and I came out of the barn and looked up and saw that little plane, I thought it was little. And I don't even recall where it landed; it probably landed out here in Hilton Whiting's field, south of Frank Bennett's. And it was close enough to town so that people could walk out, and he took people up for rides. Well I didn't get to go then. But along in the early '30's --- well, before

that I ---

One time a man who had had a school down on Swan Island in Portland named --- ah, came in, well I can't remember his name now, but he came in with a Waco Bi-plane, made in Waco, Texas, but they called them Wacos. And --- or it might have been a different kind. Anyway, he was --- oh, his name was Tex Rankin. And he had a girl, Dorothy Hester, and she did wing walking, which is --- to stand on the wing, and usually have their toes hooked under a strap, while the plane does loops. And they also have a rope to hold on to. She wears a parachute, naturally, and they would do all these aerobatics. And then they would take up passengers, and that was the first time I got to ride in a plane. And my sister Virginia and I went up. We both had to sit side by side in this cockpit, and it was a two-cockpit plane. And I told him, I said, "I want to do some aerobatics." "Okay." And he proceeded to do a loop, an inside loop, and then he inverted, flew upside down right over town, all the way out to the airport. And at that time the airport was in the quarter section just opposite the Grange Hall where Poteet's corrals are. Well he turned it right side up before he came in to land, but I had had all the aerobatics I wanted at that time. In fact I don't think I ever did ask for aerobatics after that.

Well I may have told this before, and if I did why we'll skip it. But one of these barnstormers took a buckaroo, a little bit inebriated --- I'm sure I've told this before --- who put a saddle around, cinched the saddle right back of the cockpit, and rode the plane in a saddle.

And of course I think I've already told about the Ford tri-motor that came in here, and my father and Mr. Hanley --- well it was about a fourteen passenger, taking the ride up over Steens Mountain. So I will not go into all of that again.

Next I want to ---

SIDE B

--- swearing. My father, as I've told before, promised each of his three sons a hundred dollars when we were 21 if we neither used tobacco, or alcohol, or swore. And as I've told you before I didn't get my hundred, and neither did Hal, but my brother Llewellyn did.

Well swearing in our home was just not ever done. My father --- the strongest I can ever remember him using was "consarnit", or "oh shaw", or "geehosafat". I really don't remember that latter. But just showing how the patterns are set by your parents, and the type of environment you're brought up in.

I want to tell you an interesting thing that happened at the refuge. There was some goose eggs that either the mothers had been killed or something --- and the personnel gathered some of these goose eggs and hatched them in an incubator. And this particular gosling was not born on the ground as most geese are. Geese build their nests either in a --- on the ground or in a little box that is sometimes put up for them, a goose nest. And this gosling didn't have its mother to teach him. And when he began to develop, or she did, it turned out to be a female, she would --- flew off in the fall with the rest of them. But when she came back, she wasn't used to building a nest on the ground because that was not where she was born, so she tried to build a nest on the roof of the Benson Museum. And they finally put a box up there and now she builds her nest every year on the --- in this box on top of the museum. And the young birds when she takes them off, slide and fall down off of the roof and go down to the spring probably, and stay with their mother. But it just shows how much the mother and father in the home can influence their children, and the heritage that I had with my mother and father.

I recall saying, "Damn you," to my sister once, because she provoked me. And my mother slapped me, and said; "Now you go into the bathroom and wash your mouth out with soap. There'll be no swearing in this home." And there never was. And it's not part

of any of my family's vocabulary. And if you need to put emphasis, there are other words than blasphemous words to make emphasis with. And we all become exasperated, but using God's name in vain does not help the situation. If you show impatience or something with other words for emphasis ---

Now I want to tell --- well a funny incident. After I was injured, for a long time I was able to void or urinate only --- I knew about when it would occur, and they had to keep a urinal on me in bed, or if I got in the car, or whatever I did. And one time we went to Portland, I say we, it was Eugenia and her girl Doris who was about five years old, and ... and I was going to stay at Roberta's.

And there was a little boy next door who was about six years. old, so naturally Doris got acquainted with him. Well on this trip I had this glass urinal, and sometimes called a duck, because it's got a funny shape. But I always called it the hoopie. And in using that term most people didn't know what I was talking about, and the family could check it without causing embarrassment to anybody in the room that was a stranger. But this little boy saw them carrying me in, and Doris carried the hoopie in. And so the next day this little boy and she were playing out in the yard, and he said, "You know there is a man in that house that's got two broken legs, and he wears a glass slipper." Well, that's as good a name for it as anything else. In fact, that's what we call it lots of times. And I still have one, which I use when I do get in the car.

Next I want to speak about poetry. And I know where I got my love for poetry, was from my father. He loved some poems, especially --- well, "The Beautiful Willamette" was one by Samuel L. Simpson. And he liked the poem, "Lucille," and "Hiawatha," oh, just ever so many. And of course I have my favorites, and they are some of the same. But then the year I was injured, my aunt in Portland introduced me to a book of poetry, and after that book I got every book --- volume published by this man, and his name was Don

Blanding. The first book was called, "Vagabond's House". And this house is as much a vagabond's house as Don Blanding ever had. But it had lots of crannies, and lots of nooks, lots of bookshelves, with lots of books. And that's just what this house has.

Next I want to speak about one old timer, her name was Myrtle Caldwell. And she lived down by the lake, Malheur Lake. And I believe she is the mother of Marcus Haines. She was a real character. One time there was an attorney here named John Casey, and he was --- went out near Myrtle's, goose hunting early one morning, and he got his car stuck. And so he had no way to get back, so he went walking and came to Myrtle's just as she was getting breakfast. Well Myrtle was making pancakes, with a roll your own cigarette in the corner of her mouth, and the ashes falling in the pancake batter. But he said he never tasted any pancakes that tasted better.

She was in the hospital up here one time to have her gall bladder removed. And to be sure she wasn't deprived, she had a flask of whiskey underneath her pillow. And a little jar with the gall stones in the jar to display to anyone that came in to see her. I was up at the hospital to see another friend, and I went in to see her. And she told me, says, "Your daddy was one of the best men I ever knew, but he wasn't any good at sparking. I never could get him to spark with me." Well, I think I've told you this before that my father was committed to his God and to his one wife. And as long as she lived, he never sparked anybody else.

Afterwards he was quite nice to some ladies, because he was always very genteel. I can see him going through the doorway of the sitting room, or waiting room of the dental office, and he would bow to the lady who was the next patient, and maybe it was someone that was a bit afraid to have dental work done, or maybe not. But it was especially in his clean white starched shirt, and white duck trousers, he looked every bit the gentleman with his Vandyke. Or should I say southern gentleman was what he

looked like, although he never had any southern hospitality training.

Next I want to tell about some pigeons. In our old barn out here that was on the rim rock back of the house, in the Rimrock Dairy, we had a pigeon loft built all along the front with little holes cut out, and perch protruding on which the pigeons could roost. ... land and then go into their cot, dovecote. And one day, one morning he went out and climbed up and opened the lid of this dovecote, and found five or six young squabs, which he proceeded to cut their heads off and pick. But he did not draw them or take their entrails out. He brought them in all cleanly picked and --- What? I can't hear you.

WOMAN: ...

GEORGE: Well, weren't they picked? So we put them on this girl, this sixteen-year-old girl that was helping Frances in the kitchen, put them on to stew. And didn't know any better when she put them on with the entrails in them. Then when the squabs were done, Frances told her to thicken the gravy around them, and we would have gravy on squabs. Well she proceeded to do this, but it looked like it had spaghetti in it too, because of the entrails. Well, needless to say we didn't have that for dinner that evening. And Frannie's -- or Dad's son-in-law was late in getting home for dinner that night, so we just left the stew sitting on the back of the stove, keeping it warm. And he came in, said, "Is there any-thing to eat?" Dad said, "Yeah, there is some pigeon stew there for you, with gravy around it." Well he took one stir of the spoon and got him some out, and saw these entrails and he decided he didn't want any either. But Dad sure got a big laugh out of that. He just thought that was one of the funniest jokes on anybody.

Next I want to talk about the way fire fighting equipment originated, and what it consisted of in the early days, as far back as I can remember anyway here in Burns. Their prime source of water was a well in the inter-section of each street, on Main Street. In other words, until water system came into the town, they had no fire hydrants around

through the town, and these wells down Main Street were the only places where they could pump water. And this was done first by a hand pumper that required six men on each side to work the --- sort of a teeter-totter pump. And they dropped the suction hose down the well, they moved the --- they had, "Keep to the Right" signs on little wooden platforms in the middle of main street. And the well was underneath each one of these. They moved the "Keep to the Right" sign and the platform off the, below the well and dropped the hose down into the water, and then the men would start pumping on each side of the pumper. And it would throw a feeble little stream, but that was better than the bucket brigade. And in early days that was also used in residential areas, was just the bucket brigade of friends around the area getting buckets and going to the pump that was nearest, and throwing the water from buckets.

Well, to call the fireman or the people, you had a tall tower built over the stairs that went up the outside of the city hall, to what is now the council chambers. But at that time housed our library. And on this tower was a fire bell with two ropes hanging down. And they were just out of reach unless you were quite tall. But you could jump from ... step and catch these ropes, and if you caught them both with the same time, and hung by the rope, by two ropes, it would not ring the bell. But to ring it, it took one man on each rope, and first one would pull and then the other, and this way it rang the fire bell. And that fire bell could strike as much terror in the city as any siren does today. And when people heard the fire bell, of course they looked at their own home first, and then went to wherever the fire was, in great numbers, and did what they could to put out the fire.

Well about 19--- well, earlier than that they had a gasoline engine on a fire truck or wagon. And I think it originally had horses. And they would pull this fire engine to the intersection, and then do the same thing, drop a suction hose down the well. And the well might draw down more than they were needing in the way of water, but --- then they

would move down to the next intersection, or up to the next intersection, and in this way they tried to fight these fires on main street. And this old hand pumper was such an heirloom of the city, that one of our mayors in previous days had a chance to sell it, and I think it was sold to Knott's Berry Farm in Southern California for \$500. It would really be a great antique if it had not been sold. But I thought for a small community that was a pretty good way to keep the town from being burned up at times.

And then in 1920, my brother-in-law Bert Vincent and another man, named Jim Taylor, worked in the Lampshire Garage, which was the same metal building I guess, I haven't been --- for sure, but where the Ganger, I mean where the Cole Motor Company is. And they took that old car, not a truck, but an old car and took the body off of it, and on the chassis built a fire engine. And made a --- it was an open affair. But then they had a real bright red fire engine, with a good motor in it, and it was kept in the fire station. And I don't know how long that was used before it was replaced with a regular commercially built fire engine. But for a long time it was our only fire engine, except for this auxiliary hand pumper.

And we didn't have the disastrous fires, we had big fires, not that we didn't have --- livery stables, and hotels, and different structures burned out, sometime with loss of life. It was more than the Grand Hotel, which was about where Sprouse Reitz is now. And one time the Times-Herald building burned, and the old presses and stuff were in a vacant lot south of where the Times-Herald is now, but there is now the Central Pool Hall, and some other businesses. But Canyon City had such devastating fires compared to Burns. We were quite fortunate.

Now I don't think I've left anything out about the fire fighting, but it is still a community affair. As you know the firemen donate their time to the ambulance, and people donate in lieu of flowers to the fund so that --- we're unique in our community of

having this fine ambulance service. Or even cities, like Ontario cannot seem to afford it. And it's a credit to a little Eastern Oregon town, because there have been some terrible fires in other areas, like the fire at Silver Lake at Christmas time.

Next I want to talk about a man named Alex Eggleston. He was an insurance salesman, a musician, and the father of Daryl Eggleston, and the husband of Henrietta Bardwell. And as his hobby --- he saw the Indian whittings and paintings on the rocks and cliffs around in the Southeastern Oregon area, and he went all over examining them and reproducing them in native --- well I should say, not native but natural pigments of oil and cinder for the red, and most of them are in the red category. He even retraced some on flat shale rock. But all of them he retraced, and they had such unusual symbols on them.

Some of them were of a lizard with two toes on one foot, and three toes on another, and four toes on the third, and maybe a ball on the third.

And these Indian writings of course, they've never been able to know what Indians did then. They weren't of the Paiute tribe; it goes way back before that. And as you know they found Indian sandals in some of the caves, and bones that date back nine thousand years or more. So, it's something that was done by previous Indians, just like the buffalo having left this area at least two hundred years ago. But this was quite a contribution from Mr. Eggleston. And he --- like I said recorded them, some from down around The Narrows, some over at Venator, some at the rock at Krumbo. It was evidently a signpost that had directions on all four sides of it. And these of course, they could never interpret. Because I understand now that they think that the man was on the North American continent at least fifty thousand years ago, or maybe longer ago than that.

Next I want to speak about my father. He was, as I've said, a Christian. And to be a Christian one must forgive those who trespass against us. And he was always of this nature. Because when people would come to him, he would --- regardless of whether

they could pay or not, he would do dental work. And even in his dispute with political opponents, he never disliked the man just because of --- he forgave him if he felt he was in the wrong. But it was such a great heritage to have a man of this type as an example for me. Not that I always followed his example. I have tried to in later life. But he was magnanimous, and that is not only forgiving those who trespass against us, but also loving thy neighbor as thyself.

And he was a gentleman always. And it was --- when they made him one of the --- I think, one of the outstanding men of the community.

As an example of his not turning anyone away if they needed the work, there was a widow lady with two or three children when he was practicing in Portland that came to him. The children needed dental work, I don't know but what she did too. And she was an artist, her name was Belle Barcus. So he did her dental work, and she said, "Can I pay you in paintings?" And he said, "Why, certainly." So, she didn't get to travel to make these paintings, but she bought postcards of various places, and she made her paintings with a fine brush technique. I have one of her paintings, and my brother had three or four, and my sister, one sister has one, and --- But these are paintings of the Three Sisters, and Mount Hood, and Mount Shasta, and Mount Jefferson, and the Multnomah Falls, and the Rooster Rock on the Columbia. And he took those in lieu of her bill. So we've always had beautiful oil paintings in the home, which was as much a help in our appreciation of art as were the books and --- so I thought I would mention this.

Then I want to tell about kindergarten when I was a child. There was two women that came out from Boston during the land rush into this area, along between 1910, and 1915, somewhere along in there. One of them was named Mrs. Sweitzer, and the other was Miss McKenzie. And they lived in a little tent house down below my room here. And Mrs. Sweitzer stayed at home, and Miss McKenzie started a kindergarten. And I went

first, and then Virginia went. And at that time to begin with it was in a house that was just opposite the Silver Spur, just a little frame house. And this was in 1920, because my sister Virginia there was asked, "Who's the president of the United States?" She stuck her hand up, and the teacher --- Miss McKenzie asked her and she says, "I know Mrs. Lampshire, because she lives right next door to us." Well, Mrs. Lampshire was the mayor of Burns at that time. But that remark got Virginia a dollar from a Portland newspaper for bright sayings of little children.

And then the kindergarten was moved up into the upstairs where the --- of the city hall, up these stairs that I described on the side where the fire bell was. And that was the library. And the library was originally started --- well I can't tell you just how early, but there were twelve ladies, a Mrs. Foley and Clara Hanley and Mrs. Leonard, and Mrs. Marsden, and Mrs. Geary, was Dr. Geary. And they collected books of their own, and they originally kept them at the Geary home, as I recall. And that was the Ladies Library Club.

And that was the origin of the now Harney County Library. And you could go there and borrow books, and of course everybody that wanted to could contribute books. And I'm sure many of the families did. But from that little beginning our present library, which is I think almost unparalleled in its scope and size for a community this small, has grown. But it is still growing because we --- those that are especially interested in history are building up the historical part of it, so that it will be a great research center for writers in time to come. The museum is also a fund of information of the way things used to be down here.

Next I want to talk about travel and my father. In 1893, he and a man named Bell decided to go back to the Chicago's World Fair. It was known as the Columbian Exposition, because it was supposed to be four hundred years since Columbus

discovered America. Well anyway, he and this man not only went to Chicago where they were later joined by my father's sister, but he and this man went on to New York and he -- - New York City, and as a side trip he went up to Au Sable Forks where my mother had come from, and where her family immigrated from.

And he had a hand wrought iron spike, about sixteen inches long, in his waiting room in the old dental office that he had pulled out of a dam that was no longer usable. And it was rotting away, the timbers were, and he pulled this big spike out and brought it back. And it way lying underneath the display case in the sitting room of the dental office, and along with the vertebrae of the whale, and a few other Indian artifacts like a big mortar and pestle that was found out on a ranch. And the breadboard, or grinding board with a flat rock for grinding the seeds or corn or whatever on, that the Indians used.

And while he was back in New York City, he and this Mr. Bell went to a girly show. And it was one of these come-ons, where for a little bit more, why they take off a little bit more, and so forth. And being young men, they were interested in seeing this. But as the crowd began to dwindle down, that could afford to go on paying fifty cents more for seeing more, he noticed there were several unsavory characters in the group that were looking the people over that they knew to be tourists, and greenhorns. And he began to --- my father began to worry a great deal as to whether he was going to be able to get out of there with any money. They didn't have traveler's checks then. And just when he began to see that the guys were gathering around, he happened to spot this other man across the room that they had gone back to New York together, and they had both gone to this same show, but he had lost track of him. So he saw him across the room so he called to him, and they got together, and together they got out of there without being mugged and losing their money. But it shows just like today, the cities aren't always safe for tourists or greenhorns.

But wherever he went he got souvenirs for the --- we have lots of spoons, oh from upper New York state. There is some from Saratoga Springs, and different commemorative spoons of the early places where he traveled. He always brought a silver spoon home to my mother. And we were --- they're still hanging in the sitting room on a rack. And each one has its little tale to tell.

Next I want to talk about a camping trip we went on. And we had Mother's niece from Western Oregon, had come up to visit during the summer, and we went up camping.

And at that ---

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