

HARNEY COUNTY HISTORY PROJECT

AV-Oral History #93 - Sides A/B/C/D (Only 1 tape available)

Subject: Esther South

Place: Burns, Oregon & P Ranch

Date: August 5 & 6, 1980

Interviewer: Marcus Haines

MARCUS HAINES: This is Marcus Haines interviewing Esther South, Jessie Williams, and Bob Boyd this 5th day of August 1980, in the Hayes Room at the Harney County Museum. We went to the P Ranch the following day and were joined by Fred Witzel to continue the tape.

... she got married the next year, and back in those days they wouldn't let a married woman teach, so that settled her teaching career. I think I was guilty of it. Yeah, I was born here in Burns in 1907 and lived down there on the south side of the lake all my life.

ESTHER SOUTH: You knew Bill Hanley and his wife Clara?

MARCUS: Yes, yes I did.

ESTHER: She was kinda the quiet one and he was not.

MARCUS: We used to call him "Honest Bill"!

BOB BOYD: Sounds like a used car salesman.

ESTHER: Boy, he'd really give you ...

MARCUS: ... when Bill would start with this cattle to the rail head, he started out with 500 head and got there with a 1000, and

when you saw Bill Hanley's outfit coming, you got all of the milk cow's calves and put them in the barn and closed the door!

ESTHER: Now I was going to ask you ... when I went back in 1912 to Juntura, I had a brother just younger than I am, 16 or 18 months, and he had a job with a man. I don't remember his name, but it was driving cattle and they went to Burns, and they went ... where did Burns people ship their cattle from to market?

MARCUS: Well they went to Vale.

ESTHER: That's what I thought.

MARCUS: Yes, they went to Vale, and then sometimes they went to Baker. The railroad was starting up there then in the 1912 period ... and of course, then Bill Hanley had a ranch up there at Juntura too, to sell his cattle.

ESTHER: He didn't have any ranch there.

MARCUS: He acquired one later then.

ESTHER: Well he didn't have any ranch when I was there, because my brother was working for ... I can't remember this fellow's name, I don't know that I ever knew it. But when I got there, my brother had got there sooner than I did, about six months sooner, and so he had a job. And then ... my other brother got a job at Hoffman's, a merchandise store, and so when Mother, Father and myself --- Father met us in Vale with a buckboard and an extra horse for me. I hadn't been on a horse in years and we went to Juntura. And I met my brother two days later and he was riding horses with this man ... my brother was working for him. And in

that write-up, I said that he went to Burns for cattle, and I didn't know what he did with them.

MARCUS: Well that could well of been. Yes.

ESTHER: Took them to Vale? I would have thought it would have been Ontario then. It's only four miles apart, I guess.

MARCUS: Sixteen miles. Of course they had siding along and I suppose they had places to load, I don't know, between there and Harper. You see, Harper is 23 miles this side of Vale, and that was the big PLS Company --- PLS Company had a big ranch there, Henry Miller.

ESTHER: Lux and Miller?

MARCUS: Yeah, Miller and Lux. Yes.

ESTHER: I knew it must have been, but I can't ask my brother because that brother died. I didn't know.

MARCUS: Well a lot of those old timers there in the Juntura country there at that time ... the name of Allen; they were old timers there.

JESSIE WILLIAMS: Well there was Billy Jones there.

MARCUS: ... Yeah, Jones. The Jones family was there. Descendants of them are down there yet ...

ESTHER: My younger brother worked for old Mr. Hoffman in the merchandise store there ... for four or five years.

MARCUS: Can you remember The Narrows?

ESTHER: Just by name ...

MARCUS: You don't remember when they were up there ... you see my

uncle started a store up there in 1892.

ESTHER: Oh, wait a minute, I wasn't born until 1892.

MARCUS: Yeah, I know, but that was when the store was started, and he died in 1916 and left an estate of \$360,000. And he had all the accounts of Bill Hanley. I have copies of the various ranches. He had Pete French's accounts at the time he was killed, and all the ranches. He had a great memory. Now this fella that's going with us tomorrow (Fred Witzel) talks a great deal about Charlie Haines because he moved to Narrows in 1911. He was born here in the Burns country, but they moved out there in 1911, and stayed there a little while, and Fred started buckarooing like kids did. He said that somebody would be going to The Narrows, and someone (else) would say, "Would you tell Charlie Haines to send me a pair of boots, and a shirt, and a new pair of overalls." And he (Fred) said, "They'd fit."

ESTHER: My brother had his boots made because he had a very narrow foot --- in San Francisco.

MARCUS: Well before we get going here a little bit, why don't you identify yourself so we know who you are, and we won't get the story mixed up? Tell us a little of your early history.

ESTHER: Like when I was born and where, and who ...

MARCUS: Yeah, your parent's name and your present name.

ESTHER: It's the same, because I never married.

MARCUS: Oh, you never married?

ESTHER: So that's easy. But, I'm the daughter of John South ---

Esther South, daughter of John South, friend and manager for many years of P Ranch. How's that?

MARCUS: Very good.

ESTHER: Turn 'er on!

MARCUS: It's on! (Laughter) It's on. You're talking right along.

ESTHER: I didn't know that.

MARCUS: We've plugged it in all right. Well these stories, you know, you just can't pass them up ... Your name is Esther South ... and you were born?

ESTHER: I was born December 15, 1892.

MARCUS: Yes, I was telling somebody on the phone the other morning you were born in '92. I was sure of that. And then at the time of Pete French's death then, your father was called upon to take over the management ...

ESTHER: My father was managing the San Francisco horse market during the time Peter French was sending horses to --- I think I should go back to --- and tell that when my mother and father were married in Minnesota, they went out to San Francisco. They were married in December 1891. They went out to San Francisco and stayed a few weeks, and went up to the P Ranch on a honeymoon. And Peter French, who had quarters on the ranch there --- a three-room cottage --- and Peter French turned it over to my mother and father and he went to one of the bunkhouses all the time they were there. And when I was --- they were expecting me, I was their

first child. Father said he didn't want me to be born out there; it was too far from the doctors and everything. So he told Peter French he was going back to San Francisco. And Peter French said, "Well if you have to go, okay, but you might as well run the horse market then if you're gonna be there."

So Father and Mother went to San Francisco early, oh, about the middle of 1892 and stayed there until I was five or six years old, and I had two brothers at that time. And then when Peter French was shot and killed, the Glenn Livestock took over and sent for my father. And he said, "Well, I can't go out to that ranch. I've got three children and a wife, and nothing on that ranch but that three room house of Peter French's." And the Company said, "We'll build a place for you if you come right away." So Father went out to the ranch and they built the house. It was known later on as the white house. The little three room house of Peter French's in the center, and they built two stories on each side. And in the fall of ... what year was Peter French killed in ... it was '97 wasn't it?

MARCUS: Yes.

ESTHER: The fall of '98 we all went --- the house was finished by that time --- and we were there for four years.

MARCUS: Oh yes.

ESTHER: And that time my father was manager of the ranch under the aegis of --- what's that Frank ...

MARCUS: No, I don't remember either. He was a bookkeeper ...

ESTHER: No, he was the ...

MARCUS: Oh yes, he was the attorney, that's right.

ESTHER: And it was his Company and they used to come out to the ranch quite often and stay with us. We lived there for four years and went back to Berkeley.

MARCUS: Well you were 9 or 10 years old then when you went back, weren't you? Did they have a school for you, Esther?

ESTHER: No, my mother taught us.

MARCUS: Taught you there at the house?

ESTHER: She sent to Minnesota for schoolbooks and for all the grades and things, but she didn't teach us any mathematics! I didn't know how to add two and two. I went into the fourth in Berkeley, but I had to make it up later on. But Mother taught us every morning upstairs in the bedroom, which had a big fireplace.

MARCUS: You had a big fireplace in the upstairs bedroom? You did?

ESTHER: Some would say it was just one big chimney left. There was a fireplace down below, I know, and in the living room and a fireplace up there in Mother and Father's bedroom. It was a big bedroom. I don't know how many bedrooms there were up there. There must have been three up there --- there must have been four, because we had a hired girl that came from San Francisco with us.

And the Chinaman on the ranch --- he was the cook. His name was Gol. Pigtail Chinaman, too. And he did all of our --- our woman did the cooking for us, except Gol did all the meat and the

bread. And I understand --- and we liked him very much. He was very nice. But he would threaten us with a big knife, but we didn't pay any attention.

MARCUS: His bark was worse than his bite?

ESTHER: He used to use kinda strong language and Mother used to say to him, "Oh Go!, you mustn't use language like that or you'll go to the hot place." And he would say, "Well I'll pack sagebrush."

MARCUS: He'll do what?

ESTHER: He'll pack sagebrush then.

MARCUS: Oh, he'll pack sagebrush.

ESTHER: If he got to the hot place after he died! They say he only stayed six months after we left. He was too lonesome for the children.

MARCUS: Now you knew Tebo ...

ESTHER: Oh, Tebo. He took all of we three children on. He looked out for us. He was a great man, he was a darling. All the cowboys were marvelous to us, and they were so polite. I remember one, Mr. Johnson, they called him Mr. Johnson. And there was also Shorty Cooper ...

MARCUS: I remember Shorty Cooper.

ESTHER: They tell a story about him. He was in a saloon one time and some man said, "Why you little squirt, I could wipe up the floor with you." And Shorty Cooper put his hand on his gun and said, "You could, but I wouldn't let ya!"

The river ran in front of the house and there was a ford there. But just before you got to the ford, there was kind of a deep place. And I thought it would be a very good idea to walk that deep spot on horseback, because the horse could swim across. But Tebo --- I had gotten out of sight of Tebo --- and of course, I had gone off several times and the horse would go out of sight, and the water hit me about this deep. It was kinda dangerous because some horses won't take anybody on their backs.

MARCUS: No, they go right to the bottom with ya.

ESTHER: They go to the bottom, and then they try to climb on top of you.

MARCUS: They want to ride you out of there.

ESTHER: So when Tebo saw me come up out of the other side he immediately got a hold of me and gave me a spanking and sent me home.

MARCUS: Oh, he did, did he?

ESTHER: Oh yes.

MARCUS: He dried out part of ya right there.

ESTHER: That he did. Took his shoe to me. Oh dear! So many interesting things that happened then.

MARCUS: Well Chino was a buckaroo boss at that time too, wasn't he? Chino Berdugo?

ESTHER: Yeah, Berdugo. Yes, I have a picture of Chino here.

MARCUS: He wasn't as outgoing as ---

ESTHER: Well, they were different. They were both Mexican. But

Tebo ... no Chino --- it's here somewhere --- here it is (shows picture) --- Toby, my youngest brother. I remember the round barn ... Fred was in charge. His name was Fred, but he had come to the ranch hunting for a job, and Father said the only job was a man to milk. He says, "Oh, I can't milk, my wrists are too sore."

MARCUS: Wrists sore already! (Laughter)

ESTHER: But he took care of the round barn. And he had a manure truck, we called it a chariot, we children, because one side was open and the other three were not, and there was a hitch in the front. It could be released and then the bottom and back would drop down so it could empty the manure. We called it a chariot.

MARCUS: Was that a cart affair? Did it have four wheels?

ESTHER: No, just two wheels. Two-wheel cart, I just remembered. It was shaped like a chariot. Mother used to read to us, and it was shaped like a chariot.

I thought sure there was a well in the middle of that thing (round barn) that they could feed the horses.

MARCUS: Well there could have been. You know, Fred Witzel will know tomorrow, because he buckarooed there.

ESTHER: But how could they have a well there, and have a big post in the center where the horses could move around it?

MARCUS: Well it could be a pitcher pump, and just pumped it by hand --- and just watered with a bucket too.

ESTHER: Yeah, most things were done by bucket.

MARCUS: Yeah, everything was done by hand. Do you remember who

was the blacksmith at that time?

ESTHER: No --- we had --- no, I don't remember. The fascinating place for my brother and myself, the older one and me ...

MARCUS: The blacksmith shop?

ESTHER: Oh, yes. The blacksmith shop, the kids just loved it.

MARCUS: Kids just stand there bug-eyed.

ESTHER: Oh, my gracious. But then it was not too near a house. It was kind of a ways out ...

MARCUS: Yeah, it was on up the river, you'll recall.

ESTHER: I just know it was quite a little ways out.

MARCUS: Yeah, I'll tell you a little bit about my experiences here. Charlie Ward, who was the buckaroo boss for Hanley when he was running the operation there for Corbett, married my sister. And in 1915, the year of the world's fair at Frisco ---

ESTHER: Oh yes, I was there.

MARCUS: Yes. And so we would get to travel around little bit. I was eight years old then, and I can remember being at the blacksmith shop. That's the place I made for, you know. If I could just get to turn that blower a little bit, I was just in heaven.

ESTHER: That thing would get white hot.

MARCUS: Yeah, and they'd put a little, small iron back there, and the sparks would just fly and you'd burn the iron up by cranking it.

ESTHER: Was that the Corbett that was president or some official

at the bank in Portland?

MARCUS: He's from Portland anyway. He probably was.

ESTHER: Well Peter worked for him for seven months, and they wanted my brother to go in to his bank there, but my brother wanted to go to Eastern Oregon where his father was. I just wondered if that was the same Corbett.

MARCUS: I believe, I think it was. Henry Corbett. The story goes when he bought the P Ranch, that he had the money and he hired Bill Hanley for ...

ESTHER: Well he bought the Diamond Ranch.

MARCUS: Well that was all one then.

ESTHER: Well I know, but Swift and Company bought the whole thing piecemeal.

MARCUS: Yeah, but Corbett, he had money invested there ---

ESTHER: Yeah, but he bought the Diamond Ranch and Swamp, as they called it.

MARCUS: Yeah, Corbett hired old Bill as manager ...

ESTHER: Yeah, that's how he got manager of the P Ranch.

MARCUS: That's it right there.

ESTHER: Manager of sales of the whole thing probably.

...

ESTHER: Don't you think that Bill Hanley was probably manager trying to sell the whole works, sounds like.

MARCUS: Well as the story goes, when they started out Corbett had the money, and Bill had the experience. And when they sold out in

1916, Bill had the money and Corbett had the experience.

(Laughter)

ESTHER: I think that's just about right.

MARCUS: No, that's right. He didn't own it, he was just manager.

ESTHER: Father would be laughing in his grave, if he knew that.

MARCUS: And then there was a fella by the name of Bill Allen who used to be ... he was the ranch foreman, wasn't he, Bill Allen?

Do you remember Bill Allen?

ESTHER: Foreman of what?

MARCUS: Of the ranches around here. They were pretty well scattered out. It was a big operation.

JESSIE: I remember Tom Allen.

MARCUS: That's what I said, Tom Allen.

JESSIE: You said Bill.

MARCUS: Did I say Bill? Oh excuse me, I meant Tom.

JESSIE: I thought you did.

MARCUS: That's Buena Vista now. Now Bill Hanley was the one who got the dredge in there and reclaimed the P Valley, you know. The water just ran rampart all over, the Blitzen River ---

ESTHER: ... out in the middle of everything.

MARCUS: But we'll show you tomorrow.

ESTHER: Oh, we'll show you tomorrow.

ESTHER: Oh, that'll be great.

MARCUS: The canal that was dredged there and drained, then he started the reclamation there and you have to give old Bill Hanley

credit for that.

ESTHER: Well that was after we left, you see. We left in --- oh, I've got it written down somewhere.

MARCUS: But your dad did come back to Ontario there to help Bill.

ESTHER: Set up the town site for Juntura.

MARCUS: To set up the town site, there? Now Bill Hanley had a finger in that.

ESTHER: Oh, he had a finger in everything. He and somebody else, I can't think of who it was. 'Cause I was out in Juntura for a year before I went to college, and I went to college in the fall of 1913. I lived in Juntura with my folks for a year before I went to college. And Bill used to stop by quite a bit and stay with us. He had a fella with him --- red headed guy.

MARCUS: Fred Berhns, does that sound right?

ESTHER: No! Young chap, played the piano. I had a piano at that time and he came in the front door and he said, "Oh, piano," and went over to the piano and began playing the piano and wouldn't say hello to anybody.

MARCUS: Now this was the chauffeur, you mean?

ESTHER: Chauffeur, he was driving for him anyhow. Bill never did any driving.

MARCUS: Yeah, I think that was his name.

ESTHER: He was a young chap.

MARCUS: Oh, he would be.

ESTHER: He was a young, kind of a big guy ...

MARCUS: You had to be a pretty good mechanic back in those days to drive; you were going all over the country.

ESTHER: Just like riding a horse, like buckarooing. Anything else I could help you with?

BOB: Do you remember any stories that you heard your father talking to old friends about? That you might have overheard in the earlier years?

ESTHER: Well I remember when the Indian uprising, Peter French was not at the ranch.

...

MARCUS: We had a story started here.

BOB: We started to talk about your father and the Indian uprising.

MARCUS: Oh yeah, that's right.

ESTHER: Peter French was not at the ranch at that time. I heard this story from Bill Hanley and Father together, when I was grown, so this came pretty straight. Father wanted to warn Peter French about it so he had to go through Indian country and he finally got to Peter French and I was all ears. And Bill Hanley said, "Well, what did French say to you when you got there?" And Father said, "He just swore at me."

MARCUS: Swore at him, huh? Well your father and Pete French were great pals when they were young men, and then I understand ---

ESTHER: Where is Antelope Valley?

MARCUS: Antelope valley? Well there is an Antelope Valley up

here north of us, here in the forest.

ESTHER: Well I don't know, all I know is they said that Peter French and John South were the two first white men to ever look down on Antelope Valley. I just wondered where it was.

MARCUS: Oh? I don't know. No, I wouldn't know.

ESTHER: Somewhere in Eastern Oregon is all I know.

MARCUS: Oh, it was in Eastern Oregon? Well it could be, all right.

ESTHER: Well I just wondered where it was ... I can't think of anything else.

BOB: Oh, he had some other stories about the Indian troubles there, the other people he met ... C. E. S. Wood ...

ESTHER: Oh, Colonel Wood after the war was settled they sent Colonel C. E. S. Wood from West Point, I think it was. They sent him out to help in the settlement, and they had a big banquet afterwards. And Peter French was a young man ... I mean the Colonel was a young lieutenant, and kind of a dandy, and he was sitting next to a young squaw, wife of one of the officials of the high Indian tribes. And C. E. S. was more interested in the young girl that was on this side of him, and finally he had said something to the Indian woman, or she had said something to him, and so he turned real politely to her and said, "I beg your pardon," and she said, "young fellar, I don't chew my `tabaccer' twice." Colonel Wood told us that himself.

MARCUS: I heard a good story here the other day; I really got a

kick out of this. This had to do with the Indian history here in this country. Burns, you see, got its post office in 1884, and prior to that of course it was at Harney City, up here where Fort Harney was. That's where Peter French went, and all these others during the Indian uprising, and so on and so forth. They had a --- Jessie you'll have to listen to this --- They had an ordinance here in Burns during the 1800's that it was against the law to Lope a horse down Main Street.

ESTHER: Lope a horse?

MARCUS: Yeah. And this one Indian came in and he was feeling pretty good so he just galloped right down Main Street, and so they threw him in the slammer. Well George Sizemore defended him, and after due process George got him off. You know, innocent of the charge. So the Indian immediately left the country here. So somebody asked old Chief Louie here, Chief of the Paiute tribe, says, "What happened to that fella? He was proved innocent, why'd he leave?" Well he said, "George Sizemore wanted his \$25 dollar saddle, and a \$25 pony for the \$2 speech he made." That's pretty good. He didn't want to pay the bill, so he left.

BOB: You were talking about your father buying a horse from an Indian.

ESTHER: Oh yes, after my brother next to me got tired of riding behind me on a saddle, he wanted a horse. So an Indian came along with a sorrel pacer. He had never had his front paws, his front paws! ... his front hooves ... Father asked him how much he

wanted for it, and he said six bits. And Father tried to give him \$5 for it, and he said six bits. And he tried to give him a dollar gold piece, silver dollar. Father had several silver dollars in his hand ... and he said six bits. So father paid six bits for that horse. So that was my brother's horse. He bought him for six bits right there. Six bits! So we called him Six Bits.

MARCUS: A little pacer?

ESTHER: A little pacer.

JESSIE: Didn't know what gold was?

ESTHER: Huh?

JESSIE: I said the Indian didn't know what gold was.

ESTHER: No, I guess not. But he couldn't pace because of his feet. His front feet were --- his hooves were so long. So Father got them cut off, and he could just pace along ---

MARCUS: They would have had to.

ESTHER: He was a cut little horse. You'd pull up on the reins and he'd step on his hind legs. Because I remember he was faster for about a 100 yards than my horse was. So when we got the horse, I said to my brother, "Why I could beat you on your own horse." Which I proceeded to do.

MARCUS: Well did you kids get to go with the buckaroo outfit any?

ESTHER: No.

MARCUS: Never did that?

ESTHER: We had the ...

JESSIE: The women didn't ...

ESTHER: Oh no, gracious no ... but we did have two round-ups a year. We always watched that, the roping and the cattle. No ... Tebo and Chino and Mr. Johnson --- I don't know why he was called that, he just said his name was Mr. Johnson --- who were always around the ranch. Oh, we used to go after coyotes. We had running hounds.

MARCUS: Yes.

JESSIE: Hanley had those wherever he was.

ESTHER: Oh, we had them on the ranch; we had 12 of them.

JESSIE: Hanley had them down on the Double O.

ESTHER: Yeah, Double O and the Bell A.

MARCUS: Yeah, Bell A ...

ESTHER: I was trying to think of it and it just came to me.

BOB: Didn't you say you used to sit in the barn and watch them work the horses too?

ESTHER: Oh yes, that round barn was fascinating ... we'll have to see that if there's any of them left.

MARCUS: Well the long barn is left.

ESTHER: But no round barn?

MARCUS: But no round barn.

ESTHER: That's too bad.

JESSIE: They had the round barn --- right at the ranch?

ESTHER: Oh yes. Got pictures of it.

MARCUS: This picture is of it ... this isn't the barn at Barton

Lake?

ESTHER: This was on the ranch --- am I correct in remembering that the main gate was a half mile from the house?

MARCUS: I don't know, it could be, I just don't remember.

ESTHER: I should tell that story about my first horse.

BOB: And also about your father, lived in the camps.

ESTHER: Oh, soon after I got there, I had no horse to ride but Walls --- the Walls girls, I just remembered that --- they sent over a horse that Bill Hanley had sent them when they were youngsters, to ride. Topsy, little white feet and white face. Blaze. Well, he tied up the horse at the front gates, just put a bridle on, no saddle, and one of the cowboys who brought it over there said, "Esther, this is your horse." No one was around and I thought it was my horse; I'd be able to get on it. So I finally got on from the chopping block ... and Father was out in the field somewhere with some Eastern cattle buyers, selling cattle. So I thought, it'd be nice to go and see him, see how smart I was, and went to the big gate and, you know, in those days, you know, in those times as I remember, you didn't have to get off your horse. Horse would sidle up to the gate. Well the horse sidled up to the gate and I didn't know anything about it, and so finally I got off my horse and opened the gate, and got the horse through and got up to get on, and got on the horse again.

And immediately outside of the gate there was a spring, muddy, wet weather. It was an irrigating ditch. Topsy jumped the

irrigating ditch and I went off in the mud. Got him up to the gate to get started again, and find some place where I could get on again, and one after the other ditch, every time I came to a ditch, the horse would jump it and I would fall off. And I finally got out to my father, very pleased with myself, muddy and looking like the dickens. And Father, he was kind of put out about it. Sent me back with one of the cowboys, and the cowboy told everybody on the place about me. Every ditch I got to, the horse would jump and I would fall off. And finally the last ditch I stayed on. And I was the most proudest thing you ever saw in your life. Father came home and wanted to know why Mother wasn't taking better care of his children. And she said, "Well, you go and get them a horse, you don't get me a horse." Mother was a most beautiful rider --- and you expect me to keep track of them. So next morning Mother got a horse. Oh dear! The other? ...

That was the time all these folks were here. Having breakfast ... no that wasn't the time --- but anyhow, Mr. Lux and some other people from San Francisco, Glenn Livestock and Company --- were having breakfast about this (time), and a cowboy came dashing out of the porch with his boots click clacking, and his spurs, and he said, "Oh, Mr. South, the bridge over the river, it had no railing. They're driving the cattle across and they're pushing the calves in the river and they're going to get drowned."

So Father immediately took off his coat and he had his bedroom slippers, which were leather, and he had a vest, and I

remember he said, "Get a hold of Chino and all the ropes you can get a hold of and get them out there, and I'll be there in a few minutes." And so they had all these ropes all ready to move, and whenever a little white nose came out off of the bridge he would rope it. He never missed one out of all --- maybe a hundred. I had never seen him rope, and I guess none of the men had either, 'cause he didn't do any roping those days.

JESSIE: They were all good ropers, weren't they?

ESTHER: Yeah. He was a fine roper and he didn't miss a one. And I'll tell ya, all those cowboys were so impressed they had a lot of respect for him too. And the men from San Francisco were perfectly fascinated.

MARCUS: Yeah, I'll bet.

BOB: You were telling about the first time that Mr. Lux (West?) came out.

ESTHER: Mr. West (?) came out, and he was sort of a pruned and primed fella. He was very proper, and he wanted to know what chaps were. So they gave him a pair of chaps and he put them on back-wards. So one of the cowboys, they called to him, "Yes, Ma'am!" (Laughter)

MARCUS: Results of putting on his chaps backwards!

BOB: Wasn't your father, didn't Buffalo Bill try to recruit him?

ESTHER: Oh, that was when he was a young man out there. Buffalo Bill came out to get --- he wanted a fancy roper and a man who had a very fine horse. So they asked somebody around the country who

to look up, and they said to look up "Red" South. My father had red hair, dark red hair. So he got a hold of my father. And my father had a horse that everybody --- palomino that was a marvelous horse. And in fact, it could run as fast as a deer, and one time he ran a deer down. And then he didn't rope it, he couldn't rope it ... he said he looked at him with the big brown eyes and he was so scared and he couldn't rope him.

Anyhow, he got a hold of my father and he wanted him to go all over Europe as his fancy roper. But Father said he wouldn't show off like that. Many years later he said he wished he had.

MARCUS: Do you recall the deer around the P Ranch over there?

ESTHER: Not very many. The coyotes would get them. I mean the coyotes and the hounds that we had. The hounds, when the young calves were around making an awful lot of noise, and we were separating the cows and calves, and the coyotes would come down from the hills and that's when we'd go after the coyotes. I never had a horse fast enough to get in on a kill. Mother said she did once, but that was the last time --- because she had a fast horse. But it was kind of exciting to see coyote's way off in the distance, and those hounds trying to get to the coyote before he got to the sagebrush where he could get away.

MARCUS: Yeah, those horses would get as excited as the hounds.

ESTHER: Oh, yes ...

MARCUS: They'd run 'em, gee whiz; you'd have to take a deep seat to go along ... 'cause they'd really take ya ...

ESTHER: And they'd take ya over mud, swamps ... ponds ...

MARCUS: You betcha! They were as interested in catching that coyote as you were, or maybe a little more.

ESTHER: 'Course I was just fascinated. One time Mother had a group of friends --- the --- what did you say that Shirk man's name was?

MARCUS: Dave.

ESTHER: His wife.

MARCUS: Frances, I believe is her name. Does that ring a bell?

ESTHER: She was there, and the three Walls girls and someone else, I don't remember, and myself and my mother. And we all --- we didn't have lessons that morning. So we all went off to ride some-where, I don't know where we were going. And it was strange, 'cause the rivers were high and all sorts of things, and the horse tried to buck Mrs. Shirk off, and couldn't do it.

We came back and the next morning the bookkeeper came dashing up the steps and said, "Oh Esther, Esther, Topsy's got a colt." And none of the men, nobody knew she was gonna have a colt. She was too old to have a colt. And that colt was ... and he, when we'd go for coyotes, that colt would go with us. And the hounds had to keep her out of the way because she was so gentle. And when we moved to Berkeley, Father sold that colt for \$10 ... and got my first bicycle.

MARCUS: Well that was quite a change for you. Riding in San Francisco after running coyotes on P Ranch.

BOB: Quite a switch.

... (Commotion)

MARCUS: We used to have some great experiences running those coyotes. I tell a story about Bub Smith, you remember Bub Smith? He had hounds, and the hounds took after a bobcat and the bobcat run up in the willows. So Bub got him a stick and he decided to get the bobcat out of there. Well he did all right, but he come down and hit right behind the saddle. The horse bucked the bobcat off and the whole bunch right in one pile. When he hit the ground there were all the hounds. They tore the clothes right off of old Bub --- they couldn't tell him from the bobcat, they were so crazy in there. He never tried that again!

ESTHER: We had some bobcats that came around and got the chickens. And this bobcat got away from the hounds. It got up on this post; Father roped him off the post.

MARCUS: Boy, when they get up on something like that they sure make it tough on the hounds. Box him good.

ESTHER: We had a rug made of ten bobcat skins, and we also had a rug made of raccoon skins.

MARCUS: Do you recall any cougars in the country then? You don't remember anything about it? They are spotted occasionally on the Steens Mountains.

ESTHER: Well you see we never got up on the Steens Mountains. There's a picture there of the lake up on the Steens Mountain. We sent one of the men up on the mountain one time to get a deer when

we had some company one time.

And also the blacksmith shop, the blacksmith used to ... used to pet and feed the quail. They were so interesting, you know, and beautiful ones. And so some of these men that were visiting wanted some quail for breakfast. So Father went out to the blacksmith shop to see if there were any quail at the blacksmith shop, and they were so tame they came up to him, because they thought they were going to be fed. It was too much for Father, he couldn't stand it, so he sent a man up in the mountains to get the quail.

MARCUS: He wasn't about to shoot those little fellows that had come around to have their breakfast.

ESTHER: Their little topknots ...

MARCUS: Oh, you bet. I'd go to bed hungry before I'd shoot one.

ESTHER: Well he wouldn't shoot.

BOB: But he was quite a shot though, didn't you say?

ESTHER: Oh, he was a marvelous shot. I guess I told you, after the Indian War was over, across the river, I don't know how many hundred yards away (it was too far for most people to shoot) there was this Indian chief sitting on a white horse. And they asked Father if he could shoot that Indian off that horse. And Father said, "I could, but I won't. I'll shoot the horse." So he shot the horse.

MARCUS: They were still prowling around up there that late?

ESTHER: Someone, was it you, who was telling me that Colonel Wood

had a son that was 101 ...

BOB: Alive in Portland today, yes.

ESTHER: I wonder what happened to his other son, Verland?

BOB: The son that's alive in Portland today spent three or four of his young summers with the Joseph Nez Perce band in the 1880's. Because C. S. Wood apparently was real sympathetic towards the Nez Perce after the war.

ESTHER: After the war. That was the son of C. E. S. Wood?

BOB: That was the son, right.

ESTHER: I think I have a pretty good story about Colonel Wood, I don't know how true it is. It seems this little girl, some relation of Colonel Wood, had a little girl about five or ...

SIDE B

ESTHER: Well that was just the final blow. So they said, "You go up to your room and talk it over with Jesus and see if you really did meet that bear in the park." So she came down, and so they asked her, "Did you talk things over?" And she said, "Yes, I talked it over with Jesus," and he said, "Miss Honeyman, I don't blame you one bit. I thought it was a bear myself when I first met him." (Laughter) Isn't that a good one?

MARCUS: That's a good one. You bet; that's a good one.

ESTHER: There is a Honeyman Hardwood in Portland. Anyhow that's how it came to me. Verland Wood told me that.

MARCUS: That's a good one. Pretty hard to corner a kid

sometimes.

BOB: They've got all the angles figured out.

MARCUS: I can't think of your first name.

BOB: Bob.

MARCUS: Bob. Bob, why don't you number pictures here? We'll have Esther to describe it there and we'll just identify it by number here.

ESTHER: You don't want these? ... You want those? ... You don't want these?

BOB: I have a full set of these.

ESTHER: Oh, you have?

BOB: I have a full set.

MARCUS: Call that number one, huh? Why don't you tell us about number one, Esther? That's a really good subject there.

ESTHER: Well I think I did tell you about the house that was ...

MARCUS: Yes, well we've got it on the tape here.

ESTHER: Oh.

BOB: Do you remember much about the furnishings or the interior?

ESTHER: No. But I know my father wouldn't let Mother take one thing with her ... for us. Well this number one picture is a picture of the house that was built when they wanted my father and his family to come after Peter French was shot. And they incorporated the three-room house, Mr. French's house, and built two stories on each side of it. One side for our family, and the other side for guest.

MARCUS: And that was about '98?

ESTHER: When was he shot?

MARCUS: '97.

ESTHER: Yeah, '98.

BOB: What was the upstairs on the left hand side?

ESTHER: Bedrooms. All the bedrooms on our side.

BOB: And then downstairs?

ESTHER: Downstairs was the living room, dining room, kitchen. Now does it have a chimney on this thing?

BOB: One there.

MARCUS: I think this chimney was added.

ESTHER: We had a fireplace downstairs, and one in the bedroom.

MARCUS: I think it was redone. I could be wrong about it, but it is a red brick chimney.

ESTHER: This is a red brick.

BOB: Is that the chopping block put out there for getting on your horses?

ESTHER: Right in front there's a fence there ... right in front there's a chopping block, because Mother rode side saddle, and we children weren't big enough to get on the horses.

MARCUS: Oh, the chopping clock is there for her to get on her horse. Oh, I see. Oh yeah, you bet, I see it.

ESTHER: That was in front of the Blitzen River ... I don't think they want those.

MARCUS: Oh yeah, all the pictures you got to leave, Esther, just

give us a little story about 'em, and we'll just number them.

ESTHER: All right.

BOB: I remember that one, too.

ESTHER: This is another picture of Chino. Let's see, I said on the back of this ... Chino was a Mexican and was top hand and roper on the P Ranch, and John South was manager, after Peter French was shot. He was here, holding the youngest son of John South, Lawrence South.

BOB: Three and four?

ESTHER: Three and four are pictures of my brother, Peter South, in the orchard. Must have been in the wintertime because, look, no leaves on the trees. They had a beautiful orchard ...

MARCUS: Yes.

ESTHER: Do they still have an orchard?

MARCUS: Oh, a little of it left, not much.

ESTHER: We had irrigating ditches running all around, and we used to love to paddle in those irrigating ditches.

BOB: Don't you have a story about your other, trying to take everyone's picture on that donkey?

ESTHER: I wish I had that picture! Mother took Polly, this donkey belonged to my youngest brother, and Polly didn't like three people sitting on her. But she wanted a picture of her three children to send to her folks so she kept feeding carrots until finally all three of us got on there, and sent it back to my grandmother and great-grandmother, and all the aunts and uncles,

and everybody. And my great-grandmother looked at it and said, "Well I would have thought if Gertie was gonna take pictures of the children she would put shoes and stockings on them" I don't know if they want that picture of my Grandmother South, but I don't think so. Number five ... this is a picture of her three children: Esther South, Peter South, and Lawrence South. Children of John and Gertrude South. You know, that's funny, that looks like the gate ... that's the end of the house.

BOB: Yeah. That's a side gate maybe.

ESTHER: That's the end of the house. Where's that one that's a picture of the house? That's inside the yard taken from here. You see, that's the porch, and that's the gate. It doesn't show there, yes, there's the gate, isn't it? There's a gate somewhere around there.

MARCUS: The front gate --- I think I saw that near the chopping block.

ESTHER: That's the front gate, see this here?

MARCUS: Oh, yes.

ESTHER: It's the end of that house.

MARCUS: Oh yes, that's right.

ESTHER: I've never seen that before. I wonder what these were over here?

MARCUS: Over here's the gate. A little different gate too, I think it's right here.

ESTHER: It was kinda a pretty gate.

MARCUS: ... back over here a little farther.

ESTHER: Well it might have been the back of this house, back at this end of the house.

MARCUS: Well I think maybe it's a different gate.

ESTHER: Well I tell you, it's the other side --- this side of this house, because look at all these buildings over here. Yeah, that's right.

MARCUS: Yes ... yeah, this is the white gate here.

ESTHER: That's the end of that house, of the white house.

MARCUS: There should be the east end of the house. This is a hill back here, and this house in here is gone, but this is a white gate. The other gate would be back in there, I believe.

ESTHER: This is a picture of John South and his wedding ...

BOB: That's number six.

ESTHER: Number six, John South. It was a picture taken in 1891, just after he was married in San Francisco.

MARCUS: Esther, did any of your the relatives, South's, stay up here in Harney County with your folks?

ESTHER: Not that I know of.

MARCUS: There are some folks over in Drewsey whose names are South, two girls ...

ESTHER: I heard of that too, but I don't think ...

MARCUS: Yeah, two girls. Now in my family, my daughter is married to her son ...

ESTHER: I had an uncle in ...

BOB: Grants Pass?

ESTHER: In Grants Pass, but he had one son ...

MARCUS: I believe this fella's name was John too.

ESTHER: Now if he was the son of Frank South from Grants Pass, then he and I are cousins. If I find out sometime, it would be interesting.

MARCUS: Yeah, it would be.

ESTHER: And he was in the Navy, he ran away from home very early. We stopped in Grants Pass, Mother and we three children, after we left Ontario. After I left high school, 1911.

BOB: Ontario, California?

ESTHER: Ontario, California.

MARCUS: Now these two girls lived in Drewsey all their lives, and one of them is in their 80's, and the other one ...

ESTHER: Well, you see, Frank South and John South, my cousin would be in his 80's, he was about my age.

MARCUS: I never inquired into the family, never thought much about it --- until we got to talking about the South's. I'll do that.

ESTHER: Well if he's any relation to Frank South from Grants Pass, he'd be a direct cousin of mine.

MARCUS: Yeah, I'll ask about that. A lot of those people came in here later on from that country.

BOB: Later on. Number seven.

ESTHER: White hound ... This is John South and his white hound.

BOB: Aren't these, says left to right, shouldn't it be ... but you see it starts off with John South ... it should be right to left.

ESTHER: Are you sure about that now?

BOB: Left to right. Here's your father.

ESTHER: Yes, but left to right the first man would be Tom Sharp.

BOB: Tom Sharp?

ESTHER: Well, that's funny. They just wanted a picture of John South that's all, but as a rule ...

BOB: So the caption should read: Sharp, and then Tom, then the son and then ...

ESTHER: Leonard Sproul, I just thought of his name, Sproul.

BOB: It's on there.

ESTHER: Oh, it is?

BOB: And then the tail end should be John Smith.

ESTHER: And the white horse. You should put the white horse in there.

MARCUS: This round barn has walls a third higher than those on the one out at Barton Lake.

ESTHER: That was on the P Ranch 'cause that was in a picture with my mother's writing. She took the picture herself.

MARCUS: Yes, that's the P Ranch all right. And I believe that Joe Fine, we made a tape like we're doing now, told me he tore that barn down in 1928. He said that it was about to fall down --- and tore it down. I'm not too sure about that. Joe just died

a week ago Sunday, he was 87 years old, would have been 88 this fall.

ESTHER: I will be 88 this December myself.

MARCUS: ... one month's difference in age.

ESTHER: Now this picture is a group taken in 1901 or 1900 ...

BOB: That's picture number eight?

ESTHER: Yes, the date has to be around there somewhere. The picture was approximately taken, let's see, approximately 1901 ... bookkeeper, ex-mayor for San Francisco, the son of Lusk's partner, Leonard Sproul. And what was the first name?

JESSIE: Frank?

MARCUS: I don't know, but we could find out.

ESTHER: I just called him Mr. Lusk. We always called him Mr. Lusk. And my father --- Mr. John South on the white horse.

BOB: Number nine.

ESTHER: Oh, the round barn on the P Ranch.

MARCUS: Tell us a little bit about the interior of that, Esther, as you remember.

ESTHER: Well you remember, I couldn't tell you. I think; the round barn was the only one that had a well in the center.

MARCUS: Yes, it would be.

ESTHER: It had a well in the center and this doesn't show any ... Cut this off a minute ... Number ten is a picture of my mother and father at Juntura when he was managing the town sites. That would be about 1912.

MARCUS: Well getting back to Juntura. When you were there, was there many buildings?

ESTHER: There wasn't anything at all. We lived at what turned out to be the town site. There was a little three room house on the place, and Father went out one day, wandering on the place, and he saw some cattleman's shack that had two rooms in it, and he took a team of horses and moved it over to the three room shack we had, and took out the partition and made our living room out of it ... and then he found another one room shack, and that made an extra bedroom. So we had three bedrooms, and the living room was 24 x 16, and that was the only thing in Juntura at that time, the town of Juntura. And then it had beautiful poplar trees on three sides of it.

MARCUS: Poplars still there --- along the highway.

ESTHER: And then there was a beautiful creek, never ran dry. And we had a front yard, the house was here, and then the trees were here. Not on this side, this side. And then we had quite a big lawn, and we used to run the water over the whole thing to irrigate it, and we had a big irrigating ditch. It was seven or eight feet wide. And I have to tell you a funny story about that too. I had an Airedale, and a neighbor gave it to us. And the pigs got out, we had two pigs, and they got out of the pen where they were supposed to be, and were wandering around on the other side of the irrigating ditch. And have you ever tried to herd pigs?

MARCUS: Yeah.

ESTHER: It's impossible.

MARCUS: The heads are always on the wrong end.

ESTHER: Yeah, and I tried to herd and I had the dog, and the dog made a wild dive for me, and the pigs squealed and jumped across the ditch, and my dog ran in the ditch. Father said they was laughing. There was apple trees too. This was a beautiful place. That was the only house in the whole place.

MARCUS: How long did you stay there, Esther?

ESTHER: Probably stayed there, let's see, while I was in college, four years.

MARCUS: You were there at Juntura for four years?

ESTHER: Father was there for a little bit longer. I went to college, and then I went to ... Yeah, four years, four years. And this was a picture of the town site.

BOB: Picture eleven.

ESTHER: And evidently ...

MARCUS: Yeah, that was quite a town there in that picture there, that's like all the rest of them.

ESTHER: Just think now, how it's gone all to pot, everything gone now.

MARCUS: No, not especially. It isn't a ghost town by any stretch of the imagination.

ESTHER: This is Juntura in 1913.

MARCUS: '13.

ESTHER: 1913 or '14.

MARCUS: Well they sure moved up there when they did start ... a boomtown ...

ESTHER: Well they had a quarry right near, you know; originally there was a river not too far from here. Bendire Mountain is somewhere in here.

MARCUS: Yeah, there were two rivers in there --- North Fork of the Malheur and the Middle Fork of the Malheur.

ESTHER: We went skating; the first year I was there we used to skate on that river.

MARCUS: You did, huh?

BOB: In pictures 12, 13, and 14.

ESTHER: You don't want these, do you?

BOB: Sure. What is that there?

ESTHER: Don't ask me.

BOB: Didn't you say you had to ride from Juntura into Burns?

MARCUS: This is the dentist there.

ESTHER: Well let's see, which horse did I have at that time?

MARCUS: Well you're riding a white horse here in this picture.

ESTHER: Well I know, but I didn't like that horse.

MARCUS: Well it looks like you got a sorrel horse here.

ESTHER: That was a real nice horse.

MARCUS: Here's a black horse here.

ESTHER: Well that horse was red, but you'd never know it. That was in the wintertime.

BOB: Didn't you have to ride from Juntura to the Bennett's into Burns?

ESTHER: Yes, I rode 75 miles. Mrs. Cater was Mrs. Hanley's sister, and she was staying with us in Juntura while her husband was managing the building part of town. And I had to go to the dentist, and so Mrs. Cater said, "Why don't you go and stay with Clara while you are at the dentist?" And I said, "Okay." And we rode horseback within ten miles of Burns, and they met us ten miles in a car, and we left our horses there. And we stayed a week with the Hanley's. And then we came back and they told us not to get out of sight of the telephone poles all right. And we got lost, and it got dark, and I had a horse ... it was this one, this horse here ... and I didn't know where it was raised, 'cause I think I understand it when a horse, in the spring, when the grass is coming up, they tried to go back to where it was raised. Is that true?

MARCUS: Yeah, that's right. You bet.

ESTHER: So I didn't dare let my horse just take its head, 'cause I didn't know where he would take me. So I had three matches in my coat pocket, so I managed to get some sagebrush lit. Stayed all night anyhow. Next morning the sun came up we knew what direction to go. We were just two miles from home.

MARCUS: You were? Well! You must have come through where Riverside is now. Was there anything at Riverside then?

ESTHER: No, never knew it.

MARCUS: Be right on the river, if you were coming you'd probably be following right up the river.

ESTHER: Drewsey, we went through Drewsey.

MARCUS: Did you go through Drewsey?

ESTHER: Yes.

MARCUS: Oh. Yeah, you would have missed Riverside then. Drewsey was sure there.

ESTHER: Sixteen, oh, about 16 miles away, I think, from Juntura.

MARCUS: Yeah, you're right, 17 miles.

ESTHER: Yeah, I had two brothers, and three or four others, and we had two baseball, two baseball teams. We had a wonderful time then. But this little horse here was a little single footer. And you've heard of Bill Jones?

MARCUS: Yes.

ESTHER: Well Bill Jones, you know, was a widower for many years, and he married a school teacher, that everyone thought was too old to have children, but they had a little Katie, a little girl. And he had the four boys. And you never saw any four, five men who were more tickled to death to have that little Katie. If it had been another boy it wouldn't have meant anything, but it was a girl. So the boys got to work almost immediately to find a horse for Katie. They wanted to break it in. So they found this little single footer.

Well when I came out there Father was speaking to Bill Jones about a horse for me, and the boys said, "Well, let's have the

daughter have Katie, Katie's horse, until Katie gets old enough to ride. So I had that horse for several years, and then I got that white horse that Father bought for \$3, 'cause it had a sore back. So he put it down in the pasture, he had split hooves. He put it down in the pasture which had a swamp in it (and I had this horse at the same time) and then what do you think he put on his back for saddle sores? Axle grease. And it was a white horse, but hair came in curly and black. Have you ever heard of that happening?

MARCUS: Yes, I have. Uh huh.

ESTHER: It was news to me. But anyhow, that was a stinky little horse, because he wouldn't let anybody ahead of him. But this was a nice little horse. He was an old cow horse, and his mouth was very tender, and his tongue was split right down the middle ...

MARCUS: Oh, fell down ...

ESTHER: No. Some blasted Mexican had it, one of those sharp bits.

BOB: Spakes?

ESTHER: Spades bit split his tongue. But when Father got it, it was an older horse, but a nice horse. It was 16 hands high; it was a tall horse. And I took him out for a ride, and I came back in and I said, "I didn't think much of that horse. I couldn't get him to go!" And Father looked at him pleased, tickled, and said, "Well, take those spurs that are hanging on the wall and just, you won't need them very much, but take them anyhow." So when that

horse heard me coming along with those spurs, I never had to even touch him ...

MARCUS: Didn't have to use them, huh?

ESTHER: I'd just touch him with these. He'd go right in, he'd go from a little running walk into a gallop just as pretty as anything you ever saw. That was a nice horse. Father sold that horse and the saddle and everything to a sheepherder. Father said the first time the horse saw that sheepherder his nose went up like this. But the sheepherder would never run him; just, he loved him. That's what happened to that horse.

MARCUS: Well you didn't ride sidesaddle either ...

ESTHER: No!

MARCUS: ... you got right on there.

ESTHER: No, never rode sidesaddle. But that little horse that little Katie's horse, as we called it, used to run away with me, but Father got one of those bits, you know ...

BOB: Army bits ...

ESTHER: Yes, Army bits. I didn't have to use it, or tighten it, but he learned his lesson. He used to run away with me. I used to run him into the swamps so he couldn't run any farther with me.

MARCUS: I'll bet this was a good little horse.

ESTHER: That's the one that was Katie's horse.

MARCUS: Yeah. He was a dandy.

ESTHER: He was a --- was a single footer, too. Nothing is more rideable than a single footer. Every foot just goes ... it was

just beautiful.

MARCUS: Falls down with you once in a while.

ESTHER: Father's horse, Chehete, was a single footer, and that horse would never gait, you couldn't make him gait until he was in a dead run. But then he was the kind of single footer that can rope horses.

MARCUS: Didn't you have a picture of the bunkhouse there, didn't you? Didn't we see that --- we haven't seen those pictures --- these are mostly of that ...

ESTHER: Yes, this is it here. Peter French on the porch of the old guesthouse. You see, those guesthouses, some of them had marvelous fireplaces in them. You could almost walk into them. You'd take a big sagebrush and put 'em in there and they'd go whoosh.

BOB: They're made to cook in maybe.

ESTHER: No, Go1 was the cook, but he cooked in the bunkhouse.

MARCUS: Well in this one it shows two doors, and it doesn't have a porch on it. I think I saw that some place, inside was the old bunkhouse, and later called it the doghouse ...

ESTHER: Oh, I've never seen that. Do you see it here? I don't think I ever have.

BOB: I think they are the only ones.

MARCUS: I didn't think there was anyone in that, but I didn't get much of a look.

ESTHER: Now that was taken in 1892, and Peter moved out. Father

and Mother moved him out of Peter French's place, house. Too bad that had to burn down, isn't it?

MARCUS: Yeah, you bet it is.

ESTHER: Wonder how it happened. Does anyone know?

MARCUS: Yeah. It happened in August. They had a coal heater to heat water, and they built a fire with kindling right quick and the trees had blown dry leaves off on the roof and a spark dropped down on them dry leaves ...

ESTHER: And that was it ...

MARCUS: Right in the middle of the day. We were haying out at Buena Vista, it's about 20 miles down, and oh the country got smokey out there, and we couldn't figure out what in the world was taking place ... took quite a while for it to burn. We were out in the hay field.

ESTHER: Well I think we should be going.

MARCUS: Yeah, we don't want to keep you here too late. It's 3:15 now.

ESTHER: And it will be 3:30 before we ... 4:30 ... 5:30 ...

MARCUS: I've got something here. I want to take you in here for a second.

ESTHER: Oh, we've got another half hour ...

TAPE 2 - SIDE C

NOTE: August 6th, 1980 at the P Ranch near Frenchglen. Esther South lived at the P Ranch as a young girl for a time while her

father was in charge of the operation after Peter French was killed.

ESTHER: ... his nose was sticking up out of the water.

WOMAN: Was this where it was?

ESTHER: Yeah, uh huh. It was early spring and we had a lot of company from San Francisco. And we were having breakfast and a cowboy came along and said, "Oh, Mr. South, the calves are being pushed off the bridge by their mothers, and we're gonna lose them." And he said, "Go and get all the lariats and the ropes and every-thing and get it to the cowboys and have 'em ready for me and I'll be there." And he just took one loop after another and every little nose went up in the lasso, and I guess maybe 75 or 100, and never missed a one. But the river was high; it was in the spring. I have, I think, one of those pictures, didn't I leave one of those pictures with you of the ---

BOB: I don't think we got a copy of that one.

ESTHER: Did we get a copy of that?

BOB: I don't think so.

ESTHER: Well I'll have to get a copy of that old bridge. I've got a copy at home.

MARCUS: Yeah. I saw it among the old pictures, Bob.

ESTHER: Yeah, but I don't think I had a picture of that bridge and the horse leaning over the edge of the bridge.

MARCUS: No, I don't think there's a horse in the picture.

ESTHER: The one I have is a horse --- I think I have two of those

and I've got to get one of them.

MARCUS: Well, real good. We'd sure like to have that.

ESTHER: The bridge; it showed all that --- it was a good picture. My mother took all of those pictures, you know, when she was here.

MARCUS: Yeah, she could tell what she was doing too. Well, Esther, do things look familiar to you at all?

ESTHER: No, not at all --- it's so run down now, you see. Everything was beautiful; we could have a clear view of the river from the house. Now it's all piled up with dirt and that tower and everything else. But it was so kept up, looked beautiful.

MARCUS: Well the orchard was producing then, wasn't it?

ESTHER: Oh, the orchard. That wasn't just a few trees. It went clear back of the house. There was a creek, is there a creek back of the house now?

MARCUS: Well I think there is a ditch comes down through there. They called it the orchard ditch, I believe.

ESTHER: We called it a creek. It was quite a creek in the back of the house.

MARCUS: I think they put it in there to irrigate with.

ESTHER: And then they'd dam it up and let it loose and irrigate with it. But there's a lot of trees missing too. They probably burned.

MARCUS: Well yeah, and a lot of them they just fell over, one of them fell over on the house. Just shortly before the house burned.

ESTHER: Oh, that's be nice.

MARCUS: Yeah, a big one like that just came right down.

ESTHER: Cottonwood and poplars.

MARCUS: Poplars here, I think that fell. There used to be more trees back, on the backside, on the south side of the house there, Fred, wasn't there?

FRED: Oh yeah.

ESTHER: Oh yeah.

MARCUS: It was the south side that the tree fell on the house there.

ESTHER: I think one of the houses, the pictures of the house shows quite a few of the trees.

MARCUS: Yes, it does. You have pictures of the old blacksmith's shop?

ESTHER: Yes, I'm going to send that to you too.

MARCUS: Well, I think we have it here. I saw it someplace anyway.

ESTHER: Well I had it but I don't think we had a picture. Oh, the blacksmith's shop, it was down this direction.

MARCUS: Sat right down here, didn't it Fred?

FRED: Yeah. Pretty close to the creek here.

MARCUS: Who was the first blacksmith here that you remember Fred?

FRED: Grant something.

MARCUS: Oh, Grant Kesterson?

FRED: Seems to me that was his name.

MARCUS: Well Pat Donegan was here for a long, long time but somebody prior to him, I know.

FRED: Yeah, I'm pretty sure it was Grant Kesterson.

MARCUS: Yeah.

FRED: And then old Pat.

MARCUS: Yeah, Pat was the blacksmith here, I guess, when they sold out in '35, wasn't he?

FRED: That's right.

MARCUS: Yes. Then the blacksmith shop was torn down. The granary sat back in there too.

FRED: Yeah, right back there on the ...

MARCUS: Near the ---

ESTHER: Well we had an icehouse too. We used to cut the ice in the wintertime and pack it in sawdust ... in the orchard. I don't know where that was. It was over in that direction somewhere.

FRED: It set right back there yonder.

ESTHER: Yes, well I know it was somewhere.

FRED: Well just a little bit behind that there long building there.

ESTHER: Yeah.

FRED: I ... what that is now.

ESTHER: And there was fellow by the name of Fred that used to go once a month to Winnemucca, and he had a big --- you know, like the 20 mule team borax wagon? I got into that one time and stayed there several hours, I couldn't get out.

MARCUS: You were behaving yourself for a change then, weren't you?

ESTHER: Well, I know that they rang the gong. They thought I was lost in the river, and all the cowboys were hunting me, I was in that ...

MARCUS: I think she was something else around here. When Tebo has to give a kid a spanking, there's something wrong, you know.

ESTHER: Well right in front of the house there was a ford across the river; you remember that?

FRED: Yeah.

ESTHER: And then just before you got to the ford, as you're going across the river, there was kinda a deep pond there. Well I thought it would be a nice place to make Topsy, my horse, jump off that and go in the river and swim to the other side. But of course, the horse got out of sight; I'd be ... in the water. Tebo came along and saw that, he give me a spanking and sent me home. And there was a Mr. Johnson, I never knew what his ... but they just, the men all laughed when I called him Mr. Johnson. So there's something funny about that, that I didn't know about. But Mr. Johnson and Shorty Cooper, and Tebo, and Chino, they're the only ones that I remember.

JESSIE: I knew Chino.

ESTHER: Chino. Chino was a vaquero; he was the head of all the cowboys, I think.

MARCUS: Yes, he was ...

ESTHER: A very fine roper too.

MARCUS: Buckaroo boss, they called him.

ESTHER: Can't think of his last name.

MARCUS: Berdugo.

ESTHER: Yes, Berdugo.

FRED: Jaquin.

ESTHER: Joaquin Berdugo. Yeah, that's right. I haven't thought of that name. Now we didn't come in by way of the Roaring Springs?

MARCUS: No, the Roaring Springs is on up above.

ESTHER: Well didn't we used to come in by way of Roaring Springs?

MARCUS: From Winnemucca you would have, yes.

ESTHER: Walls. I'm so glad to think of that name. I don't suppose that any of those, well of course they couldn't be, because Mother died ---

MARCUS: No.

ESTHER: Mother died in '59, and she was 91 then, so she was the same age as those girls.

MARCUS: Yeah. Do you remember the Walls girls, Fred, at all?

FRED: No.

ESTHER: No, I don't think he would because they would be, how old are you?

FRED: Oh, 82.

ESTHER: 82. Well you see I'm 87, and so you wouldn't know any of those because I was ---

FRED: Let's see, I was born in 1894.

ESTHER: '94. Well you're the same age as my youngest brother.

MARCUS: '96.

JESSIE: What month is your birthday?

FRED: October the 1st.

MARCUS: About twins.

JESSIE: I'm older than you are.

MARCUS: We got a contest on here, Bob!

JESSIE: September the 8th.

FRED: Yeah.

JESSIE: I'm just a month older.

ESTHER: You see those Walls girls would be long gone. 'Cause you're younger than I am.

MARCUS: Yeah, well you see Annie Walls was teaching school over here in Happy Valley.

ESTHER: There was another.

MARCUS: No, that was ---

ESTHER: One of the daughters.

MARCUS: One of the daughters, I think. You see in '94 Myrtle Barnes tells about going to school to her.

ESTHER: Oh, '94, that would be all right too, because Mother was about --- the Walls girls were pretty close together in age, and they would come over. It was about 16 miles away, I think, from here. And they would come over here and stay for a week. In fact, their horse, that they grew up on, they sent over for me to

have. And that horse was given to them by Bill Hanley. Mother thought a lot of those Walls girls.

MARCUS: That must have been the mother then; Annie Walls back in those days, if they were girls when you were here.

ESTHER: They were around in their 30's.

MARCUS: Oh, well that could have been.

ESTHER: Thirty years old or 28.

MARCUS: I was just thinking about it, I think I assumed that it was the girls instead of the mother there. She just called her Annie Walls in the tape that I have.

ESTHER: Well I don't know, let's see, in 1900 say, for instance, that's the middle of the time we were there, and those girls then were all --- there were three of them, all the way from 28 to 32, around in there.

MARCUS: Well, that could have been, you see, this was '94 when she went to school to her over here. It could have been all right.

ESTHER: ...

MARCUS: It's been awhile, hasn't it? I suppose you caught lots of fish here at this river at that time?

ESTHER: Oh, I've got some pictures of one of the bookkeepers sitting in front of the house cleaning fish. You can see the size of them. There are some beautiful ones.

MARCUS: Tebo used to tell a story about a fish that was so big in this river, he had to go down to the lake to turn around and come

back up.

ESTHER: Sounds exactly like him!

MARCUS: I think he told another story about a fish here that he trained to follow him around here, didn't he, Fred? And they were crossing a foot log here some place and the fish fell off and drowned. (Laughter)

ESTHER: Tall tales, tall tales.

MARCUS: Oh, you bet.

ESTHER: Did you ever hear about the Chinaman that was here? Well you wouldn't be here, you would be about, you were too young, you wouldn't be more than 4 or 5 years old.

JESSIE: What was his name?

ESTHER: Gol.

FRED: Yeah.

MARCUS: You remember old Gol? He was probably around the country here.

ESTHER: With a pigtail.

FRED: Yeah.

ESTHER: My, we thought he was wonderful. When he wanted us to go home he would go and get his big knife and say, "You go home!" Meat cleaver ---

MARCUS: Start you out all right.

ESTHER: We weren't afraid of him at all. And I know my youngest brother and Peter were by a chopping block out there by Gol's place. And Peter took it out of the --- he was standing; he was

on the chopping block. And he pulled it up and he missed it, and opened my brother's head right down here. He's got a scar that long.

MARCUS: Oh, gee.

ESTHER: And the three of us went home trailing my brother with the blood and everything. And Mother just cut off the hair and put it together with Cutacura salve. There was no dentist, no doctor, no nothing.

MARCUS: No.

ESTHER: And that scar is still there to this day, about that long. And Mother said it looked just like the globe of the world. Just that close to the brain.

MARCUS: Oh, gee whiz. Probably scared the old Chinaman worse than the kid.

ESTHER: Oh, my. I don't think he even knew about it. We were playing around the block, wood block used for chopping. I'd forgotten about that story. He did all the cooking of the bread and all the meat for our house. We had a hired girl, let's see, Miss Gunther, her name was.

MARCUS: Miss Gunther.

ESTHER: I think she married the man, Fred, who went back and forth every month to Winnemucca, after we left.

MARCUS: I don't know who that would be Fred; do you?

FRED: I don't either.

MARCUS: If they stayed around. Of course a lot of these people

--- you knew Shorty Cooper, I'm sure.

ESTHER: Oh, did she?

MARCUS: Oh yes. You bet, Fred remembers.

ESTHER: I'm gonna send, I'm gonna get a copy of that picture when Maynard Nixon was there, it was in 1901. And the horse was trying to jump over the fence, and he's trying to rope the horse. And Mr. Nixon and myself were on the fence on this side, and he took a picture of it, and it was printed in "Harper's Bazaar".

MARCUS: Yeah, we were talking about that picture yesterday.

ESTHER: And I'm gonna take it out of the frame and see if I can get a picture out of it for you. That would be an excellent picture, a dandy, dated down below too, 1901.

MARCUS: But getting back to Chino, now you buckarooed for Chino, didn't you Fred?

FRED: No.

ESTHER: No, he wouldn't be old enough.

FRED: No ... did.

MARCUS: ... did. Uh huh.

ESTHER: He wouldn't be old enough.

MARCUS: Yeah, he was old enough. His twin brother buckarooed for him. But Fred just didn't happen to be here.

ESTHER: I don't know how old Chino was when we were here, but I got a picture ...

MARCUS: He stayed on for quite a while.

FRED: Oh, yeah.

MARCUS: When --- Charlie Wade replaced him as buckaroo boss, didn't he?

FRED: That's right.

ESTHER: Who ran the ranch after my father left in 1904?

FRED: ... wasn't it? No.

MARCUS: I don't know, Fred, I wasn't around yet. I'm just a youngster along side of you folks. I was born in 1907, you see.

ESTHER: Oh, my gracious ...

MARCUS: Yeah, that's what I say; I'm just a kid.

WOMAN: You're just two years older than Mary.

ESTHER: Where does this road go to?

MARCUS: Well, it's just a ---

ESTHER: Just a road, huh?

MARCUS: Just a road that they call the Center Patrol Road. It was put in here after the government bought the place here for, just to observe birds and what not. It follows right down the canal here, and we'll take you down ---

ESTHER: All this country around in here was all in alfalfa, as I remember.

MARCUS: Oh, it was? Right below here, uh huh.

ESTHER: We had quite a patch of alfalfa. When they could get two crops a year, it was wonderful.

MARCUS: Yeah. Well it was, you bet. You bet, that's right.

ESTHER: Like in Imperial Valley they ...

JESSIE: Did you ever have any fruit on the trees?

ESTHER: Oh, did we! That's one reason they kept the icehouse, so they could keep things fresh.

MARCUS: Well they had quite a variety of fruit trees. They were brought in from Winnemucca, too, weren't they, on a freight wagon, along with these trees here?

ESTHER: And we had plums, and peaches, and apricots, and something else --- pears and apples, oh apples, all sorts of apples. Three or four different kinds of apples. In one of those pictures of my brother and the ... that was taken --- it must have been in the winter because there was no leaves on the trees. That was taken on the side over here, between the house and the orchard. There was quite a road there too, between the orchard and the house.

MARCUS: Well, that's the way you came in, was probably over in there, then.

ESTHER: Well, I don't know. I just think that we ... well, there was an irrigating ditch in the back of the house. We called it a creek, so it must have been pretty good sized, to kids anyhow. And we hung up all the clothes and everything around in back of there. The washing, you wash this way, you know.

MARCUS: You bet. Now do you remember the hog house, it was back ---

ESTHER: No, I don't remember.

MARCUS: Where was it at, Fred?

ESTHER: I don't remember that.

MARCUS: The old hog house that the ---

FRED: It was down near the springs, where you come around there. Must be down on that road that goes around there you go around that spring.

MARCUS: Oh, you mean the Hog House Spring?

FRED: Yeah.

ESTHER: Well now where was the gate to that? It was about half a mile from the house. Where was the gate, the main gate, big gate?

FRED: The big gate?

ESTHER: There was a big gate there where you used to come in from that.

FRED: Well we used to come in from here, if we were coming off the ranch, coming in across the field there.

ESTHER: Yeah. I remember they said it was a half a mile from the house.

FRED: There used to be a fence right out there, right straight out across yonder, and the field was separated, and the ford was right straight across out yonder, and you cross that ford and come right along that fence in here.

ESTHER: What did you ford?

FRED: Well it was across the creek there.

ESTHER: The creek. That was the creek that ran back of the house.

FRED: Yeah.

ESTHER: Oh. Well when we came in from Burns, we didn't come by

way of Roaring Springs then?

FRED: No, no.

ESTHER: We came in by way of which? What ranch did we come in from, the Sod House?

FRED: Yeah. Sod House is below here, you see.

ESTHER: That's right. How about the Diamond Ranch? I've got a map of that --- all those rivers, all those ranches that come in from ...

MARCUS: Well there is a stop at Buena Vista, Fred, from P Ranch wouldn't they, coming from Sod House. Coming to the P Ranch you would have stayed all night, you could have, at Buena Vista.

FRED: At Buena Vista.

MARCUS: And then from there you ---

ESTHER: I don't know that name.

MARCUS: Well they didn't call it Buena Vista in those days.

ESTHER: Well, what did they call it?

MARCUS: We've got it on the map here. They've got a nice Mexican name for it.

ESTHER: Oh, good. Escondido.

FRED: Yes, Escondido.

MARCUS: That's it. That's the name. I saw it yesterday. I've got the map and everything.

ESTHER: Father came here, pretty near a year, eight months, before we children came with Mother, because the house was being built during that time, you see, after Peter French died. Father

met us in Winnemucca, that was the nearest train. It was a two-seater, and I guess they called them ... and you had to get into the thing with a long step like this from the side, and it had a top on it and a fringe. And it took us four days to get from Winnemucca to here, stopping every night at some ranch house. That was exciting.

MARCUS: Yeah, that would have been quite a trip.

ESTHER: Just a dirt --- just a one single road. And if we passed anybody we went out in the sagebrush.

BOB: Was there much traffic on it?

ESTHER: Not much traffic. Didn't see anybody for miles.

MARCUS: Tickled to death to meet somebody to tie up the line and visit for a couple of hours. That was good ... you know. Haven't got time to even wave at your neighbor now when you meet him on the road.

ESTHER: No automobiles in those days.

MARCUS: Nope.

ESTHER: And where did, it was a David Shirk, here was the Diamond Ranch, but there was a Bill Shirk, brother of Dave --- well they didn't have any family.

MARCUS: They lived at Home Creek, Shirks did, didn't they?

FRED: Yeah.

MARCUS: And then they had the Rock Creek Ranch at the time too.

ESTHER: Oh well, I wondered on that map ---

MARCUS: Yeah, it shows the Rock Creek Ranch.

ESTHER: Well then I'm gonna write Dave, Bill Shirk there, because that woman was the most marvelous horsewoman. They were quite a bit older than my mother. He must have been the older brother of Dave.

MARCUS: No, I think Dave was the oldest. I'm not sure now about this, but the reason I say this, now, after the Indian War, they came here and gathered these people here, Fred's father was with the bunch, he was over in Ochoco, 17 years old and shot in the hip here, and a bone was broken. And he rode a horse to Fort Harney from here setting on a blanket. Rode all night, this happened in the morning and they got up here and ---

ESTHER: He was a Witzel?

MARCUS: Yeah, that was him. This was his father.

ESTHER: Oh, oh I see.

MARCUS: Got up on top of the butte here, Jack Mountain, and went down to keep out of the valley because the place was full of Indians by then, you see, heading from Fort Harney.

ESTHER: Well Pete French and Father held on some ridge around here looking down, maybe a butte or something, and there was just a single road, and they held off --- I don't know how many hundreds of Indians --- the two of them. But they had to save their shells because they didn't have enough ammunition. But Peter French and my father were the best shots with a rifle.

MARCUS: Well, you dad was holding Pete French's horse when he got shot, wasn't he?

FRED: Yeah.

ESTHER: Oh, is that so?

MARCUS: Yeah.

BOB: Was that right around the ranch here?

MARCUS: No, over here in Diamond.

ESTHER: Diamond?

MARCUS: We'll point out the place this afternoon.

ESTHER: The Diamond Ranch is the one Dave Shirk had. I met, I had a gift shop in Pasadena and Alhambra, and that one's in Alhambra, and I was waiting on a young couple, a young couple had come into the shop and they gave me a check and it was signed Shirk, and I asked him if they were any relation to Dave Shirk in Oregon. And he said that was his father.

MARCUS: Oh, well.

ESTHER: I was just young, about 28 or 29. I wasn't that old, early 20's so it didn't mean anything to me at all. But now I would have ---

MARCUS: You had other things on your mind.

ESTHER: Now I would have called them into my house and told everything I could.

MARCUS: Yeah, you would have been right after him.

BOB: Did you tell them the story about the jury your father sat on for one of their ...

ESTHER: I don't know if I should tell that one or not.

MARCUS: Sure.

ESTHER: Well, Dave Shirk, I think, shot somebody.

MARCUS: Yeah.

ESTHER: And Father was the foreman of the jury, and they couldn't decide on the punishment to give him. They didn't want to execute him or anything like that, so they said well I think, my father said, "I think it would be a good idea to bury him so every time that Shirk came out of his front door he'd see the grave." And for many years Dave wouldn't speak to my father at all. Until we came out, he came out with three children, and his wife wanted to meet the wife of the three children, so we went over to the ranch, stayed for two or three days. And the most things I remember is she called me Hester instead of Esther, and they had a parrot. Those are the two things that I remember the most. But then Father --- he did speak to Father after that, many years later.

MARCUS: You kinda forget the differences after you get so old.

ESTHER: You get so old you get children coming along.

MARCUS: Yeah. But getting back to, there's a fellows by the name of Dickerson and Hickson, I think, was his name, I've got an account of that too. And they were in a wagon over here and they got them out and brought them around here, and they got gathered up and they went up to Roaring Springs and that country there and joined Dave Shirk's outfit, and the rest of them went to Harney. And then this Dave Shirk, now, we're talking about, that's what makes me think that he speaks about his younger brother and he brings these fellas back. And in fact the Indians were gone, and

they went around and found the wagon and it hadn't been touched at all, so they rode the horses back. One guy was riding a mule. And they hooked on the horses, and started for Home Creek, and Bill went ahead of them here and he was up here on the side of the hill and he had his binoculars and he saw them come into the crossing up here, on the river. So he decided, well, they were getting along fine. He had left his rifle for them. He had his six-shooter and he just rode up in those junipers right up on top of the hill, and out rode a bunch of Indians at him. And he ---

ESTHER: With a six-shooter.

MARCUS: The horse jumped, they scared his horse, and his gun pulled out of the scabbard and he lost his six-shooter right there. So away they went. He headed for Catlow Valley.

ESTHER: He still had the horse.

MARCUS: He kind of made a short cut around through the rocks and gained a little distance on these Indians. But he said that there was an Indian riding a black horse, he said, that was just staying right there with him. He was shooting at him once and a while. So he said that his brother Bill was a big man, and a very powerful man, so he decided that the next time the Indian shot that he would fall off of his horse and play dead. And when they came up to scalp him why he would take his chances with him. And he said they went a ways and they hadn't fired a shot, and he looked back and the Indian was off of his horse. He said he didn't know whether the horse had fallen down with him or just

what had happened, but the Indian was off the horse. And he got away from him. Now this is the, "Cattle Drive of David Shirk," now this is a book, and Dave tells about that in this book here.

ESTHER: Well Dave must have been older ...

MARCUS: I think maybe he was.

ESTHER: Well Bill Shirk was a slim man, but Dave Shirk, when we knew him, was a big heavyset man.

MARCUS: Well I can find out about those fellas from Johnny Crow because he married one of ...

ESTHER: Corbett, sold the Diamond Ranch to the Corbett's, didn't he?

MARCUS: Yes.

ESTHER: I didn't --- I thought maybe you would --- did Corbett have a banker in Portland at one time --- you wouldn't know?

FRED: I wouldn't know.

ESTHER: That was before we, it would have been 1897 or 1898, somewhere in that neighborhood. I don't know if Corbett, maybe his son ...

MARCUS: No --- Corbett, course it was 1903 then, I think, when Corbett bought the ---

ESTHER: Well that's after --- we left in, I think, in '03 or '04 ...

MARCUS: Yeah, I think that's probably the reason that place sold, that's probably when you went back to California.

ESTHER: Yeah, Berkeley.

MARCUS: Well did your dad; did he start up the horse market there at Frisco again when he went back down that time?

ESTHER: All I know, that he went over every day to a horse market.

MARCUS: He was running a horse market when he was called up here, as I understand it.

ESTHER: Yes, and they left somebody else in charge. And then four years later when we came back, my father was still in the horse market. And then after the earthquake took charge of everything in San Francisco in 1906. And we came down to --- we left Berkeley in 1907, went to Ontario, California. And I don't know --- Father for the first year we were down there, he went into Los Angeles to some sort of a horse market, of some sort, whether they had a branch down there, I don't know. And then he was called up to Juntura to manage a new town site in 1911, I would say, in that neighborhood.

MARCUS: Well, Esther, getting back to the P Ranch here, you were talking about the barn they kept the stallions in.

ESTHER: Yeah.

MARCUS: Fred, that must have been what we knew as the racehorse barn. Do you remember the old racehorse barn here? Why don't you tell Esther something about that, and that's probably the barn that you were thinking about? Did it have a well in it? In the race-horse ---

FRED: I don't remember.

ESTHER: Well, the one that I'm thinking of had a well in the center, and then they had on the circle they had stalls with runways for the horses, and they were the stallions and they didn't want them to get mixed up with all the mares that were running around; they kept them separate. And they were a pretty lively bunch. And Old Fred, who was in charge of all of that, sometimes he couldn't keep track of Peter and myself, my next brother younger, we were always doing things.

MARCUS: No wonder Tebo gave her a paddling.

ESTHER: Well he couldn't keep track of us all the time either, but we would climb up on top of the gate that opened out from the barn to the stall, to the runway, and we'd climb up on the top of that gate with a handful of pebbles and every time they showed up we'd throw, and then the stallion would just dash out and dash back right in front of us. It was kind of exciting. But Fred used to send us home in what we called the chariot. Dump truck is what it was.

MARCUS: Take you up to the house and dump you out.

ESTHER: That's right. He used one horse and he'd have it all locked by the horse's tail, and when he'd unlock, we'd just come sliding out.

MARCUS: Well Fred --- you remember the round barn real well here, don't you?

FRED: Yeah.

MARCUS: Did you break colts here in it?

FRED: No.

MARCUS: You never did?

FRED: No, ... but ... did.

MARCUS: Did they? It wasn't as big as the one at round barn?

FRED: No, I don't think it was.

MARCUS: And it's higher at the ---

ESTHER: What did they do with the round barn that was here? It was a pretty good-sized barn. I had a picture of it.

MARCUS: Didn't Joe Fine have it torn down when they came here in the late '20's?

FRED: I think so.

MARCUS: I have a tape with Joe, and I didn't have time to play it last night or I would have, and I think he tells about taking these buildings down. And John Scharff, I visited with him last night, and John was just sick that he couldn't come up.

ESTHER: Shark ...

MARCUS: This is Scharff not Shark.

ESTHER: Oh, Scharff.

MARCUS: He was the Refuge manager here at the time of those purchases, and was responsible for getting this restored as much as it was done. And he tells about this long barn that we were talking about, they called it the racehorse barn.

ESTHER: Well, there was a long barn, it had a beautiful ... we used to go up in the hay loft and slide down ...

MARCUS: Yeah, it had a hayloft then.

ESTHER: We'd slide down in where the hay came in like that, you know. And if there was a horse in there, which was wonderful, because the horse would rear up and ---

MARCUS: You must have been quite an addition around this ranch here. Fall over and break the halter open.

ESTHER: No wonder Gol left not very long after us. He said he was too lonesome for the kids.

MARCUS: Yeah, he was kind of used to a little excitement all right.

ESTHER: Well I remember going behind the plow following one of the men out, and hunt for me all down the river, and rang the gong and everything else, and I came back in the hayrack. Just one little gal in the big hayrack. Father, I said I wasn't going to follow that wagon anymore, I didn't get one ride.

MARCUS: Well John told me that the barn was here when he came, and wanted to leave it standing, and the powers to be said, "No, tear it down." And he said it was a long narrow building, and had a hay mound in the center of it.

ESTHER: That's right.

MARCUS: And that the mangers in that were made of split juniper and wrapped with rawhide.

ESTHER: Yeah, that's right. I hadn't thought about, but I remember that. Did that have a well in the middle of it? Where they pumped water up?

MARCUS: Well, you were talking about having these horses, these

stud horses along in these places here, and I just mentioned that to John, and he said, "I'll bet that would be what we called the racehorse barn, later." I think he said, well they had about 12 or 15 studs around here. And they would exercise and run around out there. So that sounds like maybe it was the other barn rather than the round barn there.

ESTHER: That's the time that I came out from one of those barns and there was a big double barrel shotgun standing up there. And a coyote had been around in there trying to get a calf. And I picked up the gun and shot the coyote. It was as near as I am to you. Knocked me down, and Father gave me what for to somebody else for putting the gun there. But the only thing that bothered me, I didn't get my \$5 for the hide.

MARCUS: You just got knocked down instead.

ESTHER: Oh, I just got ---

MARCUS: Yeah, I'll bet that knocked you down.

ESTHER: Double-barreled shotgun, kid probably 8 years old, you can imagine what it could do to them.

MARCUS: You give the old coyote both barrels probably.

ESTHER: I did probably. I ... everything that would shoot. I didn't know anything about a gun, but I'd watched the men do it.

MARCUS: Well, you settled the coyote; I guess that was the main thing.

ESTHER: I shot his head right off. And another time --- there was a lot of company, and they had given my horse, and my Mother's

horse, and the bookkeeper's horse to all the different people. Nobody liked to give up their own horse, you know.

MARCUS: No.

ESTHER: Just like ---

MARCUS: ... didn't it?

ESTHER: So they gave me a horse I'd never been on, Old Billy they called it, and no saddle on it. And I went to go somewhere and alongside of the bank of the river there was a lot of --- we had beautiful big white geese. And I mean big ones, when they stand up they're about like that, you know. And they always sat there with their heads under their wings, and as I came by they all put their heads out like this; threw me off into the rocks.

MARCUS: You stayed with the geese, huh?

ESTHER: I stayed with the geese. Oh dear me. I hadn't thought about that for years.

MARCUS: Well, that isn't the same old horse that kept dumping you off in all these sloughs that you were jumping out here was it?

ESTHER: That was the horse that ... Topsy ... brought from Roaring Springs to give me to learn to ride. That's the one that used to dump me off every time. Oh dear. First, they had a saddle, they tied the, where your feet go, the stirrups under the horse so they wouldn't flop. So I had to ride that way until they could get a saddle from Sears & Roebuck for a child.

MARCUS: They used to call that the Oregon Short Line, didn't they Fred? Yeah, it was called the Oregon Short Line. These cowboys,

when they got a hold of something they didn't think they could ride, they always the stirrups, isn't that right?

ESTHER: Mother had an awful time. They had an awful time to find a sidesaddle for Mother. And for a while she rode a ... You probably know what that is.

MARCUS: Yeah, that's a bare- back rider's used.

ESTHER: It only had one horn, and it had a wide strap like that around the horse like a ... what was that Jessie?

MARCUS: She said it'd be a handhold.

ESTHER: Well that's when they put that block in front of the place. The picture shows it ... for her to get on her horse. But they rigged up some sort of a saddle for her. She was a good rider. I never rode sidesaddle unless I had to.

MARCUS: You couldn't be bothered with something like that. You bet. Well, you didn't get away from the ranch too often ...

ESTHER: No, the only time, one time, went over to the Diamond Ranch, at 25 miles, that's the only time I remember gong anywhere.

MARCUS: You never did go to Burns while you wee here?

ESTHER: Oh, man, no.

MARCUS: No?

ESTHER: No, I never went to Burns until I went to Juntura and had to go to the dentist, and Mrs. Hanley's sister was staying with us at the time, in Juntura, because her husband was working on the buildings and new houses and so forth. And I had to go to the dentist so we went to Burns, and we stayed for five days, we

stayed with Mrs. Hanley. Rode back, they met us 10 miles from Burns, with an automobile, and took us in. So we rode 65 miles on a horse.

MARCUS: Yeah, I'll bet you did.

ESTHER: Turned back, same thing got lost and stayed out all night. That's the only time I ever was in Burns, until just the other day.

MARCUS: Fred, do you remember the fella who used to drive Bill Hanley's car? His chauffeur, a big fellow?

ESTHER: A young chap.

MARCUS: A young fellow? Esther was talking about him yesterday, but it was too far back for me, I don't remember.

ESTHER: I can't think of ---

FRED: He was a big fellow.

ESTHER: Yeah, he was six feet anyhow, and a young chap at that time. That was about 1912 --- he played the piano.

MARCUS: It wouldn't have been old Jimmy Fellows would it? Did he ever drive for him?

ESTHER: No --- that wasn't the name.

FRED: I didn't think so.

ESTHER: But he was just about as loquacious as Bill Hanley. I think we ought to get where there is some shade, don't you?

MARCUS: Well, it's cheap around here, all right, to get in the shade.

ESTHER: All right. You see over there was kind of a wire fence?

Here it is.

JESSIE: During the winter.

ESTHER: No.

WOMAN: It shows that chimney and that chimney.

ESTHER: It shows two chimneys. Yeah, there was a gate right in here somewhere. Oh here it is. That went right to --- they used this for an office and one bedroom there, Peter French's original house. And this was smack up against it. I mean it was part of it, there was no separation at all, you can see the ...

MARCUS: They fastened it right on there, yeah. Now see Esther, there was no basement in here, was there?

ESTHER: No.

MARCUS: Well they put a basement in this side of the house, and they had a furnace in there, and they had steam heat.

ESTHER: When was this; after the ...

MARCUS: Well the government did this, here in '35.

ESTHER: Oh, I see.

MARCUS: So that accounts for another chimney up on this end that probably doesn't show in this house here ...

ESTHER: Well it does show here, here's a chimney right here.

MARCUS: Yeah. I doubt if that's the same one. The kitchen ...

ESTHER: Oh no, we had, and Mother ... yeah, here it shows it better. Here it is right here.

MARCUS: Yeah. That's a different chimney though. Yeah. It's at the end of the house. It's coming up right in through here.

ESTHER: Well here's that ---

MARCUS: Yeah, here's this place here. Here's the chimney.

BOB: This was taken after it was remodeled?

MARCUS: Yes.

ESTHER: This wasn't after it was remodeled. It was burned down before the government got in here at all. This whole thing was burned down.

MARCUS: No, no. They remodeled it, and it burned in 1947. They had it 12 years.

ESTHER: This whole thing?

MARCUS: Oh yeah. This is the remodeled job here, and they put a basement under here, and they put in this furnace, and this is --- they were down in the basement and started up this little trash burner here, water heater ---

ESTHER: Yes. But this was two-stories and we had our bedrooms over here.

MARCUS: Yeah. Well here's two stories.

ESTHER: Yeah.

BOB: When they remodeled it, all they just did was just inside?

MARCUS: Just the inside.

ESTHER: Oh, I see.

MARCUS: They didn't change the outside.

JESSIE: She said it was ... when they had a fire.

ESTHER: There was a fireplace in Mother's bedroom upstairs.

MARCUS: Yeah, well that must have been changed. And then they

changed the chimney over to here, you see.

JESSIE: Unless it's hiding behind the trees.

ESTHER: Hiding behind the trees. I think it was right over here.

MARCUS: I think it was taken out, and they put steam heat through the whole building there.

ESTHER: Could be. Because we had, there was a fireplace in Mother's bedroom because every morning we had school there.

MARCUS: You remember that real well!

ESTHER: Get itchy before we could get out.

MARCUS: This is the stump they used to get on the horses with, from right here, wasn't it?

ESTHER: We brought in the stump and used it as a step --- and this one doesn't show the fence.

JESSIE: It was too close to the house. What are you going to do, turn the page?

MARCUS: There had to be a row of trees closer to the house than there is now, isn't there?

ESTHER: Well there was quite a front yard, about the same, and this fence must have been just bout where it was.

MARCUS: You think it is?

ESTHER: By the time you get the house in there.

MARCUS: Here's this bunch of trees right here, all right. But whether it's on this line or not I don't know.

ESTHER: But these were burned down, probably.

WOMAN: Here shows a bunch of trees where they come forward which

could be that corner right there ...

MARCUS: Yeah, there it is.

WOMAN: Because it shows the orchard here --- was that building, was that in the middle of there ...

ESTHER: All those white houses were in there.

MARCUS: These are all new built through here.

WOMAN: But there was a building it looks like.

BOB: We could get some of your older pictures that we don't have copies of.

ESTHER: Okay.

MARCUS: Yeah. This building here, yeah, see, we're just about ---

WOMAN: Okay, there wasn't any foundation maybe.

MARCUS: I doubt it.

ESTHER: No, I don't think so.

MARCUS: See here's this row of trees, maybe right here. See here's the end of this building right up here.

JESSIE: But that one ...

MARCUS: That was close to where this building is.

JESSIE: There's the foundation of this house back here.

ESTHER: Yeah.

MARCUS: Yeah, but I mean, I doubt that it is. I don't --- but nevertheless that is in the general area.

ESTHER: Well that fence along there was not there.

WOMAN: Right, the fence was over in this area.

MARCUS: Yeah. It'd be clear over here.

ESTHER: And it shows a picture.

MARCUS: Well, it's over in this corner over here.

WOMAN: Yeah. This is the chimney for this end of the house.

MARCUS: Well this chimney is out here.

WOMAN: It's on this one.

ESTHER: Down on the other end.

WOMAN: Then the little house, and then the other double one. Those two trees behind it are new.

ESTHER: You can't see the chimney in this house.

WOMAN: What's this chimney.

MARCUS: Now the chimney that is standing is back here at the end of this house.

ESTHER: It's over here. But I don't know anything about ... see, that upper wing ... this whole side was for guests and people who came. I don't know anything about that one. But I do know about his one, because we grew up in that one.

MARCUS: This is the house, the end that you lived in.

ESTHER: Yeah.

MARCUS: The Chinaman served the public down in this part of the house --- the kitchen over in this part of the house then?

ESTHER: No, no, he had his own, he had his own bunkhouse, the Chinaman served the cowboys.

MARCUS: They didn't eat in the house.

ESTHER: Oh, Lord no!

MARCUS: Oh, where was that building at?

ESTHER: Oh that was somewhere over here.

MARCUS: On to the west here.

JESSIE: Now I believe that's where ... lived.

MARCUS: That just might have been then.

ESTHER: They had a big, they had to serve 50 cowboys at a time, you see. He did all the cooking for the meat and the --- we didn't have to cook, and we had our own hired girl. I was telling Mary this morning that the only expense we had was for our own hired girl, \$35 a month. And I think Father got \$7,500 a year in ... you see. There's the back of the house. That was the side that you saw. But I didn't bring that river one, but I wished I had.

MARCUS: Yeah, this is the backside of the house, Fred.

ESTHER: There was a creek there.

MARCUS: Taken from the south side. Quite a row of trees in through here. One of them blew down shortly before the house burned down. Laid right in the low part of the house there. You remember that?

FRED: Yes.

ESTHER: Now you see here, there was an orchard, here that you --- here's this, after this person turned, that's turning, parallel to the house, but he came in a gate here, and there's a shack over here somewhere.

MARCUS: Yeah, it looks like something over there.

ESTHER: That's probably before the house ...

TAPE 2 - SIDE D

JESSIE: This says the guesthouse, where did it stand?

... (Mixed conversation, not intelligible.)

ESTHER: The Chinaman's house, where he worked, I remember was along side of the creek, so it must have been parallel with this here and farther over. And he had big long tables in the room and a fireplace, a cooking place. He made bread, and cooked a whole side of beef at once. And outdoors, the creek was outside, I remember that. He had a chopping block and everything else.

JESSIE: Now that is Pete French's signature.

ESTHER: Yeah, it looks like it.

JESSIE: It says it is. It says, "This is Cattle Country, Pete French." There were people in the other day wanting his signature. They looked through everything I had, to get his signature, and I didn't have it.

ESTHER: Now this was written by a man named French, but no relation.

JESSIE: Yes.

... (Mixed conversation, not intelligible.)

ESTHER: Now here's that map of the ranch.

MARCUS: We have it here anyway.

ESTHER: This is taken off from my old original map.

JESSIE: I put mine in the drawer today, I hope nobody pulls that

out and loses it. I stuck things away last night after I decided to come.

MARCUS: I've got a copy here anyway. We're kinda like the two women driving the Volkswagen, you know. One of them raised up the hood and said, "Oh, my goodness, I've lost an engine," and the other one said, "well, never mind, I've got a spare in my trunk." (Laughter) That's the way we're fixed up here for pictures.

ESTHER: When did you think that up?

MARCUS: You don't believe that?

ESTHER: Well I think it is a good story.

MARCUS: Yeah, it is a good story.

ESTHER: That's why I said, when did you think that up. You can't have that picture. These are all yours.

MARCUS: This old picture, I don't think Fred got to look at it here, Esther. Just a second here. The one that shows Pete French standing in the doorway.

... (Mixed conversation.)

ESTHER: Here's the blacksmith shop.

MARCUS: Yes, we need that. Fred, does that look like the old doghouse, we used to call it, the bunkhouse that set over there?

ESTHER: I don't think that was too far --- there were several bunkhouses. And they had big fireplaces, and a man could almost stand up in it. They used to put big, fill it up with sagebrush. Just put the whole sagebrush in it.

JESSIE: Someone asked me yesterday, what did you do for wood down

there? I said; we burned sagebrush and juniper.

ESTHER: Juniper is beautiful.

JESSIE: Yes, I should say.

... (Mixed conversation.)

MARCUS: In about 1929, Elmer Dunn and I came up here and rode with the buckaroos for three or four days. Rode our horses over here from Sod House and danced all night, buckarooed a day or two, and went home. The bunkhouse set there and faced this way as I recall it, and then we ate in that end. They had a big long table at that end of the house and the kitchen was in that end, and that was where we ate.

FRED: Yeah.

... (Mixed conversation. Marcus tells about Tebo and Esther tells stories of her childhood. Difficult to sort out.)

MARCUS: He'd take a washbasin and put it on a broom stick and he'd just spin that thing and just throw it up and catch it like they did in the circuses. Kids standing around there with their mouths wide open, watching Tebo.

ESTHER: Oh, that was something.

ESTHER: What was this Escondido Ranch called later?

MARCUS: That is Buena Vista.

ESTHER: Where was the one that Bill Shirk had?

MARCUS: Shirk? Shirks were over here at Home Creek, and this is where the Walls were.

ESTHER: Yes, I knew that.

... (Mixed conversation.)

MARCUS: When did John ... come to the P Ranch? Do you remember the name of John ... saddle maker, harness maker?

ESTHER: No, I wouldn't know him.

FRED: I don't remember.

MARCUS: I was talking to John Scharff last night and he said you ask Mrs. South if she remembered John ... And I said I don't think John ... was here during Pete French's time.

ESTHER: Well you see we were here after Pete French died.

MARCUS: Yes, but I mean in that era there. See I can remember John ...

FRED: John ... came from the Double O over here.

MARCUS: Did he?

FRED: Yeah.

MARCUS: Do you remember about what time that might have been, Fred?

FRED: No sir, I don't.

MARCUS: But you remember, he got in trouble with some little girl, her name was Esther Jones, which it was, went to school with her down at The Narrows, or at the Sod House and ... disappeared after that, I think. I don't remember what happened.

FRED: I don't either.

ESTHER: Where did you tell me there was somebody name of South lived in ---

MARCUS: In Drewsey.

ESTHER: Drewsey.

MARCUS: Yes. Jessie and I were talking about them this morning coming up. There were three daughters there, women named South.

ESTHER: How old would this John South be?

MARCUS: Well, the oldest daughter is in her 80's.

ESTHER: Oldest daughter! Oh!

MARCUS: Yes. So he would have been about your father's vintage, you see.

ESTHER: Well now wait a minute, then he couldn't have been my cousin, because the cousin I'm thinking about was only about two or three years older than I was.

MARCUS: Yeah, it would have been back in your father's age group there.

ESTHER: I can't think who it could be then, what relative it could be.

MARCUS: ...

ESTHER: If their father's name was Frank South, my father had a brother who was four years younger than he was, lived in Grants Pass. And he had a son called John South.

MARCUS: Well I'm not too sure. I should have called Lee Williams last night, and I didn't think about, he would have known. They went to Ontario this morning.

ESTHER: My father had a brother who was four years younger and I know he had a son named John South, and I know he was just a about a couple years older than I was. He run away from home and joined

the Navy. We saw him later on in Pasadena; he came to see Mother and myself. So maybe that's the same John South.

MARCUS: Might be. But Fred, did you get to see the picture of the round barn here? There is Fish Lake. Now that was taken a couple of days ago. ... That's 18 miles right up on top of Steens Mountain here.

ESTHER: ... Now that's the round bar that was on the ranch. I have the real picture here with Mother's write-up on the back of it.

FRED: Where is this at, Marcus?

MARCUS: That's Juntura.

ESTHER: That's Juntura.

MARCUS: About 1912 or '14 it says on the --- It was taken from a postcard, I think, wasn't it Bob?

BOB: I think so.

JESSIE: I just don't remember Juntura ever being that large.

ESTHER: Well it was only just about that large one or two years.

JESSIE: Yeah, I know that.

MARCUS: About like Drewsey.

JESSIE: I don't ever remember it.

ESTHER: Well it was really a tent city, but this one, I had the picture of it --- you see there is ... the two rivers come together here ...

MARCUS: The walls are a lot higher on this barn than the one out at Barton Lake, Fred. The roof is steeper. It must not have been

nearly as far across. See that's 100 feet across that building there at Barton Lake.

... (Two conversations going on at once. Esther is telling Jessie about picture of Juntura. Fred and Marcus are discussing the barns.)

FRED: I remember that old round barn out here.

MARCUS: Was there a hay mound up in it, Fred?

FRED: No.

MARCUS: It was all-open all the way up through there?

FRED: There was a corral right in the middle, you see, and then ... about as wide as from here to the fence there. It went clear around, the corral was right in the middle.

MARCUS: When they broke the horses they run them around the outside of this ... and exercise them around.

FRED: Yeah, they rode them on the inside there and then they'd just ... that corral right in the middle and then they'd open that gate and put them out in that lot outside there, at the back of the barn.

MARCUS: No, I don't remember it all. I think it had been torn down when I came up here in '29. I think Joe Fine told me you tore it down in '28 here, it was falling down, and I think he finished it up. But the long barn, the racehorse barn was still here, and the government tore it down. And then John speaks of a hog house that they had back in here someplace. You asked yesterday about the hog house. Said if she doesn't know, Fred

won't remember. But this is hearsay for him too.

FRED: Seems to me like that hog house was further out that way towards the corrals. The corrals used to set out there, remember?

ESTHER: There is a lot of corrals out there.

MARCUS: There is some corrals left out there yet.

FRED: They are?

MARCUS: Yes. The old stockade corrals, parts of them. I brought a group up here the other day and we went through the long barn and jumped over the fence and went out to the beef wheel, and you could see the old corrals come out around to the dairy barn over here.

FRED: Yeah.

ESTHER: Would that hog barn been near where the, some of the bunkhouse where they fed the cowboys? You see the Chinaman was in a place that they could feed 50 cowboys at once. And they had big long tables. And Goh, they were right near the creek. It must have been in line with creek that came along here. Is that along the creek there where all those trees are?

MARCUS: Yeah, the water runs ... there's a creek that comes back around over on the south side where you cross the ...

ESTHER: Well I know it wasn't very far because we kids used to walk over there all the time. That was a fascination place.

MARCUS: Tell me, do you remember the beef wheel?

ESTHER: Oh, yes.

MARCUS: You got wound up on that a few times probably.

ESTHER: No, I wasn't supposed to be over there. They kept it away from me. But I saw them kill a beef one time, and I didn't go near it again.

MARCUS: That saddled you right there.

ESTHER: They killed it with a sledgehammer; you know, knocked him crazy and then slit its throat. My gracious.

MARCUS: A rope on each end of it ...

... (Laughter and conversation.)

MARCUS: I have a picture of Fred Witzel dragging a beef up to the beef wheel down at Sod House.

ESTHER: Poor beef. Poor cow. Then they'd haul it up and hang it up outside for a long time.

MARCUS: Roll it up so the dogs couldn't get a hold of it.

ESTHER: I was sort of wondering whether the hog house was somewhere near where Gol's cookhouse was, I wonder? Wouldn't be too far away from it. Where do you suppose Gol slept?

MARCUS: Well, it didn't take much room for those Chinamen. Stick them up in the ...

ESTHER: He was always paid in gold because he wanted to go back to China to be buried there.

MARCUS: Was he an old man, Esther, then? Or do you recall? Seem like an old man?

ESTHER: Anything that was in the twenties was an old man!

JESSIE: What did you say his name was?

ESTHER: Gol.

JESSIE: Goł.

MARCUS: Fred, the old Chinaman that used to come through here with the wagon and peddle, his name was Goł.

FRED: Goł, that's right.

MARCUS: I wonder if that could be the same old Chinaman?

ESTHER: Oh no, he left the country about six months after we did. He said he was lonesome.

MARCUS: He got clear out, huh? When we were kids there was a Chinaman that, I think he was out of Nevada, Fred?

FRED: Yeah.

MARCUS: And he had a little light wagon with a cover over it, and he had it full of overalls and shoes, and he had some of the best candy I ever tasted in my life. And he'd drive around and go to the haying camps and buckaroo camps and that.

ESTHER: He probably knew all the camps around here.

MARCUS: Oh, he did. He came through every ...

FRED: Drove two white horses.

MARCUS: Yeah. That candy ... we didn't get much in those days, you know, and he'd give us a couple of pieces of that and it would tickle us to death.

FRED: Yeah.

ESTHER: Stick candy, horehound candy. That was pretty nice.

MARCUS: Yeah. Pretty good stuff.

JESSIE: Dad always went to town. Didn't make any difference how poor he was, he always kept a nickel or two back to buy us candy.

ESTHER: Licorice. Remember those licorice whips? Oh my gracious!

MARCUS: My mother, when she'd go to town --- of course we never went --- but we had an old wind-up phonograph and she would spend her last nickel to bring us a record back. And we'd go out to meet her to see what she had for us. That only happened about once a year, but anyway, that old record player --- we got all the mileage there was in it.

JESSIE: Well it didn't take much to show us a good time.

MARCUS: No.

ESTHER: No.

MARCUS: We didn't know any better, did we?

ESTHER: I think it was just as well, I think.

MARCUS: We went on a trip one time with the Historical Society in a bus. Well we used to dance here, and we used to dance here. And Art Sawyer said, "Is that all you people did was dance." Well hell, that is all there was to do was dance.

JESSIE: He and his wife never danced.

MARCUS: He didn't know what he missed all these years.

ESTHER: In Juntura, before I had a piano --- they used to have dances in the two-room schoolhouse there. And we'd put the kids; they'd bring the youngsters with their blankets and put them all in one room, maybe 15 or 16 youngsters in a row. And then we danced in the other room to an accordion, and a mouth organ, and a violin. And then when I got the piano, a bunch of cowboys used to

show up with a flat wagon and they'd take that piano, and take it up to the --- and bring it back. Of course it ruined it as far as the tuning was concerned. I wonder what I did with that piano. I must have sold it to somebody.

MARCUS: The tuning wasn't too important.

ESTHER: It wasn't important. As long as you could hit the keys. It was an old Schubert upright, a big black one. I was writing to one of the boys at home, and he said, "You didn't have a good time. You had an endurance record." Well, we'd dance until morning, and then we'd --- go home after breakfast.

JESSIE: At daylight.

ESTHER: Then we'd go home after breakfast, get our breakfast some-where, I don't know where.

JESSIE: And then do a day's work. Never went to bed.

MARCUS: Gosh, here at Frenchglen --- you wouldn't believe it now, Bob --- but back in the '30's, Fred will tell you we played ball together. I used to pitch, and Fred used to catch. We'd play ball in the morning, and rodeo all afternoon, and then dance all night.

ESTHER: And work all the next day.

BOB: Down there where the hotel is now?

MARCUS: Yep. The rodeo grounds was down below the road there. Had an open pavilion where we danced.

JESSIE: They'd just come for miles and miles for that.

ESTHER: Well we had a series of baseball games in Juntura, and

Peter was pitcher, and my brother was catcher. And Drewsey was 16 miles away, and we must have had 150 people there watching that game, and yelling their heads off. Horses were lined up. And we'd dance that evening. And the girls had a good time, because

...

MARCUS: That would go on for a week sometimes.

ESTHER: There wasn't very many girls so we just had to dance all the time. We had a good time. About three times as many boys as there were girls and that was fine. That was fine with me. Now we have wallflowers, but not then.

MARCUS: They don't know how to dance now, Esther, do they?

ESTHER: No, they don't have the slightest idea. Gracious, it was great. I had just gotten out of high school; I was full of the vim and vigor. Well, what are we going to do now?

MARCUS: Well that's what I was going to ask you. Would you like to go see some of the ranches here now? What time do you need to be back in Burns?

... (Mixed conversation.)

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