
An Interview with
ROBERT HAMMOND

An Oral History conducted and edited by
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Lincoln County Town History Project
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Pioche
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PREFACE

The Lincoln County Town History Project (LCTHP) engages in interviewing people who can provide firsthand descriptions of the individuals, events and places that give history its substance. The products of this research are the tapes of the interviews and their transcriptions.

In themselves, oral history interview are not history. However, they often contain valuable primary source material, as useful in the process of historiography as the written sources to which historians have customarily turned. Verifying the accuracy of all of the statements made in the course of an interview would require more time and money than the LCTHP's operating budget permits. The program can vouch that the statements were made, but it cannot attest that they are free of error. Accordingly, oral histories should be read with the same prudence that the reader exercises when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other sources of historical information.

It is the policy of the LCTHP to produce transcripts that are as close to verbatim as possible, but some alteration of the text is generally both unavoidable and desirable. When human speech is captured in print the result can be a morass of tangled syntax, false starts, and incomplete sentences, sometimes verging on incoherency. The type font contains no symbols for the physical gestures and the diverse vocal modulations that are integral parts of communication through speech. Experience shows that totally verbatim transcripts are often largely

unreadable and therefore a waste of the resources expended in their production. While keeping alterations to a minimum the LCTHP will, in preparing a text:

- a. generally delete false starts, redundancies and the uhs, ahs and other noises with which speech is often sprinkled;
- b. occasionally compress language that would be confusing to the reader in unaltered form;
- c. rarely shift a portion of a transcript to place it in its proper context;
- d. enclose in [brackets] explanatory information or words that were not uttered but have been added to render the text intelligible; and
- e. make every effort to correctly spell the names of all individuals and places, recognizing that an occasional word may be misspelled because no authoritative source on its correct spelling was found.

INTRODUCTION

Historians generally consider the year 1890 as the close of the American frontier. By then, most of the western United States had been settled, ranches and farms developed, communities established, and roads and railroads constructed. The mining boomtowns, based on the lure of overnight riches from newly developed lodes, and the settlement of most of the suitable farmland, were but a memory.

Although Nevada was granted statehood in 1864, examination of any map of the state from the late 1800s shows that most of it south of the 38th parallel remained largely unsettled, even unmapped. In 1890 most of southern Nevada - including Lincoln County - remained very much a frontier, and it continued to be so for at least another 20 years.

Even in the 1990s, the frontier can still be found in Lincoln County in the attitudes, values, lifestyles, and memories of area residents. The frontier-like character of the area is also visible in the relatively undisturbed quality of the natural environment, much of it essentially untouched by humans.

A survey of written sources on Lincoln County's history reveals variability from town to town: A fair amount of literature, for instance, can be found covering Pioche from its first newspaper, beginning in the fall of 1870, to the present. Newspapers from Delamar are available from 1892 to 1906 and Caliente from 1904 to 1968. In contrast, Panaca and Alamo never had newspapers of record. Throughout their histories, all Lincoln County communities received only spotty coverage in the newspapers of other communities. Most of the history of

Lincoln County after 1920 is stored in the memories of individuals who are still living.

Aware of Lincoln County's close ties to our nation's frontier past and the scarcity of written sources on local history (especially after 1920), the Lincoln County Commissioners initiated the Lincoln County Town History Project (LCTHP). The LCTHP is an effort to systematically collect and preserve the history of Lincoln County, Nevada. The centerpiece of the LCTHP is a set of interviews conducted with individuals who had knowledge of local history. Each interview was recorded, transcribed, and then edited lightly to preserve the language and speech patterns of those interviewed. All oral history interviews have been printed on acid-free paper and bound and archived in Lincoln County libraries, Special Collections in the James R. Dickinson Library at the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, and at other archival sites located throughout Nevada.

The interviews vary in length and detail, but together they form a never-before-available composite of each community's life and development. The collection of interviews for each community can be compared to a bouquet: Each flower in the bouquet is unique--some are large, others are small--yet each adds to the total image. In sum, the interviews provide a view of community and county history that reveals the flow of life and events for a part of Nevada that has heretofore been largely neglected by historians.

Collection of the oral histories has been accompanied by the assembling of a set of photographs depicting each community's history. These pictures have been obtained from participants in the oral history

interviews and other present and past Lincoln County residents. Complete sets of the photographs have been archived along with the oral histories. The oral interviews and written sources served as the basis for histories of the major communities in Lincoln County. These histories have also been archived.

The LCTHP is one component of the Lincoln County program to determine the socioeconomic impact of a federal proposal to build a high-level nuclear waste repository in southern Nye County, Nevada. The repository, which would be inside Yucca Mountain, would be the nation's first, and possibly only, permanent disposal site for high-level radioactive waste. The Lincoln County Board of County Commissioners initiated the LCTHP in 1990 in order to collect information on the origin, history, traditions and quality of life of Lincoln County communities that may be impacted by the repository. If the repository is constructed, it will remain a source of interest for hundreds, possibly thousands, of years to come, and future generations will likely want to know more about the people who once resided in the area. In the event that government policy changes and a high-level nuclear waste repository is not constructed in Nevada, material compiled by the LCTHP will remain for the use and enjoyment of all.

--RDM

This is Robert McCracken talking to Robert Hammond at his home in Pioche, Nevada, March 22, 1991.

CHAPTER ONE

RM: Bob, could you tell me your name as it reads on your birth certificate?

RH: Robert Hammond.

RM: And could you tell me when and where you were born?

RH: I was born in the Eagle Valley, known as Ursine Valley in the early, early days, January the 14th, 1905.

RM: And could you tell me what your father's name was?

RH: Henry Wilson Hammond.

RM: And when and where was he born?

RH: He was born in St. George.

RM: Do you know about when?

RH: It was back in 1874, but I couldn't tell you just the exact date.

RM: What was your mother's maiden name?

RH: Alice Elizabeth Heaps.

RM: And do you know when and where she was born?

RH: She was born in Panaca in 1877 - down near Ten Miles.

RM: What did your father do for a living?

RH: Ranching and cattle raising.

RM: Where was his ranch?

RH: Out here at Ursine - Eagle - Valley.

RM: And when did he come into the Ursine country?

RH: He walked, and drove a milk cow, from St. George into here when he was 9 years old.

RM: That's amazing. Did he come with his family, or did he come alone?

RH: Yes. His mother and father and the rest of them were with the team and wagons, and he drove the milk cow along.

RM: What brought them over to Eagle Valley? Why did they leave St. George?

RH: They were sent over here by the church.

RM: By the Mormon Church? So the Mormon Church had a settlement program for Eagle Valley?

RH: Oh, yes. The early settlers were mainly Mormons.

RM: How many settlers came into Eagle Valley at that time?

RH: I think there were about 6 families - the Hollingers, the Lytles, Uncle John Hammond (he was a brother to my father's father) and another family. They used to be in St. George and I think they're all gone now. I can't think of their names.

RM: Was there anybody living in Eagle Valley when your dad got there?

RH: I think there were other people in there, but as far as knowing any of them, I wouldn't know.

RM: What were your grandfather and grandmother's names?

RH: Robert Hammond and Sarah Wilson Hammond.

RM: Did your father go to school in St. George before he came to Eagle Valley?

RH: He had a little bit of schooling there, but not too much. As far as going to school, he never got too much schooling out there at the valley, but he was no dumbbell.

RM: Did your grandfather take up ground in Eagle Valley?

RH: Oh, yes. They homesteaded the valley out there through the Lytles and the Hammonds and the Hollingers and all.

RM: Did each one have their own homestead, or was it a United Order type thing?

RH: To start with they were all together, and then it was divided up into different parts.

RM: How long did it last as a United Order type of situation?

RH: Not too long - just till they all had their own property. As you're going out there, just before you turn to go into that lane, they have a little monument. It gives, more or less, [information on] the early, early days. The tree is gone now, but off to your left from where it was there used to be a tree and they had a fort.

RM: Did the Mormons build the fort?

RH: Yes, for protection.

RM: Did they build it when your grandfather came here?

RH: I think that when they all moved in they built it for protection.

RM: How big was the fort - do you recall?

RH: No, I don't.

RM: Were there ruins there when you were young?

RH: No, the only ruins left were some of the old cellars and things where they had it dug out, down in below. But they're all filled up; you'd never, ever know they were.

RM: Where did your mother's folks come from?

RH: I'm not sure. They were from Panaca, but as to know where they all came from, I couldn't tell you.

RM: How did your mother and father meet?

RH: Through dances and stuff of that kind. My mother died when I was 17 years old. My dad died at 85. He had a nervous disposition - had ulcers and all that kind of thing. And in the operation he didn't make it. He

had 2 operations for them here, and then we had to take him to Vegas.

RM: And your mother passed on when you were 17. What did she die of?

RH: She had a tumor in her stomach and it'd keep a-growing. It wasn't cancerous or anything, but they took her into Salt Lake and she was operated on there. They had a special nurse who was supposed to take care of her around the clock. After so many days she decided that my mother had to turn over by herself. And my mother was a fair-sized woman. She wasn't what you'd call an over-big woman, but she was a good-sized woman. And with the kind of operations and everything in those days, when she went to turn over, instead of the nurse rolling her with the sheet, turning her over and helping her, she turned over and tore something loose inside. It was a slow death - she bled to death, you might say, inwardly.

RM: Oh, no. That's terrible. She couldn't have been very old, could she?

RH: No. No, I think she was somewhere in the neighborhood of 48 years old.

RM: How many brothers and sisters did you have, Bob?

RH: No brothers, and I had 3 sisters. One of my sisters is dead, and the other one lives in Carson City, and she's 2 years younger than I am. We're in our 80s [chuckles] and one of them's in her 90s.

RM: Could you name your sisters?

RH: There's Vera Flinspach, out here at Eagle Valley.

RM: Oh, we interviewed her.

RH: Yes. And then there's Sarah Fogliani, who lives in Carson City. Her and her husband ran the main prison up there for I don't know how many years, till they retired.

RM: I'll be darned.

RH: Jack Fogliani, her husband, went in as warden over the prison, and later she was put in as warden over the women prisoners. And that's how the two of them worked together. I've been in there to visit them and boy, when you came up to the gate, you didn't just drive in. You had to stop, and they asked you a few questions, and then you go on in. I've seen my sis . . . she'd get a call: "I'll see you in a little bit." Maybe we'd be sitting around talking, just like we are. It might be only 5:00, 6:00, 7:00, but she wouldn't get to bed - she'd have to go out there. Finally, a lot of times, she would have to call the doctor. And through him, she could give them a pill that would quiet them down.

RM: Is that right?

RH: Oh, they get to going, she said.

RM: Now, you grew up, then, in Eagle Valley?

RH: Oh, yes. I worked for practically everybody, I guess, out there. In the summertime I'd work haying, after I was out of school. And then Old Man Olinghouse ran a butcher shop here in town. He had a small ranch against that big mountain out there (you can't see it from here). And he had quite a herd of cattle. To start with, my dad used to ride for him. Then, when I got to where I could, I took over the riding [chuckles] and was gone most of the time. It seemed like he kept me on the go all the time.

He brought me into town once. He said, "I'm going to learn you the business here." My business was making ice for him. They had one of those old-time ice machines, one of those big old one-lungers you had to crank over. I'd run that and then ran the ice delivery. I worked there for most of the month. Finally he came in one morning - I

was busy in there - "Bob," he said, "I got to do something."

I said, "What's that?"

"Well, you're just too damn good a man to have here in the butcher shop. You've got to go out and do the riding."

So I lost my job in the butcher shop [chuckles] and I went riding.

RM: Is that right? About what year would that have been?

RH: Oh, that was back somewhere in the early '20s.

RM: Could you describe what the ice-making machine looked like?

RH: Well, have you seen these big old round wheels with the putt-putt-putt?

RM: With the one-lunger on it? Yes.

RH: All right, that was the machine, and it had a belt that ran over it. What all the contents were that did the freezing, I don't know. But these big cans were so long, and I had to take them and fill them with water. I'd put them down in this solution, and watch that machine - let it run - and pull the others out. They were 100-pound cakes of ice.

RM: Wow! Were the cans closed up at the end?

RH: They were open at one end.

RM: Were they square?

RH: No, they were about a foot wide and 18 inches across or a little farther. And you'd freeze them.

RM: You'd put water in it and then put it down in the solution?

RH: Yes.

RM: And the solution was cold?

RH: [chuckles] Oh, you're not kidding it was cold!

RM: How long did it take it to freeze?

RH: Oh, practically all day. The next morning I'd have to pull a lot of

that ice out because he had written orders for ice. Some of them would take 50 pounds, some 25, some wanted 10. And of course, I'd have to cut them up into whatever they needed, and then my job was delivering them.

RM: How many cans fit into this tank affair where the solution was?

RH: The solution was fixed so that each tank sat in kind of an individual setup, and the solution was all around them all.

RM: And would it take 8 hours, or 24 hours?

RH: It'd take between 8 and 10 hours running steady.

RM: How many tanks could you make a day?

RH: I don't remember the exactly number of tanks, but I ordinarily had to pull out about 8 or 9 tanks every morning.

RM: So that would have been about 800 or 900 pounds of ice.

RH: Yes. And I had all of that to handle.

RM: You must've been in pretty good shape to pull out those things.

RH: Oh, yes. And we used to sell a lot of hay in this town. There was a lot of stock - lots of horses. There were no automobiles, it was all stock. My uncle and I - and even my dad, before I started hauling - would take a team and bring hay in and we had some good horses. My dad had one outfit fixed to where he worked 4 head of horses. To show you how much stock there was in this town, my uncle and I hauled hay in here one winter, every other day, and each wagon was loaded to what we call a ton to the horse. (That doesn't count the weight of the wagon or anything.)

RM: Is that right? How many horses were the two of you working?

RH: Just 2 apiece. We were bringing in 2 tons to a load every other day, into this town.

RM: Where were you bringing it from?

RH: Out at Eagle Valley.

RM: How long did it take you to make the trip?

RH: From Eagle Valley into here, loaded that way, would take us from 4 to 4-1/2 hours. And then going home, we could figure about 4 hours. The day was pretty well shot. [chuckles] We'd come in, unload, and we'd unhook our horses and give them a chance to eat. While they were doing that, we'd go and get a bite of lunch, and maybe some of the people out there would send in for groceries and we'd go to the store and get their groceries, haul them back out with us, and then we'd head for home.

RM: What did you do in bad weather?

RH: It didn't make any difference. I've walked, many and many a time from the Eagle Valley into Pioche behind the little wagon because it was so cold that you couldn't sit up on the load. [chuckles]

RM: Is that right? How many miles is it to Eagle Valley?

RH: Sixteen.

RM: And you could make it in about 4 hours?

RH: Yes; you had to let your team jog along a little going downhill. But my dad's team - I timed them several times - would make it in about 4 hours, a-walking. They'd walk about 4 miles to the hour.

RM: Were they big horses?

RH: Yes.

RM: What kind were they, do you know?

RH: My dad's team were Clydesdales. I don't know just what breed my uncle's team was, because they were something that my granddad had. I was a-working my dad's team.

RM: And your uncle also had a team?

RH: He had his own team.

RM: So you were bringing 4 tons of hay in here every other day?

RH: That's right.

RM: Where did they keep the horses in those days?

RH: Do you know where the old firehouse is right down here?

RM: I think so.

RH: Well, above that a little bit there's a home now, but there used to be a delivery stable there. Then down below there, the Thompson Store had a big hay barn. We would deliver hay into them. Mr. Christian - Paddy Christian - had a place by the delivery stable, and we would deliver hay to them. Those were the 2 stores, and they sold a lot of hay.

RM: Do you have any idea how many head of horses were in town at that time?

RH: Well, no. But there was quite a lot of them. I found a book, once, down at the garbage dump. I don't know whether he's still got it or not - I gave [it] to my brother-in-law, Jack Fogliani - but it had the names of all the different people who were buying hay and horses, and what they rented out for and all.

Do you know where the first trailer houses are, going down the main drag toward the courthouse on the left-hand side? Right over in there, just where the trailer houses are, used to be what they called Chinatown. There were a bunch of Chinese who lived in there, and they had kind of a delivery stable. They kept quite a lot of horses in there. I know Dave Mathis, from Panaca, did a lot of work here with his teams. He had 4 head of big horses here that he was a-working all the time. And then Montgomery had mules that he was working.

RH: He was selling coal and stuff here in town at that time.

RM: Was the coal coming in on the railroad?

RH: Yes. The coal came in on the railroad. In fact, I went into the [coal business]. What brought me into town to stay was that I started driving school bus. I drove school bus for 5 years, and right after I started driving school bus, my wife and I got married.

RM: What year would that have been?

RH: Gosh, I couldn't tell you. [chuckles] I was 33 years old when we got married, so it was about 1938.

RM: So before 1938 you were not in town all the time?

RH: Oh, no - I was out. After I moved into town I drove a school bus, and then Ray Brotherson was running coal. He died, and after he died, I'd drive the school bus down and his wife would come and pick me up and I'd come up here and deliver coal, because I'd delivered a lot of coal for him and knew the setup. It went that way for 2 or 3 years, then she wanted to know if I didn't want to buy the coal business. I told her, sure, I'd buy it. So I bought the coal business. I had all my coal coming in by the rail for a long time. But it got to where I was losing too much coal by rail.

RM: How were you losing it?

RH: Coming down through some of these towns, the train would stop and people were unloading coal out of my cars. I've had cars come in as high as 5 and 6 ton short.

RM: Is that right! Out of a 40-ton car?

RH: Sixty. [laughs] Of course, there was nothing I could do about it - I'd just take that loss. Finally the railroad got pretty slow about getting your stuff in here, I ran onto some boys who were trucking coal all over the country. So they got to bringing my coal in for me.

RM: So there was no more stealing of your coal.

RH: That's right.

RM: Where were they trucking it from, Bob?

RH: They were trucking from up here the other side of Provo, up in that country. It was good coal, but it was harder coal that I'd been buying.

RM: Where had it been coming from?

RH: It was coming out of Salt Lake - Aberdeen Coal.

RM: How many tons of coal were you using a month here in the winter - or, how did you figure that?

RH: Well, you couldn't figure it, because you never knew. If it was a light winter they wouldn't use so much. If it was a bad winter you'd sell a lot more. You never knew just how to . . . as soon as I'd start getting low on coal, I'd start ordering. And when the war was on . . . Now, Mr. Orr handled coal too. And when the war was on, I could order a car of coal and it might sit between here and Salt Lake someplace for a week or two, because I had to wait until he had to order coal. I finally leased it out, and when I leased it out, the coal business went over.

RM: So people were mostly heating with coal in those years?

RH: Yes, lots of coal.

RM: They weren't using oil or anything like that?

RH: Very few. The school now, I think, has gone over to oil, but I used to deliver 60, 70 tons of coal to them. Sometimes one rail car would run them, and sometimes I had to get a second one. And it was the same at the courthouse - I delivered a lot of coal there.

RM: Did most people have furnaces, or were they heating with coal heaters?

RM: Coal stoves. The school and the courthouse were furnaces.

RM: Were they automatic feed?

RH: Yes.

RM: Did you buy the coal in little lumps or big chunks, or what?

RH: Well, there were different kinds of coal. There was what they called the lump coal and then what they called the nut coal, and the other was called slack. The slack was fine coal, like marbles and some of it smaller.

RM: Was there any difference in the price?

RH: Oh, yes. Coal is now running somewhere around \$70 to \$80 a ton, and I was selling here and making money on it, at \$17.50 a ton.

RM: What did you buy it for?

RH: Around \$12.50.

RM: So you were making about \$5 a ton? You weren't getting rich, were you?

RH: No, I wasn't getting rich, but I was still coming out ahead.

CHAPTER TWO

RM: What year did you buy the coal company?

RH: It was just before the war, and after I got married.

RM: What year did you get married?

RH: Nineteen thirty-eight.

RM: So it was right about 1939?

RH: Yes. I bought the coal business [from Margaret Brotherton] when the war broke out. Her son was over in Hawaii, and when they blasted all those ships and everything he was captured, and they had him for a long time . . .

RM: What was the name of the coal company that you bought?

RH: It didn't have a name, you might say.

RM: Was there a lot of smoke on the hillside here from all the people burning coal?

RH: No. It was pretty clear air all the time. We were never bothered with anything like that here.

RM: Where was your yard?

RH: Down below town on the railroad - where the old depot used to be.

RM: Did you use a truck to deliver the coal?

RH: Yes, I had a pickup and I delivered all over town. And I had a ton-and-a-half truck that was available anytime I wanted to use it.

RM: And you had to load all that by hand, didn't you?

RH: That all had to be unloaded and loaded by hand.

RM: Oh, boy. That's hard work, isn't it?

RH: You're not kidding. [chuckles] I'd like to be in the shape I was then.

RM: I'd like to be in the shape you were in, too. [chuckles]

RH: One day . . . well, demurrage started the next morning on the coal that had come in, and this guy was supposed to have had it off; I hired him to unload it. That was when I got to bringing it in in boxcars, because I was losing too much [off the gondolas]. Of course, that was a lot of shoveling, too. I had a couple of big wheelbarrows, and when you get down the easy way, from the middle of the car, you'd wheelbarrow . . . Anyhow, I went down there and said, "Boy, from the looks, you're not a-going to get this off."

"Not tonight."

"It's got to come off tonight. I'll help you."

He said, "Well, I'll take this half of the car." (It was just the one end of the car.) "I'll take half the car and you take half, and we'll get done in a hurry."

We started shoveling and, of course, his coal kept running down onto where I was headed so I was shoveling that, too. I got to the end of the car and started helping him. "Gosh," he said, "I wish I could shovel that way." [chuckles]

RM: Yes. How many tons could you muck a day?

RH: Well, one day a car of slack came in in one of these low gondolas. The sides were only about 4 feet high, so I could shovel it right over the side into my truck. And I . . . hauling to the school. And shoveling it on, shoveling it off, and then sometimes having to get down in the bin and move it back, I figured I'd handled a little over 50 tons.

RM: You could handled 50 ton a day? That is one heck of a lot of coal!

RH: That's a lot of coal. I shoveled till after nightfall. But that's what I figured, the way I'd been going. I was all alone. Do you want to

use my big scoop? I've got one of them out here.

RM: Sure.

[Tape is turned off for a while.]

[Robert Hammond shows Robert McCracken his big scoop shovel used in loading coal.]

RH: When you handle that all day, why . . .

RM: Oh, my god, Bob! It's heavy. What do you think that weighs? Ten pounds? (It's a big, scoop shovel about 4 feet long.) Was that the shovel you used?

RH: That was one of the shovels. I had a bunch of them like that. I wore some of them completely out. Right now it's covered with wax.

RM: I noticed that; yes.

RH: Do you know why?

RM: To keep it from rusting?

RH: No. It's for shoveling snow. When you take snow, if it isn't waxed, it'll hang. If you cover it with wax it'll slide.

RM: That is amazing. What kind of wax is it?

RH: Just wax like they use for sealing fruits in bottles and things like that.

RM: And the wax doesn't come off?

RH: Well, it'll wear off, but then when you take and warm it up good you just rub more wax. You warm up your shovel, and when it gets warm enough you start rubbing this bar of wax on it and it starts melting. If you've ever shoveled snow, why . . .

RM: I've shoveled it, and it piles up on there, and it'll drive you crazy.

[Tape is turned off for a while.]

RM: How many customers did you have in town for your coal business?

RH: Oh, at that time I must've had around 50.

RM: Could you make a living at that?

RH: Oh no - I was working in the service station, too. My partner and I put 41 years in, together, in the service station business.

RM: OK. Let's come back to that later. I wanted to ask you more about delivering ice when you were a kid. What was that like?

RH: It was a lot of hard work - cutting it up and then taking the tongs and going up some of the hills you'd have to pack them up to deliver them. I had an old, beat-up truck that I hauled around the town with.

RM: How did you cut it?

RH: They had a small ice saw. You'd cut your ice and then weigh it
. . .

RM: And you were working in the cold, weren't you?

RH: Oh, yes. You've got to be out where it's pretty chilly.

RM: Did you sell ice all year round, or just in the summer?

RH: Mostly in the summer. Maybe the bars might take a little in the winter but outside of that, . . .

RM: People in those days had ice boxes instead of refrigerators, didn't they?

RH: That's right.

RM: How long did a 25-pound block last in a medium-sized ice box?

RH: Oh, it wouldn't last very much longer than 2 or 3 days. I was kept busy.

RM: How many customers do you think you were delivering ice to?

RH: I don't know. At that time there were quite a few people around - that is, people who could afford it. I must've delivered to 60 or 70 places.

RM: Not everybody bought ice, or had an ice box, did they?

RH: No, not everybody.

RM: What did those people do for refrigeration?

RH: I don't know how they did work it.

RM: How did you keep the ice from melting in your delivery truck?

RH: You didn't. They'd lose a little weight in the delivery, but not much, because it didn't take me too long to make my deliveries.

RM: Did you make deliveries every day?

RH: Yes. I was making deliveries every day.

RM: What did ice sell for - do you recall?

RH: No, due to the fact that the ice was being was billed to the people. It was just like working in the butcher shop. As far as weighing out meats and cutting and all that, I didn't do any of that - the old butcher did.

RM: Did the old one-lunger run all the time, or just in the day?

RH: Just while I was making ice.

RM: What was the ice company called?

RH: It was just the meat market and ice company.

RM: And who was the owner of it, again?

RH: Henry Olinghouse. He also owned the ranch out by Wilson Creek Mountain.

RM: What did they call the ranch?

RH: At that time it was just known as Olinghouse ranch.

RM: How big a ranch was it?

RH: Oh, it wasn't too big. Up and down that canyon, I would say it was 60 to 70 acres.

RM: Was it in grass?

RH: Alfalfa, grass and rye.

RM: What was he using the rye for?

RH: You'd cut it before it got too far along and use it to feed cattle.

RM: Does it make good feed?

RH: Oh, yes; you bet.

RM: Does it come back up after you cut it?

RH: You don't let it go to seed. Then when you're cutting, that seeds it all over again. If you cut it before it has a chance to do that, then you've got to reseed a bit.

RM: And was he grazing cattle on the range?

RH: Yes. At that time there was no BLM, and they were running cattle on the range. You could run whatever you could [handle].

RM: About how many head was he running?

RH: Oh, around 700 to 800 head.

RM: What kind of cows did he have?

RH: Well, they were a duke's mixture [chuckles] - put it that way.

Mainly, though, they were Herefords - the white-faces, you know. There were no Brahmas or anything like that.

RM: And then he would sell the cattle in his own meat market?

RH: Yes. I gathered a lot of big steers and brought them in for him, and he'd keep them there at the ranch and butcher them out as they needed meat and sell them right here in the market. At one time, he had a slaughterhouse down here below town. But he finally moved out of there and put the cattle out on the ranch.

RM: Why did he move out to the ranch?

RH: Well that way, the guy out on the ranch was right there and could take care [of the cattle, too].

RM: What did he do with the hides?

RH: They'd sell them, but I don't know who they were selling them to.

RM: What about the by-products, like the heart and liver and tongue and things like that?

RH: They'd sell them. And they'd buy beef from different people around now and again to help them. (They'd also sell veal and all of that kind of stuff.) The heart, the tongue, the liver, the brains, the tail and all of that stuff would just be thrown in free when Olinghouse bought a beef or veal. But he'd sell it, and look at the money he'd make. But he wouldn't pay you anything for it. He'd sell the heart, the tongue, the liver and the brains, sweetbreads, all that . . .

RM: Did they sell the stomach?

RH: No, he didn't bother with that. And he didn't bother with the little intestines. I don't know about the stomach, but the little intestines are really nice eating. You wash them and clean them out good and cut them into little lengths about so long [about 2 inches] and fry them. All that stuff is good eating, but a lot of people won't eat it.

RM: Where was Olinghouse's meat market located?

RH: Right here on Main Street - did you notice where the beauty parlor was?

RM: Yes.

RH: Well, it was located right in there - just above it. You know where the Nevada Club is?

RM: Yes.

RH: It just was down from that because the old man, Olinghouse, liked his beer. When it'd come noon, "Well, Bob, we're going to have our lunch." [laughter] They had draft beer there and he'd send over and they'd bring a big pitcher of draft beer over, and we'd sit there and make our own sandwiches and eat our lunch.

RM: Where did Olinghouse come from?

RH: I don't know where he did hail from.

RM: Was he an older man when you were working for him?

RH: Oh, yes. He was a big man, and fairly old. His wife died, and after she died, he remarried again, and his second wife broke him. That put him out of the cow business and everything else.

RM: Oh, really? Did she spend all his money, or what?

RH: I don't know whether she spent it, but she got it. I know I helped gather the biggest share of his cattle, to help get him out of debt.

RM: Did he lose his ranch?

RH: No, not the ranch; but he lost all the cattle and everything else he had.

RM: What finally happened to him?

RH: He died here.

RM: Did he have children?

RH: Oh, yes. He had 2 boys and 2 girls. One of the girls was killed riding a sleigh here. At that time, there was some cars, and one of the cars was parked on a street that they were sleighing down, and she lost control of her sled and went under that car and it killed her.

RM: Oh! That used to happen from time to time; I've heard of that before.

RH: Oh. If you can't control it . . .

RM: Pioche would be a good sledding area, wouldn't it?

RH: Young people in the early days used to take a toboggan - a string of them - and they started up here toward the mine, and would go right down through town, and plumb in down to the depot. And boy, you were a moving streak.

RM: I'll bet you were. Tell me about Chinatown, Bob.

RH: All I remember about it is that the Chinese lived down in there. And as I said, they made money by buying hay and selling it to guys with horses. And then they had kind of a little Chinese store where they sold [fireworks]. In those days, you could buy all the firecrackers and that kind of thing you wanted.

Delivering hay to them was the first time I ever saw a Chinaman use their machine for adding - an abacus - with those little buttons they slide back and forth. I already had the weights of the hay because the bales had already been weighed. In fact, there was a tag in each bale showing the weight of it. I took those weights in to him, and it would be all added up - how much weight there was. He'd start in, and that thing was a-flying every way, and pretty soon, "You're right; you're right." [chuckles] Then he'd go ahead and pay me for the hay.

RM: Do you remember his name?

RH: No. The only Chinese I knew by name in those days was Wing the Chinaman; that's all I ever knew.

RM: What did Wing do?

RH: He ran a restaurant down there. You know where the Overland is?

RM: Yes.

RH: Well, he ran a restaurant just below the Overland at one time.

RM: Was it a Chinese restaurant, or American food, or what?

RH: You could have both Chinese food and American.

RM: What kind of Chinese food could you get there?

RH: I never, ever ate any [chuckles], so I couldn't say.

RM: What kind of American food did you get in a restaurant then?

RH: Oh, you could get most anything you wanted. Now, I really like a good veal steak. And in those days, you could go in and get a veal steak, or whatever you wanted. Nowadays, around this country, they don't know what veal is. You can't buy it. You go in and call for a veal steak, and they'll take a steak and grind it up and, "That was veal." But it wasn't; not to me. Veal is a milk-fed calf and they maybe stand [3 feet] high and they are still nursing the cow. That's a veal. Any time you go get one on above that, where they're not nursing the cow, then you're going into baby beef and that kind of thing.

RM: How many Chinese do you think there were in Chinatown?

RH: Oh, there might've been 5 or 6 of them; there weren't too many.

RM: Was it all men, or were there any women?

RH: I never did see any women. The only Chinese woman I ever saw, and maybe you've heard of her, was Mrs. Wah.

RM: What do you know about her?

RH: For years, when she first come to this country, her husband wouldn't let her out anywhere. She couldn't go to school or anything else. And she was what they called a real pretty woman but he wouldn't let anybody see her, or anything else.

RM: Was he Chinese?

RH: Yes. And after he died, she got out and ran a restaurant over at Caselton. And she was a real good cook. Fact is, there are people out

of Vegas yet who come up and want to know if Mrs. Wah's still alive . . . but she is dead. (She was pretty old.) She had a man who lived with her - another Chinese. I used to deliver a lot of coal to her.

RM: Oh - to her restaurant?

RH: No, this was where she lived. But her home, to me, was like a restaurant. Ordinarily I'd go over at night. And she had dogs there that you didn't bother. They'd come out and move them, so that I could unload. And when I'd get a load out, before I could come home, I had to go in, and she'd have nice sandwiches and coffee and everything all made, and I had to eat. I'd eat, and I'd tell her, "Well, I've got to get this coal in." I'd come home and get another load - I was hauling 2 ton to a load over there. And when I'd throw off the second load and get ready to leave, they would come out, and hail me. I couldn't leave until I came in. When I'd go in she had pie and cake and coffee and all that for me. So [chuckles] it was like a restaurant, to me.

RM: Yes. Did you go over the hill?

RH: No, I went around.

RM: How did the Chinese earn a living, down there at Chinatown?

RH: Just through taking care of horses and working around that way. They had a pretty good price.

Orilla Hammond: They had a laundry down there.

RH: Yes, but not that first bunch. Years and years ago, they didn't have the laundry.

OH: Where was Chinatown?

RH: Do you know where those trailer houses are parked?

OH: Oh, down in there?

RH: Just over, next to that other road - this side of where Jay Patrick

lives - down in there.

RM: So you worked in the ice house in about 1923. And before that you helped your father haul hay, right?

RH: I was helping hay and all that kind of stuff then, and doing a lot of riding.

RM: What was some of the range you rode?

RH: You know where Ely is?

RM: Yes - I used to go to school there.

RH: I used to ride for cattle, almost up to Ely.

RM: You would ride a horse for cattle clear up to Ely?

RH: Yes - this side of Ely a little way. Do you know where Lehman Cave is?

RM: Yes.

RH: I've been almost into Lehman Cave a-horseback. I got cattle up in there and brought them home.

RM: Whose cattle were they?

RH: They belonged to different people - what they call stray cattle. Guys had gathered them, and somebody had to go and get them. Do you know where Pine Valley is, in Utah?

RM: I've heard of it.

RH: It's in up north of Milford. I've been over in there a-horseback.

RM: So you've ridden all over this country on horseback?

RH: I've been almost into Alamo a-horseback. Do you know where Sunnyside is?

RM: No.

RH: That's south of Ely - Lund? Where those big ranches are, about 30 miles south of Lund?

RM: Yes.

RH: I've been over there, and way out the other side of there, riding. We'd go over there and camp with the other outfits that were riding in there, and gather what stray cattle of ours had gone there.

CHAPTER THREE

RM: Were you working for any one rancher when you were doing all this riding, or how did that work, Bob?

RH: Well, a lot of the time I was sent out for different people. I have ridden for Billy Warren out there at Eagle Valley. He's dead now, and so is his wife and all of them. I've ridden for Ed Lytle. He ran cattle out there. And I've ridden for Old Man Fogliani, who was just north of there. But most of the time I rode for Olinghouse; I did a lot of riding for him.

He would send me all over the country. I never knew . . . I might be out there at the valley and the phone would ring: "I want you to come, and go to so-and-so." Well, I might have to take a day to go around over there, almost. Then I'd have to round up his saddle horses, because they were around up on the mountain. I'd bring them down, and gosh knows where he'd send me. It might be out to Geysers, it might be over to Sunnyside, might be over toward Big Springs - I never knew where I was going to go.

RM: Were you riding alone, or did you tend to have other fellows with you?

RH: I generally would join up with other people. But I'd have to take one horse and put my bed on it, and I'd tail the rest of them - one horse tied behind the other. You tie the horse to his tail, and the other one to his tail . . . you might have 4 or 5 head of them strung out there behind you.

RM: Now, one horse was carrying your bedroll and you were riding one, so what were the other horses doing?

RH: Well, when I got to where we were going to start riding and gathering, I'd ride one one day, and one the next, and so on. I'd give them a chance to [rest]. I came in after one of them trips, and Old Man Olinghouse's daughter was out at the ranch, and she had 2 or 3 other girls with her. And those horses were tired. I had to ride at the ranch and gather some of the cattle that had drifted in, and brand up the calves and the girls wanted to go with me. Well, it was up to the old man; I never said a word. The old man didn't understand that those horses were tired. I had to have a fresh horse every day, and if I put girls on them, they wouldn't be fresh. But [by having a string] the horses would get a day or so's rest.

RM: So you can't ride the same horse every day out on the range?

RH: Oh, yes. [chuckles]

RM: But you said they have to have a rest.

RH: Well, I know, but also, in the wintertime, they'd have what they'd call a winter horse - maybe a couple of them. You might take that horse out, irregardless, and ride him for 10, 12 days, straight. If he was full of grain and hay, and stout . . .

RM: Oh, I see; a winter horse is a horse that's been fed up and you ride him in the winter?

RH: Well, yes, more or less that's what you call your winter horse - he's big and stout. Some of the smaller horses can't take bucking the kind of snow we used to have. Buck Hollinger, Joe Hollinger, Rufus Hearst and I spent a week in a little cabin we called Reed cabin. The snow was so deep, our horses couldn't go.

RM: How deep was it?

RH: I was riding a good, big horse, and he was pushing it with his

chest. It was hitting me around my waist, walking out in it. The only time we would move our horse was to take him out and let him get a drink of water, and bring him up and tie him up. He was blanketed and tied up where no cattle or anything could get around him. We just had to lay there until the snow settled to where our horses could go.

RM: Was there more snow in the mountains in the old days?

RH: Oh, yes. There was a lot more snow. I've seen this Main Street right here in Picche (and so has she) when you could walk up the sidewalk and you couldn't see the guy on the other side, and it was the same way up the middle of the street. There was that much snow.

RM: Is that right? Was that thing rare, or did it happen from time to time?

RH: Oh, we had it several times.

RM: When did you start having less snow?

RH: I would say it's been around 20 years since we began getting those kind of winters. But according to old history, the time will come when we'll get that again. It goes in cycles.

RM: Tell me about being out on the range.

RH: Well, in those days there were a lot of cattlemen [who had smaller outfits] - they might had 150, 200 head. The big guys, like Old Man Olinghouse, Old Man Ed Lytle, Bill Warren, Old Man Fogliani and so on, had a lot of cattle. We'd go out to ride and they wouldn't hire anybody, because they'd say, "Well, while he's trying to get one cow of his, he's going to get 10 of mine," and so forth. In those days they all worked together. If a big man found one of mine, he'd bring it, if I found a bunch of his, I'd bring them. We worked together as one, and we'd bring them all into Eagle Valley and then separate each individual's cattle

out.

In the wintertime, they used to take them to winter range. The first day we'd come to down here on the flat - what they call Six Mile. Next day, we'd go on up to Fifteen, which was on above. Then the next day, we went over west, over the summit into Bristol Wells and to what they call Dry Lake and turn them loose for the winter. Then, of course, in the wintertime we had to go over there and ride among them, and bring home any cows that would get too poor and we didn't figure were going to make it. We'd bring them home and feed them. But as long as they were big and stout and could go and rustle their own, we'd leave them. Finally, with a lot of cows that had good big calves on, we'd take the calves and bring them home and leave the cow there, because if you take the calf away from them, then she'd start and build up again.

RM: How did the cowmen keep warm out there on the range in the winter?

RH: Now, Billy Warren cussed the devil out of me one winter. Buck Hollinger and David Frances and Billy Warren and I were over in Hamblin Valley. When I went to go to bed, and he saw me just in my little shorts and shirt: "You damn fool, what are doing out here and giving . . . "

I said, "Heck, I'm just as warm as you are."

Anyhow, next morning we started out, going north - and it was cold. The next thing, they were off, walking. I said, "What's the matter with you guys?"

"Well, it's cold."

I said, "I know it's cold. I'll walk with you." I got off and walked along and come to find out, they had big woolen underwear and things of that kind on. So they'd get off, they would only go a ways, and with that kind of underwear they'd begin to perspire a little bit

under their clothes. Well, I wasn't doing that, because I didn't have that kind of clothes on; I didn't perspire. Their clothes would get damp, and then when they'd get on that horse they'd get cold. On that same trip Buck and I took the outside circle, and when we came in (we knew where we were going to meet them) we told them, "OK, now we'll let this bunch of cattle that we've been driving rest a bit - get their wind - and we'll take five." And we said, "Why in the devil don't you build a fire? Why sit around here that way?"

"Who in the devil knows how to build a fire out here in the snow?" [chuckles] We said, "We do." We took our horses, rode into this big old rabbit bush and stuff and knocked all the snow off of it, got down in underneath and got some dry stuff and got it a-going. When we went to light the fire, David Frances - he smoked all the time - said, "I'll light it for you." His hands were so cold, he couldn't light a match.

Billy Warren laughed, and he says, "I'll light it for you." He couldn't light it. So Buck and I showed them that both of us could light a match. We got a fire going, and after we got it going they stood there and their old teeth just chattered - they began to get some circulation back. Billy Warren spoke up and he said, "I didn't realize I was that cold."

And I said, "Well, you guys should've started a fire. You had matches."

"Well, I didn't think I was getting that cold."

We took our herd then, after they got warmed up, and we didn't take them to camp. We just pushed them as far as we could, till it started getting dark. And fog was settling in. When that fog started settling in, I got my bearings right then on where camp was. I took the lead when

we left the cattle, headed for camp. They followed me quite a ways, one behind the other, and finally they gave me to understand that I was going too far to the left - I should be going to the right. I never said a word; I just kept riding. Finally they said, "Well, if you don't get into camp pretty pronto, we're going to quit you. We're going to the right." I never said a word; I just kept riding. They followed me.

Finally I came to a halt and I reached over with the long bridle reins and I hit the fence. "What was that?"

I said, "The fence."

Billy Warren said, "Fence my . . ." [chuckles]

I turned, and I missed the corner of the fence by about 25 yards - where we went up along the fence and went into camp. There was no more said. We put our horses up and got in the cabin. And of course, when we first got that old fireplace to going, there in the cabin, it smoked to where you had to lie on the floor. [chuckles] After it got going, then the smoke would all clear out. But it had trouble starting to draw. Then we went ahead and cooked our supper. They finally admitted that they hadn't got their bearings. (And that was one thing I learned.)

RM: Bob, what's the outer circle?

RH: That's going out a lot farther than the rest of them do - you're making a longer circle.

RM: Is that how you look for cows - by making big circles?

RH: Well, you might not circle; like going out on the bench - out east through here. You might ride out through that bench and you'd be looking in all directions. Finally you might spot an animal or something. Well, then you'd go down and see what it is and pick it up if you needed it. And that's the way you do it; you work your way around, back to camp.

RM: Did you use dogs at all?

RH: No.

RM: Now, why were you able to light those matches and those other guys weren't?

RH: It was because the movement of our horse and everything kept us warmed up. You take a horse walking in the snow, and you're more or less moving around all the time. And then we had good mittens on - sheep-lined mittens.

RM: OK, now tell me what all you wore in bad weather out there in the winter.

RH: Well, in wintertime, a lot of the time, I wore what they called a moleskin jumper or jacket that was sheep-lined. You can go out in a rainstorm with them all day long, and they'll never leak. And it had a big, heavy leather sleeve.

RM: What is moleskin?

RH: It's a real tough cloth of some kind that wouldn't leak. Then your leather sleeves had wrist bands on them to keep the cold from going up.

RM: What did you have under that?

RH: Just my shirt and underwear.

RM: What kind of a shirt did you have?

RH: Like I've got on. [chuckles]

RM: A cotton shirt?

RH: Yes, only a light blue work shirt.

RM: Did you ever wear long underwear?

RH: No. That's the reason those other guys with the long underwear [got cold].

RM: Is that right. So what did you have on?

RH: Just a regular underwear shirt, and shorts, and a shirt.

RM: And what kind of pants did you wear?

RH: Just regular Levi Strauss. Then I had wing chaps. They came around and snapped right around your leg.

RM: And they had a flap on them - a wing?

RH: Yes. Those are what they call a wing chap.

RM: Why did you use wing chaps?

RH: [chuckles] They were easier to get into than what they call shotgun chaps. The shotgun is just big enough to crowd your leg down through.

RM: Oh, I see. What kind of shoes did you wear?

RH: Cowboy boots.

RM: And what kind of socks?

RH: Just a regular sock.

RM: It doesn't seem that would keep you that warm in really cold weather.

RH: I had bulldog taps on my saddle.

RM: What's that?

RH: That's a layout that you put your foot into, and it's sheep-lined.

RM: Oh - it goes around the end of your foot?

RH: It goes around this part of your foot. They used to have them that hung way down below your stirrup about 15 inches. You could take and come in under a horse, and you'd really make him jump. But they weren't as warm as the others.

RM: Did you wear spurs?

RH: No.

RM: Spurs are rodeo business, aren't they?

RH: [chuckles] That's right. Then what we used to wear to keep our

ears warm and stuff were women's nylons. We'd cut the tops off from them, down so far, and then tie a string around the top of it, pull them on over your ears and then put your cowboy hat on.

RM: I'll be darned. Did you wear a scarf?

RH: No.

RM: Did your jacket have a high collar?

RH: No, just a regular collar.

RM: How did you keep your face warm in the wind?

RH: [chuckles] You didn't; it got cold once in a while. I frosted my feet. We left home in December, the first day out, in our shirt-sleeves - just before Christmas. The second day, on the way to where we were going to start riding, was the same way - we were just in our shirt-sleeves. That night it was just as clear as a bell, and warm. We had a good cabin to stay in and a good stable for our horses. I turned to the boys (they were going to go to bed) and I said, "Well, we ought to go out and check our horses before we go to bed."

"Oh, to hell with the big fat buggers."

I says, "That part's all right, but from here on, the days is going to be long. This is a hard, long day, every day." Which it was. Anyhow, I went out, took everybody's horse and gave them a drink of water and a little more hay and shook it up. I came back in and it was as warm, and just like day outside in the moonlight. I turned to the boys as I came in and said, "Boy, it's snowing."

"Oh, go to bed, you lying son of a . . ." [chuckles] We got up the next morning and there was about 10 inches of snow on the ground, and cold - about 40 below. But we went from there up over what they call Lime Range.

RM: Where were you when it started snowing?

RH: We were at what they call The Wells - I would say halfway from here to Lehman Cave. [chuckles]

RM: Is that right!

RH: Do you know where Geyser Ranch is?

RM: Yes.

RH: From the Geyser Ranch, draw a line straight across - we were in just a little above where the Geyser Ranch would be. Anyhow, we went over, then, into Shoshone Valley - just over Lime Range. We got over in there and it was so foggy - boy, you talk about rough to see, it was in there heavy. The 4 of us separated [into pairs] and after we'd gone a ways, I turned to the guy who'd gone with me and said, "Do you know where the horse corral is in this valley?"

"Hell," he said, "you could blindfold me and I could go to it."

"OK," I said, "whatever you can find, from here to the horse corral, you go across to the horse corral from here. I'm going way on down the valley and I'll meet you at the horse corral."

"OK."

So I took out and went way on north. I got quite a bunch of cattle and brought them into the horse corral, and the guy wasn't there. I began to wonder, and finally I went out onto the hillside, or where I could get above the fog, and it was just like looking over a big ocean - the sun shining on the fog. Finally I discovered smoke coming up through the fog. I started riding toward it, and hollering. And finally he answered me. When I got there, he had 5 or 6 head of cows, and was sitting there by a big tree with a fire. [laughter] I said, "I thought you knew where the horse corral was."

"I'm lost." So I took him [back]. But all the time we were trying to go to where we were to meet the other guys, he wanted to go north instead of south. I had quite a time with him, keeping the cows and everything headed right. We got into there, and by the time we got all the cows and everything together it was getting late. We got over the top of this summit and started on downhill into camp. I turned to a couple of the guys and said, "Well, why don't a couple of you go in and cook dinner and the rest of us bring the herd?"

"OK." I didn't think they'd all go. The next thing I knew, I went down one side of the herd - nobody. I came up across the tail end and went down the other side - nobody. I had close to 75 head of cows, all alone. [chuckles] And I took them into camp. When the cows got into camp, they jumped on their horses bareback, then, and helped me put them in the corral.

We got them in the corral and I said, "OK. You guys can shut the gate. I'm going to go unsaddle." [chuckles] I rode over to the stable. My feet, for a while, had felt cold, then they began to all warm up and I thought they were OK. I didn't know that I'd frosted them until I went to get off my horse. And I sat for I don't know how long there, in the evening, with my feet in a big pan of snow, drawing the frost out. I had an awful time getting my boots off. [chuckles]

RM: Is that really true - you put it in snow, to draw the frost off?

RH: Yes. Then after I drew the frost out, chilblains set in.

RM: What's that?

RH: You itch and burn. When you get them warm - like you go to bed and get them warm - you don't sleep, because they itch and burn so badly.

When we left there, we got over to Old Man Donohue's place. There

were no women there, just the boys - their womenfolk had come into town here, out of the snow. We'd all eaten and it was getting dark. After a while the oldest boy came into the kitchen and said, "Pull your shoes off and go on out into the snow and stay there."

I took my shoes off and went out in the snow, and I thought it was going to freeze my feet off. Finally he came out - and he'd done the same - he'd frosted one of his toes. After he got his pretty well cooled, we went in and came out with a big old dishpan full of hot mustard water, and he wanted me to put my feet in there. Well, heck, you'd just wipe your feet across in the steam and it would make them hurt. I kept a-playing that way - with that steam - and finally got them to where I could put my feet in the water.

RM: Mustard water is just water with mustard in it, isn't it?

RH: That's right. And by gosh, after I soaked them a while, I went to bed, and that was the first good night's sleep I'd had for several nights. [chuckles]

RM: What kind of bedroll did you use out in the snow?

RH: We had big canvas bed tarps. We'd put our bed down on that, then bring it back up over, pull your sides all in, and then you take the one end that's so long, bring it right up over your head, and all you've got is just [a space] where you can get good air to breathe. We had good beds.

RM: What kind of bedroll did you use on this canvas?

RH: You had big, heavy quilts in that bed. Then you had a good wool blanket under you and over you, and big heavy quilts over the top, across this part. And that bed tarp would never leak. When I bought my bed tarp, it was guaranteed not to leak. I took a bucket and put the tarp

down in the bucket filled with water. I would just throw it out in the snow bank and go to bed.

RM: How do you keep the cold from the bottom coming up?

RH: Oh, you'd have pretty good warm quilts. And then that tarp, as I say, won't absorb the wet and cold.

RM: Have you ever wakened up in the morning and had snow on your tarp?

RH: [chuckles] You're not a-kidding I have.

RM: Did you sleep in your clothes?

RH: No. You'd take your clothes and roll them up and put them under your pillow, and put your boots and things where the storm can't get into them.

RM: And you didn't have any long underwear?

RH: No, I never, ever wore long underwear. My mother used to make me wear it when I was in grade school and so on, but . . .

CHAPTER FOUR

RH: When I got old enough that I began to take care of myself, I never, ever wore long underwear.

RM: What were you eating in the winter, when you were out on the range?

RH: Well, just what you would eat at home. We had all kinds of potatoes. Of course, we made our own biscuits. Then we'd have our coffee, and we'd have steaks, bacon, eggs, potatoes, canned corn, and [chuckles] my worst enemy - canned peas. [laughter] And tomatoes - all that kind of stuff. And macaroni, cheese . . . we had a big order all the time that we took with us.

RM: Did you use canned milk?

RH: Yes.

RM: Describe what a breakfast would consist of out there.

RH: Breakfast would consist of hot biscuits, coffee, eggs, bacon or else steak - that was it. Good, solid meals, that's what we'd eat.

RM: What did you do for lunch?

RH: We didn't have lunch. As I say, I've postponed a lot of meals, but I never missed any. [laughter] I don't know whether you ever heard that before, or not. [laughs]

RM: [chuckles] No, that's a new one on me. What did supper consist of, then?

RH: Well, supper was, maybe, a lot of boiled potatoes, and steaks, with some more hot biscuits. You might have a big pot of corn, and maybe also beans. And then, of course, some of the guys liked peas.

RM: And the corn and peas were canned, right?

RH: Yes, the corn and peas and beans were all canned.

RM: Oh - they were canned beans?

RH: Well, the green beans were canned. We'd take the dry beans (we didn't have ham hocks) and we'd throw bacon rind in with them and cook them that way. That's what they call cowboy beans. [chuckles]

RM: Oh, boy - they're good. How did you make your biscuits?

RH: Just like you would here at home - a little flour and baking powder and a little salt, and stir them up. We didn't use milk - we used water.

RM: Did you put any fat in them?

RH: No, we didn't put anything like that in them.

RM: Boy, you're making me hungry here. [chuckles] I love biscuits. What did you put on your biscuits?

RH: We had jams and so on.

RM: Did you take all of this with you on the pack horse?

RH: No, when we'd take that kind of a trip, we'd take a team and wagon because we had to haul grain for our horses - that is, in the wintertime - and all that kind of stuff.

RM: And all your cooking was done on an open fire, wasn't it?

RH: Yes. In a cabin it was just the same as an open fire, because you used the coals in the fireplace. We didn't have a stove - we used a fireplace.

RM: What kind of cooking utensils did you use?

RH: Dutch ovens, and of course we had a coffee pot - just a regular pot. Some of our frying pans were just like you use here in the house and some were big, cast iron ones.

RM: Would you put the coffee pot in the coals, or how did that work?

RH: You'd set it on the coals, and keep hot coals under it all the time. It doesn't take long to get it hot.

RM: To keep warm in the winter, did you ever build a big fire, put it out, then put your bedroll on the warm ground?

RH: No, never, because you're taking too much chances of leaving a hot coal under.

RM: You must know this vast area like the back of your hand.

RH: Yes, but on a lot of the spring holes, or different places where we used to to find cattle, have changed since the BLM took over. I'll hear these guys talking about so-and-so and so-and-so, and say, "Well, now, just where is that?" They describe the country it was in, and come to find out, they'd changed the name.

RM: Is that right.

RH: And so, you wouldn't know it.

RM: What are some of the places whose names they've changed?

RH: There's one canyon right out here just above Eagle Valley. What was the name of that guy?

OH: Nickanora?

RH: Nickanora. My brother-in-law looked up all the history on it and everything. A guy was killed there by the name of Nickanora. And now, since the BLM took over, it's Meadow Valley Wash. And I don't know the names of the different springs right now, because I've quit all of that kind of [work].

RM: Did you ever ride with any Indians?

RH: Yes. They were all good riders. And I've ridden with one or two Mexicans. Speaking of Indians, one time out at what they call Dutch John, on the way to Ely . . . it's 40 miles out of here - there's an old cabin there yet. Every one of us had 6 to 8 head of horses, so there was a big herd of horses and we had an Indian who was what they called a

horse wrangler. He took his bed out and slept with the horses and more or less herded them through the night.

This one horse came in and his shoulder was big and swollen way up. And his front leg was just like a stick - he could just drag it but he couldn't bend it or pick it up or anything. And [he was swollen] all down in under his belly, all across in front of his brisket. And we knew what had happened - he'd been bitten by a rattlesnake.

RM: Oh!

RH: Anyhow, we all got ready to make our circle and this Indian hadn't even saddled up or anything. The boss turned to the Indian and said, "Ain't you going with us today?"

"Nope. Me going to stay here, take care of horse."

He says, "Need any help?"

"Nope, me take care of horse."

Well, we were gone on our circle until 4:00 or 5:00 into the evening - that horse was walking around, no swelling, no nothing. And he was a real good horse. We asked him, "What did you do to cure that horse? What did you use?"

"Me use Indian medicine."

"Well, what is it - what kind?"

"Me just use Indian medicine."

You think he would let us know what that it was?

RM: He wouldn't tell you?

RH: No way. He was a good cowhand, and everything, but he wouldn't tell us anything.

RM: Well, what do you think he did?

RH: We don't know what he did. But he had all the swelling and

everything out of that horse.

RM: Isn't that amazing. He didn't cut him or anything?

RH: No, there wasn't a spot on him. We never could figure out what he did, and we tried every way.

I saw him take a big rattlesnake one day, and he got a forked stick - a stick with a sharp fork on it, [shaped] like my fingers.

[chuckles] He pinned his head to the ground, and he had a tailor-made cigarette. He took that tailor-made cigarette and put in that big rattler's mouth, pulled the stick off and that rattler lay there. He could pick it up and do anything he wanted with it, with that cigarette in the snake's mouth. We wouldn't touch it. Finally, "Well," he said, "now I'll show." He took that stick and pinned his head down again and took that cigarette away, and boy, that snake come up a-fighting bloody murder. Then with the stick he got his head pinned down and gave it the cigarette again and everything was OK.

RM: Is that right!

RH: I never ever saw anything . . .

RM: That's amazing - I've never heard that before. I've got a notion to try it on the next snake I find. [laughter] Although I'm going to do it from long distance.

RH: I saw a guy right over here at the motel who had a snake in a box. He let it out on the pavement and when he got ready to pick it up - he stuck his foot out, and just as it struck at the sole of the shoe he grabbed it just back of the head.

RM: Oh! Do you have any other memories of that Indian?

RH: Well, one arm was cut off about like through here. He could go out and cut more posts than what you'd think, swinging an axe.

RM: (Just for the tape, his arm was cut off midway in the forearm.)

RH: With his one hand he could cut posts. And he was real good at roping - he'd take the reins of his horse and cradle them in his arm, then he'd take the coils of the rope and put them down over his arm. How he could string that rope out and not get it tangled around that stub, I don't know. But he could rope to beat time - just with that stub.

RM: Is that right. What was his name?

RH: I don't remember.

RM: Was he Shoshone?

RH: Yes. He worked there at the Geyser for years. He and Bob Stewart (he was a young fellow) used to wrestle. Bob Stewart would get his arm up behind his back - and you know, that hurts. He'd hold it. And the boss asked him, "Well why didn't you holler 'enough!'"

He said, "I couldn't call it." [chuckles]

We had 50 to 75 yards that we had to pack water from the well to the cabin. He'd take 2 of those 5-gallon cans, cradle one in his arm and pack it.

RM: Oh, my lord. How did he lose his arm?

RH: I never ever knew how he lost it. The first time I ever saw him, he was that way.

RM: Did the Indians have a lot of wisdom about being out in the range, or were they just like everybody else?

RH: They were just like everybody else as far as I ever knew, and being around them.

RM: Did you ever see them use any plants or anything?

RH: Any herbs or anything?

RM: Yes.

RH: That's what we think he used on that horse, because he didn't have anything. I think he gathered herbs of some kind around there. At that time there were a lot of rattlers where we used to put our horses in that country. We'd take the horses out and hobble them, and then it was up to our wrangler to watch them all night.

One time over at Bailey Springs we had what we called a cavvy - that's a big herd of horses. We took them all out into an area and we had a rope tied to a tree and run out, and another rope ran out the other way, and we had our horses all in there. I saw a guy with his belt full of what they call rope hobbles. He got down on his hands and knees and went through that herd of horses, just crawling around in among them on his hands and knees, and hobbled all them horses.

RM: That would be dangerous, wouldn't it?

RH: Mighty dangerous. But he'd get down on his hands and knees and crawl through there, and he hobbled every horse.

RM: Was he an Indian, or a white man?

RH: A white man.

RM: What was his secret?

RH: I don't know, but I watched him several different nights. I wouldn't have got down there and done that on a bet. You could get kicked or stepped on with those horses all bunched right there, tight together. We kept them pretty tight.

RM: A horse wouldn't go far hobbled, would he?

RH: Oh, you'd be surprised. They get to where they can go a long ways.

RM: How far can a horse go at night, hobbled?

RH: Where there's good feed, they don't go too far. But I've seen them go half to three-quarters of a mile away from where we hobbled them.

Over here in State Line, at the old hobbling ground, we hobbled them at the foot of the mountain. And it's a long ways up to the top, and rocky. There was a lot of good grass, but we'd find horses clear up over on top of that mountain that had gone uphill.

RM: No kidding. What mountain would that be?

RH: I'm not sure what they call it. It was over in Utah. If I'm not mistaken, it could be what they call the old Rice Mountain.

RM: Sleeping out on the ground all the time, what did you do about varmints, like snakes and scorpions?

RH: I've had scorpions. You ask [Orilla] - I even had one come in the clothes here on the bed.

RM: Were you ever bitten?

RH: No. One morning, right down here, a bunch of us were gathering cattle at what we call Eight Mile - that belonged to Old Man Olinghouse again. I just threw my bed outside on the ground. (I got up early, all right; so did a lot of the others.) When I went in, they said, "Why don't you take care of the horses while we cook breakfast?"

I said, "OK." So I went over and took care of all of the horses, came back in and got a washbasin and got all washed and everything and went in in front of the mirror and combed my pretty hair. [chuckles] We were in the cabin - it had 2 or 3 rooms - and I came to the doorway going into the kitchen, and was leaning against the doorway, and I placed my hand up here on my hip, felt something move, and I had a scorpion about 3 inches long? I just [flung it] onto the floor, and we stepped on it. [chuckles]

RM: Oh! Did you ever know anybody to get bit by a rattlesnake out on the range?

RH: No, I don't know of anybody ever getting bit by a rattler out on the range.

RM: And the animals don't get bit much, either, do they?

RH: No, not too many of them. One thing that used to amaze me is that I saw rattlesnakes in the top of these big tall cactus - ones like a tree that have limbs coming all directions, with all those stickers. How they can get up there and not get all full of stickers, I'll never know.

RM: I'll be darned. Did you used to see a lot of snakes?

RH: Not too too many.

RM: Did you kill them when you saw them?

RH: If we could, yes. We tried to kill the rattlers, especially. Not the blowsnake, as they call them. They're good for gophers and mice.

RM: Where is the worst place for rattlers around here?

RH: It used to be on the east side of the Eagle Valley reservoir, up above Eagle Valley on that mountain. My uncle and I and my dad built a fence up over the top of that mountain on the other side of the reservoir from the road. We used to own that at one time. It was in the summertime, and there was never a day that we didn't kill 8 or 10 rattlers on that land. I don't know how it is up there now.

And where that reservoir is, there used to be a big meadow - a real nice meadow. And in those days, where you had to pitch hay, before you'd shove a foot in under the pile to pick it up, you'd take the fork and raise it up, make sure there were no snakes. I've killed a lot of them in there, cutting and raking hay. I've killed a lot of them, and there were others that got away on me, too. They'd get in the hay and I couldn't get them.

RM: Tell me about some of your secrets of horsemanship out on the range.

RH: What do you mean?

RM: Well, secrets of the trade. Things that people wouldn't know about, except a man who was really good with horses.

RH: Well [chuckles] I don't know whether I'm good with horses . . .

RM: You must be pretty good. [laughter]

RH: Well, the main thing is to know the country where you're going to run them. I've pulled up a time or two, when I could've had a nice mustang, on account of badger holes. If a horse steps in one and falls . . . you've got to watch that. And then, you want to know your horse - whether he's going to buck or whether he won't. [chuckles]

RM: How can you tell whether he's going to buck?

RH: Ordinarily, there's got to be something that's going to spook him or do something to make him buck. If it's one you're just breaking, when you saddle him up in the morning and go to get on, you don't know what he's going to do. I took a horse for an old man by the name of Jimmy Carter who used to ride with us. He was riding, at that time, for what they called the Rafter-L outfit. They brought this horse in, and I went out to catch one of mine to go riding and he said, "Bobby, would you do something for me?"

I said, "Yeah, what do you want?"

"Would you ride that little bay horse that you put shoes on for me?"

(I put shoes on it the night before, for him.)

I said, "Yeah, I'll ride him for a day or so for you."

I went and got him, brought him around, saddled him up, and he stood there just as unconcerned as could be. I went over and buckled on my chaps and put my spurs on and led him around a step or two, and everything seemed to be OK. And the guy said, "Well, you ready?"

I said, "Yeah, I'm ready."

And the minute I went to step on, he came just as straight over backwards, on top of my saddle, as he could come. I got after him - took my reins in and whipped him a little bit and made him get up and led him around a second or two. I went to get on, and he was waiting for me - right over backwards again. I gave him another licking, got him on his feet, Orson Haight and Eland Bunderson said, "OK, you get ready." They went back behind me and as they came up the sides of me, they were both a-running. Just as they come up - they just gave me room to get on - I hit the saddle, and down the country we went. From then on he was OK. I rode him 2 or 3 days after that, and he never, ever tried it anymore. So you never ever know about a horse. I've been bucked off several times.
[chuckles]

RM: I'll bet you have. What are the characteristics of a good horse for riding the range?

RH: One that's good and tough, a good traveler, and one that you can rein well. In a lot of the country where there are lots of trees and things, you weave in and out. If they're broke right, you won't have to rein him if you're running him; he'll dodge them.

RM: Do you want a big horse, or a little horse, or what?

RH: Well, if it's just a regular roundup, a small horse. That is, you don't want just one small horse, you want several. Now, my smallest horse, with my saddle weighed 750 pounds.

RM: That is a small horse.

RH: But the day was never too big for him.

RM: That's a great saying.

RH: One time we were up here in an empty canyon - there was a corral and

we were camped there, riding. We'd come in with a bunch of cattle. At that time, we had a guy who was the world's champion calf roper - Skeet Bowman - with us. And we had this one great big steer. We no more than got him into the corral and were putting up the bars than that steer turned, and he cleared that fence just as slick as a whistle. Skeet Bowman grabbed that little horse of mine, and down the country they went, out of sight. I don't know what he did, but he roped that big steer, and that steer was twice as big as my horse. He roped him. He threw him some way and got off and the horse would hold the rope, all right.

RM: The horse could hold him?

RH: Well, he jerked the horse around a little bit, then pretty soon the horse did the jerking. What kind of a hitch he put on that steer I'll never know; and I wish I knew. Then here he came. That little horse had a running walk - he'd go about 5 miles-an-hour on that running walk - and that steer was a-leading like a broke saddle horse.

RM: [laughs]

RH: He let him into the corral and took the rope off of that steer's head. Turned and rode out, stepped off from him, shook his head and said, "That's the biggest little son of a so-and-so I ever saw in my life. He knows what he's doing."

RM: Is that right.

RH: Oh, that little horse . . . as far as bucking, he couldn't buck. He would buck, but it's just like riding on a gallop. He was easy.

RM: Did you ever use a war bridle or anything on ornery horses?

RH: No, I always used a hackamore. My dad said, "If you ever want a good reined horse, you break him with a hackamore." And then, I put my bridle on and let him pack it. I didn't use it - I just let him pack it

until he got used to it. Then I'd start in and use the hackamore and bridle together. Finally I'd do away with the hackamore and go to the bridle completely.

RM: Do the mustangs make good cow horses?

RH: Some of the best. That's all that little horse I was talking about was. My dad bought him from Jack Cole.

RM: Were there a lot of mustangs in the area?

RH: Oh, there were lots of them. Where this horse came from was over here in Hamblin Valley. And at one time, you could go in the end of that big, open country and start one band to running, and you could just sit there and it looked like the whole valley was moving.

RM: Is that right - just from horses?

RH: Just horses.

RM: When would that have been - back in the '20s or '30s?

RH: It was back in the '30s.

CHAPTER FIVE

RM: What kind of clothing did you wear in the summer when you were out on the range?

RH: Practically the same thing as the winter, but in the summertime you wore one of these little Levi Strauss jumpers with no lining over your shirt to protect you.

RM: Is that what you would call a jean jacket?

RH: Yes, that's all they are - a Levi Strauss with no lining. They're tough.

RM: Would you wear the covering over your stirrups?

RH: I wore them year-round because they were no trouble whatever.

RM: And then what kind of hat did you wear?

RH: The regular Stetson cowboy hat.

RM: And was the food pretty much the same in the summer?

RH: Yes, it was practically the same thing all the time. The only thing I didn't like among all of it was peas. [chuckles]

RM: Why didn't you like peas?

RH: Well, we were riding out here north of Pioche about 30-some miles, and we ran out of grub. And all we had was biscuits and coffee and peas. We had peas for breakfast. We had peas for lunch, if you got in for one. We had peas for supper. We went that way for a week. [laughs]

RM: Oh, boy - no more peas for you then?

RH: Now I don't like them. We tried to get the boss to send into Pioche for food. The mail was running right by us all the time, and he'd have helped us. "Ha," he said, "we'll be home in a day or two." [chuckles] "We'll be home in a day or two."

When we left there, headed down the country with this big herd of cattle, (we were moving them off of one range onto another) and a nice young jackrabbit was sitting out there. I said, "You want some meat for supper, boys?"

"Gosh, yes."

I said, "I'll get him. Watch his head."

I stepped off my horse, and you couldn't ask for a prettier shot. [chuckles] I took his head. And we cleaned him out - we weren't too far out of camp. When I got into camp, I had orders to go out on a bench - they had 4 or 5 big steers for Old Man Olinghouse again - and bring them in and take them down to Eight Mile. And when I got in, the rest of them had eaten and I didn't get any rabbit. [laughs] I ate peas.

RM: Did you ever shoot a deer or anything like that when you were out on the range?

RH: Only in deer season.

RM: How about birds?

RH: The only time I did that, we had the law with us, because we were going to make an arrest; they killed a bunch of sage hens. That was over on the line between Utah and Nevada, up at what they called the shearing fence.

RM: I don't understand exactly how you drive cattle. Let's say you're out on the range looking for cows and you find one . . .

RH: Ordinarily, when you find one you'll find - scattered around - maybe 5 to 7 head or more.

RM: OK. Then you bunch up that 5 or 6 or 7, don't you keep going?

RH: Yes, keep driving.

RM: How does one guy keep those cows going where he wants them to go?

RH: You just ride out around them and turn them this way or that way. It's not too big a job when you get used to handling them.

RM: Well, let's say you're driving this bunch of 5 or 6 and then you spot another one. What do you do?

RH: Just leave them and go and get them, and put them in the same herd.

RM: Oh - the ones you've left don't spread?

RH: No, they wouldn't go very far.

RM: What's the biggest herd that one man can handle?

RH: I don't know how big a herd he could actually handle, but I had around 75 head that time I was talking about.

RM: I just don't see how one guy could keep 75 cows going where he wanted them to go.

RH: Well, it was on a road, and there was snow. The horses made a trail - and in that snow, the cows are to stay on that trail.

RM: Oh, I see. What are the secrets of finding cattle out on the range?

RH: Just go and look. You might be up in the trees, you might be out in the open - maybe you'll run onto a cow track, and you pick that cow track up and just keep tracking (if it's fresh).

RM: Have you ever encountered any mean cattle?

RH: Oh, yes.

RM: What do you do then?

RH: Well, you might have your hands full. [laughs]

RM: Have you ever had one try to take you?

RH: Oh yes. One time was over in Hamblin Valley, and it was my dad's steer. I was riding for Olinghouse at the time - I was riding one of his horses. I spotted this bunch up in the trees and they split like a bunch of birds, but I wanted that steer of my dad's. I brought him down into

the open - into the valley - and roped him. I couldn't stop him, I roped him. He had horns about 10 inches long, and sharp.

Bert Adaire, who was riding for Billy Warren, came to me, and I had the steer around the neck. I wanted to move a rope onto his horns, so it wouldn't choke him. I tried every way to get Bert Adaire to put his rope on his hind feet and throw him, but no way. He wasn't about to put his rope on there.

RM: Why?

RH: He was just afraid. So I did what you call "busting him." I threw the rope right around behind his hind legs and took a run and threw him. I stacked him up, got off my horse, went over there and took my rope off from his neck and put it on his horns, and I turned to Bert. "Now," I said, "I got him down. Put your rope on his hind feet and hold him till I get on my horse."

"No way." Even with the steer down [chuckles] . . .

RM: He still wouldn't do it?

RH: No. So there was only one way left - to take a chance, and see if I could get to my horse. I left the steer and started for the horse, and this steer bust to me. I knew that he was going to hit the end of the rope pretty soon, because he was tied hard and fast to the horse. When he hit the end of the rope, then he turned, and this horse wasn't used to anything like that. The steer turned and bilt into my horse, and one horn went through my front cinch and put quite a hole in there, and the other one hit the fender of my saddle - that kept both horns from going in. I asked Bert then, "Let me take your rope."

"Nope." So I went way out around, and dropped down on my hands and knees, believe it or not. I crawled up on my hands and knees to my

horse, and just as I raised up to get onto the horse, the steer bilt for the horse, and the horse, then, knew enough to get out of the way, and I hit the saddle.

I got [on the horse and] he was bleeding pretty badly. Then my brother-in-law came along - Bill Flinspach, Vera's husband. I said, "Bill, will you take my rope while I check my horse out? I got him hooked."

"Sure," he said, and he came in and took my rope. I went ahead and rode off a little ways and got off, loosened my saddle up and everything. As soon as I loosened up, he quit bleeding. But when I went to tighten my saddle back down again, he started bleeding.

We were about 3 miles out of camp, and I told my brother-in-law, "If it's all right and you hold him, I'll take this horse in and get some cows and change horses.

He said, "Sure." So he sat there and held that steer till I went into camp - I had horses right there close - and got another horse. And Buck Hollinger had come in, and we got a few head of cows and took them out with us. When we got there Buck took his rope down and roped him by the hind feet and threw him, and when they threw him, I got off and took the rope off of his horns. We had those cows right there with him, and Bert Adaire took off. He wasn't about to stay near. [laughs] Then I walked over and got on my horse. Buck Hollinger then let him up, we got the herd and put him in with all the rest of the cattle, and never had any more trouble. But the next morning, the horse's belly and everything hung down 4 or 5 inches.

RM: Was it blood?

RH: Yes, it was blood and stuff in under the hide. I took my pocket

knife and run the point of it through a thin board, and I started in and cut all over underneath, and the blood all ran out. Some of them were coming home with a herd of cattle, so I had them bring him home and put him in the field. It was about 10 days or 2 weeks before I got over to where he was. When I got in, he was all healed up and everything and I went right to riding him again.

RM: Is that right. I don't understand - when you left Flinspach to hold him while you went for another horse, he had him on a rope, right?

RH: Yes.

RM: What's to stop the steer from attacking his horse?

RH: He was on his horse, and he could get out of the way.

RM: So if the steer made a run at his horse, his horse would just move?

RH: Yes, he'd get out of the way of that steer.

RM: They could keep that up for quite a while, couldn't they?

RH: Oh yes, they could do that. But that steer, after all that running, and the mauling I gave him, he was getting pretty tired.

RM: Was that about the toughest situation you ever found yourself in on that kind of thing?

RH: Yes, of that kind, that was about as tough a proposition I ever was up against.

RM: What do you think made the steer do that?

RH: Well, he was wild and after I did that to him, he got mad.

RM: Did you ever any trouble with bulls or anything like that?

RH: Yes, I had one pick up one hind leg. I had those long tapaderos on my saddle. And when he made a run at my horse, I threw my foot back and one horn took that right in under the horse's belly and the other horn went behind his hind leg. Otherwise, why . . .

RM: Oh - you could've lost a horse.

RH: I would have had a long walk.

RM: You could've lost your horse that other time, too. I mean, it was lucky he hit the cinch.

RH: That's right. I've been in several predicaments. [chuckles]

RM: When you're out in this wilderness area, and it's winter or something, did you ever - in the back of your mind - have fears that "Hey, man, I'm liable to freeze to death out here." Or, "I'll never get back to camp" or something like that?

RH: No, I never, ever had any feeling like that. I always knew where I was. I've been with guys who didn't know, after night hit, where they were.

RM: Where did most of the cowmen here come from? Were they local guys?

RH: They were all local. And then there'd be boys from the outside ranges who would come in, as I say, looking for strays, and ride with you. I got acquainted with a lot of them going out on that outside circle looking for strays.

RM: How far out would the outside circle be?

RH: Well, from in here across going west, I would say I've been out between 60 and 65 miles. And north, as I say, up this valley and so on, and over into Shoshone Valley, I've been up to this side of where Connor's Pass is. And then I've been in just below Lehman Cave a ways. And then Pine Valley . . . that's east - you know where Milford was.

RM: Yes.

RH: Well, Pine Valley is a big valley that runs north from Milford, and I've been over into that.

RM: How far south have you been?

RH: I haven't been too far southeast. But over this way, I've been in above Alamo.

RM: Wow. How long were you working as a cowman out there?

RH: Well, now they say a kid 13 years old can't do anything. But I was loading hay on the ranch - that's when we hauled it loose.

RM: And then you were hauling it into Pioche in bales?

RH: Yes. We'd put it into a stack when we brought it in from the fields. Then we took the old team and baler and they went around and around and around.

RM: Around the stack?

RH: No - on the baler. It was fairly long, and it was a layout about yea long with big rollers on it, and a team would be going around what they call a plunger. The team would push it up, and you'd push hay down in front and it would push it through a machine. You had wooden blocks in there that you could run your wire through. And when a bale got so long, then you tied it with wires and then it'd come out the other end. That old team would go round and round, all day long.

RM: So you didn't bale it in the field, but when you hauled it into town, then, it was baled.

RH: Yes.

RM: And what did the bales weigh?

RH: To start out with, we used to do our baling mainly in late fall, because the wood [had to be gathered] and things like that had to be done. So cold, to start out with, the bales would run anywhere from 90 to 100 pounds. Then, as the machine and everything got all warm warmed up, we'd start in running bales 125, 140, 145 . . .

RM: How in the world can you handle a bale that big?

RH: Oh . . . [gestures]

RM: [laughs] You could load it on a wagon?

RH: Oh, yes. I weighed 125 pounds and I'd pick up 150-pound bale.
[chuckles]

RM: You must've been a pretty wiry guy, huh?

RH: I was. [laughs]

RM: [laughs] OK. So that was when you were about 13, and then when was it that you worked in the ice house?

RH: Oh, I must've been getting somewhere around 20 years old.

RM: OK. And that was in about 1925?

RH: Yes.

RM: How long did you do that?

RH: They kept me there for about a month, and then he said, "You're too good a cowhand."

RM: Oh. So then you went back to the ranch?

RH: Yes, I went back out to the ranch and went to riding.

RM: As a side question - when you were working on a ranch, did you stay in the bunkhouse, or what?

RH: Out there they only had the one cabin, and I stayed right in the cabin there. Of course, most of the time I had everything to myself; I was alone.

RM: Oh - you were the only hand?

RH: I worked one summer out there, and I went as high as a month and never saw a soul, there at that cabin and working in the fields and stuff.

RM: Where was the cabin - right at the ranch?

RH: Yes, right on the ranch.

RM: There wasn't anybody else living on the ranch?

RH: No, I was the only guy. I went all of a month and never saw a soul to talk to - just the dog. They had a little dog out there. [chuckles]

RM: I'll be darned. What was your pay?

RH: Three bucks a day. And it was from 5:00 in the morning until after dark.

RM: Yes. When you were out on the range, what time did you get up?

RH: It would all depend, but most of the time it was around 4:00.

RM: Still dark, any time of the year.

RH: Oh, yes. On some of those outside roundups, I've - had my breakfast and been sitting in the saddle at 5:00 in the morning and I never pulled my saddle until between 12:00 and 1:00 that night.

RM: So they were long days.

RH: Long days. As I say, I didn't miss any meals, but I postponed a lot of them. [laughs]

RM: When you were working at night like that, it was probably moonlight, wasn't it?

RH: Not always.

RM: How can you work in the dark?

RH: Well, where we were working, we were generally moving cattle - driving them.

RM: I see. How can you drive them in the dark?

RH: You get them headed right, with guys on each side and guys across the bottom, and keep them headed.

RM: And the horses don't stumble or anything?

RH: Oh, they'll stumble once in a while. The worst [experience I ever had] in the night was once when we were going to leave the cows, and the

guy in charge came back and said, "OK, now I want you to mother up all these little calves."

Dark - oh, it was dark! And we'd been losing little calves; they get tired and they'll just drop in under a bush anyplace. We turned to him and said, "How in the devil are you going to mother up cows and calves when you can't see what's what and you don't know where all these little calves are, and all?"

"Well, I've got to mother them."

And one of his son-in-laws said, "To hell with you. I'm going to camp."

I said, "I'm going with you." [laughs] So we went to camp.

RM: You couldn't find a calf in the dark, could you?

RH: Not and tell who the mother was, or anything.

RM: Well, how could you even find one? I mean, it's dark out there.

RH: Well, the little calves would all be on the tail end of the herd because they were getting tired - outside of the ones we'd lost when they just dropped off coming back from where we'd been, we spooked several little ones, but they'd either go back to where they last saw their mother, or else the mother would come back looking for them.

RM: A mother always knows her own calf, doesn't she?

RH: Oh, yes.

RM: When you went back out to the range in about 1925, how long did you stay out there, doing that cowboying? When did you move back into town?

RH: Oh, I would say somewhere in the early '30s.

RM: And what did you do in town then?

RH: Ran a service station - greasing cars and . . .

RM: Did you work at one, or did you have your own?

RH: Do you know where Tilly's Station is right down here in town?

RM: The Chevron?

RH: Yes. My partner and I put 15 years in there, greasing cars. We'd open up and start at 7:00 in the morning. Our hours were from 7:00 to 11:00 at night.

RM: Wow.

RH: And if we weren't caught up, we stayed there until we were. After 5:00, my partner would go home and have his dinner, and he'd be off for the night and I'd stay there till everything was done. Then after 2 weeks, he'd do the same thing - I'd come home and he'd stay, and that's the way we went. Finally the Orrs wanted their station back - Standard Oil leased it from them.

RM: And then you leased it from Standard Oil?

RH: Yes. Then they wanted that station and they wouldn't renew the lease to Standard Oil - no way would they let us have it - so we moved to another station - do you know where A & B is over here by the old courthouse?

RM: Yes.

RH: My partner and I moved over there - it was empty. And of course, we're the ones who put it back up into the shape it's in.

RM: When did you have to give the station back to Orrs?

RH: It was sometime in the '40s. We were in the first station during World War II, and right after that we moved. We had to rebuild it. My partner, Art Hartley - Arthur Hartley - went into Salt Lake and got ahold of the guy who owned it. (We didn't have the money to buy it so we got Standard Oil to buy it, and then we in turn bought it from Standard Oil, and then he and I owned it.)

RM: Was your partner a Pioche man?

RH: No, he was from Kansas.

RM: What was he doing out here?

RH: Working in the mines. I didn't work in the mines, but Scotty (you talked to his wife, Mary Scott) was in this station down here, and he went to the army. When he went to the army, Art and I ran it for a short time for her. Then he came back on leave, and when he came back, he sold it to us. And he even loaned us the money to get going. [chuckles]

RM: And that's the station down here - the Chevron?

RH: Yes.

RM: Was it a Chevron then?

RH: It's been Chevron all the time.

RM: Was the other station you got a Standard too?

RH: Well, no; we're the ones who put Standard in there.

RM: Standard and Chevron weren't the same in those days, were they?

RH: Yes, they've always been the same.

RM: Why would they have 2 stations in town?

RH: When we moved out there, and Standard Oil put up the money to buy it, we more or less had to go Standard on that account. At different times, we have tried to bring in other brands. But neither one of us had that kind of money - it cost I don't know how many thousands of dollars. Because we had to repaint, remodel, redo - and we didn't have that kind of money. One guy out of Cedar City came and begged us forever, trying to get us to handle his product. But if we had gone with him, we wouldn't know whether we were going to be Texaco or some old off-breed the next morning, or what. We wouldn't have a thing to do with him.

CHAPTER SIX

RM: So you ran that first service station here in town for 15 years, and the other one for 29 years? Tell me about the service station business in Pioche.

RH: It was a business where you got to meet a lot of people, and you had a lot of things to do. And you had to be one that you could meet the public. We had a real good business worked up among all the people here. We did a lot of grease jobs and oil changes at that time, there was no wrecker or anything around here, so you just went out and hooked onto a car. [chuckles]

RM: Oh - you just hooked on and pulled them in when they broke down?

RH: Yes. You didn't see too many automatic transmissions and things you couldn't tow.

RM: Where did you get your parts?

RH: The majority of them came out of Cedar City, until they got to pricing themselves clear out of business. A lot of it out at the station right now is still coming out of Vegas. They can do their business out of Vegas.

RM: How many stations were there in town?

RH: At one time there were 4 of us - 2 Standards and a Shell and - what was Vaughn Morris? Do you remember?

OH: Texaco, I think.

RM: Did you give credit in those days, or was it cash?

RH: Oh, we gave credit. I'd like to have a lot of the money we lost.

RM: Where did your products come from - your oil and gas?

RH: California.

RM: Did they come in on the railroad?

RH: Yes. And they had . . . I don't know whether you noticed, way down below town there's a big tin building?

RM: Yes?

RH: Well, that there's where the Standard Oil product used to be. Orrs ran that.

RM: How many grades of gas in those days?

RH: Two grades - regular and ethyl.

RM: When did you sell out your station, then?

RH: About 6 years ago - maybe a little better.

RM: Is that station still operating?

RH: Oh, yes. They're operating still with the A & B Service sign. When we started out we were advertising as Hartley and Hammond. But to get a sign made or anything cost you a fortune on account of the letters. So we just finally said, "We'll pull one - we'll go to A & B." A lot of people said, "How come?" We had them all stumped - A & B. That'd be Art and Bob. [chuckles]

RM: I see. Did you sell tires, too?

RH: Oh, yes, we sold a lot of tires. When we were strictly with Standard Oil the tires were supposed to be warranted, but we weren't getting nothing out of them - their warranty and all was no good. So we got to selling Goodyear and taking on a few other makes. Now they sell Goodyear, but because they have a contract with the state, all they buy is Goodyear. The state, the county, and all of that can go and buy tires cheaper than you and I can think of doing.

RM: Could a fellow make a pretty good living at the station business through the years, or was it kind of tight?

RH: Well, you had to watch your business, and take care of it. But you could make a good business. The guys who were out at that other station had a real big business, selling lots of tires and doing a lot of mechanical work.

RM: Did you do you mechanical work yourself?

RH: I did some of it and my partner, when it come to a tune-up job, was very good. We had a lot of tourists, and after they left, we'd get letters back thanking us for performing well and everything.

RM: Did you have to hire help?

RH: We had one guy we had to hire.

RM: Was he with you all through the years, huh?

RH: No, he went with us for a few years, and then he worked for the telephone company. Of course, he could get better benefits and everything else, because that was a bigger concern.

RM: So you moved into Pioche around 1930 and you've been here ever since?

RH: Yes.

RM: How would you describe social life in Pioche for the first 10 or 15 years that you lived here?

RH: It was real nice. People were all friendly, and as far as getting along, once in a while you might see somebody get into a little fight or a little trouble, but very, very seldom. Everybody was pretty agreeable, and they were willing to help one another. In earlier years they used to have more fights than we had.

RM: Was there much mining activity in the '30s?

RH: No; it was up and down.

RM: What mines were working in the '30s?

RH: They had men working at the Prince - that's on the other side of the hill - and Number One had a few a-going and Ely Valley - the 3 of them. But during the war they ran on account of lead. They were really busy in the war.

When the rationing come on, that was a headache.

RM: Tell me about it.

RH: Well, say you came along and had to have a tire. All right, you had to go to the ration board and get a certificate or a slip before we could ever sell you even a tube. And then we had stamps for gas. And if you lost your stamps, you couldn't help anybody. And we couldn't buy gas without stamps.

RM: You had to have stamps to buy?

RH: We had to have the stamps the same as you did to buy gas. Say you wanted 5 gallons of gas - you had your 5-gallon stamp or whatever, then we had big cards - yea big, and square - that these stamps went on. Whenever we'd order gas, we'd count the stamps for the number of gallons we could buy - we had sheet after sheet. To help us, some of the truckers had more stamps than they knew what to do with, and they'd say, "Well, we'll help you out a little," and they'd slip us [some stamps].

I had an inspector come in. I wasn't busy right at the time, and the minute he came in, I knew what he was. I stepped up to him and said, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, I want to measure your gas - how much gas you got in the tanks."

I said, "Fine." I got the stick and we went out and measured it.

We came back in, "Now I want to see your stamps."

I said, "That's fine." I showed him all my stamps. He took it all.

down.

And we had a government layout where, in case of an emergency, we could get other gas. I showed him them. "That's fine. Now I want to see your tire certificates and tube certificates and all of that."

I said, "Fine." I opened up the drawer and showed him all of that stuff.

When he got done, he said, "You're pretty cooperative."

I said, "Well, why not?"

And he said, "I'm going to tell you something." (And as I say, I had a bunch of stamps that were given to me from these truckers.) He says, "Being so cooperative and everything, you haven't given me no hard time at all on that."

I said, "No use."

He said, "I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to show you about 56 gallons short" (of what I was supposed to have.) And he said, "You've got over 1000 gallons of gas stamps here. I tell you what you can do with it. You take those stamps and a lot of friends and so on - people that come in that's in need, sell them."

RM: Is that right? You had more gas than you should have, but because you were so cooperative . . .

RH: Yes - I had over 1000 gallons worth of stamps. He let me go. He said, "If you'd have given me a hard time, I'd have taken all them away."

But your gas rationing would all depend. At that time my dad and I were in the cow business - we were running cattle. We didn't have too many, but we was running them west of here on what they call Dry Lake. And in the wintertime they had to go over and break the ice so that the cows could drink. So the stamps my dad got for his touring car weren't

enough gas. (They took turns.) My dad figured up what gas he had to have to manage, they turned him down. So I turned to him and said, "Dad, I'm going to try something."

He said, "What are you going to do?"

I said, "I'm going to make out another certificate for gas down there at the ration board. I'm going to fill it out and you send it down."

"OK. We'll just see what happens."

I put in for 500 gallons, which he didn't any more need than to fly. It went through just like nothing. But [the first time], because he was honest with it, he couldn't get it.

Now with me, with tire rationing and all that kind of stuff, and at the same time being in the coal business, I could get all the tires, tubes and gas I wanted.

RM: What did people do? This is a remote area, where it's a long place between stops. What did people do for tires and gas and so on when they probably didn't get all that they needed?

RH: Well, if they couldn't make it here, if we didn't have enough, they'd go to Caliente or Panaca, and places down there. And if they didn't have stamps, then they had to go to the rationing board and the rationing board, then, would grant them enough to get from one place to another. And when they'd hit the other place where they had a rationing board . . . that's the way they did it.

RM: Was the rationing board staffed by local people, or by outsiders?

RH: They were local people.

RM: Did the government give the area an allotment, or how did that work?

RH: I don't know just what kind of allotment they gave the area - it all

depended on what you had to have and what you had to do. The guys that were in trucking didn't have any trouble getting tires and tubes. But we had trouble. I spent one full day on the phone looking for some great big truck tires. I spent all day long some days on the phone, in order to find tires for them. One day I had 11 or 12 of them come in when we was in the station right here. They dumped them off right there in front of the station and the people would walk by and they just drooled.

[chuckles] There was nothing they could do. I did get taken. I finally found out that a guy down in California had some, and I had to have 2 of those big ones. He quoted me a price, and I said, "That's the best you can do?"

"Hell," he said, "I can't go any lower. That is the best."

"Well, how come you're so much higher than the rest?"

"I don't know, but that's the price, if you want them." And the mine had to have them; so I took them. I had to have a check in the mail that same day, before I ever got the tires.

When I explained it to the mining company that had to have these tires, they said, "Well, you ain't a-going to take a loss, because we'll pay it." So they gave me a big bonus on the tires.

RM: You must've gotten pretty good allotments in the area because of the mine. They needed that lead, didn't they?

RH: Oh, yes. They were busy all the time.

RM: Did Pioche have a pretty good growth spurt during World War II, with a lot of miners in town and everything?

RH: Oh yes, they had a good income a-going all around here.

RM: Where did the people come from? Were they tramp miners, or what?

RH: There were some like that, and there were a lot who pulled out of

the army and brought in here and put in the mines.

RM: Were they miners, or were they just greenhorns?

RH: They learned mining. I know of two of them who were brought in during the war - Bartolo and Kelly. Bartolo's wife is dead - he married a girl from here. And Kelly was brought in here by the war. I don't know who his wife was before he married, but . . .

RM: Did you know the guy who owned the Prince Mine?

RH: Dave Gimmell? Yes. My partner worked for him for several years. Have you heard of him?

RM: Yes, I interviewed his sister Betty Gimmell, over at the Prince.

RH: Oh? Is she here now?

RM: Yes, she lives over there.

RH: Dave was a real good customer of ours. We did all of his work - things like tune-ups and greasing, all the tires, everything of that kind. He was real good. He lived at the Prince. So did Paul Gimmell, Dave's brother.

RM: When did you meet your wife, Bob?

RH: Oh, heck - when was it, hon?

OH: Oh, gosh. [laughs] It was in '38.

RM: And where did she come from?

RH: Enterprise, Utah.

OH: I met him several years before we were married. We met in Enterprise, at a dance.

RM: About when would that have been?

OH: Oh, dear - when were you working at Gold Springs?

RH: That was during the Depression. We were married in '38.

RM: So you knew each other quite a while before you married?

OH: I knew him quite a few years before we were married - started going together in about '37.

RM: What is your maiden name?

OH: Orilla Lamb.

RM: Are you related to the Lambs in Alamo?

OH: No. My folks came from Orderville, Utah. They were cattlemen, too; my grandfather was a cattleman.

RM: And how many children did you have?

OH: Four.

RM: Could you list their names, in the order of the oldest on down?

OH: Karen, and Rosalie. Karen is married to Gene Girard, and they were both school teachers in Las Vegas. Rosalie is married to Lawrence Drubler, and they live in Boulder City. And our son Kent lives in Washington, Utah, and our daughter Alyson lives here in Pioche.

RH: Yes, the 3 of us live here together.

OH: She's manager down here at the bank.

RM: How did things change after the war, with the end of rationing and the shutdown of the mines in Pioche?

RH: It quieted everything. Everything went down to a walk, you might say. It wasn't like it used to be. And Paul Gimmell, over here at the Caselton used to say, "Boy, she's looking up today." That was when things was still running, but you know, gradually closing down. "Well, she's looking up today. By gosh, I think we're going to be all right now. Everything is going to be in good shape." And next day, come to find out, "Well, we just laid off 50," or such a matter. They just gradually cut them down, till they finally closed it.

RM: They finally closed them all, didn't they?

RH: They closed them all.

RM: The mines were primarily lead and the country just didn't need it, did they?

RH: No, not after the war. The mines are lead [and] zinc and then places here in the mine have some good silver, but it's pretty hard to get out. Up here they had what they call a balance wheel - a counter-balance on the bucket. They just cut the cable and dropped it into the bottom of the mine, then they put steel across and welded it. There's lots of water way down in there, but it's no good.

RM: Which mine was that?

RH: Number One. At Caselton they can go up and down so they can go down to the water, but that's it.

RM: So Pioche just began to fade a little then?

RH: Oh, yes. We're trying to get an industry into here now. I don't know what luck we'll have . . .

RM: What kind of industry?

RH: Well, we're after that women's prison. But it doesn't sound very good. Another one was the incinerator, but as far as I know, that's been killed.

RM: What was life like during the '50s, then?

RH: It wasn't too bad.

RM: The town was much smaller than it had been during the '40s, wasn't it?

RH: Yeah. It's beginning to build up now. There are a lot of new homes in the north end of town here that are going in, and they're still building.

RM: What's making it grow now?

RH: A lot of people moving into here are more or less the senior citizens. Of course, if Vegas takes our water I don't know what we'll do. They're after it, but . . .

RM: Do you think they'll get it?

RH: I hope not. All they'd have to do is put down the wells that they want and start pumping and they'd dry up this whole country. I saw it right over here in Utah. One spring that was right along the side of the road going from Cedar City over to Minersville used to be a nice, big stream of water with a kind of a reservoir and whatnot. Now it's drier than a bone, due to the fact that just over west of there there are some big farms, and they put down wells. They lowered the water table and now, that spring is dry.

RM: The spring is gone?

RH: It's gone. And the same thing would happen right here. If we were like the Utah desert between here and Cedar, where they got an ocean of water underneath, then we might be able to let them have it.

RM: Is there is a lot of water underground over there?

RH: Oh, yes - under that desert on the other side of Modena. There are lot of wells, and you should see them in the summertime when they're pumping. There are a lot of them going.

RM: Well, Vegas is going to ruin the state, that's what they're doing.

RH: I had one guy here who came up out of that country, and he said there's one well that's just like a river of water underneath. They said they'd have to pump but there's enough water to flood Las Vegas away.

RM: Where was that?

RH: I don't know. He just mentioned it here one night.

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