

1877, when I first saw the lakes, up to the recent years. I was down there almost every year. I have seen it in the spring, and I have seen it in the fall, and I've seen it in the winter.

Marcus Haines described Tebo's place on the P Ranch as follows:

Tebo was kind of an honored student, you might say, of Pete French's. He let him run cattle, and as near as we know, he was the only one that ever did that. He [Tebo] had his own brand and run a few cattle. And I think he had a race horse or two, too. And then when they made the drive down to Winnemucca—that's where they marketed these cattle—well, Tebo would go along and he'd sell his cattle. . . .

Tebo went with the sale of the French holdings. It occurred two times prior to the purchase of the property by the Fish and Wildlife Service, as it is known now, for the Wildlife Refuge in February 1935. And Tebo went with that sale too. And he was housed at the P Ranch with Arthur Paige, a civil engineer for the government. Both Tebo and Arthur Paige died with pneumonia in January 1937. Arthur was 52, and Tebo was in his early 70s, probably 74 or 75.

Haines recalled attending a picnic at the P Ranch on the Fourth of July in 1935 where Tebo entertained the crowd with card tricks, stunts, and rattling the bones—

that used to be one of the methods of creating a little music. Somebody would sing and rattle the bones. We didn't have radios and TVs and phonographs and all that stuff. And Tebo would cut four bones about six inches long, as I remember, out of a dried cow rib bone, and then he would put these two bones in between his fingers on each hand, and he'd just rattle them and keep time with the music, or whatever. It sounded kind of like a drummer, you know. I used to play the accordion at dances in the early 1930s at Frenchglen, and Tebo would play with me until he got tired, and then he'd go back to the P Ranch.

The Tebo Ortego stories that follow are tales that Marcus Haines remembered from the time he spent two or three nights in the bunkhouse at the P Ranch in the fall of 1929 and Tebo entertained.

### Kiger Gorge

First, we'll start with the one about Kiger Gorge. He said he was riding up there in the spring of the year and rode up and he looked off into Kiger Gorge, and he said there was a monstrous rock right near by. It was just all ready to fall into the canyon. So he said he got a pry pole, and he finally broke it loose, and down the hill

it went and up the other side, and rolled right back up from where Tebo had started it. So Tebo watched it for awhile, but he had to leave, and he didn't get back up there until fall. So he thought he would ride over and look off into Kiger Gorge again. And he said that rock was still rolling, but he said it was about the size of a basketball then. And I suppose if it had been a little later on, it would have gotten down to a baseball, but anyway, it was a basketball at that time.

### Tebo's Mosquito Stories

And then he had some good mosquito stories too. And he tells about one night there the mosquitoes were real bad. And so he got a big cast iron kettle that all the ranches had back in those days. It would hold twenty, thirty gallons of water, I guess. And they used them to render lard and to heat water in when they butchered hogs in the fall of the year—they scalded them to get the hair off of them. So he turned that upside down and got under it with a hammer to kill what mosquitoes went under there with him. So he said that pretty soon the bills started coming through this cast iron kettle. So he'd just reach up with his hammer and he'd clinch the bill. And he said, "By gosh, all of a sudden away went the kettle." He said, "I just clinched too many bills and the mosquitoes flew off with it."

And then he tells another one about—I guess this happened at the P Ranch too—he said there was a couple mosquitoes come in when he was in bed. One of them set on the head of the bed, the other one was on the foot of the bed. And one said to the other, he said, "What will we do, eat him here or take him off down to the swamp?" And, well he answered, he said, "We had better eat him here. We take him down to the swamp, those big fellows will take him away from us."

### Tebo's Pet Fish

And then he said that he had a fish there one time that he got out of the river, and [Tebo] taught him to follow around like a dog. And he said he did, he followed him out to the barn, and he followed him here, and he followed him there, just like a dog would do. He said he had a little foot log there across the river. He started to cross there one day with the fish behind him. He [the fish] fell off and drowned before Tebo could get him out.