

California State College, Bakersfield

San Joaquin Valley Oral History Project

Recorded History

INTERVIEWEE: Frank Claudino  
PLACE OF BIRTH: California  
INTERVIEWER: Patricia Davis  
DATE OF INTERVIEW: March 31, 1974  
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P.D.: It's March 31<sup>st</sup>, 1974. My name is Pat Davis. I'm taking a course at Bakersfield College called Kern County History given by Mr. Richard Bailey. As an assignment, I'm going to interview a Kern County native today. Mr. Frank Claudino. We are now at his home. How are you today, Mr. Claudino?

Claudino: Fine.

P.D.: Good. Now, I wonder, sir, if you'd like to start with giving us a few of your memories of your father and how you arrived here in Kern County.

Claudino: Now I would have to read down, read it again on that assignment.

P.D.: All right.

Claudino: I was born, I'm Frank Claudino, I was born in Rosedale, California in 1897 and went to school there. My father, Daniel Claudino, was born in Azores, Portugal in 1865. He came out to California in 1889 and settled in Delano. He went to work on a ranch for two or three years. He wrote to his other brother to come out and he did. So Joe Claudino was still another brother, which there was [and] he come out here later. I don't know the date. His name was John Claudino. And in 1894 my father Daniel Claudino and Joe Claudino went into the sheep business in the Green Horn Mountain area. They were in the sheep business for four years, and they had no rain and it was very dry for years. They went broke and sold their three thousand head of sheep to Mr. John Enos, on Enos Lane, for one dollar a head. A year and a half later, Mr. Enos sold the sheep for four dollars and a half a head. My father was afraid to hold them any longer. My father and his brother, Joe Claudino, quit the sheep business. The grizzly bears were bad at night. Then one night they killed eleven sheep and another night they killed seven sheep. For fox, lions, and coyotes, they would kill the

lambs and drag them away. After my father and his brother left that part of the mountain, part of that meadow was called it Portuguese meadows and from then on it was always been called that. My father and his brother said they would never forget that four years of hard work for nothing. They went back to Delano and went to work on a ranch for two or three years. My father decided that he would like to get married, but my mother and my father's folks were friends for many years back. My father wrote to my mother's folks and asked them for my mother's hand. They told them that he would make a good home for her. He was going in the dairy business, and was going to buy a ranch. They talked it over for weeks and then my father got a letter from her folks saying, "I think this would be fine. You come from a good family." My mother was four years old when she last saw my father. My father was then twenty years old and my mother was, I mean my mother was twenty years old and my father was thirty years old and my father sent for her to come out to Delano, California. Seven months later, she was in Delano, California. She lived with my father and oldest brother, Frank Claudino, and his wife. It was seven months before they got married. He was in the grocery store business and one of the few years before they were married, they had to prepare with the priest and make arrangements with the church that their families' background and the history of their religion, to have their religion. It was the officiate. It was seven months before they could be married. And this is a Catholic belief. My mother was not going anywhere without a chaperone. They said not even take a buggy ride. They moved to Rosedale, California and bought a twenty-acre ranch and built a house and a barn. They then went back into the dairy business. They fixed the ranch up, and then they bought ten cows and in four or five years they had about thirty-five cows. He raised pigs and lambs and chickens and then we rented forty acres more for pasture. We were doing good, were making a good living. We were just beginning to get out of debt. In 1916, my father passed away. We sold the cows and the pigs and everything to pay for the doctor bills and funeral bills that put us in the hole. I quit school when I was sixteen years old, also my brother. I went to work for Miller and Lux for ninety cents a day. Nine hours. I worked there for several months, and then I quit and went to work for Kern County Land Company, which was the Calloway ranch. I was (?) water tender for three months. Then they put me in the blacksmith shop. I shod horses and repaired equipment. They made me a blacksmith at the ranch. Another brother and a sister went to work there too, and we all paid the ranch off for Mother. Then I was nineteen, I quit and went to war. I joined the merchant marines. They sent me to school in San Francisco. On the training ship Iris. I was on that boat for six months to take the exams and I took the examination and passed as a chief petty officer. My ship was Sea Ship Iris. I was assigned to another boat, we... (mumbled). I went to Chile, South America and then to Argentina. And in the Pacific we chased, we were chased, by a German submarine four hours until dark took over. We lost it by zigzagging, and we came back through the canal.

We went to the New York Harbor and there were German subs that was staked out with big piers. This sub sank five American vessels in two days. We took snapshots of it. The sub was sank right in the harbor. It was something to see. I went to New York Harbor base. They sent me back to San Francisco and discharged us there. I was in the service for two and a half years. I came back and went to work for Kern County Land Company. The Kern County Land Company was located where the Fox Theater is now. I worked there as a blacksmith on 20th and H St. Mr. Herman Dumble was superintendent there at the time in 1926. I quit there and went to work for Dave Owens and Mr. Bats. That was located on 24th Street and Chester Avenue. I went to work there to learn to be a spring maker. Robert Sheldon bought out Bats and Dave Owens at the time. Three months later they moved to 300 19th street where the Salvation Army is now. I worked there for five and a half years, and in 1929 Mr. Robert Sheldon passed away, and Mrs. Minnie Sheldon made me manager to run the business for her. I worked for her for four and a half years. She decided to sell out to Van Haman of Taft. I ran the business for him for three years, and he did not know anything about the business. I quit him for Mr. C.L. Stancliff as manager of the spring shop and we were school friends. I got all the work. I and Stancliff went down and bought all the tools, moved them to Stancliff's shop. We repaired them and resold them again. I was in charge of the spring shop there for 17 years. Then I decided to go into business for myself. So I did. I did. I did as today, I have been here 27 years as Frank's Springworks, Bakersfield. And four and a half years later I bought out Mr. Stancliff's spring shop. He wanted to quit as a spring maker. And there I am still, 48 years now in the spring business. God bless me and all my wonderful customers that I have made all these years.

This was what I saw when I was seven or eight years old. There were cowboys all over town. Horses and buggies tied to hitching posts everywhere. I would love to see it now. My father would come to town about one week a year to get a gallon of St. Claire wine. I remember this in old days: board sidewalks, brick sidewalks, and in some places, dirt sidewalks. When I was 7 years old I wore knee britches. These days the boys would wear this type of britches 'til he was about fourteen years old. I remember looking up at the hotel windows and seeing women with their legs hanging out of the window. Pretty soon I saw another leg hanging out of the window. I said, "Dad, what are these women hanging their legs out of the window for?" Dad said, "Well son, it's hot up there." It's in the summer time. "I guess," I said. "But they are waving at us to come up. What for, Dad?" "We don't know them," he said. "You talk too much. Be quiet."

P.D.: Excuse me, Mr. Claudino. Now, these were called boarding houses, I think, these houses of ill-repute at that time. Is this what they called them?

Claudino: House of Institute.

P.D.: House of institute, they called them?

Claudino: Hotel or house of institute.

P.D.: I see, ok.

Claudino: And they were allowed in the houses, but not allowed the street. But in one place in town they were out in the street. Called L Street.

P.D.: Were there many-

Claudino: And they were suddenly allowed on L Street and they build a place around this building and they stood up about a six-foot fence at that time. I would say at one time when we peeked over the fence, and I was little about four or five years older than that. I was about twelve and there were ten or twelve women in side of this called bullpen. They put the girls in this fence six foot high and a corralled them into the house each way. And these girls were not allowed to come out of this bullpen. That time that's what it was called. And if you were to go and get a girl and go into the bullpen, like it was a gal that stood at the head of the gate. Not through the house. Go in through the side of the gate and there'd be a lady standing there as you'd say and she'd open the door and let you in the bullpen. And there you had the choice of ten or twelve girls. Then you would take them into the room, and you would pay them at that time. But uh, cuz I used to come in with the Call boys and the Call boys would leave us at the church. And leave us in town to go to the theater, which they called the five and ten cent theatre. It was called the Virginia, and there's another other one there, they charged a nickel. And we'd go to this show and the Call boys would pick us up and we would ask where they would go, and they said, "The bullpen."

P.D.: I see.

Claudino: Yes, ma'am. Let's see where I'm going here. I was there for years too. The women weren't allowed in the street. If they come out in the street and cause trouble with the men they would get arrested. Or sometimes they would push 'em back into this bullpen and that's what they called it in them days. And they would have to stay in there. And if they was caught out of there they would have to take them and put them in jail.

P.D.: Oh, I see.

Claudino: Or a floater out of town they called it. (mumbling) One day our father brought us into the show and he went down to see if the Portuguese friend of his, Mr. Hamrose, was about lived five blocks outside of Bakersfield. He put us in the Virginia Theater. This theater when we were kids at that time was not a talkie, and you'd go in there and the picture was on like Charlie Chaplin in them days. And you see this picture and you couldn't read and you'd laugh because it was funny. Really it was another picture was on,

you'd see the act, and then there'd be a line that you could read, then there'd be another act, then another line you could read, and you enjoyed the picture in that day because most of them they're just all funny. But we couldn't read 'em. We just went there to see the comedians and things like that.

P.D.: How much did it cost to get in the theater at that time?

Claudino: Five cents.

P.D.: That was a real bargain.

Claudino: Yeah, it was. It was a real bargain, exactly. I think it took us two hours at the time and then I remember years later, about two, three years later, well they charged a dime, ten cents, but at that time why it was five cents. And we'd go mostly just to go see the comedian pictures like Charlie Chaplin or others. And we wouldn't bother about reading, we'd just laugh at their actions.

(Laughter)

Claudino: They call Frank Claudino 523-4765. My father got a job from the boat. On a big sailing boat when he was fourteen years old. He was a sailor on this boat for fourteen years at seventy-five cents a day. He said he went around the world three or four times by water. And the ship took off from Portugal, and he would tell about different places. He went to China and India and all over the country with supplies. It was a supplies ship. I think he told us it was 300 feet long. And they had 22 men on this boat, and then most of them were Portuguese and had a Chinese cook. And a lot of times in the storm he told us about he'd have to get up to change the sail, it would start to tear, and he'd have to climb up on the rope, and he'd climb up and have to use both hands to fix the sails so he hung on with his mouth. And he said that one time that he hung on with his mouth for three quarters of an hour without turning loose in order to use his hands in order to save his sail to save his ship.

P.D.: Well, that's a wonderful story, Mr. Claudino.

Claudino: What you want me to talk about now?

P.D.: Well, you can amplify that little bit about your father?

Claudino: About like I said there, about the, let me think a bit here now. When we had these Chinese my father would be, I was about six years old, but it would set me back I'm seventy-seven now, and I was six years old that would set me clear back to what year?

P.D.: Um. Lets see.

Claudino: In 1897, my father was a contractor. Was contracting grapes, vineyard work for the Kern County Land Company. He had about four hundred acres to take care of and he was foreman of all their vineyards and orchards. He hired Chinese to do the irrigating and turning trays and for labor. All labor in the garden. They used to just camp right in back of our barn. And while they're irrigating, I remember they would kill squirrels and they would bring the squirrels in and take the fat off the squirrels and hang it on their clothes line and let the fat drain out and then they would take that and rub it on their arms, and shoulders and legs providing they had rheumatism. They would take the squirrel meat, and they would hang it on a line also, and eat the squirrel meat like it was jerky. All the jerky was made out of the squirrel meat. This was seen quite, often day after day, them hanging meat on the clotheslines.

(Laughter)

P.D.: You haven't mentioned your mother. Have you some memories of her?

Claudino: Yeah, my mother. My dad had sheep up in Green Horn Mountains in the Portuguese Meadows. My father didn't want my mother to go up there and cook for him on account of the bears. We had a spring wagon, and it was covered all around by canvas, which kept our food and water and everything in the spring wagon and supplies. So one night, mother was up there, she lived up there about six months with dad, and then one night about two or three o'clock in the morning a grizzly bear tried to get in the wagon and she screamed and hollered and jumped off the back end of the wagon and ran off to the sheep pen, which dad was asleep in the sheep pen. Somebody had to stay, sleep each night and each one of the brothers would sleep in the sheep pen. Take turns about. Mother went out crying and screaming that something was trying to get her in the wagon. So dad came back with his gun and then noticed it was a grizzly bear trying to get in the wagon. They did not shoot the bear, they just hollered at the bear one thing or another, and he walked off. So mother walked off and slept in the sheep pen with dad that night. And, two or three nights later, dad decided to bring her back to Bakersfield because she was so scared. This bear that night, she decided she would come back and live with her brother, Frank Claudino, in Delano.

P.D.: How many children were there in your family, Mr. Claudino?

Claudino: There were nine children. The first three children died of cow's milk. They was and then I was the fourth and I near died from cow's milk, and doctors expected I would live probably two, three weeks if they didn't take me off the cow's milk and get a goat. They give me goat's milk. Our mother start to feed me goat's milk and about three weeks I begin to improve. About four or five weeks, I was getting along fine. I was ok. Then the rest of the children, then dad bought another goat or two, and the rest of the children then was all raised on goat's milk, 'til later the doctors examined the cows and found out some of the cows had TB and some had other diseases. And one time I remember we had ordered to kill eleven cows, to sell them cows to the butcher for dog meat.

P.D.: How long did your mother live, Mr. Claudino?

Claudino: My mother lived, of all of us kids and family she raised, she lived to be 87 years old.

P.D.: Wow, that's wonderful.

Claudino: And she lived 'til she was just tired of living. When she was 87 years old, she told me one morning, she said, "Frank" she says, "I'm just tired of living. I've set in this chair now for three years. I can't go out." We used to take her out quite often, and still she said she was tired of living. She would not take any more medicine. Just give up and wouldn't eat or anything. Just give up and said, "I wanna die. I don't want to live any longer. I've seen six of my kids die and I'm not gonna see anymore. I've lived long enough, son. I'm gonna die." And then everything is all straightened out. She bought her own coffin and fixed up all the deals and paid cash for it. And everything for the funeral arrangements, that was all done by her one year before she died.

(Break)

Claudino: Not a coffin, it was more like a basket and fixed it in the corner of the house and this basket set up on a frame and had candle lights on it. And it would set there. We kept the baby there two days before. Then third day and then the undertaker would come by and get the baby and take it out to the, to have it buried, take it out to the graveyard, and I'm sorry, out the graveyard and have it buried. And both mother and father would set there all night with the baby. My mother crying and my father trying to cheer her up, and Dad would tell us boys to lock the door and go to sleep.

Claudino: I remember when I was six years old, my mother was pregnant, was going to have another baby, and Dad, my father told my brother and I to take a walk back in the field. At that time we was irrigating the canal that come past our house and he got a gunny sack and he had it under his arm and he said, "You guys go back to see how the water is back there. In the meantime," he says, "I'm gonna walk up the canal, and I'm gonna bring back a baby. And I think I'll bring back a baby sister." So we walked back to the field, and we got back and Mrs. Madison was there and she delivered the baby. And our family, there was only three out of the babies delivered by doctors. Almost all of the babies was delivered by Mrs. Madison that lived in Rosedale. She was a nurse in Denmark, before she come out here. She's very well known and lived there, here, about forty, forty-five years. And they're both dead and passed away now. And they were our nurses. So as far as I could remember, we only had three doctors to deliver the babies. She did all the delivering herself.

Claudino: Them days was just horse and buggy days. The doctor would have to hitch up the horse to the wagon to come to town. We had no other way. We were just poor people, and we just could barely make a living without having money enough to have an automobile and, in fact, there was only one doctor that had an automobile that I can remember, and that was old Dr. Scott. And he had a best car. And that's the only one I'd seen at the time. He come to our place one time, to see my father when he was sick, and all the horses on the road run away. Some of them jump the fence when they saw this first car coming down the road. It was a one cylinder.

P.D.: What was the car like?

Claudino: Well, it was a one cylinder mess as near as I can remember. It didn't have a steering wheel, it just had a, just like trying to push a vacuum cleaner around. It had a pull coming out and you just pushed the pull back and forth. It's the same principle as it is on the vacuum cleaner when you try to use the vacuum cleaner in the house.

That particular time when they come out to see my father, he had been poisoned somehow. And he come out to see my father and he's coming down the road and there was a wagon with a team of horses tied to the fence, and they saw this coming down the road and a team broke away from this fence and run down the road and tore the wagon up and one of

the horses got pretty bad cut up in the wire. And it sure caused quite a commotion, I would say!

(Second tape)

Claudino: My father a time or two took a load of hay over to China Grade [Road] to a farmer that lived out there. And a car come up the hill, and our horses got really scared and broke loose from the wagon. The wagon was over on China Grade [Road] and Dad would save his horses. And three or four times after that there was other people come down there with their wagons, cause that's the only way they had to come to town, was on China Grade Road. So they had three or four accidents with automobiles scaring the horses off the road. And then later they put up an announcement, "No automobiles allowed on the road." And then after awhile we could drive on that road to go hunting or anything else. Because even the horses, on horseback, if they saw one of these cars coming down the roadway, why they would just take off, and might hurt the man or kill the horse or something.

When I was eleven or twelve years old, my father used to call me a genius. So I decided, when I was about that age, I decided to build a steam engine out of a five-gallon coal oil can. And I would take spools with, I'd take pieces of wood, one-inch broom handles and cut them off and then put a spool of thread on the end of each handle, nailed them on. And I'd run one spool down to another one and I'd cross it back and forth like little shafts. And I'd put two spools of thread on each side and then I would have a five-gallon coal oil cans and burn wood underneath to make my steam. So I made two fans. The fans out of wood and that over the top of the five gallon coal oil cans we used to have in the olden days and we would throw steam on these fans and push the shafts around and then I would have a part of a (mumbles) and in my belt would be a cord going around these thread. And I'd have a part of (mumbles) and one day this thing blew. Five-gallon can blew up and I burnt my face and my arms and my hands. And my father seen it and he went and got an axe and he chopped it all up and said "Don't you ever build another one of these damn things again."

(Laughter)

At the time my father told my mother that I was gonna be a genius and an engineer. Well it happened I got older, I was twenty-five, twenty-six years old, I was a black smith, and I opened up a shop in Rosedale and I was

back working on these engines again. I bought engines and installed them all over Rosedale, real reliable as they know me out there where I was born. And I did this out there for about seven years. And I engineer on all these old gas engines that they would buy out and I'd bring [th]em in and repair [th]em, resell them. Or I'd go install them for the firemen. And so I did become an engineer after all.

Oh yes. And our home we had there in Rosedale. We bought that years ago from the Kern County Land Company from Mr. Jastro. My father was foreman for the vineyards and the orchards and things like that. So Mr. Jastro told my father one day, he said, "Hey son, you can have twenty acres down there for a thousand dollars, and you can pay me as any time you want." So my father said, "Well I haven't got any money down on me." And he says, "Well can you give me fifty dollars and we'll call it a deal." And then he says that "You can go ahead and pay me fifty dollars a year and keep it." So anyway, we give a thousand dollars for the ranch, and we supposed to pay him fifty dollars a year for the ranch, 'til it's paid for. And I thought that was quite a deal. I'd like to buy some ranches right now like that.

P.D.: And this man's name was Mr. Jastro?

Claudino: Mr. Jastro. He's older. He's the one that donated Jastro Park to the city of Bakersfield. And he was a general manager and superintendent of Kern County Land Company, and Frank Mentzer was his assistant in Bakersfield, and he also was supervisor here at one time, a Kern County Supervisor, Mr. Jastro. He died years ago. Which all the old timers all know him.

Claudino: We had some fifty to seventy-five Chinese at that time. And they had a big rice bowl that probably held ten gallons of rice. A cast iron bowl. They would cook their rice in the water. They had no sugar or anything like that to go with the rice or milk or anything like that. And they would sit on their haunches around this bowl, this big bowl, for hours and eat the rice. And they would sit that way sometimes for three or four hours never move. And then they would smoke, and then after they would eat their meal they would smoke their cigarettes or whatever they had, pipes, so on and so forth. Anyways, my father hired these people from the Chinese boss down in China town. If you wanted to hire ten or twelve men or fifteen or twenty men, he would have to go the Chinese foreman in China town and he had control of all the Chinese. So at one time, I can remember, we had

seventy-five Chinese. And one particular time, there's an older boy, he asked me to say something to the Chinese and what he told me to say was, "Will you call that fella a (?)" And this meant a dirty word in Chinese. And I called him a, I called him "You son of a bitch." That's what the word meant. This Chinese chased me with a shovel about two hundred yards where my father was, and I run towards my father. When I got there my father stopped the Chinese and took the shovel away from his hand and tried to talk to him. My father also could talk Chinese. And he was still mad, and he told my father that he was gonna kill me. My father took him to the house and hitched up the horse and buggy and took the man to town.

P.D.: How many Chinese people were in this area at about this time, Mr. Claudino?

Claudino: Chinese were used at this time, I'd say there was about three hundred Chinese, and they were used in vineyards, turning trays and picking grapes. Land Company hired them all the time. And my father was superintendent for the Land Company and foreman; he had charge of all the orchards and all the pruning. And the Chinese also would do pruning for the Kern County Land Company. Which they had many acres and acres of grapes and fruit. They had many vineyards scattered around this part of the country.

P.D.: Do you here speak Chinese, yourself?

Claudino: No, I don't speak Chinese myself. I tried to learn, but they always wanted to teach me how to say the dirty words. And I'd get punished for that and I wouldn't do it anymore.

(Break in tape)

Claudino: -had the lambs in the Green Horn Mountain sheep. The coyotes would kill the lambs, and the bobcats would drag the lambs off. Dad had such a hard time up there. When he moved up to the Green Horn Mountain, and he didn't think he was getting into a bunch of, trapped by a bunch of bears and coyotes and there was wolves at that time also. But the lions and coyotes would drag off these lambs. The bears would kill the sheep, and he lost many sheep. I wondered why he even had a hard time making it too, because he would have to sleep, later he would have to sleep in the sheep pen with a shotgun in his hands, in his bed. One brother or the other had to sleep in the sheep pen. They changed off each night, in order

to keep the bears away. Later on after so much damage was done, sometimes he would find a lamb that was carried half a mile away from the herd by maybe a tomcat, no not a tomcat, by a bobcat or a coyote or something. And the lions, if the lions would kill something, they would drag it away to eat it somewhere else. The bear would get in the sheep pen. They kill the sheep by playing with them. They actually didn't want to eat the sheep, but they would kill them and a grizzly bear would eat sheep. But a black bear and a red bear would just play with the sheep and kill him, but wouldn't eat them. But there were grizzly bears that really would kill the sheep. They'd kill one after another and then they would just sip the blood from one sheep to another. And if you didn't catch them they would stay there for probably, kill fifteen or twenty sheep if you didn't happen to be there; and that's why one of the other brothers always had to sleep in the middle of the coral with a double barrel shotgun and that was a ten gauge. And I had many years before I sold it, and I never should of sold it.

P.D.: Yes, you do have quite a nice gun collection that you showed me.

Claudino: Yeah, I have a gun collection. I've revolvers and an 1832 cap and balls. I have revolvers, cap and balls, confederate pistols, and I have some models from 1832 they saw the war there. And that's cap and ball, the biggest caliber ever made. Caliber 69. And can't find a part, can't find the shells for it after have to order it out of Los Angeles or back east. But I have quite a collection of pistols and guns and bullets.

P.D.: Yes, I can say you certainly do.

Claudino: If you get married soon. The Catholic Church, you have to go to the priest and tell them that you want to get married and then they prepare for it. They look back your history, and they look back, as a church member, and they look back her history and if you're not a good Catholic, like I've been in jail, or I've been in jail or I murdered somebody or something like that, I could never marry her according to these grounds. They would turn me down. If she would have married me anyway, she'd be disqualified as Catholic.

P.D.: That's what the conditions were at that time when your father and mother were married then?

Claudino: Yeah, they both would have to be in good standing. If one or the other had been in jail or had trouble of some kind, they would be disqualified as a Catholic and he would not marry her. They could not be married.

P.D.: But now your father, after eighteen years, you said came back. Well, then if I understand you correctly, Mr. Claudino, this custom originated back in Portugal. With the Catholics, that if they wanted to marry you said that they had to take communion, but they had to have papers to prove that they had done so and your parents both were required to get all these papers and that's what took seven months for them to, before they could be allowed to be married. Is that right?

Claudino: Yes.

(Break)

Claudino: Portuguese Meadows, my father was there for about four years, and it was called Portuguese Meadows after my father and his brother left there. It was located around the water basin. That particular time it was around Rattlesnake Canyon, and you went in that direction to Portuguese Meadows. But it wasn't called Portuguese meadows at that time. It was named Portuguese Meadows, it was named after my father and his brother left that part of the country, since then that place been called Portuguese Meadow by all the hunters that hunt deer in there in these days.

P.D.: So it was actually named, then, in memory of your father who was well known in the area?

Claudino: What?

P.D.: It was named then for your father who was well known in the area by all these people?

Claudino: Yeah.

P.D.: And how long was your father in this particular area?

Claudino: He was in there, he had sheep in there for four years before he sold out to John Enos, and decided to come back and buy a ranch and go into the dairy business. But he worked on the ranch two or three years before he did that.

-sheep and they moved on up there and they didn't know the bears, the grizzly bears and coyotes and lions and fox was as bad. They killed so many sheep that really they couldn't make too much profit. That first year they had nothing but hell trying to kill the animals down so they could run their sheep.

P.D.: How did they get the sheep up? That's pretty high up in the mountains isn't it?

Claudino: Portuguese Meadows, yeah. Portuguese Meadows, it would take them, I think it took them three weeks to get the sheep up to Portuguese Meadows. And they went up through, they went up through Breckenridge, but up by the Snake Canyon.

P.D.: What type of road was that?

Claudino: It was a good wagon road. Wagon road, but there was a lot of room in the wagon road. Just a wagon road and Rattlesnake Canyon-

(Recording ends)