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TEN THOUSAND ACRES of Choice Fruit Land in the Willow River Valley, near the new Town of Brogan.

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**Vale Realty and Investment Co.**

Fruit, Farm and Stock Ranches  
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 Acreage, City and Residence Lots

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Office: Hunt & Carey Building, Vale, Oregon

**UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK OF VALE**

IT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE OFFICERS

of THIS BANK to encourage sane living and conservative investment; to assist our customers with advice and aid them to get ahead; to extend such help as is consistent with safe, sound banking; to be of use and materially aid in the upbuilding of our town and community. We offer to the public our experience in financial affairs, the facilities and services of a strong, carefully managed bank.

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ESTABLISHED IN 1901.

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LUMBER. COAL. CEMENT.

WINDOWS, DOORS,  
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 BUILDING PAPER, LATHS, PLASTER.

**Complete Building Supplies.**

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General Hardware

Stoves, Ranges, Pumps, Crockery, Tinware, Paints, Oils,  
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Vale, Oregon.

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Undertaking Rooms, A street, three blocks east of U. S. Nat'l. Bank of Vale. Phone No. 4

**DRESSER & YANDELL**

Have Purchased the Livery Barn Of Wade and Wade.

Service Is The Best.

Prices Are Moderate.

A. C. DRESSER,  
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**T. T. Nelson**

Funeral Director and Licensed Embalmer

VALE - Oregon

**REBECCA GIRLS TO GIVE XMAS DANCE**

What is expected to be one of the most pleasant affairs, if not the most pleasant, is the dance to be given under the auspices of the Rebecca girls of Vale on Christmas eve at Hunt and Carey's new hall.

The young ladies who are dancers amongst the Rebeccas, and who will in consequence, be the chief hosts of the evening are Misses Ethel Thayer, Mabel McLaughlin, Mary Glenn and Maude Glenn.

The dance would have taken place on Christmas night but the fact that Christmas will fall on Saturday caused the date to be advanced by one evening.

The young ladies are entering enthusiastically into the work and promise a most enjoyable time.

S. D. Taylor G. M. Roberts  
 Physicians & Surgeons  
 Vale, Oregon

Dr. C. C. Burrow  
 DENTIST  
 Vale, Oregon

W. W. LOONEY  
 Physician & Surgeon  
 Vale, Oregon

**Malheur is Sportsman's Paradise**

Vivid Account of a Shooting Trip in Eastern Oregon, told by Major L. H. French, of New York, in a letter to his sons.

The following letter was written by an Eastern man now in Vale, and already heavily interested here, to his three sons, aged respectively twelve, fourteen and sixteen years—and all good shots.

The editor of the ENTERPRISE was privileged to see it, and found it so interesting that he requested and secured permission to publish it, without names:

VALE, OREGON, Nov. 11, 1909.

DEAR BOYS:—I have just returned from a ten days' trip in an automobile with three other men. The trip was primarily to see some men about land which they own and which I have succeeded in getting possession of. Incidentally, the trip took us into a splendid shooting country, more than 150 miles from any railroad, and we had a few days of the best sport I ever had in my life. The trip was a hard one on account of the fearful roads, the bad accommodations at the so-called hotels, because of the machine frequently breaking down and because we went to bed late and got up at three o'clock mornings.

We left Vale at noon and arrived in Westfall that night and I wrote you a little note; The following day we ran as far as a little stage station called Buchanan, and there our accommodation was very wretched, and the alkali water hadn't agreed with me and I was pretty sick. The route was through the most mountainous country I have ever seen, but it was very picturesque; the valleys were invariably fertile, and comfortable farm houses were to be seen everywhere, but two-thirds of the country was so mountainous that it was of no use for agricultural purposes, and the roads were straight up and down. The auto was a big, six-cylinder Winton, and, while it went fairly well, when the roads were decent, it did not seem to have the power to climb the fearful grades in the deep mud. This country is, for the greater part of the year, as dry as a bone, and the dust is fearful, but when it rains the dust is immediately converted into deep mud and one has a demonstration of how rich the soil is and what gumbo a little rain turns it into.

The following noon brought us to Burns, and here I again wrote you a little note. The afternoon we left Burns we ran to the Narrows, a little town consisting of one store, one saloon and a hotel, and we spent the night there.

The following morning we started for the "P" ranch. This is a ranch consisting of 360,000 acres, on which you can drive forty miles in a single direction without leaving the one property, and it occupies the whole of the valley of the Blitzen River. Frederick Remington has several times visited this ranch and made a good many drawings of cowboy subjects, bucking bronchos, etc. The whole valley is dotted with cattle, of which they have over 25,000, and the ranch house is the most picturesque I have ever seen. It is one of those big rambling Southern looking places, with big fire-places in all of the rooms, and around the house are a great number of poplar trees. They have tremendous barns and stables and fine breeding stock.

You would be especially interested in their magnificent kennel of wolf hounds which look exactly like the big white long-haired Russian wolf hounds which you occasionally see. They have great speed but little intelligence. The "P" ranch has about sixty of them and they use them to run down coyotes.

We arrived at the ranch after dark, the automobile limping in on three cylinders. We had an especially bad time on the last part of the trip because the prestolite tank gave out and we had nothing in the way of searchlights, except a lantern in front of the radiator. This is not the best light in the world for a dark night and a mountainous and strange country. They were expecting us at the ranch and had a first-class dinner waiting for us. The dinner consisted of duck and goose and baked apples and vegetables, and was exceedingly well cooked. We had good, clean, comfortable beds to sleep in, big airy rooms, and you may be sure we appreciated them after what we had been getting along the road.

The following morning we were up betimes, and, after concluding our business with Messrs. A. and B., we made a tour of inspection of the ranch, buildings and stock. Right in front of the ranch house runs a little stream, out of which they catch unlimited numbers of very large speckled trout; we had some of them for dinner that noon. At the ranch were, in addition to the men whom I have named, Messrs. C. and D., who were both interested in the ranch and were exceedingly fine men, both of them being Harvard graduates. In our morning walk I shot four California quail, which are somewhat larger than a common Bob White and have beautiful crests on their heads.

After the noon meal we got into the automobile and went down the ranch road for a few miles where the foreman was waiting for us with a half-dozen cowboys, some spare saddle-horses and a pack of hounds. We left the auto, mounted the horses and galloped off across country, following the hounds, which ranged wide in search of coyotes. Within fifteen minutes they started one and it was a magnificent spectacle to see them fly along after the beast. We followed as best we could, but couldn't quite keep up with the hounds. After about twenty minutes they ran into him and the leading hound ran along—

side, stuck his nose under the coyote and seemed to throw him up in the air. When he came down it was in the middle of the pack and it was all over. In about a half hour we struck another coyote, which lasted only ten minutes, and then we rode back to the auto. I enjoyed the run very much and only wish you could have been there to enjoy it with me.

We ran back to the Narrows that afternoon and settled down to three days' shooting. The first morning we rose at 3 o'clock and went in the auto about six miles to Harney Lake. About one thousand yards back of the lake there is a row of sand dunes about forty feet high and on the top of these dunes we planted ourselves and concealed ourselves behind sage brush. Daylight was just coming and before long swan, and duck, and goose commenced to fly over, going from the fields, where they had spent the night, to the lake. They flew fairly low and we had a good opportunity to shoot. I had never seen wild swan before, and I was very much impressed by the dignity and magnificence of their flight. They really weigh only about thirty pounds apiece but when they are flying they look as big as ostriches. My first shot brought down a magnificent swan which fell almost at my feet. Two minutes later a couple of Canada geese (such as you saw at Birds Nest) came along and I got one with each barrel. The second of them only had a wing broken and fell on the lake side of the sand dunes. As he was walking away and was already too far away for me to shoot him from where I was, and as I didn't want to lose him, I thought I would run down to the bottom of the sand dunes, shoot him and bring him back. I started down the steep side at a good lively pace but it was so steep that my body went faster than my feet could go. I lost my footing and turned four or five complete somersaults, landing in a heap in the soft sand at the bottom, with both barrels of my gun full of sand and sand everywhere on the whole gun. I got up and shook myself and then did a fool trick—instead of carefully cleaning the gun of sand before breaking it, for some incomprehensible reason I broke it at once—and then couldn't close it. I tried in every way I could and finally took the thing apart, all the time walking after my goose. Three times I tried to put it together and as many times took it apart again to clean it. When I finally got it together and shot my goose, I was a half mile from the place where I had been shooting, and, in the meantime, great numbers of swan and geese had been flying over so close to me that they almost knocked my hat off. I never had such an opportunity in all my life before, and there I was with a gun that wouldn't work! By the time I got back to my shooting station the rest of the party had gotten back but hadn't killed a thing but one duck. I had one swan, three geese and four brant. The brant is a bird that must be a species of goose, pure white (with black tipped wings) and about two-thirds the size of a Canada goose. That evening we shot again and I got a few brant and one goose.

The next two mornings I returned to the sand dunes, as I had the first morning, but neither of the last two days was favorable and I got almost nothing. The first day the sky had been cloudy, the wind blew hard and the result was that the birds flew low enough to be within range and kept moving about, while the other mornings were still and clear and the birds flew a mile high.

The second night we decided to go to Lake Malheur, some twelve miles away from the Narrows. I forgot to tell you about a boy named E. The first night we got to the Narrows he was standing in the dining room in the hotel and I asked him where we could get a man to guide us to the shooting. He replied that he knew it very well, and would be glad to show us himself. He was a bright boy of fourteen years, but had the asthma and was very thin and poorly clad. He assured us that he knew all the places where the best shooting could be found, was anxious to go, was himself a good shot and had killed twenty-two swan in one day. He had no gun. I took him to the store and bought one which he used so well that some days later I gave it to him for his services to us. In addition to the gun, I bought him a sweater, a pair of boots, and some other needed things.

On one of the afternoons at the Narrows I took it into my head to visit the little school. The teacher was a spinner and seemed a good deal flustered at my presence, but the dozen or more youngsters were not in the least abashed and went through various stunts for me without the least evidence of embarrassment. I introduced myself to the teacher, told her I was deeply interested in educational matters, and begged her to have the pupils keep right on with whatever they were doing. What she did was to call out her most forward class and put them through their most practiced paces.

When the infant class had done some simple sums in mental arithmetic, the teacher drew a line on the blackboard and said, "Who can divide this in halves for me?" After a young hopeful had accomplished this difficult feat, she had another of her infant prodigies divide the line, by chalk lines, into four quarters. At this stage of the game I created some consternation by asking, "Who can make the line into five quarters?" The teacher blushed violently and said, "They haven't had that yet,"

but I persisted and finally triumphed by finding a tow-head who added one quarter of the line's length to the end of it.

Before I departed I gave the teacher three dollars to be distributed in prizes as follows: One dollar for the best behaved boy, and the same for the best behaved girl, for the following two weeks; and fifty cents each for the boy and girl who should have the best kept hair and cleanest face and hands. And I also sent in to them two dollars' worth of candy. Before I left the Narrows I received a dozen letters from the children. I have read only one of them, but I assume that they are all pretty much alike, and I enclose them for your perusal.

Well, to return to Malheur Lake:—We arrived there about noon and went into a thick clump of tules (tall rushes) which encircle the lake. As we stopped the machine we heard a shot on the lake and I asked young E, who that could be? He replied that it was Mrs. F, the "Lady of the Lake," as they call her. I pictured to myself the young and vigorous wife of some prosperous farmer, who shot because she enjoyed it. Three of the party, including young E, got into a boat and started out to find Mrs. F. They intended to get her boat so the rest of us could get into her boat and all be out on the lake for the shooting. I said to one of them as they left, "Are you sure you can find the landing place?" as the whole border of the lake looked alike to me. As soon as they left it commenced raining, and they hadn't been gone ten minutes before they lost their way—and for three mortal hours they rowed hard and tried to find that landing place, wet to the skin and as cold as could be, and not a little frightened at the prospect of remaining on the lake all night if not longer.

The mud was so deep along the borders of the lake that they couldn't touch the bottom with an oar and had no possible chance to land, but by luck they met Mrs. F in her boat and she guided them to the landing place. When they came on shore they were chilled to the bone and in a state of collapse. We gave them some whiskey and some of the lunch we had with us, and we gave the same to Mrs. F.

Mrs. F was the most pitiable spectacle I ever saw in all my life. She is a German, 55 years old, and, as I afterwards learned, a grandmother. A wet handkerchief covered her thin gray hair; she wore a bedraggled and water-soaked cotton waist; a torn calico skirt and a pair of men's overalls; she had wet rags tied around her wrists, her face and hands were blue with cold and the tops of men's cotton stockings hung and dripped over her coarse, low shoes. She carried a gun and dragged thirteen muskrats and a swan ("mushrats, as she calls them) and it seems she makes her living by trapping them and selling the skins.

Instead of being melancholy, as her condition would lead one to expect, she hailed us as cheerfully as could possibly be, and in all the conversation we had with her, she was as gay as a young girl just, announcing her engagement. She insisted that we go to her house, warm ourselves and have a cup of coffee and, as we were wet as could be, and it was still raining, we decided we would take advantage of her offer. But when we tried to start the machine, at the first turn of the wheels, the beastly thing sank to the axles and there it stuck. We worked hard for an hour and then started for Mrs. F's house to get some lumber to try and pry the thing out of the mud. It was about two miles to her shanty, which was a wretched affair, consisting of one small room with a miserable bed in one corner, no chairs, no windows and no floor. Notwithstanding her abject poverty, she was hospitable as could be and that was pretty hard to be under the circumstances.

We had first intended to get lumber and go back to the machine, but we were so wet and tired we decided to stay there all night. Mrs. F gave us the blankets from her bed, (which, however, I personally declined), and placed everything that she possessed at our disposal. We had plenty of lunch which we had brought along in our pockets up from the auto—consisting of meat, sardines, crackers, pickles, cheese, and canned peaches, and these were supplemented by her coffee, and we had a very good meal. We slept in a nearby haystack that night and were not very uncomfortable, although my refusal to accept any of her blankets, and the fact that my cape was too wet to use at all, made my sleep pretty cold. I thought it quite likely that I would suffer from it but I didn't in the slightest degree. When we arose the following morning and made our toilet by shaking ourselves, we thought we had pretty poor prospect for anything to eat; but, fortunately Mrs. F had plenty of delicious milk and made us some very nice hot cakes. There wasn't anything else to eat except butter, and when she put that on the table she apologized for its not being salted. You know that I much prefer unsalted butter, and this was as good as I ever ate.

After breakfast we carried lumber down to the machine, and after a couple of hours' hard work, got it out and returned to the shanty with it. I then insisted that Mrs. F put on her best clothes and come with us to the Narrows. Putting on her best clothes consisted of putting on a poke bonnet and

(Continued on page eight)

**Christmas will soon be here**

I have anticipated some of your wants

Gent's 3-piece Combination Suspenders, Sleeve-holders and Garters, Mufflers, Sweaters, Ties. A nice assortment of Four-in-hand Ties to select from. House Slippers. Cigars, 25 in box. Ladies' Juliette Slippers, Sofa Cushion Tops, Center Pieces, Purses, Handkerchiefs. Also plenty to select from for the little fellows.

Come Early before the stock is picked over and sizes broken

**PAUL G. FREEMAN**  
 GENERAL MERCHANDISE VALE, OR.

**Vale Bakery and Candy Kitchen**

Bread, Confectionery, Pies, Cakes, Doughnuts, Candies  
 Chocolates Fresh Daily

A TRIAL SOLICITED PHONE No. 1

**Vale Hot Springs**

Conceded by medical men of the whole Northwest to be the

**Greatest Health-giving Resort on the Pacific Coast.**

Bathing in these waters means vigor and strength, and the day will come when they are sure to be the mecca of the health seekers of the west.

Their chemical properties are composed of all the elements needed for the refreshment of jaded humanity, and for the curing of every ill.

**C. D. GAY, Prop.**

**Empire Lumber Company**

Lumber, Coal and Building Material of every description

Complete stock of everything needed

**Rock Springs Coal**

**M. E. THAYER, Manager**