

### This Round-Up Ride Occured Before Schedule Time

#### Wild Auto Drive of O. G. Allen Will Stand as One of City's Thrilling Stunts

Pendleton has seen some wild rides in her day. Not so many years ago when this city was "wild and woolly" in fact it was no uncommon sight to see a drunken cowboy or reckless desperado dash through the streets on the back of a horse, discharging his revolver into the air. But in recent times the law has compelled such

men to forego this pastime, and the only thrilling rides which have been executed have been within Round-up park, where the spectators were well outside the zone of danger.

However, it remained for the automobile to show Pendleton people what a real "wild fire" is like, and those who saw O. G. Allen, one of the official Round-up photographers of last year, make his mad dash down Court street during a fit of temporary insanity and crash into the Pendleton drug store, declare that one such ride is all the average nerves will stand in a life time.



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It was less than a month ago, on the evening of August 21, that the crazed man electrified pedestrians by making a mile-a-minute dash down one of the principal streets of the city for a distance of 13 blocks, and, standing erect in his car, waving his hands and yelling "Let 'er buck," head the machine straight for the entrance of the drug store and smash through windows and showcases.

Damage to the fixtures and stock to the amount of \$2,000 was done and the car was demolished, but aside from a slight scratch on the forehead the crazed driver marvelously escaped without injury. It was the wildest and most thrilling scene ever witnessed on the streets of Pendleton and that no one was killed or injured is considered the most remarkable feature of the incident.

The photographer, who was once an inmate of the asylum at Salem, and who is said to be subject to periodical fits of insanity, had been in the local hospital several days for treatment. According to the story told by Tom Keating, who was assisting in caring for him at the hospital, the patient had grown very irrational during the day and in the evening had been taken out on to the front porch by himself and a male nurse by the name of Murphy in the hopes that the fresh air would quiet him. Keating declares that he had just stepped back into the hospital when Allen picked Murphy up bodily and setting him to one side dashed for his car which he had left standing in front of the hospital. Before he could be stopped he had cranked the machine and had started on his wild ride.

Right through the fence which encloses the institution he tore his way and out to Court street. Headed for the business part of the city he made his way at full speed. At times he was waving both hands in the air, leaving the car to run without guidance, but when he came into view in the business part of the street he had one hand on the steering gear and was yelling "O. G. Allen, Let 'er Buck," at the top of his voice. People on the street estimate that the car was traveling between 50 and 60 miles an hour. It passed them by like a flash, and persons sitting within buildings had not time to reach

the street before the crash told of the end of the wild ride.

**Narrowly Misses Car.**

The W. L. Thompson car, occupied by Mrs. Thompson and several other ladies, was standing in front of the Koepken drug store and the speeding machine missed it by less than a foot. As he approached the intrac-

an that he had been taking opiates for the past few days to quiet his nerves. The nurses would not allow him to have any yesterday afternoon, he said, "and that's what was the matter with me," he added.

**Crowd Gathers.**

The noise of the crash soon attracted a large and excited crowd to

the scene of wreckage and the police placed a rope fence about the store to keep the people out of the building. The entire left side of the interior of the store had been wrecked. Three or four big double show-cases and as many single cases had been broken into a million pieces. The contents had been scattered all over the store. The plate glass windows and mirrors of the left display window had been broken, and the doors had been torn completely out.

Thomas Millarkey, owner of the building, had no insurance on his windows and Messrs. McAllister and Hill carried nothing but fire insurance upon their stock and fixtures so that their loss will be complete. Mr. McAllister stated that \$2,000 would be a conservative estimate of the damage done but he was very thankful that no customers had been in the store at the time.

The automobile, which was a four-passenger Ford, is a complete wreck. The front wheels had crumpled under the heavy impact with the curb and the rear wheels and fenders were twisted and bent. With the assistance of rollers it was removed from the building.

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### An Indian Adventure in the Early Days of Old Oregon

It is hard to realize that but a few decades ago the life of the white dwellers of the northwest were constantly jeopardized by Indian tribes who resented the encroachments upon the lands which they and their people had held for years. The pioneers of those days could each one tell tales of thrilling adventures, but most of them died with their stories untold or only perpetuated through word of mouth.

L. L. Williams, now deceased, a pioneer of southern Oregon and in later years an office holder in Umpqua and Douglas counties, however, preserved to posterity the history of his own experiences with the Indians by keeping a journal, one of the most interesting that has ever been left by northwest pathbreakers. Fred Lockley, formerly of Pendleton and now a special writer for the Oregon Journal, discovered the journal in the possession of Mrs. John Heddon of Scottsburg, Ore., and copied excerpts from it to give to the public. One of the incidents chronicled in it tells of an expedition sent out to survey a road from Port Orford to the southern Oregon mines near Jack-

sonville, and, for hardship, danger and narrow escapes it is significant of what the early settlers endured. It was on this expedition that Cyrus Heddon saved the life of Mr. Williams, in return for which the latter bequeathed him \$5,000 at his death.

This experience as copied from the Journal of L. L. Williams by Mr. Lockley follows:

After we had fastened on the elk we struck out and soon found an Indian trail. I heard some one coming and hiding by the side of the trail I captured an Indian. He agreed to guide us to Fort Umpqua. He took us to the Coquille river, where we found three canoes with their Indian owners. They agreed to take us down the river to the coast. We embarked at noon on September 13, 1851.

Trapped by Indians.

Near the mouth of the river a party of Indians held up salmon and made signs for us to come ashore. Cyrus Heddon, John Pepper, Gilbert Bush and myself tried to persuade T'Vault not to go ashore. We felt sure the Indians meant no good to us; the Indians insisted on going ashore to get the salmon. As our canoes landed several canoe loads of

Indians swept out from around the bend and cut off our retreat, while over a hundred Indians ran out of the timber toward us. At the first rush Ryan and Holland, Pepper and Murphy were struck down by the Indians' war clubs.

Two Indians grabbed my gun. In the struggle the gun was discharged and I jerked it away. Catching it by the end of the barrel I struck one of the Indians and knocked him senseless, but the stock of my gun broke. This left me with the heavy three-foot barrel. After knocking three or four Indians down one struck me over the head and I struggled up, knocked the Indian over the head who was about to seize me and started to run for the timber. An arrow struck me midway between my left thigh and my ribs. About one-half of the arrow stuck out. I caught it and gave it a pull but part of the arrow remained in me.

About a dozen or 15 Indians ran after me shooting arrows as they ran. In a moment I had six or seven arrows sticking in my back and sides. Doherty ran just ahead of me. He had at least a dozen arrows sticking in his back and shoulders. He tripped and fell and one Indian beat his head in with a war club while several other Indians ran up and shot him full of arrows. He had at least 40 arrows shot through him.

I was wearing a ragged shirt and a pair of pants. An arrow cut my suspenders loose and the pants fell down and nearly threw me. I pulled them off and ran on clothed only in my shirt. I fell. Two or three of the Indians leaped on me. One had a gun he had taken from one of our men. He put the muzzle against my breast and pulled the trigger. The hammer fell. There was no report. It had missed fire. He struck me with the gun barrel. I leaped up and with all my strength struck him over the head with my gun barrel. His head crushed in like a broken egg shell. The other Indian fitted an ar-

row to his bow and pulled it to its head. I caught up the gun that had missed fire just as he let go the arrow. The cap exploded this time and he fell shot through the heart, but his arrow went true. It hit me high in the forehead and plowed my scalp open. I was shot full of arrows. The blood was flowing into my eyes from the wound in my head so I went into the woods a little deeper to find a place where I could lie down and die undisturbed.

I heard a low call. Presently some one cautiously called my name. I went toward the voice and found it was Heddon. He had been beaten over the head and left dead and had crawled into the timber and escaped. He told me he had seen Ryan, Pepper, Holland, Doherty and Murphy all killed and had seen T'Vault and Bush struggling in the water trying to dodge the blows from the war clubs of the Indians in the canoes.

Heddon and I started through the woods toward the northwest. Presently I fainted from loss of blood and pain. When I came to Heddon had a stick he had whittled and was trying to get the arrow head out. One of the iron arrow points had stuck in a rib. He got this one out. He pulled the broken arrows from my shoulder blades and back and out of my arms. Both of our heads and shoulders were ragged with broken flesh from the beating of the war clubs. The back of my shirt he used to bind up my head.

It was cold and foggy that night, and my throbbing head and the arrow head in my abdomen kept me awake all night. We walked on each night and lay hidden in the brush by day. We had nothing to eat, and after suffering intense pain and being unable to sleep for four days and nights could not get up, so I urged Heddon to go and leave me and save himself. Heddon refused to leave me. He wanted to stay with me, he said, till I died, so that he could bury me and not have me scalped and

on the side opposite from which I had been shot. I cut my side open with my pocket knife, and putting in my thumb and finger I drew out the iron arrow head. I continued to suffer great pain for the next three or four years and was most of the time in bed. On February 28, 1859, eight years after being shot my side got sore and tender. I cut it open and with a bullet mould for pinchers I pulled out a three-inch length of vine maple arrow wood. My side healed up and soon I was completely well. Cyrus Heddon and other friends supported and cared for me during the eight years I was helpless. Nothing I can ever do will ever show my devotion and gratitude to him.

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### "FIREWATER" IS LIFE RESTORER

Frank Johnson, an Indian boy, had just been dumped to the earth by Lightfoot during one of the tryouts. He had lain prostrate where he fell for some five or ten minutes before he would permit himself to be raised from the ground. "Why is it," said President T. J. Taylor to Walter Boman, another Indian, "that every time an Indian is thrown he stretches himself like a dead man. A white man always gets right up." "Maybe getum drink of whiskey," said Walter showing his mouthful of gold teeth. And Walter knew where of he spoke for a year ago he played "possum" for fifteen minutes and a doctor worked over him vainly until a cowboy produced a flask and poured a little fire-water into the redskin's mouth. Then he rose with a whoop.

Gen. Castro, who turned up on the front page the other day, has disappeared in the fine type on the market page.

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