Old Oregon Trail Has Romantic History; Is Route Chosen by Ox Team Tourists of Long Ago When They Sought Homes in West

(Continued from page 13.)

the vocabulary of these people and through the activities and determination of the progeny of these men and women the Great American Desert has been made to blossom as the rose.

Old "Trail" Historica..

The Old Oregon Trail is the most remarkable highway of travel known to history. The great idea of the trek across what was then known as the Great American Desert came from a common desire for homes and for adventure and needed not the appeal of a colonization expert to enlist recruits. The route was not laid out by highway engineers, no grades were established and no streams were bridged.

No signs told of a dangerous curve or a perilous crossing, and none were needed. Only one sign on the entire road and that at the forks of the Santa Fe and the Old Oregon Trail and that one reading "Road to Oregon." But the deep tracks the wagons left, was all the sign that was necessary. No gravel was spread over the roadway to combat the dampness and dust. During the freshets of spring, the streams were either forded or ferried, the wagon boxes being utilized as miniature ferries. In the heat of the summer, when the verdure of the hills and valleys were withered and dead, the wild game all departed to better feeding grounds, the drinking water being brackish and alkaline and a torrid sun beating down with unabated intensity, the Trail became a nightmare of suffering and desolation, bordered with the skeletons of horses, mules and oxen and the graves of fallen homeseekers with crude headstones which told the piteous story of hardships and suffering too great to be endured. And so, the Old Oregon Trail was, in its winding course, the Trail of romance, adventure, hope, faith and achievement as well as the Trail of misery, tragedy, hardship, despair and death.

But history so records that great things are accomplished only through suffering, sacrifice, devotion and death and because by these things an empire was reclaimed by the intrepid pioneer of the Old Oregon Trail and a great civilization founded along its course, the Old Oregon Trail stands by itself, apart from all others, the great highway of highways, beckoning the red blooded men and women of these United States to the great northwest into whose lap a generous Creator had poured with a lavish hand a wealth of scenery, resources, health and contentment.

That the suffering, hardships and death of that brave band shall not go unnoticed and unsung, it is the inspired duty of those enjoying the blessings of our modern civilization to see that the name of the Old Oregon Trail go down in history as the greatest road of all times and its memory made imperishable by a grateful people.

Discovery of Gold.

In 1862 very rich gold discoveries were made in Southern Idaho and Eastern Oregon which were populated in a very short time by a crowd of adventurers in search of the precious metal. Towns and communities sprang up over night where formerly the savage beast and the still more savage Indian held sway.

This meant that a communication with the outside world must be established and so came the pony express with its agile, tireless riders and horses whotraversed the unpeopled places carrying letters between the various forts and settlements.

Then came the old Concord Coach with its four to eight horses carrying passengers, mail and express. For years this was the only mode of passenger traffic and a keen rivalry sprung up between the various companies operating in the frontier country as to which could move the best time and which had the smartest equipage and the swiftest horses. The rich cleanups from the placer properties then in operation were carried in these coaches bound for the U. S. mint and many a hold-up was staged and many a tragedy enacted with the old Concord coach as the center of attraction. Freight was hauled in great wagons drawn by from twelve to twenty mules or horses, driven with a jerk-line the driver riding one of the wheel horses and managing his long team with a single line running through the bridles of all of the animals on the near side. Many of the teams sported a semi-circle of metal which was filled on the collars and in which were strong bells which lent a softened and romantic air to the rude outfit which traveled over roads which today would seem impassable.

The teamster of those days had a varied personality. The life he led was necessarily rough and laborious and the care of handling and attending to his large team gave him a vocabularly varied and picturesque and at times not fit for polite society.

But he and his team supplied the needs of the communities and did their part in building an empire and developing the resources of the great Northwest.

In 1884 came the railroad, and the pony express, the Concord Coach and the freight team and wagon left the former haunts and took up their abode and continued their avocation in the far interior where for many years the whistle of the iron horse was unknown. Within the last few years came the automobile and the auto truck; and now the pony express, the Concord Coach, and the jerk-line are but memories of the vivid, tragic, heroic past.

With the coming of the auto good roads came as a necessity. Now where once lumbered the heavy coach drawn by sweating horse flesh, smoothly glides the auto over well graded, well drained and gravelled or paved highways with comfortable tourist camps at all of the towns on the route where the traveller can make his camp, close to the center of a populous community with none of the discomforts which faced the pioneer of old. All along the route, close to the main highway are many points of interest for the tourist to make a side trip and enjoy fishing and hunting in season and rest in some beautiful sequestered spot from the tedium of the journey.

The great Northwest is indeed Nature's wonderful playground and modern highways have brought it close to all of America to come and enjoy.

BRAVE INDIAN WOMAN SAVED LIVES OF TWO CHILDREN AND HERSELF WHEN FACED BY TERRIFIC DIFFICULTIES

Wife of Pierre Dorion Had Adventure During Which Escape Seemed Impossible.

Old Oregon as a wilderness in the early days of the nineteenth century promised much, and it was the lure of wealth to be made in the fur game and the call of adventure that drew the first few hardy souls to its fastnesses. The dreams that many of those men dreamed came true in a certain degree, but the path they trod was bordered with plenty of hardships.

Running thru the stern stories that they wrote as their contribution to the development of the Northwest in the part played by the native Redmen. Both as friends and enemies of the whites they played a part that lends color to the achievements that were made.

Among these stories, that of the Indian wife of Pierre Dorion stands out in bold relief. Her courage, her endurance and her persistency to save the lives of her two half breed boys in the face of a fight against the hardships and rigors of a winter which she spent in the snowbound Blue Mountains is in itself an epic.

Major Lee Moorhouse has studied the story of the Dorion woman. She was a Sioux and married Dorion, who was a Frenchman. She always accompanied him on all of the expeditions he made as a hunter and trapper. It was while they were on an expedition with a Mr. Reed on the Snake river that the adventures recounted in this story befell her.

Some of her descendents later were among those who acquired land on the Umatilla reservation. They lived near Adams at one time. Trace of them now has been lost. The Hotel Dorion in Pendleton, formerly the St. George, is named in honor of the courage and memory of the Indian woman. The story as it is recounted by Alexander Ross and Gabriel Franchere, by the former in greater detail, and by the latter in a more fragmentary way, is as follows:

Searching For Reed

It will be remembered, says Alexander Ross in his "Oregon Settlers" that one of the objects of the unfortunate expeditions of Messrs. Keith and Stuart was to proceed to the Snake country in search of Mr. Reed and his party, who were sent thither last summer; but that expedition having failed, it was now proposed that Mr. Keith with a small party should undertake the business, and proceed to Spokane Fort.

From the mouth of the Umatallow, Mr. Keith was to have taken his departure, and a guide was there engaged for the purpose; but when everything was arranged, and the party ready to start, the guide expressed a wish to continue with the brigade as far as the Walla Walla, and from thence set out for the Snake country. Mr. Keith and his party accordingly reembarked, and we reached the Walla Walla early the next day; here, again, we were on the eve of starting, when a few Indians arrived, and with them the wife of Pierre Dorion the interpreter. The timely arrival of this poor unfortunate woman put an end to the Snake expedition; and we shall relate her melancholy story in her own words:

Where Beaver Was Plentiful

"About the middle of August we reached the Great Snake River, and soon afterwards, following up a branch to the right hand, where there were plenty of beaver, we camped; and there Mr. Reed built a house to winter in. After the house was built, the people spent their time in trapping beaver. About the latter end of September, Hoback, Robinson and Reznor came to us; but they were very poor, the Indians having robbed them of everything they had about 15 days before.

"Mr. Reed gave them some clothing and traps, and they went to hunt with my husband. Landric got a fall from his horse, lingered a while and died of it. Delaunay was killed, while trapping; my husband told me he saw his scalp with the Indians and knew it from the color of the hair. The Indians about the place were very friendly to us; but when strange tribes visited us, they were troublesome and always asked Mr. Reed for guns and ammunition. On one occasion they drove an arrow into one of our horses and took a capot from La Chapelle. Mr. Reed not liking the place where we first built, we left it, and built farther up the river on the other side. After the second house was built, the people went to trap as usual, sometimes coming home every night, sometimes sleeping out for several nights together at a time. Mr. Reed and one man generally stayed at the house.

"Late one evening, about the 10th of January, a friendly Indian came running to our house in a great fright and told Mr. Reed that a band of the bad Snakes, called the Dog-rib tribe, had burnt the first house that we had built, and that they were coming on whooping and singing the war-song. After communicating this intelligence, the Indian went off immediately, and I took up my two children, got upon a horse, and set off to where my husband was trapping; but the night was dark, the road bad, and I lost my way. The next day being cold and stormy, I did not stir. On the second day, however, I set out again, but seeing a large smoke in the direction I had to go, and thinking it might proceed from Indians, I got into the bushes again and hid myself.

News Of The Murders

"On the third day, late in the evening, I got in sight of the hut, where my husband and other men were hunting; but just as I was approaching the place, I observed a man coming from the opposite side, and staggering as if unwell. I stopped where I was till he came to me. Le Clere, wounded and faint from loss of blood, was the man. He told me that La Chapelle, Reznor and my husband had been robbed and murdered that morning.

"I did not go into the hut; but putting La Clere and one of my children on the horse I had with me, I turned round immediately, took to the woods, and I retraced my steps back again to Mr. Reed's. La Clere, however, could not bear the jolting of the horse, and he fell once or twice, so that we had to remain nearly a day in one place; but in the night he died, and I covered him over with brushwood and snow, put my children on the horse, I myself walking and leading the animal by the halter.

"The second day I got back again to the house. But sad was the sight: Mr. Reed and the men were all murdered, scalped, and cut to pieces. Desolation and horror stared me in the face. I turned from the shocking sight in agony and despair; took to the woods with my children and horse, and passed the cold and lonely night without food or fire.

What Of The Future?

"I was now at a loss what to do. The snow was deep, the weather cold, and we had nothing to eat. To undertake a long journey under such circumstances was inevitable death. Had I been alone I would have run all risks and proceeded, but the thought of my children perishing with hunger distracted me. At this moment a sad alternative crossed my mind; Should I venture to the house among the dead to seek food for the living?

"I knew there was a good stock of fish there; but it might have been destroyed or carted off by the murderers; and besides they might be still lurking about and see me. Yet I thought of my children.

"Next morning, after a sleepless night, I wrapped my children in my

(Continued on page 15.)

Watch 'em Flip

A Delicious Breakfast--

"Hot Cakes of the West"

then the Rodeo and a day "chock full" of pleasure.

Your Grocer Sells

Albers Flapjack Flour

"Hot Cakes of the West"

ALBERS BROS. MILLING CO.

Call for it at the Round-Up or Happy Canyon.

WESTERN

The drink with the Round-Up's own Pep in it—The foamy Beverage that makes Happy Canyon Happy. NOTHING MORE TO SAY.

MADE IN PENDLETON BY

Wm. ROESCH & CO.

"FIRST FOR THIRST"

JAMES JOHNS, Pres. C. H. MARSH, Secy.

Capital $25,000,00

HARTMAN ABSTRACT CO.

INCORPORATED ..

Loans
Insurance Bonds
Real Estate

The Only Set of Abstract Books in Umatilla County

Main and Court Streets PENDLETON, OREGON