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Bend's First Auto Too Large For Grade In Cow Canyon;

Bend's first automobile, purchased in Chicago just short of half a century ago, shipped by express to The Dalles and brought here under its own power from the Columbia river over rutted wagon roads, still operates under its own power. It is the ancient car now owned by E. A. Smith which only last summer was the transportation used in taking Mrs. J. Alton Thompson, then queen of the Deschutes Pioneer Association, to the group's annual picnic, at Pioneer park. At the rudder was Smith, dressed in duster, gloves and his Sunday best.

In distant 1906, the Deschutes Telephone Co., of which H. C. Ellis was manager, found it difficult to obtain horses in the area and decided to buy a horseless carriage. The car ordered from Chicago was a Holman, a two-cycle affair with high wheels. This type was purchased because of high centers in roads in the Bend, Prineville and LaPine areas served by the company. Some of the high centers were caused by lava rocks. Others were stumps of trees. Only use made of Central Oregon roads in those days was by freight wagons, stage coaches and hacks or buggies.

Fuel Shipped In
 Ellis found it impossible to get fuel in The Dalles to bring the new car to Bend. Finally, after a wait of several days, a supply was obtained from Goldendale, across the Columbia river on the Washington side. Some of this supply was shipped up the line, where it could be picked up in transit. The fuel was in five-gallon cans, two to a case.

The brand-new Holman caused considerable excitement in The Dalles that day in 1906 when it chugged up the Columbia to a crossing of the Deschutes river at Freebridge. At that time, there was only one other car in The Dalles—a Reo owned by Dr. J. A. Reuter. It was a one-cylinder vehicle.

From Freebridge, the Holman headed for the little-known village of Bend, moved up Rattlesnake canyon to Moro at the pace of a buggy team. There was a temporary delay at Moro while more canned gas was taken aboard. Finally, the car reached Cow Canyon—at night.

Fenders Ripped Off
 The car moved slowly down the

rutted canyon, with the driver picking the "trail" by the dim illumination of the primitive headlights. As the grade narrowed, fenders on one side of the car were ripped and dented. And in going through a narrow cut, fenders on the opposite side were torn. By the time the car reached the bottom of the grade, its fenders were scraps of metal. They were taken off at the pioneer Helser stage station, on Trout creek, and remained there as relics for years. They were still in evidence at the site of the old station in the early 1920s.

The car was used by Judge Ellis and members of his crew for seven years, in line maintenance work. Gas for the car was freighted in from Shaniko by E. A. Sather, who operated a store here. Incidentally, gas in those days cost 75 cents a gallon in Bend, and \$1.00 in Rosland, the present LaPine area.

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Four Men Killed As Feud Launched Over Range Lines

A feud over a range line that left two men dead under a March sun in distant 1882 was the spark that set off in pioneer Central Oregon a rule by vigilantes that left in its bloody wake the hanged and bullet-riddled bodies of many men.

Six shooters roared in those Central Oregon nights of long ago. Men died dangling from the limbs of junipers, or the rails of bridges. Some were shot in the darkness of night, through windows. Ranch homes were burned.

For a period of two years, the vigilantes ruled in that part of old Wasco county now occupied by Crook, Jefferson and Deschutes. The so-called vigilantes ruled some 8,600 square miles of rangeland and the pioneer town of Prineville with a bloody hand.

This is the story of the double murder of 1882 that ended with four men in their graves. It is the story of the start of the vigilante rule that ended in 1884, later to be followed by the "sheep war" of the early years of the present century.

Murder Story Told
 It was on March 15, 1882, a year that saw spring coming early to the pioneer Central Oregon region, that A. H. Crooks and his son-in-law, Stephen J. Jory, were at work blazing the lines of some government land in the edge of the timber near Grizzly butte, alongside the ranch of Lucius Langdon. There had been some trouble between Langdon and Crooks about property lines, but no one knew the trouble was serious.

At noon on that remote March day, Crooks and Jory left their axes leaning against a big tree near Langdon's barn, and went home for dinner. When they came back, Langdon was waiting. He shot and killed both the men, jumped on his horse and disappeared.

Then started the hunt for the killer that gave rise to the vigilantes. Before that hunt was over, an innocent man had been killed. Langdon had worked for him a young man, W. H. Harrison, a decent, law-abiding citizen with a small son. He was in Prineville the day of the double murder near Grizzly, and rode out to the ranch with men from Prineville.

Two Bodies Found
 When the men arrived at the property line, they found the two bodies still on the ground.

Langdon had a brother living on Mill creek, about 17 miles from Prineville, and a party went there that night, hunting for him. Members of the party said they saw Langdon run away from his brother's cabin. The posse got his horse and gun. A leader of the posse said he had seen Harrison run away from the house also.

On the following day, friends of James M. Blakely, later elected Crook county's first sheriff, asked him to take up the hunt for Langdon. The posse headed over the Grizzly divide late in the evening, and went to the killing of Jory and Crooks took place. A warrant had also been issued for Harrison, but members of the posse agreed he had nothing to do with the double murder and that they did not want him.

Man Hunt Recalled
 A few years ago, Blakely, one of three brothers who had served as Oregon sheriffs, recalled in an article in the Oregonian:
 "It was getting dark when we reached the Langdon ranch. When we got within about 200 yards of the house we heard a dog bark. We saw Langdon mount a white horse in front of his house and jump the horse over a ditch and start for the road. We carried rifles and pistols, but there was no occasion for gun play. I called to him and he stopped, then rode right up to me. 'Jim, I knew it was you,' he said.
 "Mrs. Langdon was standing in

the doorway, screaming. We took her husband into the house, and she fixed us some supper. There were two small children.

"While the posse guarded Langdon, I went over and told the Crooks and Jory families we had got the killer and were taking him to Prineville. We did not arrest Harrison, but when we started back, he said he wanted to go along. We told him he could."

Killed By Gunmen
 Langdon was placed under guard in a Prineville hotel, with Deputy Sheriff John Luckey among the officers present. Suddenly, a group of men entered the place, overpowered the guards and shot Langdon to death.

About 5 a. m. the little town of Prineville was awakened by wild clanging of the school bell. People who looked from their windows saw a horseman racing through the streets. At the end of a rope was a man—Harrison. He was dragged to death behind the horse, then left dangling from the Crooked river bridge.

Witnesses said that Harrison had been in the hotel where Langdon had been shot. After things had quieted down, and the men were talking about the days' events, Harrison, was quoted as having said, referring to Langdon: "Well, he was always good to me." A group of men, none of them masked, grabbed Harrison, who begged for his life.

Pleads For Life
 "I got a little boy," he said. The men put a rope around his neck and one jumped on a horse and raced down the street.

That was the start of the Crook county vigilantes, as told by Blakely. Other versions of Langdon and Harrison differed somewhat.

In five months, five men died through vigilante action in Crook county, and the list grew until elected officers took over their duties in 1884.

(Other stories of vigilante days in Central Oregon are to appear in another section of this paper)

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OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams **OUR BOARDING HOUSE** with Major Hoops

THE WORRY WART
 SHE DIRECTS TH' CHORUS, BUT THEY MADE ME TH' DIRECTOR OF TH' HULL TV SHOW! HOLY SMOKES, WHAT A JOB!
 YOU DON'T KNOW A JOB MAN--THEY MADE ME TH' COMIC PER THAT CUTTY! THE REAL TV COMICS HAVE BEAUTIFUL MAKE 'EM LOOK FUNNY!
 HELP YOURSELVES TO THE BEANS, BOYS!
 WE'LL CHANGE THE DRAW AND SHALE A FEW HANGERS AT SOME FASHIONABLE HAGHERY!
 IF THAT'S ALL WE'VE GOT TO EAT, THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT US OUTA TH' TRUCK LIKE SACKS!
 WE'VE GOT TO EAT, THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT US OUTA TH' TRUCK LIKE SACKS!
 WE'VE GOT TO EAT, THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT US OUTA TH' TRUCK LIKE SACKS!

Boots and Her Buddies
 FOUND THE GOLD DORY?
 NOM! AIN'T A THING DOWN HERE CEPT ME!
 I BROUGHT SOME SANDWICHES--
 OBOY!
 FOOD!
 SH-HA!
 MAYBE WE'D OUGHT TO BE MORE QUIET! NO SENSE IN STIRRING UP TH' CURIOSITY OF TH' NEIGHBORHOOD ANY MORE! IT ALREADY IS!

Martha Wayne
 WHAT I CAN'T FIGURE, IS HOW ZIP BARLOW GETS AWAY WITH IT. HE'S IN HERE AN AWFULL LATELY WHEN DOES HE WORK?
 MADE SINCE HIS WIFE INHERITED ALL THAT DOUGH, HE FIGURED HE DON'T HAVE TO
 C'MON WATNESS LET'S HAVE MORE SERVICE AND LESS OUTCHAT WITH TH' BARCKEY!
 I DON'T KNOW WETS INCREDIBLE! BUT, GO TELL PENNY I MUST SEE HER!

Captain Easy
 MISS LIMEWICK HAD GOOD CAUSE TO FEAR HER COUSIN! I FOUND POISON IN FOOD MISS BURKE GAVE HER RECENTLY--
 YOU FOUND POISON, DOCTOR BUT YOU HAD ONLY PAT LIMEWICK'S WORD AS TO HOW IT GOT THERE!
 BUT, CAPTAIN, SHE FELT ONLY PITY FOR THIS MENTALLY UNBALANCED GIRL, EVEN KEPT IT QUIET TO SHIELD HER FROM SCANDAL.
 SHE KEPT QUIET BECAUSE SHE DARED NOT RISK ALL INVESTIGATION! POLICE MIGHT FIND SHE'D PLANTED THE POISON HERSELF!
 BESIDES, SHE HAD ALREADY ACHIEVED HER PURPOSE-- ANOTHER STEP TOWARD CONVINING YOU, SUH, THAT PENNY'S MIND WAS AFFECTED!

Vic Flint
 HE MUST HAVE SEEN US!
 HE WON'T GET FAR, LEQ!
 ELEVATORS ARE CLOSED UP... THE STAIRS!

Bugs Bunny
 SAW! AUNT PETUNIA RAN OVER MY WAGON!
 THAT'LL TEACH YA NOT T' LEAVE FER TOYS IN TH' DRIVEWAY, CICERO!
 THAT'S JUST IT... I DIDN'T LEAVE IT IN THE DRIVEWAY...
 ... I LEFT IT WAY OVER BY THE FENCE!

Alley Oop
 ALL RIGHT NOW, ALLEY, TAKE IT EASY, WE'LL BE ALONG TO PICK YOU UP IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS.
 GIVE MY REGARDS TO ALL THE FOLKS IN MOO!
 OOF!
 HUMPH! DOCS OZ TIME-MACHINE MUST BE WAY WIRE AGAIN! THE SURE AINT MOO!
 HMM... THAT LOOKS LIKE HUMAN HABITATION... GUESS I'LL GO...
 BLAM!

Freckles and His Friends
 FRECKLES, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS MOPING AROUND! GET BUSY AND CLEAN UP YOUR ROOM--IT'S A DISGRACE!
 OKAY, MOM!
 THERE'S NOTHING LIKE GOOD, OLD FASHIONED WORK TO DIVERT HIS MIND FROM JUNE!
 I HAVEN'T HEARD A SOUND IN FRECKLES'S ROOM FOR 10 MINUTES! I WONDER--