

When they come a fishin'  
They come to Maupin on the  
Deschutes River.

# MAUPIN TIMES

With highways and rail-  
roads you can reach any  
place from Maupin.

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## Last Indian Fight Told of By Early Volunteer Soldier

Seventy-Five Years Ago Volunteers  
Beat Indians at Mouth of Buck  
Hollow—Veteran's Story

Through the kindness of Mrs. Lou D. Crandall we are enabled to publish this week an account of the last fight with Indians in this part. The story is in form of a letter written by Mr. Cyrus Walker, and details the campaign against the Indians and his personal part in the fight. He calls the location "Stag Hollow," but it is known nowadays as Buck Hollow. The letter follows: "Tillamook, Oregon, Jan. 21st. 1915. "Mr. Comrade Cyrus Walker.

"Dear Sir:  
"On the 9th day of Jan. 1848, four companies under Col. Gilliam left Portland for The Dalles by way of Vancouver Wash. Capt. Maxon of Marion Co., had the only full company. Capt. Hall of Washington Co., Capt. Owens of Polk Co., Capt. Tompson of Yamhill Co., all being short and numbering about three hundred and eight men in all.

"Staying at Vancouver all the next day, we left on Jan. 11th and reached Cape Horn on the Washington side. The next day when we reached the Cascades it was reported that the Indians were about to attack The Dalles and Col. Gilliam ordered about fifty men to their relief under forced march; while six men under myself were detailed to take a scow from up the Columbia river. This feat, however, was accomplished under great difficulties, having to be pulled by means of large sweeps or oars, as this was before the day of steam boats, and as usual the provisions gave out and it was a case of fast for one and one-half days. On reaching The Dalles we joined what was left of Capt. Lee's company which at this time was only thirteen men. I might here say that Capt. Lee was the man detailed to The Dalles after the Wigtman massacre. Their time being expired most of them returned home.

"After the regiment reached The Dalles, there was a report that the Indians were gathering up the river so the whole regiment went up five miles, returning again to The Dalles and camping on Mill Creek until Jan. 25th, when one-half of the regiment left for the Deschutes, camping the first night on Ten-mile creek. The balance of the regiment remained to guard The Dalles from an attack as one was expected daily.

"Capt. Lee accompanied us with his men, making a total of about 200 in all, as he was familiar with that section of the country. Capt. Lee acted as scout.

"It was reported that the Indians were massing up the Deschutes fifty miles, so on the 27th we went over and camped on the river about five miles from its mouth, having made rather good time, considering that there were no road in those days.

"The next morning being the last Friday in January the Colonel called for two volunteers from each company, who had the best horses, to ride out and join Capt. Lee on a scouting party. Wm. C. Smith and I rode out for the Yamhill company. Smith being known as 'Bill Chick.'

"The party, numbering twenty-two men in all, started from the east bank of the Deschutes river and rode back on the table lands, keeping back and around the heads of canyons which led into the Deschutes. Riding south until about 3 p. m. we suddenly came upon a band of Indians, as we rounded a sharp ridge, charging straight for us, (the number was not known at this time.) We received orders to reprimed and recap our guns. This being our first engagement there were several of the boys who could not get their guns primed or capped, so brought them to some of us. I remember I capped five guns before we had orders to charge. The Indians then changed their course and started south. We overtook them at the old emigrant road, and here the first Indian kill, a Cayuse, by Bill Chick.

"These Indians proved to be a band with a load of salmon, returning to their camp, and when ordered to surrender, one chief made a dash to escape. He being on a good

horse it took me about a quarter of a mile before I could get close enough for a shot at him; which was enough for him.

"While I was after the Indian, Capt. Lee ordered a retreat, leaving me alone. While hunting my way back to the company I was cut off from my party by about forty Indians, who charge down on me, thinking they had an easy prey. My horse being pretty well winded by this time, they soon got close enough to shoot their arrows, while I was dodging them from all sides. My horse gave out so that I could not get her out of a trot, so I jumped off and took it a-foot. Being close to the head of the canyon, I went down. Then commenced a race for life, and I was greatly handicapped by not only numbers, but they were mounted on fresh horses. Some dismounted and took down the same way I went, while others divided, coming down on each side of the ravine, with their horses until they got me well headed off; then all closed in on me, all shooting as fast as they could, filling the air with deadly darts, which made it impossible to advance and dodge all of them. But they soon learned that my gun was to be respected and whenever it spoke there was another 'good' Indian in the land of 'The Happy Hunting Ground,' which was probably my only salvation for fighting against such odds is much easier to talk about than it is to do. We often read of such things in dime novels, that are manufactured wholly on imagination, that is much in the nature of rubber—rather elastic.

"After this fight had gone on about a quarter of a mile, a band of fifteen Indians charged down on me from the right. I whirled around with my gun to make them shy off and a like number charged on the opposite side of the ravine. All were shooting at once and they got so close, that I could not dodge them all. As I whirled around one of them hit me in the left hip, which knocked me down. Then they howled. They were sure of my scalp and fought with renewed strength and more bravery, each Indian wanting the honor of taking the scalp of the hated paleface, who had the courage to ride single handed into such a number of warriors, each feeling themselves equal to two or more white men, especially in their own grounds, and where they could use their own method of warfare. It seemed to make them very angry to have me elude them regardless of their loss. After rolling and tumbling down the hill to keep them from capturing me, I tried to extract the arrow. When it did come it left the arrow head still in my hip. Where it is to this day, keeping it as a gentle reminder of what happened in years ago. It does not pain me very much but I can always feel it.

"After I had extracted the arrow my left leg cramped, it seemed, clear to my chin, throwing me headlong and causing me to lose precious moments. I was sure then that it must have been a poisoned arrow that had struck me and it would only be a matter of a short time before death; however one will fight as long as life lasts, so I kept on the best that I could and soon came to where the ravine opened into the canyon. This was marked by a perpendicular jump-off of rock with narrow shelves circling around and down along the face of the cliff. It would probably be impossible to descend under ordinary circumstances, but when a man is being chased by a mob of howling Indians and being 'to boot', one doesn't always pick best roads, most anything preferable to save yourself from being tortured to death in the end. I then jumped or slid, trusting that the alighting would not be any worse than staying above.

"As I went over the first big rock an Indian, from the opposite side, shot at me, cutting a lock of my hair off together with a little piece of scalp, just over my right ear. The bullet struck the rock right in my face, nearly blinding me with bits of it, and as I had my face against the rock, holding on with my chin and hands, feeling with my feet to

find some place to hold me up, this shot decided me to try another 'shoot the shoots,' and I landed far below my foes and among boulders, where the cunning Indian would never venture against such a foe.

"After pulling myself together I worked my way on down the canyon constantly on the lookout for heads above, which never reappeared if I got a good shot at him. After hobbling down as far as the river I heard horses' feet and kept myself hid as I thought it was Indians. However it was our own men returning, who in turn had had a lively brush with Indians, and where Jackson and Packwood met their doom.

"As I was some miles up the river it took me some time to reach camp, and to add to my suffering, it snowed, the cold stiffening me so it was impossible to move, but by stepping tread with my right foot I could drag the other up to it.

"Now this was in a day when there were no roads and the country full of danger; no modern gun such as we have today, but an old muzzle loading rifle, hard to manage. When I did not return in due time, it was generally believed that I had been cut off by the Indians and had suffered he fate they knew too well would have been mine had I have fallen into their hands alive, although they all believed that I had been killed.

"At daylight the next morning I dragged myself into the camp, awakened the officer and asked him why he had not relieved the guards as it was then breaking day. My mess being farther down the river, I had to pass through the whole camp. In nearly every mess I passed through two or more men were sitting around the campfires talking about the Indians, who were probably dancing around my scalp at this time. One seemed to recognize me, so sure was that I was a 'goner' but when I reached my own mess and made myself known, there was a general stampede and the news spread like wildfire and the dead had come to life. They all crowded around to hear my tale of adventure and suffering, but my first words were: 'Have you anything to eat, as I haven't had a bit since breakfast yesterday morning?'

"The colonel wanted to send me back to The Dalles, but it was a long way back and the regiment needed every man they had; so I went along with them. After breakfast the whole regiment went back up river for some miles, then left it, and returned to the table lands, keeping to the south until we struck the old emigrant road. We followed this down the line until we came to a spring. This was near the mouth of Stag Hollow and here we camped for the night. The next morning being Sunday we ate the last of our provisions and started down toward the river. At the last flat that we came to just before we reached the river we saw some Indians on the opposite side of the hollow fortifying themselves with rock breast-works on the top of the ridge.

"This was on the top of the ridge between us and the Deschutes river. Stag Hollow is a very large dry gorge or canyon running parallel with the river.

"As soon as all of the regiment was up we had orders to dismount and picket our horses. Capt. Thompson's company was detailed to guard the horses and the rest were formed in line. Just then the Indians opened fire upon us and being above us, also behind breast-works it gave them the best position by far; there were two Indians to our one and the cliff was a hard one to scale. The Indians fought bravely, however, until we were close enough to blow powder smoke in their faces, then they retreated for about a quarter of a mile, where they took up another good position.

"Fifty men were ordered back to get the horses so as to make a flank movement up Stag Hollow. There was a mistake made somewhere and before they could get back with their horses the boys opened fire and the flanking fell short, and they only succeeded in driving the Indians out of that part of the country. We camped there without provisions all day and the only thing we had to eat was horsemeat, and that without salt. At this time one of the guards was lost; he trailed off on Mountain Robinson's beat and was shot for an Indian. He was killed instantly.

The provisions came late Monday

## SOME ANCIENT HISTORY FROM THE SHANIKO STAR

Children Revert to Wild—An Aggravating Cuss—Left For Old Home In Emerald Isle

The following items were taken from the Shaniko Star of July 26, 1913, and will prove of interest to readers of The Times this week:

Three delinquent children, Frank, Daniel and Florence James, from Ashwood, were ordered sent to the Boys and Girls Aid society of Portland, the first of the week. The youngsters range in age from 4 to 10 years.

Victor Shaw left the first of the week for Portland with the youngsters. Their home was on Blizzard ridge. They were deserted by both father and mother. As they were absolutely ignorant, efforts were made by the school authorities to secure control of them, but on the approach of strangers the three children immediately took to the brush and their capture was almost an impossibility. Finally Mr. Shaw secured them and brought them to Prineville, where they were ordered taken to the Boys and Girls Aid society.—The Crook County Journal.

The most aggravating cuss in the town was sitting in the shade of the Columbia Southern hotel last Sunday when the thermometer was hanging around the 100 mark, and every one around was panting for a breath of air, when he put this one over on the bunch:

"Do any of you remember the cold winter back in the 80's?"

Mrs. T. A. Connolly and P. H. Connolly of Maupin, left Monday morning for New York, from which place they will sail for Ireland, where they will visit relatives and friends for several months.

Claud Wilson, F. S. Fleming and W. H. Aldridge of the Bakeoven country have each bought five passenger Fords this week. The cars will arrive some time next week in care of an instructor who will teach the new buyers how to manage the machines.

## BROUGHTON TO TEACH IN THE SHANIKO SCHOOL

Will Complete Third Year In This Section—Antelope, Maupin and Shaniko Schools

L. V. Broughton has signed a contract to serve as principal of the Shaniko schools for the coming school year and will move his family to our neighboring town in time for school. He has rented a house and is prepared to settle down for the time being at Shaniko. Mr. Broughton is one of the most able pedagogues in the west. He was principle a Antelope two years ago and last year was at Maupin. With the coming year he will have taught for three years in this section, and has given the best of satisfaction, being popular with both parents and pupils.

## Soon Will Begin Drilling.

G. G. Kesling, field manager for the Clarno/Basin Oil company, was in Maupin yesterday. Mr. Kesling had been interviewing stockholders at Bend, Madras and other up-river towns, and stopped off here while on the way to Clarno. Mr. Kesling says they expect to begin drilling operations soon, and will prosecute that work until the contemplated depth of the hole is reached.

## Called on New Grandson.

Cy Tunison came down from the Biskeoven ranch last Sunday to get a first glimpse of his new grandson, born to his daughter, Mrs. Lester Crofoot, last Friday morning.

## On Their Vacation.

Oscar Renick, wife and children left for Eastern Oregon Sunday morning. They will enjoy an outing of 10 days, spending most of that time at Wallowa lake, and before returning will visit a short time with home folks at Walla Walla.

afternoon and we did not move the camp that night. Next morning the whole regiment left back for The Dalles; returning over the same road they came.

"Hoping this narrative will be satisfactory.

"Yours very truly,  
"WM. D. STILWELL."

## Move on Foot to Build New Sawmill by Pine Groveians

Brief History of Upper Flat Saw-mills—Recent Fires Incendiary—Friends to Provide Plant

Hedin's Lumber company plant at Pine Grove, leased to Linn & Son, burned Monday night of last week, at 11:30, cause unknown, but believed to be of incendiary origin. Thus a pioneer plant has gone up in smoke. No insurance was carried by Hedin Lumber company or Linn & Son.

The Hedin Mill was purchased from Welby A. Dane. Dane had acquired a half interest from his former partner, John Summors. He moved the mill from Sun Flower flat to Pine Grove to his own land. Hedin moved the mill up in McCubbin's Gulch and again moved it to its present location. The Wapinitia Irrigation company leased the mill for a time and later George Heitz, now at Tygh Valley, operated the mill.

Linn & Son's mill burned a short time ago—July 8th—after which they were offered a lease on Hedin's mill. They installed \$150 worth of new belts for mill and planer,

\$200 in other repairs and equipment and planned to operate the mill this fall for local orders that were piled up in advance.

There is plenty of room for a good mill to serve Wapinitia plains with rough and dressed lumber of commercial quality, at first hand prices. A strange set of circumstances have been noticed about the two fires. Both started at 11:30 p. m. Both started to the leeward of the engine and stack of itself a strange thing. In both cases the Linn men had gone through the mill an hour before the fire to see that all was well. No sign of fire was visible, yet, the fire burst out of all control, notified and investigation is to be made.

The State Fire marshal's office and fire inspectors office have been. A movement has already been launched by Pine Grove friends to provide a new mill for the Linn folks despite the very discouraging circumstances. The Linn company is an energetic and rusting outfit and the new plant will be bigger and better and despite the heavy cost will be fully covered by insurance.

## HARPHAMS HAVE GONE TO BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA

Washington Mosquitoes Too Blood Thirsty for Former Maupin Family—Left Monday

Jimmy and "Buck" Harpham were in Maupin on their way to San Bernardino, California. Their father left for the southern state a couple of weeks ago for the purpose of looking for a location. He evidently found a suitable place for the family sold off their dairy cows, packed up household belongings and on Monday shipped them to "San Berdu" California. Linc is in Los Angeles at present, but expects to join his family in Bernardino when they arrive. Mrs. Harpham spent a short time with some relatives on the Flat, and when the boys left they were accompanied by Mrs. Harpham and their uncle, Hank Harpham.

## Sought Medical Treatment.

W. E. Hunt, who was severely injured several days ago by being dragged over logs and through brush by a bucking horse while in the mountains, went to The Dalles on Tuesday for the purpose of consulting a physician regarding his back, which was injured in the fracas. He was accompanied by Clint Smith, of Redmond, who is working at the Hunt ranch, and The Times man.

## Rainbow is Cleaner's Agent.

The Rainbow restaurant has been chosen by Ed. Williams as his agent in Maupin. The Williams Cleaners is the oldest cleaning and pressing establishment in Wasco county. A feature of their service is that if you have something to be cleaned and pressed Williams will send it back by stage the day following receipt. Leave articles to be cleaned at the Rainbow and Mr. Fraley will see to it that they are fixed up and brought back to you pretty pronto.

## Killed Another Bear.

E. T. Halbrook has succeeded in killing another bear crippling another and losing one by it escaping from a trap. He is after them on upper Eight Mile at the sheep camp of Mel Sigman and says that any wishing bear can get one at any time by going to that section. Dave Donaldson says that a bear kicked him in the stomach and for that reason he is taking a vacation from the Sigman range.

## Phone Line Down.

The line of the Tygh Valley Telephone company, leading into Maupin is down for some distance on the hill above town. A rancher moving a combine tore it loose from the poles over the highway and maintenance men removed the down wire from the roadway so it would not interfere with travel. The only way Maupinites can communicate with Tygh Valleyites is via long distance, which entails some expense and delay.

## Retain That Natural Beauty

By having your hair bobbed by the Modern Barbers at The Dalles.

## SHIPS SHEEP BY TRUCK TO LAKEVIEW SECTION

Richmond & Son Take Double-Deck Load of Ramboulet Bucks On Long Trip

Everett Richmond and Lawrence Powell left today for Lakeview in the Klamath Falls country with a double-deck load of Ramboulet bucks. The sheep were shipped to breeders in the southern section and are from the flocks of Carl Dahl of Tygh Valley. About 50 head were taken in the load.

## COOLIDGE NOT TO SEEK THIRD PRESIDENTIAL TERM

Laconic Statement "I Do Not Choose To Run For President In 1928," Handed Reporters

President Coolidge will not seek the nomination to succeed himself as president in 1928. He effectually set all doubt regarding his position at rest on Monday evening when he handed reporters, gathered at the Summer White House in the Black Hills, typewritten slips, each containing the laconic statement, "I do not choose to run for president in 1928."

Presidents Coolidge's refusal to make the run opens a chance for Idaho's senior senator, William E. Borah, to climb aboard the bandwagon and endeavor to convert the Republican convention of next year to name him as the party's choice. Governor Lowden of Illinois also will be in the running, and possibly several others as well.

## TWO CARS IN PAIR OF WRECKS

Ford Runs Into Guard Rail—Dodge Hits Rocks and Forced Into Bank at End of Bridge

A Ford car driven by a woman and containing a lady friend ran into a guard rail at the first turn from town on the Criterion grade Monday afternoon. The occupants were not injured in the impact, but their car suffered considerably. It was towed to a garage, fixed up and the ladies continued on their way.

A Dodge car, bearing a Washington license plate, struck a rock at the west end of the bridge and was forced to the bank. It contained two men, one of whom was thrown to the ground sustaining a severe scalp wound, which Dr. Elwood attended to. The car was somewhat bungled up but was repaired and the men continued on their way south. The accident happened about three o'clock Tuesday morning.

## Sundayed at Bend.

Last Sunday the families of T. H. Slusher and Mrs. Geo. H. Gill went to Bend for the purpose of visiting with Mrs. Slusher's sisters, Mesdames O'Brien and O'Leary. They incidentally took in the baseball game between The Dalles and Bend. While the mercury stood high here those people say that at Bend the air was nice and cool.