

## Harney County Rich In Natural Resources

(Continued from page one)

Party is building. The building is two stories and the second floor is to be used for a community gathering place, dances, etc. The lower floor covers a big area ample for the big stock of goods handled by Jack for the surrounding country. Miss Alice Turner was found at the store as an assistant to Mr. McCarty and Jack Brady was also in evidence to take care of any overflow in the line of customers, but his particular business that morning was to demonstrate a new attachment on a Ford car that does away with any hand feed, emergency break and some other "superfluous fixings." The attachment was a simple affair and he offered it for a small sum, but having none on hand he couldn't make many sales. Frank Keuny was also found at the station loading up a truck that he uses to supply his sheep camps on the mountain. Before leaving for a visit up Trout creek George Miller drove in with Mrs. McDade, Mrs. McKelvey and little Edith Biggs, the latter being a summer guest of Mrs. McDade and Mrs. E. B. Hill. Just as we pulled away from the station Bert and Lester Hamilton drove up but we did not stop to visit. We found later that Lester had been down on a visit to his brother and to look after some business interests, as he has disposed of his ranch on Trout creek and is engaged in the drug business with Howell Hamilton at North Bend.

We stopped at the Melvin Doan place on the way across the valley but he was in the hay field. The Doan ranch is one of the oldest established in that neighborhood and is a valuable hay ranch with sufficient water for irrigation. On Trout creek we found several of the Defenbaugh boys, four of whom came to this section from Missouri with the Byrd "flock" in 1883. The Defenbaughs went to White Horse to enter the employ of Todhunter & Devine and they have resided in that section ever since. Dell Defenbaugh owns a store at Denio and he and his wife own some valuable farms up the Trout creek where we found Vene, Dan and Lou. Defenbaugh all at work in the hay field, but ready to quit work for a short time visit with us.

The John Beatty farm was reached before noon and there was "nothing doing" when it was suggested that the party desired to come back down to the Biggs & McDade ranches for the night. Mr. Beatty was making a bed in the hay field, but John Jr. was at the disposal of the visitors as the boy had hay fever and could not work in the field. The Ford was allowed to stand during the afternoon and the Dodge belonging to the party was pressed into service to take to the best fishing holes and also where the sage hens were likely to be found. The young ladies at the

Beatty home, Miss Lola Defenbaugh and Frankie Beatty, served both sage hen and trout for supper.

Mr. Beatty has one of the finest developed ranches in that country. His home place of 160 acres are fertile and while the entire acreage is not tillable, the portion that is producing capacity crops. They include grain, hay, wild and alfalfa, clover, timothy, a variety of fruit including apples, pears, plums, apricots etc. small fruits include currents, gooseberries, raspberries, etc. The garden is one of the most profitable portions of the place, peas, potatoes, onions, rhubarb and other such vegetables being in use in the table, while a large quantity of sweet corn, tomatoes, water melons, musk melons were in the making and were most promising. Mr. Beatty has been a resident of that section for many years. He has disposed of his large herd of cattle and is now devoting his time to the ranch a smaller herd of pure bred Shorthorns. He has another place of 160 acres down the creek from the home place and is well fixed for the business he is conducting, but he desires to dispose of his holdings and retire as he feels he has "been in the harness" long enough, besides he wants better advantages for his children. The Beatty place is a mighty good buy for some one who is looking for a ranch to run stock.

During the evening the visitors and host spent a few hours on the lawn before retiring for the night. Mr. Beatty discussed subjects of a reminiscent character, telling of the early days there and of the successes and hardships. He spoke of the relationship of that section to this; of the expenditure of taxes, the apparent neglect of things that seemed important to that part of the country, especially roads. We found the road question to be uppermost in the minds of others in that part of the country. Juniper grade is the hard place to interfere with traffic to and from that part of the county and it is an engineering problem to overcome the grade. The court has recently had a preliminary survey and finds it is possible to secure a 5 per cent grade over Juniper but the expense is almost prohibitive. There is a pass to the east of this grade where a road may be built at less expense and is a better road way for all year traffic and it is hoped to arrange for it in the near future. However, the question of roads will be taken up aside from this story.

Leaving the hospitable home of Mr. Beatty the following morning after a good breakfast, we came down the Trout creek, past the Wallace place, formerly Frank Adrian place, another Beatty place, Bert Hamilton's, where another fine garden was seen and where we found Bert and his family domiciled in a neat stone house. Upon emerging from the canyon into the open valley we soon came to the Trout Creek ranch. This was formerly the Sison stock ranch but several years ago it was purchased by a Chicago syndicate, E. B. Hill manipulating the deal and which has

since been divided up into several ranches. Biggs & McDade now own a good portion of this big ranch but Mrs. E. B. Hill also has a large acreage taken from the same tract to which holding has been added several hundred acres of range land. The Trout creek ranch is cutting the finest hay crop it has grown in several years. Haying crews were at work on the Biggs & McDade part as well as Mrs. Hill's holdings. At the ranch house Mrs. Hill and her daughter, Miss Harriott, were found and there also was found "Rusty," one of the finest specimen of Airdale doge it has been our fortune to see—and now "Rusty" occupies the front porch, yard, dining room or any other part of the Byrd home where he is the companion of Billie Byrd. McDaniels' gall was used to good advantage for once, at least. The newspaper man wanted that dog just as soon as he saw him, but never considered for a minute the dog could be parted from the young lady, but it was found she wanted him to have a good home as she does not remain at the ranch during the winter months, so the bargain was soon made that we were to take "Rusty" when we started home.

Mrs. Hill has some fine developed land in the Trout creek holdings; she also has some undeveloped land that is susceptible of irrigation under the water of the creek. She desires to see this land developed and producing but is not in a position at present to make the necessary improvements, therefore would like to dispose of her interests to experienced people who are capable of completing the project.

After talking with Mrs. Hill and others in the Trout creek valley section, it was learned that a big irrigation project is feasible there and with a reasonable outlay a big lot of land can be reclaimed by impounding the flood water. There are several artesian wells now in operation in this valley but no attempt has been made to sink to any great depth or of any size for irrigation, they being merely two inch wells and a shallow depth, used entirely for stock water. With proper development this part of the county can be made to produce twice what it now provides for man and beast.

J. M. McDade's haying camp was visited that morning and a visit was had with Mrs. Clarence Luckey who is presiding over the kitchen. She makes good pie. Clarence had gone up the Wild Horse valley on official business in connection with his duties as deputy water master and could not be seen. Mr. McDade was found seated on a mowing machine behind two fine mules. He was glad to see us as it was hot and the mules wanted to rest—Mr. McDade is anxious to get that fine crop of hay up but was not averse to stop and discuss the weather, crops, stock market and kindred subjects. The crop on the ranch is heavy and of the very best quality. The cattle and sheep of the farm are assured of fine feed for the coming winter, but the firm (and other stockmen as well) would rather be assured for a better price for stock and wool.

For fear the hay would become too ripe before it was harvested we concluded McDade better get back on his mower and we started for Denio to meet more Defenbaugh boys and other friends. Jim Dillon and Judge M. J. O'Connor were the first men to greet upon arriving in Denio but

Mrs. Del Defenbaugh was in the store and the writer immediately followed her to a warehouse where Dell was found and a real Missouri greeting followed. During the intervening years from 1883, when the Defenbaughs and Byrds wended their way from Shoshone, the end of the Short Line railroad at that time, to the then almost unknown Harney Valley, we have met at intervals; never for long enough time at once to tire of each other's company, but often enough to keep green that sincere friendship that hardships and homesickness bring. Mrs. Defenbaugh proposed dinner and as we had again been successful with a flock of sage hens we "Put in" and had a meal that was most thoroughly enjoyed. Adam Adrian, another old pioneer of Harney county, who lived in this valley in the latter part of the 70's was a congenial companion at the noon meal and told many incidents of the early life in this part of the country, including a time when the water became very high at the Island Ranch and he and Mart Brenton made a boat on which to sail; this was a flat bottom affair but it sailed fine on the water. They persuaded the China cook to embark with them and taking him out where the water was quite deep they capized the boat and allowed the Chink to sink.

After dinner we had a long visit with the Defenbaugh family and later the writer went over across the line in Nevada to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hill. The Hills formerly resided in this vicinity and are well known. "Grandma" Hayes, the "Queen Mother" of the Harney County Pioneer Association, was at the Hill home visiting, being the mother of Mrs. Hill. A genuine welcome was found from this family and an hour spent in just visit. Coming back to Denio we called upon Judge O'Connor and also later viewed the monument erected to the memory of the Red Cross Nurse who died while on duty in that community during an epidemic of influenza two years ago.

In the late afternoon we again started the Ford northward toward the Joe Catlow ranch where a gathering of the people of that vicinity had been planned to have a dance and to meet and discuss local problems with the county agent. We arrived at the home of E. H. Bathrick first and remained there for a delightful supper and where Mr. McDaniels had a talk with Mr. Bathrick respecting the meeting and what could be done by the agent to aid the people of the neighborhood. During the stay at the Bathrick home the writer was given the first detailed report of a water spout which had occurred last month in that neighborhood. Mrs. Myers, mother of Mrs. Bathrick, brought the subject up incidental to a discussion of cyclones. The afternoon of July 3 this cloud burst occurred and it came with such force from the sidehill where the house is situated that the water and debris arose to the window sill, at least two feet from the ground and on a very steep hill side. Evidence of this cloud burst could be found along near the hills all over Wild Horse and Trout creek valleys. At the Joe Catlow place it had covered quite an area of alfalfa to a depth that it could not be cut with the usual crop but had to grow up through.

Mrs. Catlow Sr. greeted us warmly upon arriving at that home and a little later we met Joe. Many au-

tomobiles came during the evening from different parts of the country from as far north as Andrews and from Denio on the south. The young people danced to the music of a Victrola and at midnight a sumptuous banquet was served. The county agent was given respectful hearing by those present for a short talk during the evening in which he outlined the work he was here to do and placed himself in the hands of the residents to do whatever they asked, or at least do his best. It was decided at that time that Mr. McDaniels again go to the Wild Horse country and the people would meet him at Fields on September 4 to discuss further the plans of organizing a Farm Bureau. This date was fixed as the time and Fields as the most central place to have the entire population of that territory get together. Jack McCarty will have his new store building completed by that date and the second floor will be given its first dance.

About 1 o'clock we bid the Catlows and other friends there good night and started out to "hit the hay" literally. The first shock we found in McDade's hay field was made into a bed. The following morning we arose and went over to the ranch house after "Rusty." Trust McDaniels to let them know we hadn't had any breakfast and of course Mrs. Hill insisted that we have breakfast with her. No very vigorous protest was voiced to this arrangement, because we were being spoiled by the good things provided at the several homes where we had accepted the hospitality. Mrs. Hill's fine coffee, toast, eggs and bacon were consumed in most approved style and the journey toward home started. At Fields a short stop was made to greet another one of the Defenbaugh brothers who had escaped us up to that time. Coming to Andrews we found George and John Smyth at the store, also Pat Donegan. While the writer was visiting with some of the boys, including Newt Lewis, McDaniels went foraging in George's garden and returned with some nice roasting ears. We then pulled on up the valley to see W. D. Huffman, Charley Turner and other friends. John McLean was overtaken just at the Huffman gate and the entire bunch remained with the Huffmans for noon dinner. With string beans, turnips, cucumbers, ripe strawberries and the like right out of the garden it was certainly a treat to campers who had some canned goods in addition to fish, sage hen and McDaniels' "doughgoods."

Following dinner we made an inspection of the ranch and garden. Bill Huffman has anything "skinned forty ways" in the way of diversified crops we have seen in Harney county.

He has a place that is under complete irrigation and a protected location where he grows anything that one could name. In addition to the good things enumerated for dinner the garden was found to contain ripe raspberries, ripe blackberries, gooseberries, currants, all kinds of vegetables including celery and tomatoes; some fine grapes forming on the vines; water melons, musk melons; in the orchard we picked ripe apricots off the trees, found a large variety of apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, quinces, cherries. His grain was of the very best with big heads and sure yield of from 40 to 100 bushels to the acre. Out in the field we ran on to some squash vines that showed every indication of yielding heavy. Just across the road from the Huffmans we found the Blairs. Miss Grace was a student in the Harney county high school last season and hopes to return this year. She was glad to hear direct from several of her school mates and sent word back to them.

Leaving that part of the country and reaching a slight incline to the northeast one views what is called the Alvord Desert. This is a big flat place some ten miles wide by over fifteen in length where not a blade of vegetation grows. It looks like one big marble slab as it is white and glare more or less in the sun. It is a remarkable formation and one that is impressive. It may contain something of value in mineral or soda, or some such thing. This vast territory is void of anything living and we are told it is hard where an automobile will make no impression upon the bed. It would make an ideal speedway for auto races and perhaps will be put to such use when the Roosevelt Bird Reservation becomes a famous resort for tourists.

The Alvord ranch was the next stop and we tarried for a short time only to greet Mrs. Emanuel Clark. This ranch covers some 20,000 acres and considered one of the finest stock ranches in the entire northwest. The property belongs to Frank Clerf but is under lease to the Pacific Live Stock Co. Thousands of tons of hay are cut from this place each year and much of the land is devoted to grain. It is well watered and protected right under the high bluffs of the Steins Mountains. The ranch buildings are of an attractive and substantial character and well kept. The yard around the residence is one of the most beautiful in the entire Harney county and shows that much care was used in arranging it, with many rare old flowers and plants in evidence.

Mrs. Clark insisted that the visitors pick a few raspberries for the camp supper and also invited us to

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