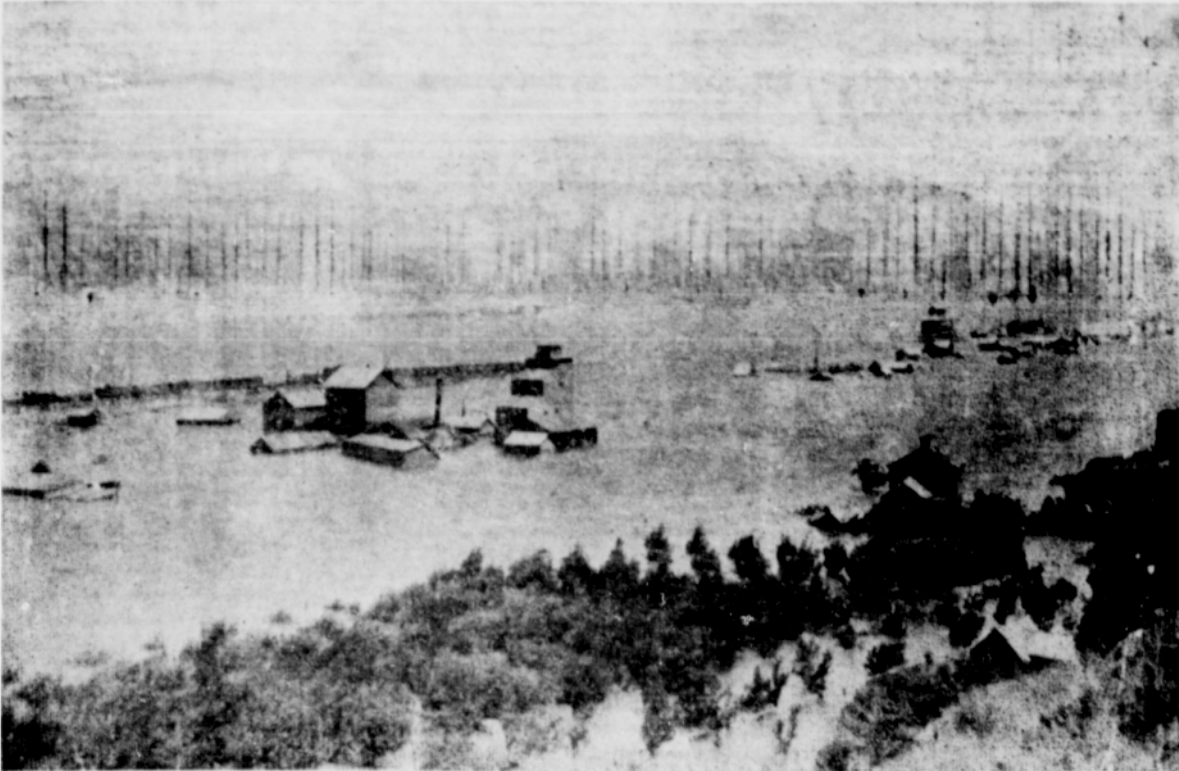




The scene of Grant on June 1, left few highwater marks in Sherman county because it left few buildings. The big flood of that year Walker mill and distillery, just getting started, went down the river in a few days, a total loss.

Interesting Individuals Intriguing

No county is without characters, which is a modern name given to those who stand out from the mass for one reason or another. It seems true that many of those who are thus described attain that position because of alcoholic euphoria, a condition that reduces the inhibitions and causes the person to be more himself than normally so. We have had that kind, too.

Sherman county has had many a roaring Irishman who rolled home behind his team singing to awaken the neighbors, quite a few whose combative tendencies were enhanced to a greater extent than their athletic abilities, mild men on whom drink had the effect desired in a western test for liquor—one drink would make a rabbit spit in a coyote's eye. We are not forgetting them, merely writing about others this time.

RUBY PETTYS

The woman who was known for the greater part of her life as Ruby Pettys was born Ruby Rust and grew to womanhood near Moro with a rather sizeable family of sisters and a brother.

She first married Cassius Fairchild, the son of Michigan emigrants, who blessed her with multiple offspring and departed to

to seek a different and varied fortune in the world of strangers whose gullibility was forever a challenge to his talents.

A jury, on evidence considered sufficient, sent her children to a home, an act she never forgave, feeling able to care for her own. She next married Pettys, an itinerant, and departed from his company shortly. Her matrimonial troubles had little to do with the characteristics that made her a personality and worthy of being included herein. She was an individualist and an artist. That she was untrained makes no difference. She wrote poetry and she sang songs of her own composing.

Her pet peeve among the minor sins was drinking liquor and she crusaded against it constantly.

For years she lived alone on the breaks of the Deschutes, running a few horses and cattle and getting along very well thereby. She did not complain and was inclined to write a poem about her troubles than talk of them.

On her occasional visits to the towns she might break into song or quote some self-written poetry in high good humor. She was generous and ever ready to help a neighbor and, in fact, cared for many elders in need of company

PROF. WHITE

Prof. White was the educational non-de-plume of Henry Hudson White who was transplanted in Oregon from Iowa with North Carolina background. He was a school teacher, a student, an instructor who taught many a reluctant Sherman county youth the rudiments of learning. He was learned in history, adept at mathematics and proficient in English, and he was long on character.

Prof. White was a huge man, up to 300 pounds. He had gone to Annapolis from an Iowa farm where he was a midshipman and lineman for the navy football team. He had ideas about sports and fair play and he directed the games on the school field with a stern hand. Once when the snow lay heavy on the ground at Grass Valley and he had reason for wanting the big high school boys to get outside and forget their youthful inclinations, he devised

a game. It consisted of a player walking along a line fifty feet from the others, with defense, while the others threw snowballs at him. Prof. White was the first and his size made him an excellent target but he completed his fifty paces. Followers tried to hurry their pace or defend their faces and he scorned them in words they must still remember for Prof. White was a master of invective. Some of the choicest phrases in current use hereabouts are his.

After some years at teaching school he turned to farming at which he was not so proficient. His mind was geared to dealing with people.

In his latter years he retired to live in Wasco, which was his first teaching place in the county, and there he died, his body awkward and unwieldy, succumbing to the rigors of age, while his mind retained its rapier-like attribute and its ability to pin-point a weakness of character and bare it to view.

FRANK WATKINS

Frank Watkins was the younger brother of Perry Watkins, a stable citizen of the county during the 1890s. Frank wanted to be a bad man as the term was used in his time and he practised at it.

He carried a gun, a custom not well received by the conservative citizens of that era. He rode for various men who owned cattle and horses and because he was always getting about he seemed a likely one to accuse in case stock was gone from its pastures.

He shot at Edgar Messinger at a dance in Moro, the bullet missing his hand and going up his arm to emerge at his elbow. He shot Indian Pete in the belt buckle with what was probably murderous intent although it resulted in no serious injury to anything but the buckle. He shot the hat off the head of his brother in law, Dave Vinton when he approached the Watkin's cabin in Jackknife without warning. Whether Frank Watkins succeeded in being a bad man or not, he worked at it.

He married into a large and respected family and fathered two daughters before he left for the Okanagon country to see about some stock. There his body was found one morning in a hay mow with a pick through the head and no one was curious enough to ask many questions about why it had happened or who had made it happen. Several would have been willing.



In 1888 when Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Thompson were in Corvallis they had their picture taken with Claud (standing) and Jesse. Both were 31 and were in the valley for harvest, strange as that seems.

Sherman Countians Once Harvested In Willamette Valley; Made Trip By Wagon

In 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Thompson were living east of Klondike on a homestead. Both were young at 31 and with sons Jess and Claud getting up to school age, they decided to go down to the Willamette valley and work in harvest with relatives. They had lived there and been married at Philomath.

They set out June 12 with a team and wagon and Mrs. Thompson kept a diary of the trip that tells much of the way of life 70 years ago.

"Started from home in the morning, ate dinner at C. W. Thompson's (Andrew's father) and J. Thompson (Jim); camped at Min-ton's (the Clyde Smith place) got plenty of wood. Ezry came to us

raining but the wind is howling; beds all wet.

"June 15, we have eaten our dinner; has not rained any yet today, have traveled 14 miles; afternoon traveled 18 miles through sagebrush, camped at Crooked river, had lots of wood and water; 2 jackrabbits for supper. 25 cents for horses.

"June 16, traveled 28 miles; camped at Camp Polk in a barn, good roads. 25 cents a head for horses.

"June 17 started early, good roads until afternoon, through lava beds; camped at Lost Creek, lost one bucket, had to pay 1 1/2 for hay.

"June 18 came past the hot springs, bought some hay for one cent and a quarter, roads muddy, paid \$2.00 toll, killed a pheasant for supper.

"June 19 rained all day, roads muddy.

"June 20. Andrew went fishing, got 15.

"June 22, started for Benton county over some rough roads, stopped one-half mile from the bridge for noon, got a bushel of oats, paid 50 cents, come on to Eugene, got a shoe set, paid 25 cents.

"June 23, got to Nish's. (This was their destination)

While at the Nish place Andrew worked in haying and harvest and helped thresh while Mrs. Thompson and the boys visited with friends of the time when she lived in that community and put up cherries and berries and dried plums. They went regularly to church on Sundays and were in Corvallis the Fourth of July when there was the largest crowd ever in that town.

"September 6. Went below Salem, camped, ferried at Hall's ferry, paid 20 cents, hay 50 cents.

"September 9. Ate dinner in Horse Heaven, camped at Mills, 25 cents for horses in pasture. Cold in forenoon.

"September 10. Ate dinner at Salmon river. Andrew went fishing and fell in, got no fish. In the afternoon we traveled through fire, sand and rock; paid \$2.50 toll, bought hay 50 cents, then came to the forks of the Zigzag and camped.

"September 11, traveled over rough hilly roads, ate dinner on top of mountain, camped at Barlow's Gate, paid 75 cents for hay.

"September 12, went to Badger Mills, ate dried beef and crackers then came on to the Deschutes, paid \$1.25 toll.

"September 13, bought a fish, gave 25 cents, ate dinner at Dr. Rollins then got to Father Thompson's for the night."

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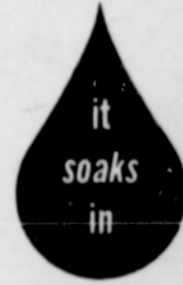
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