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GEORGE M'DUFFEE, HERO OF TRAIN HOLD-UP, NOT SERIOUSLY WOUNDED BY MANNING REMAINDER OF TRIO CAPTURED AND ALL LOOT IS RECOVERED

PENCIL HOLDER DEFLECTS COURSE OF WHAT WOULD OTHERWISE HAVE BEEN A FATAL BULLET

Deputy Sheriff George McDuffee of Heppner, was the hero of a desperate and deadly duel last Thursday morning and put a quick stop to the hold-up of O.-W. R. & N. train No. 5 near Meacham. Charley Manning of Cokeville, Wyoming, leader of the robbers, was killed by the shot from McDuffee's revolver and McDuffee himself was painfully, though not dangerously wounded, a bullet from Manning's pistol striking him in the right breast and being deflected downward by a brass pencil case, came out just above the hip. It made only a shallow wound and will not incapacitate him for more than a week.

Mr. McDuffee was on his way home from Canyon City where he had been as a witness in a horse stealing case and it was evidently a lucky thing for both the passengers and the railroad company that he happened to be riding on this particular train. His own words tell the story better than anybody else possibly could.

"I was sitting in the rear seat of the third day coach and was dozing when the robbers and trainmen came through on their forward trip," said McDuffee in narrating his part of the exciting happening. "It flashed through my mind that it was unusual for porters and trainmen to be all together but I never suspected anything was wrong. Pretty soon I heard another passenger remark that some of the men wore masks, 'No those were just colored porters' said another and that's what I thought."

"A few minutes afterwards I heard the first passenger say that the passengers in the car ahead were being robbed. This roused me and I saw it was a robbery. I drew my revolver but, as I only had four cartridges in it, I reached for my grip

and secured a handful. I had just taken my seat when they entered and came toward me. They appeared to be in a hurry to get to the Pullmans and only made two passengers give up their valuables. 'Hurry up or I'll blow your brains out,' said the leader, who carried a gun in each hand and the man addressed threw a dollar into the sack carried by the short fellow in advance. They did not ask me for anything but hurried past. I had decided not to shoot until they were by me because I was afraid of hitting some of the passengers. As soon as they were past, I jumped up and shot twice at the big fellow's back which was not six feet away. He turned and began firing with both revolvers but the shots were going over my head. I fired again and hit him in the head. He seemed dazed to take aim and backed through the door into the vestibule. I fired one shot at the other man and heard him say, after asking the big fellow if he were hurt, 'I am too.'"

"It was about this time I received the bullet and I think the little fellow had grabbed the .45 automatic from his companion and had shot me. My cartridges were loaded with black powder and made a big smoke. I am satisfied that they could not see me very well because of the smoke. I only fired four shots in all and then some passenger cried for me not to shoot any more, I did not realize that I was shot until it was all over. I guess I am a lucky man to be alive for it was only my pencil holder that kept me from being drilled through."

"It never occurred to me that I was taking chances," he said. "I knew it was my business to interfere and I decided to shoot and to shoot to kill. I ought to have got both men, though."

DEAD BANDIT NOT HUGH WHITNEY AS FIRST THOUGHT

The body of the bandit killed by Deputy Sheriff McDuffee was thought for several days to be that of Hugh Whitney, the notorious Idaho bad man, upon whose head a price of some \$4000 had been set by officers and various private individuals of the Northwest. The body was positively identified by several personal acquaintances to be that of Whitney and there certainly was a striking resemblance. Added to this was the fact that Manning had in his possession a watch, with the words "Hugh Whitney" engraved upon it. The arrival in Pendleton of F. W. Stoffers

of Cokeville, Wyoming, on Sunday set all doubts at rest however, as he made a thorough inspection of the body and said there could be no mistake but that it was his sister's husband, Charley Manning. In the matter of a reward, however, there is slight doubt but that the railroad Company will make our hero, McDuffee, a present of a sum of money that will, in a partial manner, repay him for the chances he took in putting to a stop one of the most daring hold-ups ever recorded upon the pages of the history of this Eastern Oregon country.

ACCOMPLICES OF MANNING TAKEN NEAR HILMGARD MAKE FULL CONFESSION AND ASSIST IN RECOVERING BOOTY

Albert Meadors and Clarence Stoner, the two bandits who escaped after robbing the passengers in the daring hold-up last Thursday morning and who were put to rout by Deputy Sheriff George McDuffee of Heppner, who chanced to be a passenger on the train, were picked up at Hilgard Saturday night by Deputy Sheriff Batcheler of La Grande and are today prisoners in the Umatilla County jail at Pendleton with a long jail term confronting them.

They confessed their crime to Sheriff Taylor of Umatilla County and Chief Special Agent Wood of the O.-W. R. & N. Co.

They admitted that their dead companion and leader in the robbery was Charley Manning, a professional gambler and "stick-up" man of Cokeville established by Sheriff Taylor and Chief Agent Wood during the night through tracing a check found on his person. The dead man was also identified Sunday evening by F. W. Stoffers of Cokeville, a brother-in-law, and the body will be taken back by him.

Satisfied after their hunt through the woods Friday that the two missing bandits had headed east and would likely hover in the vicinity of La Grande for a few days, Taylor and Wood instructed Supt. Bollons of La Grande to keep a close watch of the railroad and to detain every suspicious character. Deputy Sheriff Batcheler was one of the officers sent out on the watch.

About 9:30 he met the two men walking on the track just at Hilgard which is only 17 miles east of the scene of the robbery. He questioned them and asked if they knew Hugh Whitney. "He is my cousin," promptly admitted Stoner and it was this admission that decided the officer to

hold them. He did not search them then but upon reaching La Grande found \$355 cash on them. This was another suspicious circumstance and notification was sent to Sheriff Taylor, who, with Chief Agent Wood was en route to Kamela to run down another clew. They wired back to hold the men until their arrival.

The two officers reached La Grande about 5:40 a. m. and went directly to the county jail. The La Grande officers had failed to shake the prisoners in their story that they knew nothing of the hold-up and admitted afterwards that they would probably have released them later. After comparing them with the descriptions received from the railroad men, both Taylor and Wood were convinced they were the robbers and commenced to "work" upon them.

It took but a few minutes for the officers to get a full confession from the two young bandits and securing a special train, the four men were conveyed to the point where Deputy Batcheler had arrested the men. There they recovered the big diamond ring stolen from H. B. Royce of Walla Walla, and two other rings, one set with opals and the other with an emerald. Meadors had had them tied together in a back pocket when picked up but, pleading that he wanted a drink, was permitted to stoop over the water. Undetected he lifted up a rock in the bed of the stream and deposited the tell-tale rings under it. This was in Five Point Creek. Another smaller diamond ring was found along the track where Meadors had thrown it as Batcheler ordered them to step aboard the caboose of a passing freight.

Having secured this much of the booty, the train went on to Meacham and while Chief Agent Wood kept (Continued on Page Six)

PROGRAM OF VARIED EVENTS ENJOYED BY LARGE CROWD AT IONE CELEBRATION

The big celebration is over. For three days the Independence spirit was generated and it is thought that enough was manufactured to last another twelve months. There were four big features on the program, the speech by Dr. Withycombe, the dances, the ball games and the races.

Early Thursday morning the eagle was heard to scream and the celebration began. The program for the day began with the band concert by the Ione Cornet Band on the Main Street. There was not a large crowd but it increased as the day advanced. The speeches and singing were heard in the park following the band concerts on all days, the afternoons being given over to the ball games and street races. On Thursday afternoon the following horses entered for the quarter mile running race, Martha W by F. T. Ely; Blanche by Walt Seal; Black Dude by J. H. Blake; Shannon by J. A. Ries; Dora by E. H. Turner. The purse was \$100, \$75 to the winner and \$25 to the second horse. Shannon and Black Dude won

first and second money. In the half mile race the following horses were entered: Stockings by Ben Swaggert; Mamie by Hank Cramer; Shannon by J. A. Reis; Ginger by W. C. Cason and Black Dude by J. A. Blake. Shannon and Stockings won first and second money for the \$100 purse.

The dance was held at the rink and was well attended. "Biz" Englemann was in charge and the best of order was preserved. The music was furnished by the Parson's Orchestra of Portland and they are certainly a class A organization. The floor was as smooth as glass. There was a check room and a stand which sold soft drinks and every convenience tending to make the affair a success was provided.

Thursday was probably the hottest day of the celebration. All the lemonade stands reported good business. The hotel was full and many compliments were expressed by the guests on the good meals and treatment. (Continued on last page)

M'DUFFEE EXPRESSES SORROW FOR WIFE AND FAMILY OF DEAD BANDIT BUT IS GLAD HE DID HIS DUTY

Pendleton, Or., July 7—(Special to The Herald)—"I'm sorry for his wife and children," said Deputy Sheriff George McDuffee, hero of the recent train robbery, when informed that the man he had killed was Chas. Manning, of Cokeville, Wyoming.

Propped up in his bed at St. Anthony's hospital, McDuffee listened eagerly to the news of the capture and subsequent confession of the two accomplices, told by a group of newspaper men, until mention was made of the dead robber's family. He was visibly saddened by that. For awhile he seemed to lose interest in the story. McDuffee has a wife and six children of his own and his own narrow escape only made it easier for him to realize the sorrow which his bullet had caused. Mrs. McDuffee, sitting by her husband's side, was also greatly affected.

"It's too bad it wasn't Whitney," one of the newspapermen said to the officer. "That reward money would come in handy."

"I don't care about the reward but I'm sorry the man had a family. Still I'm not sorry for my action. He was a bad man and was prepared to kill at the first sign of resistance. He is better off the way whether Whitney or Manning. It's pretty hard on his family though," he kept repeating.

McDuffee has almost completely recovered from his wound. The soreness is gone and, but for the doctor's orders he would be on his way home now. The doctor has ordered that he remain here several more days.

Mrs. McDuffee has been in constant attendance upon him since the day of the shooting, refusing all invitations to dinners and auto rides. Pride for her hero husband radiates from her face. She agrees with him that he only did his duty and like him rejoices that the other bandits have been captured. She seems to be

as much interested in criminal catching as is her husband and has a considerable knowledge of the ways of criminals.

In speaking further of his adventure, McDuffee yesterday declared the only time he was nervous was when he was waiting for the robbers to reach him. "After they entered my car," he said, "and I had decided to wait until they got back to me before shooting, I admit I was nervous. The suspense until I began shooting was awful. I won't say I was scared a little but I wasn't nervous after I started shooting. Things were happening too fast. I was after the big fellow for I knew he was the leader but I expected to see him fall at my first two shots. They didn't even stagger him, though. He flinched a little and his arms seemed to draw as he turned and began firing. He was firing at right angle from me, not having turned far enough when I sent a bullet into his head. Even then he didn't fall, just staggered out into the vestibule and sank down. I fired my fourth shot at the other man and I believe he shot me after taking the gun from his companion's hand."

"I felt no pain at the time but the force of the bullet from the high power gun almost knocked me down. It was just as if I was hit a terrific blow."

The wounded deputy has been given every consideration by the railroad company whose property he protected at the risk of his life. Agent T. F. O'Brien gave orders to the hospital and to the physician to spare no expense in treating him and making him comfortable, and through General Superintendent M. J. Buckley, McDuffee was advised that he would not be overlooked in the final settlement. This is taken to mean that he will be rewarded in a financial way for his valiant service.

HAD BRAKES RELEASED GRIP ON WHEELS TRAIN NO. 5. MIGHT HAVE GONE TO DESTRUCTION

In taking the engineer and fireman off the engine and compelling them to enter the baggage car, the bandits who were routed by Deputy Sheriff McDuffee, exposed the passengers on train No. 5 to a graver danger than confronted them in the revolver. At the point where the train was brought to a stop, the track was on a two and one-tenths per cent grade and had the brakes released their grip on the wheels, the train would have crashed down the mountainside at a terrific speed and undoubtedly would have resulted in the greatest catastrophe in the history of the road. This is the statement of several officials of the railroad.

The air brakes are not designed to lock the train for any considerable

length of time, according to railroad men, and with the weight of thirteen cars pushing against the engine, it was only a question of time before the brake must give way. With no one in the engine to control it, the train would rush forward to the doom of everyone.

There was another danger from behind. It is the custom of the helper engine to follow No. 5 down the hill from Kamela in order to assist No. 10 up the mountain. With no rear flagman to display the warning signal, there was danger of the engine crashing into the back end of the train. However, the promptness of Deputy Sheriff McDuffee's action in opening fire on the bandits put an end to the robbery in such a short time that both dangers were short lived.

4TH OF JULY AT JACK DEVORE'S ON RHEA CREEK

Fourth of July was fittingly celebrated in Rhea Creek. Jack Devore invited them to take possession of his grove and told them to let joy be unconfined. It rained in the morning but they had such a good time that many stayed over till Sunday. The races in the morning were the most exciting seen in this part of the country for some time. Jim Cowans won most of the footraces and James Adkins and the Wilkinson boy crippled themselves slightly, so hard did they run.

Roy Brown was the champion mule rider. He mounted the best which did not even attempt to throw him.

Lewis Cason was the prize rider, however, of them all. Lewis rode all of the horses that the rest couldn't get near. Herb Cook was trying to help him while riding another horse and was thrown off. Norman Florence won one of the running races and Jess Hall got under the wire first with his horse in another. Frank McCollough went into the bucking horse contest and landed on a stump.

The dance in the evening was the big event of the Fourth. The music was furnished by Prof. Otto and Miss Thorley. Dances are not held very often in Rhea Creek but everyone (Continued on last page)

HOLD-UP A SPECTACULAR AFFAIR; TRAIN CREW MARCHED THROUGH COACHES AND GUARDED IN EXPRESS CAR

The hold-up of train No. 5 near Meacham last Thursday morning in which Deputy Sheriff McDuffee of Heppner was the hero was spectacular in the extreme. The plan developed a desperate daring on the part of the bandits, with supreme courage and cool judgment by the deputy who killed one and wounded another after he had himself been wounded by his foe.

At Kamela, a point on the main line where a helper engine is taken on to help on the steep grade, a masked figure stepped out of the inky darkness as the flagman, Frank Earles, was about to signal to the rear where the head brakeman, Clyde Enoch and Conductor W. E. Ferguson were attending to their own details of getting the train off. Conductor Ferguson states that no signal came, and an investigation was about to be made, when a jerky signal flashed in and out in the darkness.

That happened next was in a flash, rapidly that none of the crew had time to figure out its meaning until it was all over. It then developed that the flagman had been forced to signal, and make it appear that all was well. A moment or two later, the robbers, each with a revolver in each hand, and wearing black masks, secured the capture of the brakeman, Engineer Johnson, Fireman Murphy, the porters, the Pullman conductor and a cook, marching all toward the express car, and gathering them up as they progressed along the train. The procession, with uplifted hands, reached Conductor Ferguson last of all.

The conductor stopped to temporize. "Don't kill anyone, boys," he said. "If you're going to rob these folks, that'll be bad enough, but to kill any of them will be b——. I'm up against

it and can't do anything against all those revolvers you're pointing this way, so I'll go with you—but remember, no killing."

And then the conductor joined the sorry procession through the car of drowsy passengers.

Some of the passengers vaguely thought the crew was ejecting some boisterous passengers, and others thought they were going to the other end to fix some damage. Conductor Ferguson managed to kick one or two of the passengers warningly in the ankles as he headed the procession, but as the passengers' backs were turned, and the captors and captives passed hurriedly through, the full significance was not realized by the passengers until the party vanished in the express car.

Then the travelers began to understand, and most of them acted upon whatever presence of mind they could secure up in their dazed and startled condition.

The bandits with the train crew proceeded to the express car where they were kept under guard by one of the robbers. Two of the robbers then proceeded through the coaches demanding money and valuables of the male passengers. Their work was stopped short at the end of the second coach when McDuffee started battle. The unwounded man then dropped off the train and hollered to his pal who joined him and with their stolen goods they took to the hills.

Earnest Leisure left Heppner Monday morning for a few days work on the Cecil school house. Earnest says that he is the original man with the lath hatchet even if his last name is connected with rest.