

Doug. Gurdane left Monday for an outing. He went to Pendleton and from there he will go to some of the Springs nearby. Doug. has stayed pretty close to the store lately and will enjoy this vacation immensely.

The People's Cash Market is making special prices at the present time on bacon and hams. If you need any of these now it is the time to take advantage of the reduced prices. It is a good habit to drop into their market occasionally, it will mean money in your pocket.

FOR SALE.

Six Horses—two geldings and four mares, all young, weighing from 1450 to 1600 pounds. Inquire at Herald Office, Heppner, Oregon.

Hebert W. Copeland
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Morrow County Dates For August
Aug. 20, 21, 22 at Palace Hotel Heppner. Aug. 23, 24 at Beymer's, Lexington. Aug. 25, 26 at Carle's, Ione.

"The window of the soul"—THE EYE, Most precious gift to man! As the busy years of life go by, Preserve it while you can.

School children needing glasses should be fitted at this time. Do not start the boy or girl into school work this year with defective eyesight uncorrected. It means misery and bad lessons for the child.

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PROMINENT PEOPLE OF MORROW COUNTY

Facts Forced From Familiar Faces

By E. G. H.

MRS. ELIZA J. AYERS.

A short time before the death of Clara Barton, the famous nurse and Red Cross worker, which occurred not long ago, some one asked her what was the secret of her long life, and how she was able to accomplish so much in ninety years. Her reply was, "I work."

When Sara Bernhardt was in this country last year she was asked the secret of her power and how she looked so youthful at sixty-eight. "I work," said Sara. "I work because it is the only thing that makes life worth living. And I work to keep my beauty. The brain and the heart must be satisfied if the human being would be happy."

I spent an afternoon with Mrs. Eliza Ayers at her home in Heppner this week and in the course of the conversation I asked her recipe which enabled her to outlive the prescribed three score and ten years. "Having something to do," she answered.

No one can converse long with Mrs. Ayers and not be impressed with the fact that here is a woman who has experienced the trials of life, meeting them firmly, asking no odds and withal, cheerful, happy and full of animation. She was born back in Des Moines County, Iowa, near the city of Burlington, in the year 1836. Iowa we are told, produces two great crops, able women and corn. Her parents were William and Elizabeth Greenwood, Virginians by birth who settled in Iowa in the early days. They were accustomed to work, having wrestled with the soil in the mountains of Virginia. The granite of Virginia is strong in iron, much of which sifts into the blood of the people.

"Our family crossed the plains in '48 and there were sixty ox teams in the company. It was at a time when the Indians were restless and on the point of rebellion. Just as we crossed the Missouri river we were stopped by a band of them and father gave them a cow, which they demanded for passing through their lands.

He was the Captain of the company and we were glad to give them the cow to pacify them. A little farther on we met a band of five hundred Snake Indians and they had their squaws with them or we would have had trouble.

"A few weeks later a young man came walking into our camp, they called him a mountaineer. He wanted to borrow my father's horse and ride on to the next camp, which he said was a short way up the trail. Father didn't want to loan it but finally let him have it providing he would not ride it hard. When he got outside the camp he went as fast as he could and father got on another horse and went after him. We thought that the Indians had killed him but he came back late that night and with the horse. We were so excited about it that we forgot to put out the guards until one of the men who happened to think of it went through the camp yelling, "No cam-tain, no guards out, five old squaws could capture the camp."

"On the way we met another company who were driving sheep across and we traveled with them for several weeks. The owners were insulating to the drivers. One of them in a meeting wanted to have every man whipped who went to sleep on guard. The next night we had another meeting and it was voted on as to whether we would divide the companies. They voted to divide and we left the people with the sheep.

"We had one bad character on the trip named Trimbell. His wife was deathly sick and one night she asked for a drink of water and he refused to get it for her. Father happened to be on guard and heard him but he was such a desperate character that nothing was said about it. His wife died a short time later and we buried her on the plains. A few days after that one of his boys fell off his horse and broke his arm. Trimbell threw him back on the horse and let him go. One time he whipped him with a rope which had a knot tied in it. The little fellow died a few days later and he put him in a badger hole and covered the hole with rocks. John Davis found it and buried it. Sometime afterwards a man came to our home in the Wilamette Valley and who should it be but Trimbell. He had a paper that he wanted my father to sign stating that he had treated his wife and family in a husbandly way on the plains. Father would not sign it and I afterwards was told that it was for a new matrimonial purpose that he wanted to get the signatures.

"At Umattilla during church service an Indian came into camp and the men seized their guns expecting an attack. Another time on Big Butte Creek three Indians rode into camp we thought they were spies and did not allow them to go until morning. One morning when we were near Cecil father went to look for the cattle and the Indians shot at him. Our journey ended at Howell's Prairie, eight miles from Salem. There we farmed about 700 acres. A section of land at that time cost about \$400. One acre cost that much there now. I lived there until 1855. My father and mother both died there, as did my first husband, William Shaw, six months after we were married in 1851. Three years later I married Harvey Smith and we lived near Gervais.

"We had six children in all. According to their ages, they are Mrs. Josephine Forwood, of Sumpter, Oregon; Mrs. Paulina Quaid, of Portland; Mrs. Cora Vanduyne, of Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Eliza Wallbridge, of Heppner; Mrs. Viola Swinburne, who died in Heppner; Mrs. Ava Thornton, who with her husband and child, Doris, were drowned in 1903, and Charley, who died when six years old.

"We lived at Lebanon most of the time and Mr. Smith was sheriff of the county. In 1873 we came to Heppner for Mr. Smith's health but he died the next year. I kept a boarding house in a building just south of Bol Hart's place for eight years. Here is a picture of the place."

In the picture which Mrs. Ayers handed to me, one could make out Mrs. Walt Richardson, who was a little girl then, Viola Swinburne and Mrs. Herrington and herself, made up the rest of the ladies. Art Miner was there and like all boys, barefooted, Oscar, who was older, could be distinguished.

"Ellis Minor wanted to buy me out but I asked too much and he built the present building occupied by Bob Hart. In 1888 I married Mr. T. W. Ayers in 1888 I married Mr. T. W. Ayers Geo. Stansberry and went into the real estate business. When I came to Heppner, Stansberry's log cabin was the only house here. Our nearest neighbor was O. H. Hallock who lived on the Bisbee place one half mile away. Tom Marlatt lived about a mile. Mr. Ayers was County Judge for three years and was one of the men who started the light plant. He died in 1909."

Mrs. Ayers told me that she owned and lived on a quarter section of land which she bought of George Brainard after Mr. Smith died. This is a part of the Whetstone ranch now, which is four miles northeast of town. She moved to town and lived in her house where Thompson Bros. store is now. It was during the days when the mail came from Pendleton and The Dalles, at first three times a week and then daily. About this time the Indian wars occurred, and to protect themselves, a stockade was built at Heppner.

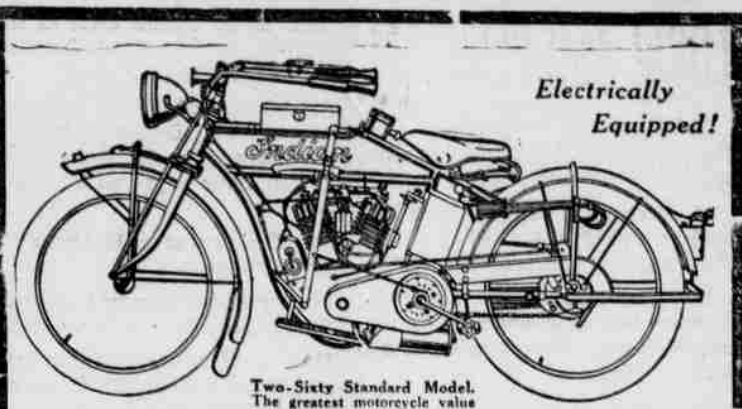
"I remember one night the young fellow who carried the mail to Pendleton was about ready to start with the stage alone. I told him that he better stay at home for the Indians would surely cut him off. He replied, "It is the United States mail and I have to go." I made up a lunch for him and in the meantime two other men, Mr. Glover, division agent for the stage line, and Mr. Romig, the horseshoer for the stage line, decided to accompany him. Going over Butter Creek they saw an Indian lying on his elbow ready to kill the driver. When he saw that there were three in the stage he did not molest them. When the stage started back to Heppner, the Indians stopped it between Pilot Rock and Pendleton and they were forced to return.

"One day a man came to town saying that the Indians had surrounded John Day and the people wanted help. The men here left at once and the Indians withdrew. I also remember one day when we lived on the ranch, one of my daughters had gone to the pasture for the horse. Two Indians were watching her and when out of sight of the house, one of them took after her. She turned and ran for the house and eluded him.

"In 1856 the Columbia river Indians were on the warpath and it is supposed that they killed Whitman. My brother-in-law, Daniel Smith came along and wanted by husband to go to war. He would have gone but I began to cry about it and he ended by giving him his revolver and field glasses and staying home. While camping on the Burnt River some time later, Daniel and two other men strayed a small distance from the camp and he and one of the other men were shot by the Indians. Before they could be reached by the men in the camp, the Indians had scalped them and that night they built a fire on the hill nearby and danced around it and waved red blankets.

"Another incident that I remember very vividly was a waterspout that occurred when I lived on the ranch. It was on a Sunday evening. Wesley Marlatt came riding down the valley warning everyone and we escaped just

(Continued on Page Four)



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