

PROMINENT PEOPLE OF MORROW COUNTY

Facts Forced From Familiar Faces

By E. G. H.
The present great war in Europe is but another act in the great drama of life which has been playing since history began. "I sing of Arms and the Man," wrote Virgil two thousand years ago and the world has been listening to his song to this day. We have hailed as saviors of the land the men who have gone to the battlefields and destroyed men, farms, buildings, roads, every manifestation of civiliza-

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 Carl's, Ione.

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tion. We have erected monuments to the men and boys who left the work of earning food, clothing, and shelter for themselves and others. But the real saviors of our country have been the women who have maintained the homes, taken the care of the farm and the garden, and what business she could, for it is she that has done the constructive work, while her husband, father, brother or son has been away destroying.

Search this country over and you will not find a monument raised to the women who have stayed at home, whose hearts have been wrung with the anguish and misery of the uncertainty of the fate of their loved ones, who have endured, worked, and sacrificed, and lived for their children and to maintain them.

There are today thousands of women who are rendering their country far more patriotic and loyal service than has been accredited them and these women are the teachers found in the public schools of the land. One woman who has served her state and country as well as a teacher in the schools is Mrs. E. E. Bleakman, of Hardman in this county.

I saw Mrs. Bleakman for the first time a few days ago. She was sitting in a chair in the doorway of her store in Hardman resting from her morning duties in the store. In my talk with her she told me that she was born in Chester, England, the oldest city of the Kingdom. As a child she attended the schools of her native town and after a period of five and one-half years spent as a pupil-teacher, she went to Glasgow, Scotland, to college. It was a big event in the young girl's life, this trip to Glasgow to enter college. Entering college for the first time is an important event in any person's life. Torn from home ties, thrown among strangers with different ideas, manners and customs, probably the greatest good that one acquires is the ability to adapt himself to the new conditions, to meet humanity as it lives, pulses, and throbs, in its natural existence.

She stayed here two years, drinking deep at the fountain of inspiration and knowledge. A short time afterwards she met Mr. E. E. Bleakman, a young man of about her own age and before he departed for America to make his fortune, they were engaged. Mr. Bleakman came to Toronto, Canada, where he was employed on a boat. He soon rose to the rank of Captain and had charge of a boat. In 1869 he was married to his sweetheart who had journeyed across the Atlantic and met him at Kingston, Canada.

After two years the young couple returned to England only to come back to the United States in 1874. They settled in Nebraska, not far from Black Carney Junction. They lived there six or seven years raising stock and doing some farming. Nebraska was on the frontier in those days and was noted chiefly for its hot winds and the size of the grasshoppers. One year they came in such numbers that the Bleakman's lost seventy-five acres of corn in one day. The field was stripped as clean as a city street. What few trains passed through the country were stalled, the grasshoppers covering the tracks making it

impossible to hold the wheels to the track.

The family decided to move farther west and collecting what property they owned they started overland for Oregon. There was nothing special happened on their trip. Once they witnessed the Cheyenne Indians tearing up the Union Pacific tracks, but nothing of unusual interest marked their trip. They left on the first of May and when August arrived they were in the settlement in Boise, Idaho. Here they decided to spend the winter and take up their journey to Oregon in the Spring.

At Boise Mrs. Bleakman taught in the public schools during the winter and in the summer they started for Oregon again. They came to Heppner in 1882 and a short time later they moved to Hardman. There were a few buildings there at that time, where the Hardman hotel now stands there was a small shack, a blacksmith shop stood where her flower garden is now and a small grocery store directly across the street from her present store.

Mr. Bleakman raised stock and did a little farming. Mrs. Bleakman assisted by teaching in the school. Just behind her store the people built a small cabin to be used as a school. After it was built the next thing was to find a teacher. "They found out that I had taught school, so they asked me to teach the half-dozen children," Mrs. Bleakman said. "I had to take my baby to school with me and teach. The seats and desks were all made right in the town. We didn't have much to work with but we got along."

Mrs. Bleakman's teaching experience covers many years spent in Hardman, Yellow Dog, Gooseberry and Dry Fork. Wages were never high and often irregular, as the people who sent children to school paid most of the bills. The average country schoolteacher would refuse to meet the conditions which Mrs. Bleakman encountered and struggled with. Learning was fraught with privations to both teacher and student, yet there emerged from those classrooms many a boy and girl who now looks back with joy and gratitude for the days spent under her supervision and direction. The greatest teacher is not the one who can impart the most facts but the one under which we become different men and women.

It might be interesting for some of our readers to know that the town of Hardman has had just two postmasters and one postmistress, D. N. Hardman, the man for whom the town was named, was the first postmaster and C. N. Spencer, who held the office about a year was the second. For the last twenty-three years Mrs. Bleakman has been in charge of the office and while a Republican in politics, she has retained the office during the Democratic administration.

The town of Hardman used to have another name. It was known as Raw Dog and another settlement about a mile down the road was known as Yellow Dog. The postoffice was always at Hardman and the settlement at Yellow Dog was gradually absorbed by Raw Dog.

Mrs. Bleakman was very eager to speak about the discontinuance of the Hardman-Monument stage and the Hardman-Spray line. The people on the latter route have to go in some cases twenty-five miles for their mail. The people in Monument now are seriously handicapped with the present service which connects with Canyon City and Baker on the east. The natural outlet is through Hardman and when the administration at Washington changes, so Mrs. Bleakman thinks, the old stage line will be restored too.

Mrs. Bleakman has one daughter, Mrs. Tracy who lives in Arizona, and three boys, all well known to people of this county, George, Bernard and Bert. Six years ago Mr. Bleakman died and since that time Mrs. Bleakman has had charge of the store. Being a woman who is well informed about conditions here, I asked her to tell me just what her impressions were concerning the present conditions and the future prospects.

"I do not know of a better place in this country for a young man who is willing to work than right here in Morrow County. Of course, he will have to give up some of the pleasures of life but if he is very desirous of making a place for himself in this world, he can do no better than to go on one of the many farms near here, which he can easily do. Especially are the conditions favorable for him at the present time."

"I can see that the large farms are being divided, small farms are what we need. There are many farmers who do not raise enough pigs, chickens and cows. Every farmer should raise a goodly number of these. We don't need bigger crops but we need a bigger variety. We are coming to diversified farming, so when we have a bad year for one crop we will have something else to depend on."

Mrs. Bleakman has been a teacher, a worker, and a doer of the world. She has been raised in the hard school of adversity, and having experienced all of the privations entailed on those who have blazed the trail for future generations, yet we find her happy, cheerful, and filled with that tender charm which is God's gift to woman-kind. In no other period of history that I know anything about has the credit due womankind been accorded to them. We are advancing because we have recognized that in the erecting of this Western Empire, women have labored, struggled and sacrificed jointly with the men and as the minds of the generations yet unborn turn back and view this great pioneer work of the men and women of the declining generation, they will breathe a silent prayer of thankfulness and gratitude.

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EDITORS SEE HARDMAN

(Continued from Page Two)

we could see for miles in every direction. To the right we saw a combine working on the J. E. Stevens ranch being another son of Mr. Stevens. He has a fine crop this year, so I was told in town, going well over twenty bushels to the acre. On the left of us the fields stretched out endless in length. Before us and beyond the town rose the mountains, covered with their pines and serving as a fitting background to the scene.

The town of Hardman is located in the center of one of the finest wheat districts in this country. The land is gently rolling and does not wear out the individual in an effort to extract a living from it. Wheat was yielding from twenty bushels per acre and up, mostly up. Omar Stanton, Wes. Stevens and Herman Nelson all have fine crops. While there were a few buildings vacant, the general appearance of the town is neat, clean and bears an enterprising look. The houses are well painted, the school had an inviting look, which is half the problem in education, the streets were clean and everyone spoke well of the place, certainly a desirable habit to cultivate. We stopped at the hotel and met Mr. Hams who had just finished helping with the dishes. We arrived after meal time and Mr. Stevens put it mildly when he told Mr. Hams that the Editors might be hungry. We saw that worthy gentleman depart for the rear and when he emerged he told us that we could have something to eat in a few minutes. Just score one for Mr. and Mrs. Hams, not forgetting Miss Hazel Hams, waitress maximus.

Going down the street we met Mrs. E. E. Bleakman, the postmistress. After a few friendly words with her we proceeded to pass out a few of the latest copies of the Herald which we brought along. The war news was especially welcomed as it was a day earlier than they expected to find. By good fortune we happened to have a few subscription blanks along and were forced to fill out a dozen of these before we journeyed over to Gaunt's drug store. Here we found the Doctor and his wife busy in the store and also found our old friend, G. A. Bleakman, the popular store keeper, well known fancy chicken raiser and general booster for Hardman and Morrow County.

On the way back to George's store, M. Z. Biddle stopped us and had us

put some of his relation on the mailing list. Charley Heckman and H. E. Warren gave us two good Woodrow Wilson dollars and N. H. Leathers couldn't see these men outdo him, so he changed a gold piece to get in good standing. George has a first-class store and handles nearly everything that man requires. Back of the store he has two hundred cords of cordwood that he took in on accounts, benefiting his customers and to no small profit to himself. His chickens have made his name known over the entire county, and wherever good chickens are on exhibition you can find among the best entries the birds raised by George A. Bleakman.

Standing outside the store we saw Wm. Moreland, one of our well known readers coming up the street and another, Wes. Booher, drove up and ordered a sack of Heppner flour. "That's the only kind I sell," said George. "It's just as good as any and the Heppner Milling Company are good people to do business with. My customers all like the flour, I might add too."

I happened to see one of the Rossen Brothers and we went over to see them. They have a complete blacksmith shop, equipped to do or make anything. They have lately added a garage and you can find anything that you need or which is handled in a first-class garage. The Rossen boys enjoy a growing business and they are good people to know. I met Mr. J. L. Swift there. He is one of the pioneers of the Hardman country and among other good habits he reads the semi-weekly. Let us add that he is now in good standing with the financial department.

On the street we met Mr. C. H. Jams and N. H. Leathers, two of our well known Hardman readers. We watched an auto drive up to the walk and fill its gasoline tank from George Bleakman's new long-delivery tank. George told us that many people

spent their vacations in the mountains and with a little publicity, more could be induced to come here.

We took a short trip south of town to look at the country and the crops and found some of the scenery that inspired the man who originated the saying, "See America First." On returning we stopped for a little gasoline and then departed for the county seat. We took the northwest road out of town, one of the finest stretches of natural road that it has been our pleasure to travel over. We passed the Adams land which has some of the finest summer fallow in the county. Mr. Stevens pointed out a pole fence which he built thirty years ago and was still in good repair. He said that he bought the first spool of barb wire that came to Heppner. It cost \$18 in those days, the same article costing around \$3 now, yet we rant about the high cost of living; we might better say, the cost of high living.

On the John Adams ranch we noticed the huge rock which appeared in the shape of a rectangle as if cut by human hands, so defined were its lines. On the Herman Nelson ranch we saw another combine at work as we turned on the Road Hill grade which separates Hardman from the Eightmile country. Going north we saw the familiar names of the Heppner Garage and Haylor's Jewelry Store on the signs at the corner. We stopped at the Steven's ranch and Mr. Stevens left us. One hour later we lighted our lights on the edge of town and were soon reading the latest war news. The trip was profitable for us as we learned what the people in Hardman expect in a good paper, which we will bring into the columns of the Herald. It demonstrated to us that some of the finest land in this county is owned by Hardman people and it also furnished an opportunity to meet some of the best citizens of this section.

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