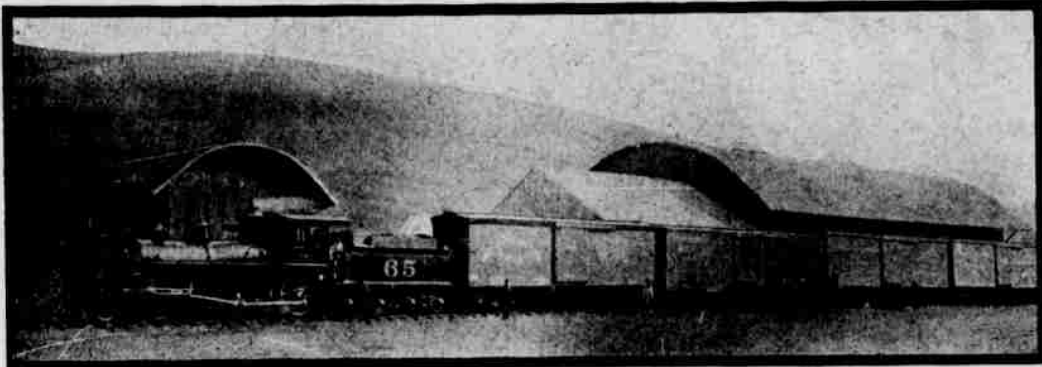


When the Horse and Buggy Were in Vogue



O. R. & N. Company's Old 65 at Heppner Warehouse, where Harold and Henry Cohn got their start in the wool game. The late Phil Cohn, long manager of the warehouse, was a leading wool broker for years. No doubt a cargo of wool was being taken on as this picture was shot.

Interesting Sketches of Early Days in Heppner

By COL. J. W. REDINGTON,
Pioneer "Gazet" Editor

THE PALACE HOTEL



Heppner's once famous hostelry, razed by fire in 1918. Phil Metschan and J. L. Wilkins were noted hosts. It stood on the site of the first trading post, conducted by Henry Heppner and Jack Morrow. This site on the northeast corner of Main and May streets is now vacant.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Most appropriate for publication in this edition are the following sketches by one who rubbed elbows with the subject of which he writes. One cannot have a full appreciation of these sketches without knowing Colonel Redington and the condition under which the sketches were written. Probably no more independent journalist ever lived. Taking over the "Gazet"—always so referred to in his highly individualistic style—after following the adventurous trails of Indian fighter, Colonel Redington told the world through its columns exactly what he thought about anything or anybody in no uncertain terms. His journalistic career included association with leading newspapers of the new west at Portland and other larger places in the country's early development. The indomitable spirit of this grand old pioneer is reflected in these sketches, written by the author from his sick chair at Main Hospital, National Military Home, California, aged by more than 80 years. Not many months ago he sustained the amputation of a diabetic foot. Accompanying the sketches was the following note:

"Hdqrs. in a Wheel Chair,
Hind " ditto,
Hosp. Nat. Mil. Home., Calif.,
Somewhere in Dec., '34.
"Dear Vawter:
"Thanx for the xtra copies. Good spring weather and a wet moon are encouraging my lost leg to lengthen out an inch an hour, so as to keep pace with my hair. If it should grow three inches longer than the other one, and make me walk lopsided, I will become a candidate for the calaboose, on acct of the symptoms of being half-shot or near so.
"Very t. y., J. W. Redington.
(Over)

"Pl. xcuse this kind of copy. It is the only kind of paper that I have, and my pencils are pretty punk, and I gave away my type-writer when the other Boy Scouts forecasted that the shock of an

derers then burning the house, and trying to burn the fifty sax of wool ranged up near by. But the wool refused to burn, and was only slightly scorched.

Many men were murdered on Butter and Birch creeks and at Willows Springs and McCoy, and five others were killed on the Meacham road, and their freight outfits confiscated.

When our scouting outfit reached Camas Prairie we found about three thousand sheep scattered around, whose herders had either escaped or were lying dead somewhere around. At least 100 of these sheep had been shot or clubbed to death for the amusement of the fun-loving hostiles, and one big Merino ram showed that he had been skinned alive, for his pelt laid close by.

Further on towards the Umarilla we came to a sheep's bedding ground, where about 200 dead sheep were piled up like cord wood, heads all one way, and the pile six feet high.

We could understand about Indians slaughtering sheep for fun and letting them lay where they fell, but piling them up meant work and Indians were notoriously opposed to work. Hence, a puzzling mystery.

Later on in the Malheur country, after the cruel war was over, I asked Paddy Capps, a captured Snake Indian, about those piled-up sheep, and he told me that the Indians first killed two white men herders, then clubbed the sheep to death and piled them on top of the dead men. Why this was done he did not know, but thought it was because of some superstition.

amputation would cause a kicking of the bucket."

The copy, for which no excuse is needed, is penciled in Colonel Redington's very legible, distinct and bold style, needing not the crossing of a "t" or dotting of an "i" for reproduction.)

Murdered Men — Slaughtered Sheep

Winning the West took the toll of many lives in Eastern Oregon during the Bannock Indian war of 1878. Young Aldrich was shot on the South Fork of the John Day, and Jim Clark and Bill Burnham had close calls. They belonged to the volunteer company commanded by Capt. Sells and Lieut. H. G. Guild, the latter being then publisher of the Canyon City News. When they tackled the hostiles, they were out numbered 20 to one.

At Small's ranch near the main John Day, two unarmed young men out herding sheep on the bench were shot down, their mur-

Picturesque Pioneers

Along about 1869 Jos. D. Myers owned the first homestead where the town of Heppner now stands. He had a good crop of grain all cut and shocked and Henry Heppner rode in and bought him out, as is. Although hostile Indians had twice stolen his packtrains, Henry had bobbed up again, and had made money packing goods to Boise Basin via La Grande.

Next day after buying out Mr. Myers, a heavy rain or near-cloudburst washed every shock down Willow creek, and toward the deep waters of the Columbia. Henry was a philosopher, and merely remarked that that was the easiest way to harvest a crop. Mr. Myers' partners in those

days were his brother, H. C. Myers, and Willis McKinney.

One of the most enterprising pioneers was Tom Quaid, who had full faith in the future of the town and of the Heppner Hills. He and his two brothers had prospered in the stock business, and shared their profits with the community. Tom was always ready to back up any worthy proposition, and among other things bought

the land and laid out the Quaid & Johnson Addition to the town. When Mat Litchenthal was running a small shoe shop, Tom told him that it was too small for the dignity of the town, and that he would furnish funds to order a full-grown shoe store, which he did—the first in Heppner.

Among the prominent pioneers of those early days were Lum and

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

It has been our pleasure to serve the Sheepmen for over Forty Years

Sheep Shearing Machines

Hand pieces and Repairs

Cooper's Products

Kemp's Branding Liquid

Pinetarol

Milk Oil Dip

Dry Kill

The Taylor Hardware Co.

Headquarters for Sheepmen's Supplies

741 Main Street

Pendleton, Oregon

Bill Your Livestock to

North Portland Oregon

The Buying Power of the Pacific Coast is Centered Here

Full diversion privileges include sorting, combing and reconsigning to a wide territory. These privileges insure the best possible prices.

FEEDING FACILITIES THE BEST

Following is a complete list of Commission Firms on this market:

BENSON COMMISSION COMPANY

KIDWELL & CASWELL

SEVIER COMMISSION COMPANY

BO DINE & CLARK COMMISSION CO.

DUFFY COMMISSION COMPANY

CLARK & SNOW LIVESTOCK COMMISSION CO.

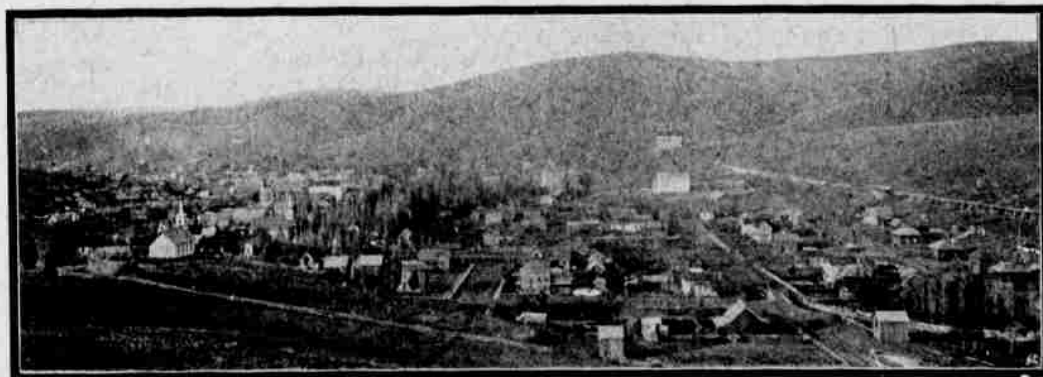
ALBRIGHT COMMISSION COMPANY

Write them, or us, for market information

Portland Union Stock Yards Company

North Portland, Oregon

As Heppner Looked in the Gay '90's



On the hill in the background are the old wooden court house and the old wooden schoolhouse, both now relegated to Heppner's romantic past.