

Off' Has the World Been Told



Chas. W. Smith, then county agent, assisted in arranging this exhibit in a Portland display window, featuring the county's large sheep industry. It brought many favorable comments.

Interesting Sketches of Early Days in Heppner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE

Jim Rhea, the Marlatt brothers, Bishop Chase, Matteson brothers, Chas. Cason and the Stewart and Smith families, the latter having a cattle ranch up Hinton creek, where Mr. Smith died, leaving four daughters, who were the belles of the colony. Widow Smith ran the main hotel in Heppner for several years, where her only son died of diphtheria. Her daughter Pauline married Tom Quaid, and Vi married Dr. Swinburne. Mrs. Smith later on married Tom Ayers, a pioneer who came in from Butter creek and bought out George Stansbury.

Charles Hinton was a picturesque pioneer with a first ranch on Hinton creek, and the thrilling tales he told about Indian hostilities were hair-raising. His brother was also a pioneer, as were Geo. Harrington, Sam Donaldson, Matlock Bros., Ellis Minor, Jim Ferguson and Bill Penland and Pres Looney.

Doc. Shobe was a good old soul, and was always improving and helping others to do ditto. A big addition to the settlement was when Charles Wallace, Will Walbridge and the Hallock family came and settled up the Balm Fork country, and the Florence brothers settled well up Willow creek while Frank Maddock, Jim Neville, Norman Kelley and John Gilmore settled nearer town. Jim and Nels Jones were early settlers, and the latter bought the Gilmore place, and donated part

A BUCK WHAT AM



This buck won a prize gun given by a local hardware store a few years ago. The specie is a familiar denizen of summer ranges of sheepmen. Foster Collins, the lucky guy in the picture, runs a little band of sheep of his own out on Camas prairie.

of it to the county for a court house site.

It must have been about 1873 that Uncle Jack Morrow moved his store over from Lagrand, and he and Henry Heppner built their store on the corner on which the Palace, \$22,000 brick hotel, was afterwards erected.

Jim Fuller, Johnny Elder, Jim Hager, Tom Morgan, Dan B. Stalter, Judge Dutton, John Natter, Dr. Shipley, Pres. Thompson, Wm. Leezer, Andy Tillard, Willard and Dave Herren, Jim Straight, Sam Carmack and George Gray were pioneers in settling up that new country, and there were others, but as I am trusting to memory, I can say without fear of unsuccessful contradiction that my memory back-fires, and as they are all dead, they should worry about my historical hysteria.

Doc. Shobe started the first drug store in Heppner, later on selling out to Cash Mallory, who was one of nature's noblemen. No one needed for medicines while he had them, money or no money. He was Wells-Fargo agent for several years, and died all too soon for the good of the world.

Super-Strong Onions

When Charlie Hinton and Mart Hall ran the Heppner butcher shop over half a century ago, meat was cheap, and nobody kicked, for fat four-year-old steers were selling for \$20, and their meat retailed at proportionate prices.

But soon railroad building started up, and the camps bought barrels of beef, and Tom Quaid and other stockmen bunched their cattle into a big herd and drove them to Cheyenne.

Then prices went up, and the Heppner butcher shop ran short. Os. Burch told Charlie Hinton a big bunch of wild cattle running in the tall timber over beyond Matteson Mountain, that might be shot and the beef brought in on pack horses.

Charlie agreed to buy all the beef brought in, and Os. and his brother, Jack Hale and Will Gilmore started out on the hunt. They made camp on the edge of the timber, close to a moist meadow whose grass was emerald green, while the rest of the mountain range was pretty well dried up.

Soon came the twilight shadows, and with them came a big bunch of wild cattle, and while they were greedily grazing, the hunters downed eight of them. As skinning started in, Os. Burch cut some choice tenderloin from a fat yearling, and started supper. He fried the meat to perfection, and called the hungry hunters to come and get it.

They squatted around and attacked the beef, but could not eat it, for it was rank with wild onions, and smelled to Heaven. These frontiersmen thought they

could eat almost anything but this wild onion beef balked them, and if they could not go it, what was the use of packing it thirty miles to town, where people were supposed to be fairly fastidious? No use!

And while the hunters were making a stinky supper on sinkers and coffee, along came Edgar Matteson, one of the best hunters in the Blue Mountains, with the fresh meat of a young deer over his shoulder.

Of course the hunters were welcome to the last mouthful of it, and Edgar was hailed as a lifesaver, for in those pioneer days very few frontiersmen were strict vegetarians.

Dare-Devil Stunt

People in Morrow county who now have peaceful, happy homes, may well be thankful for their immunity from the murderous raids of the red fiends of the forest and pirates of the prairie.

The pioneer settlers might have a good-sized band of horses one day, and next day have no horses, and maybe no scalps, and burned houses.

In 1878, when the Columbia River renegade Indians were encamped up at Penand's Prairie, they were a menace to the people of the Heppner Hills, for they were waiting to join the hostile Bannax, sweep down Willow creek and join Chief Moses across the Columbia.

Uncle Jack Morrow outlined the danger, and Willard Herren, Tex Croft and Doc. Andrews volunteered to go up and capture those renegades numbering about 150.

It was a dare-devil stunt, but the three whites won the victory. They rode boldly into the Indian camp, called the leading Indians together for a pow-wow, and told them to saddle up and ride back to the Columbia.

There was a whole lot of dissent, but Willard Herren rattled off Chinook and told them what

was what, and Tex Croft told them what happened to tribes in Texas who opposed the winning of the West.

Chief Blind Jim had a strong voice, and spoke for peace, but Columbia Joe rather favored war when joining the Bannax made them skookum strong.

Tall Tamarack said that they were in the land of the Umatillas, and had a right to hunt there.

But Doc. Andrews reminded them that the government had bought the squatter rights of the Indians and the treaty was signed by Winnim Snoot, Howlish Wampo, Peo. Yettincawitz, and all the other chiefs of the Umatillas, who agreed to take a big reservation of the best land in the country, with wood, water and grass, and the Umatilla river running right through it, reinforced by its tributaries, Meacham, Wild Horse and McKay creeks.

Old Sagebrush was for war. He was so named because he was born in the sagebrush when his mother was riding along the trail with the tribe, and turned off to give birth to her pappoose, which she then tied onto the horn of the saddle and soon caught up with the procession, and being ready to do her share of the drudgery when camp was made.

Another renegade who whooped for war was old Memaloose, so-named because he had been abandoned on the trail when he became too old to ride along with the

Morrow County's Seat of Government



The modern court house of today, a stone structure built in 1902. Some native rock was used in the structure.

rest. After lying in the sagebrush two days, some sage ticks stung him back to action, he refused to die, and finally made it back to camp.

After the pow-wow a vote was taken, and a majority of 36, the same number that won the county seat for Heppner, voted for peace, and the three white men took their prisoners of war down to Fort Heppner, where Col. Morrow commended their surrender, and shooed them on down to the Columbia under a flag of truce made from an old shirt that had once been white.

Meeting Place of the Ladies



Heppner's Masonic temple, constructed in 1914, where Oregon Wool Growers Auxiliary sessions are being held. A fire-proof structure of red brick, it contains the beautifully appointed lodge hall where all Masonic organizations of the city meet.

The sheep pictured on the convention buttons are feeding on grain and hay furnished Garnet Barratt by Bob Thompson.

Three and a half pounds of cleaned wool is used in making an average suit of man's clothing.

The lamb has been used since biblical times as an emblem of innocence.

Morrow county flockmasters once showed strong preference for fine wool sheep. Crossbreeds are now favorites.

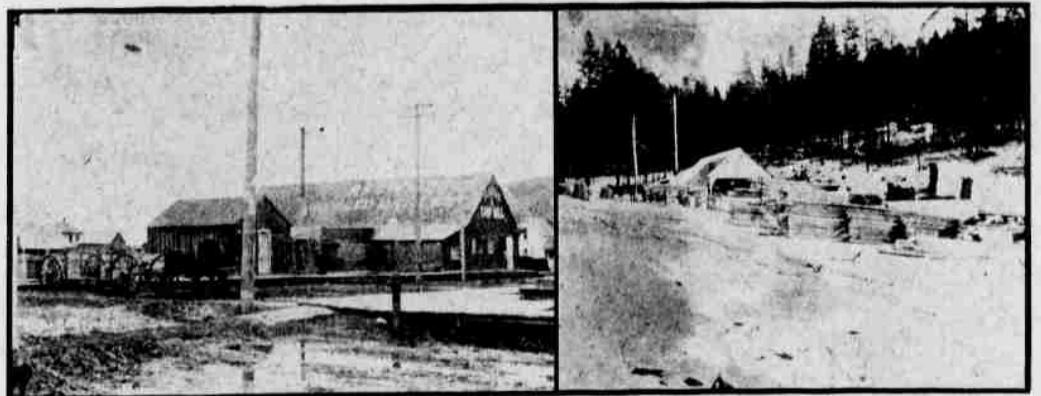
Sheep are among the oldest domesticated animals, having been run by man for centuries. Even today when all other topics fail, we talk about the wether.

A good sheepherder is known by the length of his lay-off.

It's rumored that down in Lakeview even some Irishmen run sheep.

In event of no drouth relief in 1935, Dr. Lawrence offers to make plates free for all broken-mouthed ewes.

Lumbering Has Helped



Since the earliest days small lumber mills have operated successfully in the timber belt adjacent to Heppner. These early day pictures are typical of the industry which has contributed to the development of the section.