HEPPNER GAZETTE TIMES, HEPPNER, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1937.

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MR. MINOR AGAIN.

To the Editor:

Today as I was reading your paper the thought came to me of a story father used to tell. He was then living in Gervais, below Salem.

Mother and father went to a tent show in Salem. Clowns were doing their stunts, and some fellow got tickled and kept up an uproar, laughing and creating confusion until he was the main attraction. Then the manager came around and told him if he didn't keep still they would have to throw him out. He replied that he would quit if they would quit doing those funny things.

So that's the way with me. I will quit writing you, if you'll just quit putting those pioneer articles in your paper.

What attracted me most was, "Oldtimer Writes," by R. E. Thorp, and I was just wondering if it could be a brother of Frank Thorp, who boarded at our house for about five years.

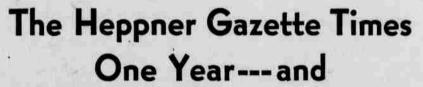
Frank and a fellow by the name of Tom Hall had a blacksmith shop about where the Chinese restaurant is now.

This was the time when Lang was buying cattle to drive to Wyoming, rather early in the spring, and a very hard winter had just passed and cattle were rather poor. A good many died.

This man Thorp appeared on the scene just as the round-up was in full swing. They were short of cowboys and Thorp went out to see if he could land a job, though he had never rode any before. They were branding that day, just below the Tom Matlock place, called the Hinton ranch at that time. I think it the same canyon that Mike Kenny and the lightning had a fracas in and Mike had to give the right of way. It might be the next canyon below. Well, I was a little young yet to land a job riding, but was quite nterested -about 17 years then, but I remember of hearing the boys laughing. This man Thorp had come in and asked the question why all the fat cattle died and the poor ones lived. A good many cattle were lying around and the sun had bloated them, and they were swelled up.

This would make the date about right—fifty years back. I do not remember his first name, but think this the fellow.

Then again you have paid tribute to Mrs. Nancy Jones, at one time one of my best customers when in the store business in Heppner. Mrs. Jones was a noble woman, and I think that closes the career of that pioneer family (that is, the foundation). At that time their neighbors Mrs. Joe I were Mr. and just below. Mr. Luckman had erected a temporary home, sent for his wife and she had arrived. Mr. Jones was just completing a log house (which is still standing) and had written for his wife, but never could tell in those days when one would arrive. Mr. Jones had been on the watch, but not really expecting her yet, but when his good friend and neighbor hitched up his Democrat wagon and started for Heppner, Mr. Jones hailed him and told him to go to the Minor hotel, his wife might be there. Luckman did as requested. Along in the afternoon, he loaded his supplies and drove up for his passenger. She got in-think she had one child, also a trunk or two, and they started for the ranch. Joe had taken a few drinks, and then took some more. and when he was opposite the John Elder place, he dropped one line, soon the other. This was too much for Mrs. Jones, who took her child and climbed out from behind. Joe often did this, and as usual his team took hm home in good shape, arriving after dark. The next morning Mrs. Luckman goes out to the barn lot and noticing those trunks came in and inquired of Joe where did he get those trunks. Joe now was just coming out good, and remarked: "My God, marm, I wonder where that woman s?" Well, Harry immediately took up the clue and found her safe and sound at the John Elder place.





C. A. MINOR.

P. S.—I expect Al Florence is the only man living today who was at that round-up. Guess he was there.

Mrs. Agnes Curran motored to La Grande Sunday, taking her niece, Miss Ruth Colleary, to the Eastern Oregon Normal school.

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