

Pictures Show Grim Aftermath



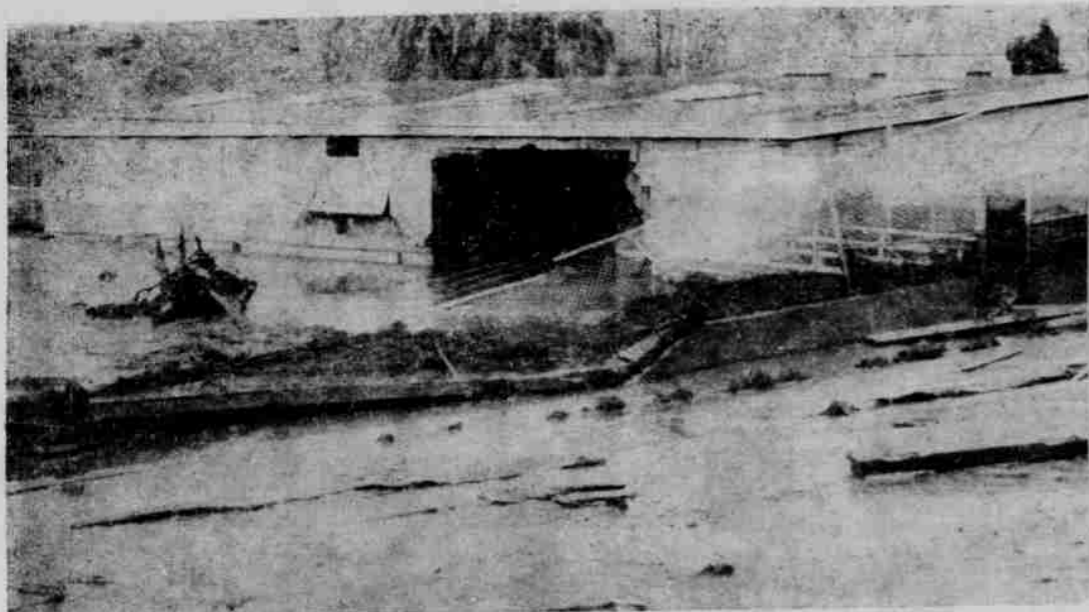
THIS PICTURE taken at the height of the flood didn't catch any of the logs that first showed as the water rushed down Chase St. This picture shows the water as it had spread across the used car parking lot. Taken from the alley behind the Wagon Wheel.

THE WATER completely surrounded the Creamery. Some of the water rushed on down Chase to empty into Willow Creek. Some of it turned and came to Main St. on Center St. The garbage can in the foreground shows the depth of the water. They are working to pull the pickup with the camper on it out of the water. This was accomplished right after this picture was taken in front of John's Chevron station.



BACK UP Main Street to the front of the Wagon Wheel where already the water is starting to recede. Immediately merchants were out pushing mud and debris off their walks.

TWO BLOCKS up the street, Lee Boutelle whose family came down and moved them up to Pasco country. Two floods in less than two years was too much for them.



FROM the Highway: the Swimming pool full of water and silt and logs and the breach in the wall of the bath house spells total loss.

THE UPPER side of the bath house with pavement from the street ripped off and slammed against the building. Trees like match sticks protrude from the break in the wall.



(Also see pictures page 2, this section)

Flood Destruction Witnessed By Many . . .

On the Tuesday of the 1971 Flood Day, Clarence Rosewall and Charlie had made plans to leave for Boardman at one o'clock. Boeing was to review their plans for their land up at the north end.

When Clarence came in he asked if we'd heard anything about a possible flood. He'd heard over the news there had been a storm in Prineville that had done a lot of timber damage and the storm was coming this way. There could be a half inch of rain in a short time in Heppner that could cause a flood. No one had heard about it. He went to check at the City Hall, Charlie called the Sheriff's office and I called the Forest Service. No one had any kind of such a report.

Clarence went back up to calm Virginia then he and Charlie went on their way.

It was a distracting afternoon as Ann and I tried to turn out copy and yet keep an eye on the sky. The sun continued to shine. Maybe it was all a mistake. Vi Lanham talked to Charlie before he left and he told her of the flood warning. Later she called me back and said if

we heard any more about a flood to call her.

The Sheriff's office called to say that the storm warning had been changed to a "Storm Watch". They said this meant that it could happen and we should keep a sharp watch. I called Vi and relayed the message.

We "Storm Watched". We kept an eagle eye on the sky as it turned cloudy and then cloudier. We told everyone who came in and everyone who called on the telephone that we could have highwater.

Then it just poured. The gutters filled. We were apprehensive but were still trying to write the news.

It was about three o'clock, I remember, when the rain stopped and I thought "just may be there won't be highwater". We typed on but concentration was at a low level. Then the siren.

I ran immediately towards the Fire Station. About halfway there, someone came out, held up his hand and said two words, "high water". I ran back to the shop, Matt quickly loaded the new camera, and I headed to-

wards the Creek. Before I got to Main Street, Chase Street was a muddy river with logs bungling down at a great rate.

Matt ran behind the Hotel to get Reggie's car. He drove it out splashing water high. I went on to the Alley but in that short distance the Chase Street water covered the full half block and I took my first picture.

I came back up to the corner, Ann, Matt and I walked down towards John's Chevron. The water was boiling on all sides of the Creamery. The rush of water went on down Chase St. and entered Willow Creek. The rest turned and came towards Main St. on Center St. More debris, oil cans and tires went by. I got two pictures here but right now we haven't found the one of the water around the Creamery.

We walked back-up Main St. Already the water was receding and we stayed on the walk which had been covered a short time before.

At the Ford Garage corner, we took to the street.

It was here where we began to see the first of the destruction. The Forest Service grounds

looked pretty bad. Bettie Doherty and Gladys Jones looked out the window of the Forest Service office to tell us they had seen it all from their vantage point and had some good pictures we could borrow.

The first house where the Boutelle's lived, looked awful with that huge log sticking through the wall. We climbed a little higher and could see the swimming pool. This was sad.

In that short time, the creek was back in the channel running bank to bank. I took some pictures of the swimming pool and the bridge that wasn't there from the bank then I clambered down the bank and walked with Matt Hughes along Cannon St. Already the place was alive with people and cameras.

I always loved the McDaniels place because I knew underneath it was a log cabin. Something big had bashed against the corner and the logs underneath it were exposed. Water had run through the house and the muck must have been a foot high. Partitions had shifted. Sam Steers didn't have water in their mobile home. The cement wall at Van Schoiacks had

protected her well. No water in her house but a yard full of silt.

The Chase St. bridge was gone and for a minute I had visions of sleeping on a bundle of newspaper. The porch at Gochnausers had been swept away and big trees and part of the bridge and big pieces of macadam were on their yard. No water in their house but the basement was full. Tools, the furnace and hot water heater all in the basement. John, with a grim face was leaving for the school to see if their youngest daughter was at school because she wasn't at home. He called the school and asked them to hold her there but he wasn't sure that his message got to her before she was let out.

Here I met another photographer that I had seen on my rounds several times. He was Paul Hansen's son and he said he'd send me some pictures.

Mrs. Hager called me and said she'd never trust me again. She had called us and we relayed to her it was a "Storm Watch". They too, had suffered great damage in the 1969 flood and more this time.

It was getting darker and

starting to rain again and me without a jacket.

They were pulling cars from Farleys used car lot. Met Mrs. Bellamy here. She was the first one to see the wall of water that came out of the canyon. She said it was 10 feet high and filled with great big logs and debris.

One of the horses caught in the crest, had quite a scramble getting to safety. Learned later that this horse belonged to Syrel Gallier.

Jerry Daggett was washing off the driveway of his service station.

Charlie came looking for me and I got in the car and rode back to the Shop.

I thought I should get word to the Red Cross Regional office of the tragedy. They'd know what steps to take to help these people. I looked at the clock and it was 7 minutes after five. I called the Pendleton Red Cross office and got their answering service who gave me Mrs. Innes' name. I called her and she gave me three names to get in Spokane. I called there and just got their answering service when the other phone rang. Our hold button hasn't been working so I

ran to the other telephone. It was the AP wanting to know about the flood. I talked to him awhile then realized it was going to take me awhile so I excused myself ran back to the other telephone and got the numbers for the three Red Cross people who could help me.

The AP man talked quite awhile. I had just hung up when Charlie came back in. We took a run up Shobe. Howard Pettyjohn was out picking up stuff. Marcel Jones was picking up irrigation pipe and the highway crew was clearing the highway of mud and debris and filling in with rock the shoulders that had been washed.

Back to town and out as far as the golf course. Lots of water had passed that way. Not so much into homes but the yards and gardens.

We went home by way of Willow Creek bridge and up Hill St.

It was as hard to write news after supper as it had been all afternoon!

Now we know . . . when it rains that hard . . . we'll get the camera loaded and be ready to go!

By Dorothy