

NAMING OF ELK ROCK

Legend of the Great Indian Famine

E. L. THORPE.

Indian legends are numerous in America and each locality is sure to be prolific in stories handed down from one generation to another, some of them doubtless true and probably nearly all of them founded on some real incident which happened at some remote date. The eastern states all have numerous points of interest which are landmarks in legendary history, but the Pacific slope seems to have very few. The reason for the paucity of such legends is probably to be found in the fact that no writer has so far thought it worth while to look them up this side of the Rocky mountains and preserve them in enduring type for the benefit of posterity.

There are legends, however, which are still told among the few remaining Indians here which would furnish excellent themes for the writers of Indian fables—for a Cooper or a Longfellow of today, that he might embalm them in enduring poetry or prose—in Leatherstocking tales or a new Hiawatha—and make for himself an honored name in current literature.

A great many people of the Northwest will remember an old Indian, once a chief of the Multnomahs when the tribe was numerous and powerful, who for all his life resided in the eastern part of Multnomah county, and who answered to the name of Indian John. The old fellow died more than twenty years ago near Fairview, probably over a hundred years of age, and had seen the unfolding of civilization in the great west, from the days when Lewis and Clark first saw its beauties until he died—the days of the railroads and steamboats and electricity, chief utilities of the pale face intruders who have wrested their lands away from the Indians and made of them nomadic wanderers in their own country.

Indian John sometimes went to Portland for a few days and was frequently seen on the streets wrapped in his old blanket, his wrinkled face and bent figure showing the signs of great age. One day, over thirty years ago I met him and, after giving him a cigar, began quizzing him about the olden days before the white people had gained a footing here, and he told me the story of Elk Rock almost as I now give it here, except that the tale was told in his broken English with many words of jargon

interpolated—a mongrel language which I understood but will not attempt to follow in this narrative. Elk Rock is situated on the bank of the Willamette river about six miles above Portland. Here is what he told me:

Many years ago, when none but Indians inhabited this country, the tribe of Multnomah was great and powerful and its head chief was a young brave named Owano. The Indians at that time had a big settlement at a point on the Willamette river near where Oregon City now stands, but there were other villages scattered along its banks, one of which was just opposite of where the little town of Milwaukie now looks over its placid waters. The forest in those days abounded in large game, and the river with fish, and there was nothing to mar the peaceful solitudes of this people, for the tread of the white man had not been heard and food was abundant. But an evil day was to come and come it did in the shape of a foe that to the warrior could not be combatted against. It was a famine in a hitherto land of plenty.

Everyone has noticed that go where you will throughout the forests of the whole Northwest there is not a fir or cedar tree of any size which does not still show signs of having passed through a fiery ordeal. Every tree has been burnt more or less, and in some sections where the flames raged the fiercest the forests were entirely destroyed, and are only now beginning to again assume their former growth, while among the trees may yet be seen the charred stumps of a few once towering firs which were not entirely consumed in that great holocaust.

This sudden visitation of the fire fiend came upon the Indians during the greatest heat of summer, just when they were waiting for the cool weather to begin their annual hunts, and as a result the game was nearly all destroyed or driven far away toward the coast, so that they were deprived of their greatest and surest means of a livelihood. There was nothing left them but the fish in the rivers, and on them they might have subsisted but for the fact that an early winter set in and soon the surface of the river was solid ice to within fifty miles of the ocean, and the ground was covered with a mantle of snow such as has never been seen since that memorable time.

These two great calamities came upon the Indians and found them wholly unprepared for resistance, so that they were soon reduced to a state of starvation. They subsisted for awhile as best they could, hoping that the river might open and fish be caught once more, but the weeks went by and all their food was gone. They ate their horses and dogs and even the skins of animals slain long before, but the famine gained upon them and they were reduced to their last extremity.

It was then that young Owano, the chief, bethought him that he might yet find some kind of game in the blackened forest, and he took his last pony and bow in a forlorn hope and started away in the early morning in quest of whatever he might find.

Owano had but recently been wedded and as he rode away he waved his hand in parting to his bride who stood in the wigwam door, following his disappearing form with hopeful eyes and tears of grief. It was their last parting.

The hunter rode away toward the west and over the hills back of their stricken village, and after awhile his eyes were gladdened by seeing the tracks of a lone elk in the crusty snow. The fever of the chase, intensified by eagerness and despair, grew upon him and he followed on and on, keeping the tracks before him for many a weary mile. The elk kept on going the whole day long, as it was probably the last survivor of its herd, and still Owano followed wherever its tracks might lead. After awhile he saw it, and it saw him or must have had some intuition of danger for it broke into a run through the charred stumps and logs of the destroyed forest, but the chief followed fast and faster and at last the animal came out of the woods upon the very brink of the great cliff that stands like a sentinel over the river, not half a mile above where Owano's bride awaited his return.

Such was the impetuosity of the chase and so closely was Owano now pursuing the elk that the latter never turned one way or the other but went straight on over the wall—down five hundred feet to the frozen waters below. Owano was following it so closely that, although he doubtless saw it disappear, he could not check his pony's speed and in another moment horse and rider too, had gone over the cliff and at its foot were found the three, all in the embrace of death.

Such is the legend of Elk Rock, and from this occurrence was it named—a name that will remain with it for ages yet to come.

Patronize home industry.

GRESHAM LOCALS

Regular meeting Gresham grange next Saturday. Open lecture hour from 2 to 3. Subject, "Preparation of Soil for Spring Planting, to be illustrated by chart work. Everyone invited. Come and let us try to learn something.

W. R. Burke has adopted a novel method of calling attention to his Eastman kodak supplies. In each package is placed a small ticket with one letter of the name Eastman printed on it. A \$20 kodak will be given to the person getting all the letters of the name.

Sterling & Kidder sold last week to Mr. Allen of the Webb Cherry farm, nine barrels of spray solution to be used on the famous orchards.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Acheson and daughter, Ruth of Portland, visited Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Burke on Sunday.

Mrs. Carrie Tilden, sister of Mrs. William Tegart, started for her home at Tillamook on Sunday morning last after a visit here lasting over six weeks. Her stay was enforced for the reason that she was unable to get home owing to the wrecks caused by the storm in December which made a return impossible. The first through train left Portland on Sunday and there was a big crowd of passengers for the trip.

Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson high schools of Portland will have their graduating exercises tomorrow night. Among the graduates are several young people well known around Gresham. They include Rose Elwood, Ruth Nystrom and Eleanor Ruby.

Rev. F. M. Burch and family have moved from Geo. Kenney's house next to Odd Fellows' hall to one of E. C. Lindsey's houses on Roberts avenue.

O. W. Tarr is putting up a new stock barn and milk house on his farm east of town and expects to engage in the dairy business on an extensive scale as soon as he can complete his plans and get the buildings ready.

Lloyd Tegart went to Eugene on Saturday to visit friends at the State University, returning home yesterday.

Pussy willows are numerous and may be seen everywhere. They were "out" a week ahead of the ground hog but he was too busy looking for his shadow to see them and dodged back into his hole when he saw the sun on Sunday. When he comes out again everything will be blooming for it will be full spring in Oregon.

Sunday was a day of interest in the Gresham churches. The fine weather brought out unusually large audiences, and some special features made the day especially helpful. In the afternoon an interesting children's meeting was held at the Free Methodist church, led by the pastor Rev. E. W. Hight. Mr. Cofer addressed a men's meeting at the Baptist church, and Rev. Melville T. Wire, a women's meeting at the Methodist church. A male quartet from Highland Baptist church Portland rendered beautiful selections at the Baptist and Methodist churches both afternoon and evening, and Miss Echo Jones sang a solo at the Baptist church in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Honey and Miss Henrietta Beatrice Honey of Portland were guests Sunday of W. F. and Geo. F. Honey and families.

Andrew Pullen of Montavilla, well known in this vicinity, who has been seriously ill for several months with typhoid fever and following complications, is reported to be able now to be about, though still in a very weakened condition.

The Ladies' Aid society will meet next Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 5, with Mrs. O. A. Eastman.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Ball of Anderson spent Sunday with Mrs. Ball's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Gould.

Mrs. Hattie Wostell has returned from Seattle where she was called by the death of an uncle, Frank Howey. Mrs. Wostell was away about 10 days.

The Gresham Council of Women Voters will have an old fashioned spelling school at the Commercial

United States Depository

For Postal Savings Fund

SAFETY COSTS BUT A TRIFLE

You need absolute protection more than you need your daily paper—it costs you LESS.

A box in our SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT affords perfect security for heirlooms, bonds, insurance policies, Abstracts of Title, Certificates of Title, Deeds, Notes and Mortgages, etc.

Such valuables are seldom recovered if lost by theft—if lost by fire NEVER. Better have them where you can place your hands on them quickly. Private room for your accommodation.

FIRST STATE BANK
GRESHAM, ORE.
THE FARMERS' BANK

Oldest Bank in the County, outside the City of Portland.

ECONOMY SALE

Starts Wed., Feb. 5, Lasts 10 Days

Fine Lace

2 yds. for

5c

We can save you money! Come in and make us prove it. Buy where you can save the most. That is the way we do. And this very habit of ours is what enables us to save so much for YOU. To give you a practical demonstration of money-saving and the power of small amounts to buy things, we have arranged this ECONOMY SALE. In it you will find another proof of the SELLING power and SAVING power of this store. The values on the sheet show what we mean.

Postcards

the doz.

10c

Enameledware

35c Berlin Kettles for	-	15c
35c Preserve Kettles for	-	15c
10-qt. Galvanized Pails for	-	15c
25c Spiders for	-	15c
25c Griddles for	-	15c

Hosiery

Ladies' fine ribbed Hose, 2 pr.	25c
Children's Hose that wear	- 25c
Men's Wool Hose, 25c val.	- 15c

Ladies' 75c
Handbags

25c

THE Novelty Shop

W. R. BIDDLE, Proprietor

canvas gloves

3 for 20c

Crockery

\$1.25 Salad Set for	-	75c
25c Vases for	-	15c
25c fancy Plates for	-	15c

HEADQUARTERS for Valentines

Handkerchiefs

Ladies' pure linen Handkerchiefs made in Ireland, are placed on sale at - 15c
Fine line of Emb., selling at per yd 5c

VALENTINES

New and Up-to-date

Valentines for the young;
Valentines for the old.

Beautiful as well as Comical

Prices from 1c to \$1.50

Gresham Drug Co.

The Rexall Store

You KNOW It

or ought to by this time

that if you want a good daily paper now's the TIME and the Evening Telegram is the PAPER.

Their Bargain Offer is still on, good till Feb. 15.

Evening Telegram, regular price \$5.00, now \$3.50.

Telegram and Outlook, regular price \$5.50, now \$4.50.

DO IT TODAY

TALK TO THE OUTLOOK ABOUT IT

am with her daughter Miss Laura, who has been ill for the past week with grip.

A. Hammar has completed the brick work on the Stapleton house on South Roberts avenue, and has the contract for the plastering which will probably be ready in two weeks.

Mrs. Ella Hornish is entertaining this week her sister, Mrs. Gregg, from near Corbett.

The Little Rosebuds and Little Sunbeams, two classes in the primary department of the M. E. Sunday school, enjoyed a treat last Friday afternoon from their teachers Miss Grace Lawrence and Miss Helen Hoss, at the home of Miss Lawrence. About 30 little people were present and enjoyed to the full the games and good things provided for them.

Miss Gladys Miller is in Portland spending the week with her aunt, Mrs. Cook.

Fred Trambly is again assisting his brother O. J. Trambly at the C. C. Store.

The Thursday club met last week at the home of Mrs. Cecil Metzger. That really isn't the name of the club, but the young matrons composing it have been so busy they haven't had time to name it. However they have pleasant social gatherings, where they may take their babies

and their work if they so desire, and discuss poetry, politics or household problems.

Fine line of Builders Hardware at Sterling & Kidder's.

The congressional seats won't mostly be empty if the coming president delivers his annual message orally.

Wake Up!

The dreary winter is nearly over. Spring is on the way. Welcome its coming by a new enterprise, a greater enthusiasm, a broader outlook upon life and its opportunities. The Outlook will help you. We want you to have it and have decided to cut our three-months' trial subscription price right in half, making the Twice-a-week Outlook to new subscribers three full months for only 25c in advance. This offer is good until Washington's birthday, Feb. 22. Take advantage of it now. Send it to your friends.

Phone your orders in for Butter Wrappers to the Gresham Outlook.

City Bakery

PAUL HOETZEL, Prop.

Best Bread

On the Market,
Fresh Every DayPies, Cakes,
and other
Pastry

Main St. Gresham, Ore.

For Sale

One Mile South of Orient

Seven Cows, three Horses ten,
Heifers--1 and 2 years old.

Heavy Spring Market Wagon, top and everything complete. Will carry 3000 pounds. Will trade for 3 1/4 wide Track Wagon.

FULL LINE OF FARMING TOOLS.

Ten acres level Pasture Land. Easily cleared for farming.

Reasonable price, or will sell or rent entire farm of 40 acres—22 acres cleared.

Five room house; two acres in orchard; good barn, 46x34, 24 feet high, holds 32 head of stock on lower floor, and 40 tons of hay on upper floor.

HENRY McGINNIS,

Boring, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 38