FAMILY GROUP No. _____ **Husband's Full Name** Hartsock

This Information Obtained From:

Husband's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Husband
Birth				Germany	
Chr'nd					
Mar.					
Death					
Burial					

Places of Residence

Occupation

Other wives, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.

His Father _____ Mother's Maiden Name _____

Wife's Full Maiden Name

Wife's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Wife
Birth				Maryland	Census
Chr'nd					
Death					
Burial					

Places of Residence

Occupation if other than Housewife

Other husbands, if any. No. (1) (2) etc. Make separate sheet for each mar.

Her Father _____ Mother's Maiden Name _____

Sex	Children's Names in Full (Arrange in order of birth)	Children's Data	Day Month Year	City, Town or Place	County or Province, etc.	State or Country	Add. Info. on Children
	1	Birth	23-7-1852				
	Full Name of Spouse: Jesstra Muncie Ogden	Mar.	21-6-1874	Gomery	Garfield	Wash	
		Death	30-9-1889	Columbia Co		Wash	
F	Arabella	Burial		Highland Cem - Columbia		- Wash	
	2	Birth	23-7-1852				
Twin		Mar.					
	Full Name of Spouse:	Death					
F		Burial					
	3 Samuel Hazlewood	Birth	29-8-1853			Mo	V Kidwiller
	32- Jacob M. Kistler	Mar.					History for
	1 William Henry Partsch	Death	4-1929				obit
F	Full Name of Spouse: Adaline Amanda	Burial		Walla Walla - Walla Walla		- Wash	
	4	Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse: Hayden	Mar.					
		Death					
F	Lenna	Burial					
	5	Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse:	Mar.					
		Death					
m	George	Burial					
	6	Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse:	Mar.					
		Death					
m	Varney	Burial					
	7	Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse:	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
	8	Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse:	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
	9	Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse:	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					
	10	Birth					
	Full Name of Spouse:	Mar.					
		Death					
		Burial					

*If married more than once No. each mar. (1) (2) etc. and list in "Add. info. on children" column. Use reverse side for additional children, other notes, references or information.

FATHER: William Henry Hartsock #66855
flags: (Indiv.) SeeFam.

bur:		[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
	Cemetery	Highland Cemetery
bir[1]:	1844	[unknown], [unknown] Co., OH
mar:	CA 1874	
resd[2]:	1885	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
Father:		
Mother:		

MOTHER: Adeline Amanda Corby #3251
flags: (Indiv.) Hssdoc; SeeFam.

bir[3]:	29 Aug 1852	[unknown], [unknown] Co., MO
mar:	CA 1874	
mar[4]:	17 Oct 1889	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
mar:	AFT 1908	
dea[5]:	9 Apr 1929	Walla Walla, Walla Walla Co., WA
bur[6]:	11 Apr 1929	Walla Walla, Walla Walla Co., WA
Father:		
Mother:		

Other husbands:
1889: Jacob Marion Kidwiler #62
1908: Mr. Gholson #66854

CHILDREN X indicates ancestor of preparer

1 F	Name: Maria Maude Hartsock #66856		
	bir[7]:	CA 1875	[unknown], [unknown] Co., KS
	mar:	24 Dec 1889	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
	to:	W. F. Evans #66887	
	resd[8]:	1929	Anaheim, Orange Co., CA
2 M	Name: Ely Hartsock #66857		
	bir[9]:	Jan 1878	Galena, Cherokee Co., KS
	resd:	1929	Medford, Jackson Co., OR
3 M	Name: Oce Hartsock #66858		
	bir[10]:	Dec 1880	[unknown], [unknown] Co., KS
	resd[11]:	1929	Walla Walla, Walla Walla Co., WA
4 F	Name: Iva Hartsock #66859		
	bir[12]:	Apr 1884	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
	mar[13]:	17 Nov 1904	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
	to:	Jack Thomas #66861	
	resd[14]:	1929	Walla Walla, Walla Walla Co., WA
5 F	Name: Flossy Hartsock #66860		
	bir[15]:	Jun 1888	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA

Individual biographical text for William Henry Hartsock #66855

William Henry Hartsock probably born in West Carlisle, Ohio. He entered the Civil War at age 16 and was discharged three years later following a neck wound by a musket ball. His namesake was that of President William

Henry Harrison. He filled the position as captain of one of the very last wagon trains to the west in the early 1880s to the Blue Mountain, to Walla Walla, then to Dayton, Washington.

Event Text: resided event on 1885

1885 Census listed W.H. Hartsock, head of household, age 41, married, farmer, born Ohio. Also in the household are A.A. Hartsock, age 31, married, born Missouri. Their children are listed as follows: Maude, age 10, female, born Kansas; Ely [Elz] age 6, male, born Kansas; Oce, age 4, male, born Kansas; Iva, age 1, female, born Washington Territory.

Event Text: death event on 9 Apr 1929

Obituary of Amanda Adaline Gholson Mrs. Adeline Gholson of Walla Walla, an old-time resident of Columbia county, died at Walla Walla hospital Tuesday after a long period of failing health. Funeral services were held Thursday, and interment was made at a Walla Walla cemetery. The deceased was born in Missouri August 29, 1852 and came west in 1882. The Hartsock family first settled near Tucanon and the grade leading into the Tucanon at Tumalum still bears their name. Later the family lived in Dayton and most recently Mrs. Gholson had made her home in Walla Walla. She is survived by four children; O. Hartsock and Mrs. Thomas Quinn, both of this city. Eliz Hartsock of Medford, Oregon; and Mrs. Maude Greaves of Anaheim, California.

FATHER:	Solomon Livengood #1942[1]		
flags:	(Indiv.) Hssdoc; Hcolor; SeeFam.		
empl:			
		Occupation	Shoemaker/Farmer
bir:	16 Jul 1819		[unknown], Davidson Co., NC
mar:	1 Oct 1848		[unknown], Fountain Co., IN
flags:	(Event) Fmarry.		
mar[2]:	CA 1858		[unknown], Hardin Co., IA
flags:	(Event) Remary.		Covello
Cens[3]:	1900		Carvello, Columbia Co., WA
dea:	13 Oct 1911		Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
Father:	Hartman, II Livengood #1943		
Mother:	Sybilla Magdalena Myers #1944[4]		
Other wives:			
1848:	Barbara Hamilton #1949		

sister to Jacob M. Kidwiler

MOTHER:	Elizabeth Victoria Kidwiler #58[5]		
flags:	(Indiv.) Hssdoc; Hcolor; SeeFam.		
B:			Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
bir[6]:	18 Dec 1839		Crawfordsville,Montgomery Co.,IN
mar[7]:	CA 1858		[unknown], Hardin Co., IA
flags:	(Event) Remary.		Covello
1880:	1880		Carvello, Columbia Co., WA
dea:	21 Jul 1917		Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
Father:	Jacob Kidwiler #46[8]		
Mother:	Mary Longbrake #55		

Second wife

CHILDREN X indicates ancestor of preparer

1	Name:	Margaret Jane Livengood #1945	
F	bir:	6 May 1867	[unknown], Yamhill Co., OR
	dea:		
2	Name:	Jacob Livengood #1946	
M	bir:	CA 1869	[unknown], Yamhill Co., OR
	dea:		
3	Name:	Clara Melvina Livengood #1947	
	flags:	(Indiv.) Hssdoc; Hcolor; SeeFam.	
F	bir:	4 Jan 1871	Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
	empl:		
		Occupation	Homemaker
	Cens[9]:	1880	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
	dea:	17 Oct 1954	Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
4	Name:	Ivy May Livengood #1948	
F	bir:	Sep 1879	Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
	dea:		

Event Text: census 1880 event on 1880

Elizabeth Victoria Livengood is listed as the wife of Solomon.

Relationship to Mother: great-grandniece

FATHER: Solomon Livengood #1942[1]
flags: (Indiv.) Hssdoc; Hcolor; SeeFam.
empl:
Occupation Shoemaker/Farmer
bir: 16 Jul 1819 [unknown], Davidson Co., NC
mar: 1 Oct 1848 [unknown], Fountain Co., IN
flags: (Event) Fmarry.
mar[2]: CA 1858 [unknown], Hardin Co., IA
flags: (Event) Remary.
Cens[3]: 1900 Carvello, Columbia Co., WA
dea: 13 Oct 1911 Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
Father: Hartman, II Livengood #1943
Mother: Sybilla Magdalena Myers #1944[4]
Other wives:
1858: Elizabeth Victoria Kidwiler #58

MOTHER: Barbara Hamilton #1949
flags: (Indiv.) Hssdoc; Hcolor; SeeFam.
empl:
Occupation Homemaker
bir: CA 1821
mar: 1 Oct 1848 [unknown], Fountain Co., IN
flags: (Event) Fmarry.
dea: CA 1856 Eagle City, Hardin Co., IA
Father:
Mother:

first wife

CHILDREN X indicates ancestor of preparer

1 F
Name: Sarah Livengood #1950
bir: CA 1850 [unknown], Fountain Co., IN
empl:
Occupation Homemaker
mar: CA 1870
to: James M. Martin #1953
dea:

2 F
Name: Mary Elizabeth Livengood #1951
bir: 31 Mar 1854 Eagle City, Hardin Co., IA
empl:
Occupation Homemaker
mar: CA 1874
to: James M. Mc Cauley #1954
dea: 15 Mar 1931 Dayton, Columbia Co., WA

3 M
Name: John W. Livengood #1952
flags: (Indiv.) NoChld; Hssdoc; Hphoto.
B[5]: May 1856 Eagle City, Hardin Co., IA
bir: 25 May 1856 Eagle City, Hardin Co., IA
dea: 27 May 1856 infancy.

FATHER:	Jacob Marion Kidwiler #62	
flags:	(Indiv.) Hssdoc; Hcolor; SeeFam.	
bir[1]:	16 Apr 1844	Crawfordsville,Montgomery Co.,IN
Cens:	21 Jun 1880	Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
mar[2]:	17 Oct 1889	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
cens:	1892	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
dea[3]:	20 Sep 1908	Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
bur[4]:	22 Sep 1908	Dayton, Columbia Co., WA
Father:	Jacob Kidwiler #46[5]	
Mother:	Mary Longbrake #55	

MOTHER:	Adeline Amanda Corby #3251	
flags:	(Indiv.) Hssdoc; SeeFam.	
bir[6]:	29 Aug 1852	[unknown], [unknown] Co., MO
mar:	CA 1874	
mar[7]:	17 Oct 1889	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
mar:	AFT 1908	
dea[8]:	9 Apr 1929	Walla Walla, Walla Walla Co., WA
bur[9]:	11 Apr 1929	Walla Walla, Walla Walla Co., WA
Father:		
Mother:		
Other husbands:		
1874:	William Henry Hartsock #66855	
1908:	Mr. Gholson #66854	

any information on this child? Died? Where buried?

CHILDREN X indicates ancestor of preparer

1	Name:	Rachel Kidwiler #66886	
	flags:	(Indiv.) NoChild.	
F	bir:	1891	[unknown], Columbia Co., WA
	dea:	BEF 1900	

Event Text: Census event on 21 Jun 1880

1880 U.S. Census: Jacob Kidwiler is listed as age 36 years, white, male, single, residing with the Solomon Livengood, his brother-in-law. Three years later in 1883 Jacob states he is age 33 years, occupation is that of a truckman, born Indiana, unmarried.

Event Text: census event on 1892

Census of 1892, Columbia County, Washington at Book 4, page 16: Jake Kidwiler is head of household, age 45, born Indiana, married. Also in family are listed: Adaline, age 37, married, born Missouri, married; Ellis Hardsock, age 14, male, born Missouri; Ace Hardsock, age 11, male, born Missouri; Ivy hardsock, age 8, female, born Washington; Clausy Hardsock, age 4, female, born Washington; Rachel Kidwiler, age 1, female, born Washington.

Event Text: death event on 20 Sep 1908

Obituary of Jacob M. Kidwiler *Jacob M. Kidwiler died at his home in west Dayton Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock following an illness of several months, death being due to cancer of the stomach. Mr. Kidwiler came to Dayton more than 35 years ago and has resided here continuously since. He was 64 years old. Besides a wife, he is survived by a sister, Mrs. Sol Livengood of this county, a sister and two brothers in Iowa.*

Relationship to Father: great-grandniece

Event Text: death event on 9 Apr 1929

Obituary of Amanda Adaline Gholson Mrs. Adeline Gholson of Walla Walla, an old-time resident of Columbia county, died at Walla Walla hospital Tuesday after a long period of failing health. Funeral services were held Thursday, and interment was made at a Walla Walla cemetery. The deceased was born in Missouri August 29, 1852 and came west in 1882. The Hartsock family first settled near Tucanon and the grade leading into the Tucanon at Tumalum still bears their name. Later the family lived in Dayton and most recently Mrs. Gholson had made her home in Walla Walla. She is survived by four children; O. Hartsock and Mrs. Thomas Quinn, both of this city. Eliz Hartsock of Medford, Oregon; and Mrs. Maude Greaves of Anaheim, California.

Hartsock

1885 Census

Pg 113 - W. H. Hartsock		41 M	Farmer	Ohio Married
A. A.	"	31 F		Mo "
Maria	"	10 F		Kan
Elisy	"	6 M		"
Oc L (?)	"	4 M		"
Ira	"	1 F		W. T.

1887 Census

Pg 119 - W. H. Hartsock		43 M		Ohio Married
A	"	33 F		Mo "
Maude	"	11 F		Kan
E	"	9 M		"
O	"	6 M		"
Ira	"	3 F		W. T.

Early Columbia Co., Wash. Territory Marriages 1876-1889

			Witnesses
Amanda A - Married - Jacob M. Kedwiler - 17 Oct 1889			W. S. Hayden
			Mrs. Low Lathrop
Maria - " - W. H. Evans - 24 Dec 1889			Mabel Kuder
			L. H. Barnley

Burials

Age	Name	Cemetery	
40	W. H.	Highland	(Co. G 11 Ill. Inf.) on Headstone

Columbia Co. Newspaper Abstracts

1884-1886

Pg 34- O.S. #294- Alex J. Edwards
Witness: Wm. Hartsock (Jan 1885)

1887-1890

Pg 38- Died in this County 3 Dec 1888, W.H. Hartsock, aged 44 years.

Pg 72- Married at the office of the justice, in this city 17 Oct 1889, J.N. Kidwiler & Miss Amanda Hartzog

Pg 78- Marriage license issued W.F. Edwards & Maud Hartzog 24 Dec 1889.

Pg 79- Married at the justice's office in this city, 24 Dec 1889, W.F. Evans & Miss Maud Hartsock.

11 Apr 1929

Adaline Gholson

Mrs. Adaline Gholson of Walla Walla, an old-time resident of Columbia county, died at a Walla Walla hospital Tuesday after a long period of failing health. Funeral services were held Thursday, and interment was made at a Walla Walla cemetery.

The deceased was born in Missouri August 29, 1852 and came west in 1882. The Hartsock family first settled near Tucanon and the grade leading into the Tucanon at Tumalum still bears their name. Later the family lived in Dayton and most recently Mrs. Gholson had made her home in Walla Walla.

She is survived by four children; O. Hartsock and Mrs. Thomas Quinn both of this city; Eliz Hartsock of Medford, Oregon; and Mrs. Maude Greaves of Anaheim, California.

Dayton Chronicle
Dayton, Wash
9 Apr 1986

William Henry Hartsock and his wife Adeline Amanda were early settlers in Columbia County. Their grandson, Garold Hartsock, will tell their story in a series beginning in this week's Chronicle.

9 Apr 1986

Remembering the early days

HIGH COUNTRY

Columbia County is rich with history and this week the Chronicle introduces a new series based on some of that history. The column will be a serialization of a book High Country which was written and copyrighted by Garold Hartsock with first rights granted to the Chronicle. Garold's grandfather, William Henry Hartsock, was captain of the last wagon train west in the 1880's to our area. The Hartsock Grade in the eastern part of the county carries his family name.

Mr. Hartsock, who says he began his writing career at the age of 12 and has since written hundreds of all kinds of stories, will describe life in the early days on the Tucannon.

His first chapter, "Little House in the Canyon," begins this week.

William Henry Hartsock from West Carlisle, Ohio--named for President William Henry Harrison, entered the Civil War at the age of 16. There is a family rumor that he actually entered the conflict younger than that, as a drummer boy, too young to pack a gun. I have his actual discharge at age 19 after three years of service; he had a musket ball in his neck, too close to the spine to be removed in the year 1864.

When Adeline Amanda Corby met and married him, he was a widower and had grown--by her own words, to 6 feet 1½ inches "in his sock feet." He captained the last wagon train west in the early 1880's to the Blue Mountains, to Walla Walla, to Dayton, Washington. To be sure there was a new railroad west, but it "cost too much," according to Adeline Amanda and, more recently, Dr. Dennis Donahue of Seattle, whose grandparents were in that last wagon train captained by William Henry Hartsock.

At that date, though barely 25 years had elapsed since the 1855 Indian treaty at Walla Walla which opened the land to settlers who had bypassed the Inland Empire for the Willamette Valley chiefly out of fear of Indians, Bill Hartsock found that most of the fine bottom land near Pendleton, Walla Walla and Dayton had been claimed and homesteaded. Therefore, Bill took his family, and some of his friends, northeast out of Dayton, up the slopes of the Blues, and there on a steep side canyon of the Tucannon River found a spot upon which to build a rough pine board house, a barn, a pig pen, plus fine ground for an orchard, and many virgin acres for wheat. A good spring, and a trail that became the road to Dayton were a few steps from the front door; the excess water from the spring ran down the steep draw to the Tucannon.

Bill Hartsock worked hard; he was an old hand at pioneering and farming, and didn't worry too much about the minie-ball in his neck. My father, Elz, born in Galena, Kansas, went to school, as did all the other children of the sparsely-settled area, out on top, for six months of the year. That was the school year, six months. Later on Elz was in the sixth grade when he stopped going--to earn his living.

Bill Hartsock was a gruff man--as his pictures will attest, and didn't seem completely happy, Elz remembered, didn't talk much and worked constantly.

Elz and some of the neighbor kids, including cousins, spent some time in the summer at the Tum-a-Lum campground in the Tucannon bottom, which is still there, competing with Indian kids; footraces, swimming and making bows and arrows. To be authentic, you have to pronounce arrow like R O, now matter what Webster says. All my family, cousins, aunts, grandma, all pronounced it R O. Elz showed me, personally, and a few years later, my own son, Gary, at age 12, exactly how the Indians showed him exactly how to make a bow out of Indian arrow (RO) wood. It took me years to learn that the clumps of rough gray stems that Elz pointed out to me as "Indian arrow (RO) wood" were Syringa. Mock orange. Just as Sarvis Berry, found all over the Blues and Wallowas, is often called Service Berry by lots of folks -- not us, man!

So that's what life on Hartsock Grade was: a lot of work, a little school, where you did your writing and arithmetic with a slate pencil on a slate, and occasionally, relaxation and fun at Tum-a-Lum campground with the Indian kids.

Next week: Bill is strick typhoid pneumonia.

Remembering the early days

HIGH COUNTRY

by Garold Hartsock

In the following serialization of his book, **High Country**, Garold Hartsock tells the story of his family settling in the Tucannon area, his father Elz, and his grandfather William Henry Hartsock who was captain of the last wagon train to the area in 1880.

Elz was growing. So was the family. Flossie was the new baby.

One day a large band of sheep came down from the top of the grade, as others had before. Bill Hartsock ran to the trail and waved his hat and yelled the sheep and herder off the unfenced land. The herder paid no attention. Bill dropped his work and rushed up the hill.

"Get the hell off my land."

The man looked at him and at the steep up and down wagon tracks, the story and a half shack—— and kept pushing his sheep. Bill charged and collided with the herder and hit him and knocked him flat. The sheepman jumped up, and they "went to it." These were not exactly scienced blows, but they were heavy and they did damage when they landed.

Elz was watching.

Finally the sheepman was out of breath.

"Well, friend," he gasped, "I don't know what this is all about, but you're too much for me. Besides I can't fight very good on a hillside."

"I've told you before," Bill Hartsock yelled, "keep your blasted sheep off my land. I mean it."

"Why," said the man, "this is my first trip down this trail. I'm taking my sheep up the Tucannon. I never saw you before."

Bill Hartsock was a little set back.

"Well, plenty others before you. Thought I recognized you."

"Not me. I'm Jack Clanahan. Didn't know I was trespassing. I'll get them back up the grade--"

"No," Bill said, "just don't let 'em stop and eat. It's a mile down, a lot more back up. Guess I got too emphatic. I just plain ran out of patience."

"Well, then, I'll be thankin' you," said Jack Clanahan, "and keep 'em moving. Luck to you."

In the years ahead Bill Hartsock and Jack Clanahan (not his real name) became friends and talked and laughed about their first meeting.

"A rough fight," Bill said, "but who can fight very well on a hillside--less'n he's got one short leg!"

The apple trees grew--still there after 100 years, most of them-- and the family grew. There was Bill, Addie, Maude, Elz, Oce, Iva and the baby Flossie.

It was an important, very exciting day when the family would have to go into Dayton town for buying things. There was not much money, but occasionally some things had to be store boughten; one such thing was sugar--brown. It came in a wooden barrel. And when the lid was pried off, all the kids, even the neighbor kids down almost to the Tucannon, got a lump.

Elz told his mother, "I could eat that whole barrel."

His mother said, "Well, go ahead."

She gave him a spoon, and he went to work. It didn't take long.

"I ate till it was coming out my ears," Elz told me, "and I hadn't made a dent in the barrel of brown sugar. Try it sometime. You'll see."

Since there was not much money, there was absolutely no money for toys. But Addie had kept small wooden box. Bill was very careful about his tools-- and didn't see much good in toys anyway-- so Addie, with a small pearl handled penknife, and much patience and time, cut wheels from a flat pine board, bored out axle holes (still with a penknife), fitted on a handle, and the kids had a wagon to play with--their only toy.

Bill didn't object as long as they didn't bother his brace and bits. Many years later Elz gave me the brace and bits his mother had saved; a hired man stole the brace, I still have the bits. And I have Bill Hartsock's harness and soe repair tools. All in an old red Union-Cut-Plug tin box. Plus an iron shoemaker's last for half soling shoes. So they got by out on Hartsock Grade.

And then one cold November day of 1888 Bill Hartsock got the ague___ shook like a quaking aspen in the breeze. When the chores were done, he went to bed. For a week, maybe two, Maude, Elz and Oce did what chores had to be done. And then Bill Hartsock died.

"Typhoid pneumonia," Elz told me "That's what they called it. Anyway it killed him."

I said, "I wonder if that minie-ball in his neck had anything to do with it.

Nobody could ever know, of course.

Anyway they buried William Henry Hartsock, Civil War Veteran, wagon train captain, still in his early forties, up on top in the small Highland Cemetery--still there--that was not far from the schoolhouseand church both long gone. Elz watched them lower his father's coffin into the grave. A cold blustery day, he always remembered, December 2, 1888.

The government eventually supplied a flat white marble headstones for William H. Hartsock, as they did for all Civil War Veterans. Much the___ same as the headstones for army veterns a hundred years later. It's up there in Highland Cemetery. I visited it with my father and my two sons one of them named by my father, for his father, who captained the last wagon train west.

It's history now to all of us. Imagine the sad little family that rode in the wagon back down Hartsock Grade to the browning board house and barn. There was a settler, Bachelor Jake Kidwiler, who helped them some and they were grateful.

They got by.

NEXT WEEK; Elz strikes out on his own.

HIGH COUNTRY

In the following serialization of his book, **High Country**, Garold Hartsock tells the story of his family settling in the Tucannon area, his father Elz, and his grandfather William Henry Hartsock, who was captain of the last wagon train to the area in 1880.

This Week: Choreboy for John McCauley

After Bill Hartsock's death, there was still a farm to run--not a woman's job, really. Jake Kidweiller, bachelor, had been known to Bill and Addie Hartsock; now he did the chores to help Addie. Pretty soon he was around a lot. The Hartsock family now consisted of Adeline Amanda, Maude, Elz, Oce, Iva and Flossie, the baby. Jake Kidweiller didn't mind this ready-made family. Addie accepted him into the family. They were married.

Elz was the one who rebelled at a stranger in his father's place. Jake slept with Addie in the browning board house. He was always around, working, making plans. Elz did things Bill Hartsock's way.

One day Elz did something the way his father had taught him, and Jake Kidweiller was watching. Jake said, "Elz, I'm boss around here now. Do it my way."

Elz said it plain: "You're just old Jake Kidweiller. You couldn't ever take my father's place. I'll do everything his way. It's his homestead and his family."

"I'll have to report this to Addie," Jake said.

Adeline Amanda said to her son, "Elz, you're going to have to do things Jake's way now. Father is dead. Maybe he's in heaven someplace, but he isn't here, and Jack is. Get along with Jake, can't you?"

"No," Elz said.

"Then," said Addie, "you'll have to leave."

Elz told me, many years later, that he could get that feeling—a rush of anger, helplessness, and abandonment. His mother had turned him out. She'd sided with stranger Jake Kidweiller.

Elz marched out of the browning board house, up the steep Hartsock grade, barefooted and, by his own words, "swelling up like a toad inside."

"Didn't you take a satchel or a suitcase?"

"Didn't have one," Elz said. "All I owned was on my back."

"Barefooted?"

"Yep. I'd given my outgrown shoes to Oce."

One of the places he came on to was John McCauley's. John was a young man about 25.

"Hi, Elz," John McCauley said, "where you headed?"

"I don't like Jake Kidweiller," Elz said. "I thought I'd help you with chores. If you needed me, that is--"

"Why," John McCauley said, looking at that little red-headed, freckle-faced kid," "I reckon there's something a boy can do around here."

"I could milk. You wouldn't have to."

"Sure," John McCauley said.

Elz knew a great relief. And so he helped with the chores, like feeding pigs and cows, carrying water for the house. Things like that. He went to school. For several years he'd been learning to read and write, and do arithmetic, on a slate--

The weather got cooler, then just plain cold. Elz had pretty tough feet, but even tough feet get cold. Sometimes they crack and bleed.

Elz enjoyed milking about as much as anything he did. He had a friend, a gray cat, who would go milking with him, and drink a thin stream of milk Elz would squirt at him--and not miss much either. A fine fat cat, warm as toast to the bare feet. He purred in a real friendly fashion.

And then Elz discovered something else, warmth elsewhere--

In the fresh green cow platters.

Yep.

"My God," I said to Pop, "how'd you get it off?"

"Well," Elz said, "straw or hay worked pretty well when I finally had to go inside with the milk bucket. Finished up with a gunny sack, when I had one. But they were scarce."

"You can't rub off smell!"

"No," pop admitted. "Too cold to wash the feet. I just made out the best I could. Then one day I came home from school and John had bought me a dollar pair of shoes in Dayton. No socks, just shoes. He didn't have much money--nobody did--but he knew I needed shoes."

"Probably the smell drove him to it."

"Might have."

"What did your mother say?"

"I never saw her. I saw Oce and ___ once in awhile. They were getting along with out me."

"Didn't they miss you?"

"The kids did. It was years, and years later, when you were going to be born, that mother finally came to visit me in the high country, and ___ help mama."

"Mama said grandma just stood around and got waited on and didn't wash dishes or sweep. Didn"t do a thing."

"Well," Pop said, "I guess _____ told you. Say, you going to write all of this down?"

"Sure. Someday," I said, "Maybe." Pop was touch about those e____ cowpoos he'd warmed his feet in. I Guess it's all right now. I hope.

HIGH COUNTRY

Badman: Hank Vaughn

by Garold Hartsock

It is an amazing fact that when history produced heroic men or bad men, there is always someone who knew that man "when"; and often fabricated stories about him. One beautiful book I own, all autographed and numbered, was turned out by a master printer of Lewiston, Idaho, who collected early anecdotes and printed them on glossy paper that must have cost plenty even in 1947. There are serveral pages on Hank Vaughn; separating the fiction from fact is where the true reporter comes in...

Elz saw Hank Vaughn one long-ago evening in the old Dayton Hotel playing cards; it was somewhat before Elz took off for the high country...

"What did he look like?"

"I couldn't tell, for sure," Elz said. "Just like a man...dark clothes, hat, gun on his hip...not the usual thing even for a man of that day. Everybody seemed to wait upon his action. I never saw him again."

Mr. Bailey's book states that Vaughn was a very small man, weighing 125 pounds, full of fight, and often engaging in nefarious action when he was drunk...which was quite often. Bailey's book states that Vaughn, drunk as usual, commanded a Southerner named Folwell to do a little dance for Vaughn and friends. Folwell refused. Vaughn drew his gun, shot at Folwell's feet and made him dance.

The story was passed to Bailey by R.S. Erb of the Erb Hardware in Lewiston, but it really happened in Athena, Oregon...

Shortly thereafter, Folwell burst into a store in the town, shouted that he intended to kill Vaughn, and started shooting at Vaughn. The first shot broke Vaughn's arm. Vaughn jumped behind a spool cabinet; the next five shots went through the cabinet...one hit Vaughn in the leg. Vaughn always thereafter walked with a limp...

It is entirely possible the story is true. But there are several other true stories that could well have accounted for the limp.

Jim Blakely, who was a close friend of Elz Hartsock's was the oldest man I ever knew, dying at the age of 100. He's buried in the high country, Enterprise cemetery. Jim, when I knew him, was a tall white-haired man with a careful shuffling gait, and a deeply lined face; a gold locket as a watch-fob on a chain across his thin old chest. What a fine old dude he was. His brothers all lived to their nineties; his father, Captain James Blakely, was a close friend of Henry Spalding, and shared his homestead with Spalding after the Whitman massacre...down in the Willamette...Captain James Blakely was 106 when he died near Brownsville, Oregon. Jim himself had been involved in a range war with crooked vigilantes, hangings, the works, down in Prineville when all that land was part of the vast Wasco County. Jim knew Hank Vaughn and well...

Jim told me: "Damn right I knew Hank. One day in Til Glaze's saloon in Prineville he got into it with Charley Long...they were both drinking, neither would back down. They both drew guns and backed away ten feet, and started blazing away at each other. That story about each holding onto one silk handkerchief as they fought is a lot of you-know-what! They emptied their guns into each other...they were both layin' there on the floor, bleeding and half dead. Hank called to me: 'Jim, my papa always said I'd die with my boots on...take 'em off!'

Jim said, "I did. And they both lived, coupla roughnecks! Yeah, Hank was a roughneck, but a gentleman roughneck. He'd killed one man real young...but what would you do if a stranger rode into your camp and demanded you give up your gun. Hell, Hank rolled out of the firelight, shooting all the time, and it was a sheriff he killed! More damn fools! Hank served time, and came out a free man. He married an Indian gal up on Wildhorse Crick...she was the widow of Colonel Ruby...she had this fine piece of land....and that's exactly why Hank married her."

"What did Hank Vaughn look like?"

"Medium build, always wore a black suit, long-tailed to help cover his gun, or guns...but couldn't cover up his muscular thighs...you could see 'em when he sat down..."'

"How'd he die and where?"

"I wasn't there...I was over here...heard about it. Horse stumbled, pitched Hank over his head, broke Hank's neck..."

That would have ended the Hank Vaughn story, except for something else Elz discovered...about 1956, it was...Elz had bought a house over back of the city hall in Milton, Oregon. He rode the bus back to Pendleton where he had a dry-cleaning plant. Sometimes he came home every night...

He said to me, one night: "Say, Buddy, I met a fellow in the bus station over town I think you'd like to talk with...Bill Dozier...pretty old...knew Hank Vaughn..."

That got my attention. But I was kinda lazy. Still..."Where's he live?"

"There's a lady over a couple blocks close to the cannery...takes care of old guys who don't have a home of their own...Bill Dozier lives there. He said he'd like to talk to you."

I almost didn't go; as I said, I was lazy. I wrote and sold fiction; I could write a terrific shoot-out story in a few days...

But I finally went. About six or seven blocks from Elz and Nelia's house, I found the place...a pleasant middle-aged lady answered the door: "Bill? Oh yes, he's upstairs in his room. All cleaned up. He'll be glad to see you."

And he was. A lean, six-foot man. Clean white, starched shirt, dark pants. "Come in, come in...I'm kinda expecting my son."

I said, "My father said you were a jockey. Pretty tall for a jockey..."

"I raced a lot in early days," Bill said. "Sure I'm tall. Weigh 160-70 pounds. But I almost never lost a race. I'd become a part of my horse...I'd lean forward along his neck and just sorta ease him into a run. I never whipped a horse. You see 'em on TV flogging the hell out of their horse with a quirt. Not me. I'd just given him confidence, talk to him, and sorta ease and lift him into a dead run...He'd give his all..."

"Heard you knew Hank Vaughn."

"My goodness, yes...I sure did!"

"Describe him."

"About five-ten, fine looking man. Always wore good clothes, dark. Big muscled thighs. He'd fight a buzzsaw."

"That's what Jim Blakey said."

"Noticeable. Well-muscled thighs."

"How well did you know him?"

"Pretty well," Bill said. "He kinda broke the ice for me one evening in Pendleton. We got acquainted. He wanted to go to a certain parlor house..."

"Parlor house?"

"That was Hank's name for them."

"Where was it?"

"About a block over from Main street, behind the Temple Hotel today. Right back there on the corner."

I nodded.

"I was about 18. Hank was older. We went over to the parlor house.

Some roughnecks were in there, loud and boisterous. Hank kinda held me quiet with his hand. The noise continued. The owner of the parlor house finally saw Hank and me. She said, real loud, 'Hank Vaughn, don't you dare come in here and start anything.' "

"You know," Bill Dozier said, "Those hell-raisers calmed down so fast you wouldn't believe it...they just eased out of the parlor house. Never saw 'em again. Hank never said one word."

"What finally happened to Hank Vaughn?"

"He got drunk, rode his horse into a saloon, then out, in and out...then started really showing off: he rode his horse down the boardwalk. There was a broken board. The horse stumbled and fell. Threw Hank over his head...broke Hank's neck..."

I told Bill what Jim Blakely told me.

"Then Hank did die with his boots on."

"He sure did. Horseman all his life. When he was drunk he had no judgement at all."

En pace requiescat, Hank Vaughn.

HIGH COUNTRY

Why Grandpa Perkins hated Indians

by Garold Hartsock

The 1880 census on Union County, Oregon, Prairie Creek precinct, handwritten on July 16th and 17th, bears this information about the Perkinses:

Harmon	age 42 farmer
Cornelia	37 wife
Luther	21 son
Assorted	daughters

Harmon and Cornelia were the grandparents of the yet unknown little Cornelia Nancy who later played such an important part in the Hartsock family; Luther was her papa...

I once saw Harmon (everyone, friends and family alike called him Hiram). He was pretty old. I wondered why my mama didn't want to see him; I found out in later years. But he brought me some marbles in a paper sack. That put me on his side.

I have the homestead application filed by Harmon Perkins in the land office at La Grande which states that he had lived on that precise 160 acres east across the hill from Wallowa Lake since June 19, 1874...absent only for "a few weeks in 1877 due to the Indian scare." It cost $16 to file for the land, and $6 later...

I was told that this family was one of the finest families. "The preacher always stayed at their house." This seemed to be the final accolade...

Hiram was about 5'9", blue eyes, light complexion. His son Luther was about 6' or 6'1", blue eyes, light brown hair, top weight 180 pounds, maybe more.

Chief Joseph, the younger, used to dry dishes for Cornelia, Hiram's wife, and bounce the small children on his moccasined foot, playing horsey...

They didn't soften young Luther...he hated Indians...

In my time I've had a lot of Indian friends...Si Wilkinson, Gilbert Connor, Joe Blackeagle, Otis Halfmoon...lots of them...and liked them. Not Luther Perkins.

I finally found out why.

One day Luther's son Luther came by my place...I carefully led him into a discussion about why Grandpa hated Indians...

"Simple," Uncle Luther said. "Ever since he was eight he hated them. Listen..."

Here's what he told me:

One day Hiram and Cornelia were off somewhere visiting. Luther and his sisters were at the cabin, playing outside. A small band of Indians rode up. The head man slid off his long-tailed cayuse. "You give food!"

Luther was about 8...he made the decision: "No."

The chief grabbed Luther and threw him to the ground. Then he yanked out a tomahawk from his belt. "You give food?"

"No."

The chief held Luther down...up went the tomahawk, flashing in the sun, then down! Luther thought his time had come. The tomahawk stopped short of his nose...

"You give food?"

"No."

Up went the shining tomahawk, and down! Luther saw the keen blade stop...just above his nose. The chief was scowling dark and fierce. "Now you give food?"

Luther's little sisters were crying in the background..."No!"

The chief's manner changed...he slid the tomahawk into his belt...he pulled Luther to his feet...

"Heap brave...good man!"

The chief leaped on his horse...the band took off after him, laughing to themselves...

Luther didn't cry; he just felt like it. From that moment on, all his life, he hated Indians. And he lived to be pretty old, before he died in Ashland, Oregon...

Walter Brennan, the old character actor, thought Why Grandpa Hated Indians was a great title for a book or movie, or something, I thought it was a lousy title. But I miss once in awhile TAMMY'S SUMMER was a book Walter brought up from Hollywood: I said: "What a pollyanna title!" Maybe you knkow what happened: it became at least one movie, maybe two, and a top tune on all the charts...Tammy in Love...

Ah, well.

HIGH COUNTRY

Into thin air

by Garold Hartsock

About forty years ago, when little Joseph town in the high country decided to put on a celebration, they invited Indians from Lewiston, Lapwai, and the Pendleton area to come over and help put on a show. They designated certain grassy areas as Indian campgrounds; Max Wilson, Joseph's lawyer, had Indian friends from all over, in his pasture right by the house.

I went to Max. "Take me to the oldest Indians. I want some true stories directly from Indians. Mine are all white-men stories about Indians."

So Max introduced me to Gilbert Connor, Joe Blackeagle, and Otis Halfmoon. Otis was about the oldest...

I said, "I want true stories only. For instance, did you in early days ever kill any white people?"

"No," Otis said honestly. "But we almost did."

"Let 'er buck."

"It was mostly talk," Otis said. "The young men wanted to kill one of the white settlers...and his family. It was over a horse."

"Ah, a cayuse."

"Our fastest horse," Otis said quietly.

"Otis," I said, "could we digress a second? Did Indians always have horses?"

"No," Otis said. "we went down to the land of the Big Hats and stole our first horses..."

"When was that?"

Otis thought. "Well, there was Young Man Billy, and Old Man Billy...about the time of Old Man Billy, about then..."

"Would that be about the time of Lewis and Clark?"

"About then."

"Well, what did you use before that for beasts of burden?"

"Indians used dogs."

"To pull travois and--"

"Yes."

"Okay," I said, making notes. "This settler you were going to kill over a horse--"

"Our fast horse," Otis explained.

"Oh."

"The Indians were all camped at the foot of the lake. We all let our horses eat grass on the hills. We always had."

"The east moraine?"

He nodded. Very dignified; he wanted to be sure I understood. "One day our fast horse was gone. We looked all around. We couldn't find him. All our young men went out looking for that horse."

"Disappeared into thin air?" I said.

"No," Otis said. "Not exactly. One of the young men came in that night to the camp and said he had found the horse. Everyone wanted to know where...He said, 'In a corral on the other side of the hill. It belongs to a white settler.' "

"Were they mad! They wanted to do a war dance. Instead, they waited 'til early next morning, a dozen mad young men, and rode up over the hill and down to the white man's homestead."

This story was getting pretty good; better'n I had counted on.

Otis said: "We saw our horse down there in the pole corral. We didn't go down to the cabin. We went back to our camp. We did a lot of talking. The old men listened. The young men finally decided to go back and explain to the white man that he had our horse."

"Sure," I said. "Could be any number of reasons why he had the horse in the corral. Maybe the horse had an injury, and he was putting tar and sheep dip on the wound. My papa did that."

Otis looked at me out of wise old eyes. "The young men went back across the ridge. Our horse was gone."

"What!"

"The white settler told them to look around. He said, 'I don't have your horse.' The young men didn't believe him. They'd seen their horse in the corral. Indians don't make many mistakes on horses. They looked all around, even in the barn. No horse. They rode back up over the hill to their camp. They were pretty mad. They wanted to do a war dance, then go back and kill the white settler and his wife and children. But the old men were against it."

I nodded. "Older, wiser heads, eh?"

"We were not long past a terrible war," Otis said. "Ollocut and Joseph's wife were killed, and many good Indians. Times were changing. We couldn't start another war just over our horse. But we wanted our fast horse back powerful bad. The old men told us to forget it. We yelled at the moon all night."

"I'll bet," I said.

"So," Otis concluded, "we didn't kill the white man or his family. We didn't get our horse back either."

"Doggone," I said. "Who was the white settler?"

"Oh, we all knew him," Otis said. "He was a pretty tough man. We called him Big Nose Perk. He hated Indians."

The skin began to tighten on my neck.

"His name was Perkins. Hin-mot-too-yah-lat-kekht, young Joseph, used to dry dishes for his mother..."

"Ah, yes," I said. I didn't know what else to say. I thanked Otis for the story. He told me many more. I never did find out if Otis Halfmoon knew of my forebearers. Knew him for years. Never put the tory in print either, 'til now...

Finally, though, I did solve the real mystery:

My mam's brother, young Luther grown old, came to visit me in Joseph town. I was always happy to see him. I hit him with the Otis Halfmoon story, He laughted loud. "Don't you know what happened to that cayuse?"

"Never had a hint."

"Well, you know Hiram settled out in the valley on one branch of Prairie Creek. Dad settled right up against the hill. His bsarn was right against the hill. They skived off a road up even with the mow hole...he could pitch off a load of hay down into the hay mow. Dad saw those Indians up on the hill...when they were gone he laid a couple of wide planks from the road into the hay mow onto a foot of hay. The horse was up there when he invited the Indians to look around his homestead...I...don't think he kept the horse too long...

"Probably not," I said gloomily "I'll tell you, I don't think grandpa realized how close he came to shortening his life expectancy, or your's and mom's and mine.

HIGH COUNTRY

Roup's Hall

by Garold Hartsock

A large, two-story wood building, it was easily the center of social life...excepting the saloons...at the turn of the century. Right across from the bank...across the side street, that is. A wide covered stairway without a turn led all dance-minded folks to the almost basket-ball-floor sized hall above. A lodge occupied the first floor. There was a small stage at one end; at the other a small iron heater to get the place warmed up early. Elz found this place to his liking...

George Mack was a local musician who encouraged Elz to practice...and finally buy a violin from one of his eastern catalogues. $100 cash.

Elz practiced for hours in a small house on Mrs. Mitchell's hotel property. He slept there, but he ate in the hotel's dining room. Meals didn't cost much, maybe fifty cents a day.

So Elz was getting a little better on the fiddle; and he had been dancing for years; he was a mighty handsome young man with curly dark brown hair, blue eyes, and two suits. He danced straight and smooth...the young ladies liked his style...and he had been Outside. Genevieve Blakely, Jim's daughter, took Elz over like fast. The winter passed...

Elz helped build the first lake road. He hired a team and rig, or borrowed one, when he wanted to look around the valley. One thing you did not do, that was drive the muddy, half-thawed lanes of Upper Prairie Creek, unless you wanted to sink axle-deep. Nobody had even heard of graveled country roads...living in town was the ultimate. Farmers couldn't do it. But they came into town on occasional Saturdays, and loaded up on certain foods for maybe two-three months.

One day Elz was fooling around McCully's livery barn, right above Roup's Hall; he saw F.D. McCully watching him, and really tore into his job...

"You're quite a worker, son," F.D. said.

"I've had maybe fifty jobs," Elz said, "since I was 10. I think I could go back to any of my bosses, and work for them if they needed help. Always been a steady hand."

"Ought to have a trade or profession."

"Ah," Elz said, "I couldn't be a lawyer or banker. Takes too long. Only went to the sixth grade. Of course I can read and write, add and subtract and multiply. I still study some."

"You could learn to be a miller. I've got a flour mill over there on the river."

"Sure, I've seen it."

"I could use a good hand. You could learn the trade. I could pay you a dollar a day, then when--"

"I'll take it," Elz said quickly.

So he started learning the miller's trade. He learned to separate the wheat germ and bran from the main product...white flour...which everybody wanted; who liked whole wheat flour? Too rough. It was the day of cakes and pies at Mitchell Hotel.

All went well...except Elz didn't like the white dust that covered him all day long; but he prospered and learned.

At Roup's Hall he met a lot of people' talked crops and short growing seasons with the men...and danced with the ladies or their daughters. Mostly with Veve Blakely. They danced well together; he liked her, and he liked her father Jim.

Elz thought he had struck gold; where the girls were concerned, that is. The world was his oyster. Enough to spoil a man.

One day on Main Street, talking with friends Ben Peal and Art Wilson, Elz saw a strange girl attempting to get on her horse. He made some fast plans. He stepped off the walk to the rack, bent down: "I'll help you, Ma'am."

The girl turned upon him, and slapped his face!

Elz stepped back. "Hey, I was only--"

the girl turned her stirrup, stepped up, swung into the saddle, and reined her horse away, nose high and insulted...

"Elz, that was great! You sure made time with her," Ben Peal said. "We been watching her since she got into town. She can't speak English yet. German girl."

"Fine," Elz said. "She's strong, I'll say that!"

"Well," Ben said, "You shouldn't grab strange girls by the ankle."

The music at Roup's Hall was sometimes paid-for, but not often. Elz sawed out a few quadrilles, called by young Jess Foster, out from the Imnaha; someone chorded on the piano; anyone who could play an instrument, did. Jake Guyan, a visitor from Switzerland, was maybe better than Elz, especially when he whipped out "Under The Double Eagle." It was open-house at Roup's Hall...

And when he wasn't fiddling, Elz danced especially with Veve Blakely...until someone new came into the picture...

Elz knew who she was. Lou Knapper's daughter. A young lady of 15 or so, with poise and secure air of money. Old Lou owned the land that Harmon Perkins had homesteaded in the 1870's on Upper Prairie Creek. Lou built a high square house and a great barn, and a red stone cellar attached to the house. The lumber was a full inch thick after planing. Honesty and quality. Like old Lou. Maybe that's why Lou prospered and became a heavy investor in a bank that would compete with F.D. McCully's bank. When it came time for schooling of his two sons and two daughters, old Lou moved to town. Old Lou was a big man with moustaches and the indefinite proportions of a bear...He watched quietly as Elz danced with his older daughter, Maude...

Which Elz did regularly when wasn't playing, or dancing with Veve Blakely...oh, he didn't abandon Veve... things were to good with Veve... he couldn't stay away from thep___ girl who was perfectly willingto around. And then they'd walk after the dance up Main Street a couple of blocks and turn left to a medium-sizedframed house, and eat fried chicken in the kitchedn.

Maude gave small pictures of her and sister to Elz. Sometimes they ____ hats with bird wings; sometimes ____ hair was combed shiny and fluffed ___ all Gibson girls. Maude was the beautiful one. Addie was a friendly little blonde kitten. She liked Elz, ____.

Old Lou was always friendly,___ reserved...and watchful.

Pme day he said, "Elz, I want to talk to you."

"Sure," Elz said; he suddenly was ver cautious.

"Elz", Lou said, "I've watched you and Maude. Around town they tell me you're a pretty wild young man."

"I've been around," Elz said.

"Maude really likes you," Lou said, "What are you intentions? How do you feel about her?"

"Nope. Barely touched the axel grease I put on that old red bandana, Mama used it for other thins after___ got married, years later. She liked it a lot."

"Well, how---what--?'

"I know," my papa said, I thought about it a lot. Bert Knapper was always tinkering around. Bert figured it _____ it was not axle grease in that can I ___ ed for the wheel. That wheel didn't have grease on it in the first place it was the finest soap on earth. Pure soap. Washed right out. Couldn't have traveled very far, though."

Ah, well, maybe the salesman wasn't going far anyway.

HIGH COUNTRY

A squalling episode

by Garold Hartsock

A new country always made Elz feel insecure, and he had learned how to beat it. At the Mitchell Hotel--a large wooden building one block off the main entrance--he simply asked Mrs. Mitchell: "Is there a job of some sort I could do around this town?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "Fred Falconer was in here not long back...he wanted someone to herd sheep. He has several bands. Then, pretty soon, my husband Jimmy will want someone to help in building a road around the lake. Right now I'd see Fred Falconer."

Elz located the Falconer place.

"He isn't here," Mrs. Falconer said. "He's over town. You'll know him."

"How?"

"He's the ugliest man in town."

Elz was startled. "Ugliest?"

"I wouldn't trade him for the handsomest man," she said and smiled.

Elz went back to town. He found Fred Falconer, walked right up to him. "Hello, Mr. Falconer."

"Hello, there. How'd you know me?"

Elz took a breath. "You're the ugliest man I've ever seen. That's what I was told--ugliest man in town. I'm Elz Hartsock."

"Well, young man, you're honest, I'll say that. Not everybody can be as good to look at as you are..."

"Thanks, I guess," Elz said. "I'd like that sheep herding job."

"It's yours," Fred said.

So that's how Elz lost his insecurity, and starting herding sheep. In those days sheep were the fast big money in the high country. Only hogs were faster, often called "mortgage lifters"; but large herds of hogs weren't exactly practical because they were fed grain which had a way of shooting up to 50-60 cents a bushel. Sheep and cattle, on the other hand, ate free 3-4 months off the Federal Reserve land which extended from the valley east maybe 70 miles to the great Snake River gorge...

Elz was supplied a horse, a tent and sheet metal camp stove, a sheep trained dog to help out, plus a camp tender who showed up every couple of weeks with beans and bacon, flour and potatoes, and canned Carnation milk. The camp tender took care of the other scattered bands of sheep and herders.

One day Elz was out on his horse, looking over the grass his 2000 sheep would soon be eating. His helper dog disappeared in the brush. Elz whistled. No result.

Elz rode on; he became aware of a commotion of some sort out in the brush: a squalling and snarling and hissing...

Elz reined his horse that way fast. Sure enough, it was his sheep dog; Elz saw him jumping above the bushes; the squalling and hissing and crying came from a little cub bear, big enough to try to escape up a small pine tree.

The cub would get up 3 or 4 feet, and the dog would jump up and grab him by the rump and yank him down; the cub would put up his raucous protest.

Elz wanted that cub. He swung down, untied his lasso rope that would later capture a young black eagle. He really hadn't decided, he said, what he'd do with the cub; he just wanted him.

He'd get the loop just about set on the cub's head. The cub would jerk out of it, grab the tree, and jump up. That cub didn't have a chance. The dog was enjoying this too much. He'd jump and grab that cub and drag him down. He seemed happy to have his boss in the fracas. The cub would cry and scream and whimper; he wasn't hurt any. This went on for two or three minutes.

Elz was getting his loop tightened again when over the commotion he heard something else:

It sounded like a freight train busting through the brush.

Elz knew what it was. He jumped on

his horse, dragged in his lasso rope and whistled and yelled and cussed at his dog, thn whirled his horse and got out of there--just as mama charged out of the brush!

That sheep dog was no fool, either, he abandoned the cub and dug in after his boss. They didn't pause to view the reunion between mama and the cub.

Elz didn't stay to long with sheep herding. He thought he'd like to spend the winter in town, live in Mrs. Mitchell's hotel, and just work around odd jobs, all relaxed and enjoying it. It was a good way for a young fella to live. There was a dance in Roe___ big hall every Saturday night, up betweed F.D. McCully's bank building and his livery stable--but that's another story, ain't it.

HIGH COUNTRY

—That rough old lake road

by Garold Hartsock

Elz had a most peculiar banking system—strictly his own. During the main working months, he'd buy gold eagles—10 of them—and cache them in his blue and white and black tin trunk against inevitable leaner times.

All else went into his double sectioned, snap top pocket purse in the form of greenbacks and silver coins. Many a time Elz would pick a half dollar out of his purse and give it to a boy along the street. He never forgot his lonely years in the Dayton country. When he was finally down to his gold cache, he'd go to work.

Jimmy Mitchell, Mrs. Mitchell's rancher husband and county commissioner was supervising construction of the first wagon road around the lake. Elz got a job on that road; he'd been splitting wood for Mrs. Mitchell, and she liked him.

"You'd think, " Elz said, "after those years of white men in the high country, they'd have built a road around the lake. They hadn't really wanted one. They were far more interested in building a road out of the country to the "main line"....which always brought prosperity. Anyway there was a horse trail, just like any Indian trail, worn and scratched out by horse hooves and travois poles. Used chiefly by Indians in "yank season."

Yanks, of course, are red-sided salmon, come back from a spell in the ocean to spawn in the several streams at the head of the lake, whence they came.

The Indians used a hook tied to a pole, or on a very short line tied to a pole. They yanked the fish out and smoked it. Great food. They'd always done it. They didn't care diddly about wagon roads.

So Elz dug and pried, picked and shoveled, with other helpers, and made

a road around the lake. They also had crowbars, axes, walking plows, slip scrapers, and teams.

"Jimmy was the boss," Elz said,"but not much help. He was kinda fat and wheezy, and, anyway he'd been working for years. He had money. All his kids had ranches he'd given them. So I found myself building a road. Sometimes I wondered at the sense in it."

"I'd sight along that old Indian trail twenty, thirty feet above the icy water, then skive off the hill and push it over the edge. I really felt like a pioneer road builder. You can look up at the east moraine and see how it was...a few pines, a lot of buckbrush, and a thousand granite rocks the size of washtubs or pianos. Rough.

"At that time all the social life at the lake occurred at the foot of it, usually in winter. I skated there. Max Wilson was the best skater around. The ice got a foot thick. You could go way out on it. Max did. I was kinda chicken. The coyotes used to gang up on a deer and chase it out on the ice, and kill it. People claimed the lake was bottomless with monsters in it..."

"But, you know, that head-of-the-lake thing caught on. Everyone, finally, drove a team and rig around our road. Celebrations became really popular up there. I won many a footrace on that baseball field. Always rolled my pants up, several rolls, pinned to my drawers with a safety pin. I never lost."

Their road wasn't very scientific, or very smooth. But a point of rock or a backbone of rock in the roadway doesn't stop a team and rig. Think of the emigrant trail.

"That road," Elz said, "went over little ridges, around points, never too far from the water. The county never stopped widening it. Every summer they'd ding around, and never accomplish much. They never got those big rocks we'd left in the road, pure trouble, as big as pianos--or even houses, I don't know. They sure busted open a few tires, later on."

"Then it had to happen. The state wanted to have a state park up there. They improved the road we'd started. People loved it. But it's bound to foul up that great drinking water reservoir."

I often wonder if the state blasted or bulldozed those granite boulders out of the center of the road...or covered them over, as Jimmy Mitchell and Elz had to do, admitting defeat...

Well, the road is wide and smooth-and-blacktopped, now, but you should always drive slower on it. Otherwise, you may wind up with your wife and kids and dog in 20-30 feet..mabe 100...of icy water, as others have, Why do you think all that white steel guard-rail was put up?

HIGH COUNTRY

Pets need travel car

by Garold Hartsock

This really happened in the 1890's before Elz hit the high country; it was told to me by Otis Halfmoon many, many years later...

After the terrible war of 1877 the Indians were, once again, camped at the foot of Wallowa Lake, where there is today only an Indian cemetery and a boat landing. One old lady, the widow of Indian Charlie Cook, was sort of looked after by the tribes....

A strange Indian, a Bannock, very poor, with no place even to sleep, appeared on the scene, and begged help from the other Indians. His name was Fishawk. Charlie Cook's widow offered him a place to sleep inside her tepee. Fishawk got along fine, learning the habits of the band. Mrs. Cook fed him.

One morning Fishawk was gone. Something else was gone, too—Mrs. Cook's purse.

Otis said, "She went all to pieces....screamed a lot. Everybody felt sorry for her. She was old. All her money was in that purse. We didn't really know Fishawk had taken the purse, but the feeling was he had. He was gone. So was the purse."

"Circumstantial evidence," Elz said, when he heard the story. He was really against convicting on circumstantial evidence.

Otis said," We didn't see Fishawk any more. The Indians were all busy yanking fish and smoking them. The weather was fine, a little cool at night. The tamaracks on the mountains were starting to turn. The tribe looked after Mrs. Cook.

"One morning very early some of the young men were walking down the street from the Indian camp. Someone wrapped in a blanket was asleep in the doorway of Mr. McCully's bank. As the young men got close they saw it was Fishawk...

"Let's kill him!"

So all three got rocks at the side of the road. Rocks big as a man's fist. They slipped across the street.

"All together, dirty thief."

They all drew back with their rocks...and just then Fishawk opened his eyes. He was hunched up on the granite doorstep that's still there; he tumbled fast off the step and ran like a streak out toward the rising sun. Their rocks would have got him, but he was just too fast. The rocks slammed into the bank and made a terrible noise. One rock hit the bank's door latch, bent it, and put a deep dent in the thick wood.

Otis said, "I'll show it to you, but you can't say who told you."

"Agreed," I said.

But Otis Halfmoon now is dead, maybe twenty years. I wrote the story for Grace who sorta looks after the museum, which is housed in F.D. McCully's bank building. I think she hung it on the wall someplace. Otis won't have to pay for the damage done. Didn't actually do much, but it's there for all to see...has been for almost a hundred years.

Fishawk? Nobody ever saw him again. Otis said, "I guess he knew we meant business."

I think there is a sequel to this story, though; I may tell it one day---Fishawk was heard from again.

If you are one of the many vacationers who travel with your pet, here are some tips to make the experience more comfortable for both of you from the Washington State Veterinary Medical Association.

—Be sure your pet is wearing a current identification tag. If you are traveling in an RV, you may want to include your camper's license number.

—Are immunizations up to date? You'll need a current rabies vaccination certificate to enter Canada. You may want to consider a "kennel cough" vaccine in addition to routine distemper and parvo protection. If you plan to visit areas of the U.S. where heartworm is common, it is vital that your pet is protected.

—Plan ahead for accomodations. Hotel and motel rules vary as do the house rules of friends and relatives.

—Bring a long lead rope for exercise as well as a collar and leash. Be a good citizen wherever you travel by including a "pooper-scooper" and disposal bags.

—Take a piece of home for your pet— his blanket from home may make him feel more comfortable and establish the car or your hotel room as his territory.

--Do-your plans include Expo? No pets, except guide dogs, are allowed on the grounds. However, kennels can be rented on a day to day basis. There are only 42 kennels availiable so space may be limited. No reservations are accepted.

Some petes love to travel. Others would be happier at home in a quiet boarding kennel. If both you and your pet are vagabonds, plan ahead to make your vacation pleasant and safe.

HIGH COUNTRY

Badman: Brick Johnson

by Garold Hartsock

Life was never nice and uneventful in the high country...maybe not anywhere, really. Think of the constant bickering and fighting in my oldest history book, the Holy Bible. Somewhat later a fine reporter by the name of Farnsworth in 1839 wrote the next history I really attached myself to; then Paul Kane in 1847 wrote a beautiful report, drew and painted the illustrations for it. That same year my friend Marcus Whitman had his head split open by the evil Tomohos. Of course, Tomahos was later hanged by Joe Meek in Oregon City...didn't bring Marcus back. Old Jim Blakely, 100 years old when he died naturally, told me about bandman Hank Vaughn from Prineville, Oregon, and the Blue Mountain area. Elz Hartsock told me about Brick Johnson.

Several men knew Brick Johnson; invariably I'd ask:

"What'd he look like?"

Invariably I would get the same reply: "Oh, he was a fine-looking man." Frank Roup told me that. Ben Peal told me that. So did Max Wilson. Finally I went to the Oracle. Elz.

"A fine looking man, what does that mean?"

Elz said, "Brick was about your height, dark hair..."

"Dark hair! I thought he'd be red-headed, or sandy, you know, like a brick..."

"Nope. Got that name, probably gave it to himself, 'cause he was hard as a brick...get it? Tough, mean."

"Oh."

"Stabbed himself to prove it."

"Oh, man..."

"In the chest. Tough as man could be."

"Well, that's tough."

"Drunk," Elz said. "That's when he really got mean. You simply could not cross him or disagree with him...he'd get right on the tough kick. He wouldn't stand for anyone thinking he was not hard and tough. Of course, that's what he was doing when he stabbed himself. He healed pretty fast. I don't think he went to a doctor, even. Hard as a brick."

"Nuts, it sounds like."

"You could say that," Elz said quickly. "If he even heard you'd said it, he'd seek you out and pick a fight with you. I figured he didn't have to have booze in him to go mean. He'd turn a key in his mind. He enjoyed wild, abusive and mean!"

"That's what everyone in town says."

"Listen...I was new in town...I was back in the saloon one day, when this fine-looking man came right up to me:

'I'm Brick Johnson,' he said. 'I hear you're pretty fancy with your dukes.'

'Oh,' I said, 'I've had fair luck when I had to fight. I never look for any trouble. Too much of it around for me to handle it all.' "

"Brick was looking me over. Taller than me, good shoulders, a fine-looking man. And I hoped he was buying it. I remembered what old Tom Moore had told me...

'I saw you run,' Brick said. 'You're like a race horse.'

'Used to beat all the Indian kids over in Tum-a-lum campground on the Tucannon, across the Blues. I like to run and play football.'

'Well, I enjoyed talking,' Brick said."

"I never saw him again. Till I saw him dead."

"What?"

"John Bear shot his head off."

I looked hard at Elz. "Not so tough after all."

"Old 30-30 is a great equalizer. Now, listen, Johnny Bear was the most inoffensive man who ever lived. Brick just got him cornered in a saloon across River Street in Enterprise, right in front of the courthouse. Brick was drinking and, of course, wanted to impress someone. He said things about the Bear family, especially the women, that nobody could take. John tried to change the subject. Brick snowed him under with insults. The men listening and drinking—old Clubfoot Jordan was there—were embarrassed for John. John couldn't have fought Brick, he knew it, Brick knew it, everybody knew it. Finally John got away, out the frontdoor, on some excuse...

"Here's what happened: John went home, got his rifle, and came back to the saloon. The back door. Brick was sitting up on the bar, still ranting around. He'd just made a great show for the boys. Someone suggested John might turn on him, so he had his six-shooter on his lap. He was watching the front door.

"John laid his rifle against the back door casing...and blew Brick's brains all over the backbar.

"Then John went home, got on his horse and took out north. That's about when I came on the scene. You can imagine what it looked like."

"I have," I said, "ever since Jim Blakely told me the story."

"You mean you already knew the story?"

"Parts of it," I said.

Let Jim tell the story:

"I was sheriff. Someone came rushing over, told me John Bear killed Brick Johnson, and how. I said they ought to give John a medal. Then I got my own horse and high-tailed it out the street north after John. About where the county fairgrounds is now...John swung down off his horse, laid his rifle across a wagon bed and called:

'Go back, Jim. I don't want to hurt you. But I ain't going to be arrested. Go back.'

'I'll have to bring you in, you know that.'

'Maybe sometime, Jim. Not today. I got to think.'

'I turned around, went back, and filled out some papers. A few months later someone came in and told me John Bear was holed up in a sheep camp in the canyon deputized a man and we went down and arrested him. He didn't put up a fight or even object.

"The jury and juddge sentenced him to the pen; John served his time. Came home and tended strictly to his own business, as he always had.

"Just a case of a peacable man, goaded into a violent act. His patience just ran out. I still think they out to've given him a medal."

HIGH COUNTRY

Save the eagles

Gerald Hartsock, the son of Elz Hartsock has provided the serialization of his book **High Country** for this column. Garold's grandfather was the captain of the last wagon train west in the 1880's to our area. The Hartsock Grade in the eastern part of Columbia County carries his family name.

by Garold Hartsock

Elz was always trading; after he got his sea legs, in the high country—trading for horses, wagons, fiddles, and land. One of the ranches he traded for was out on Little Sheep Creek above the old Marr Flat-Lick Creek switchback road; he had some bottom land, some hill land reaching up over the Sheep Creek hill, almost to the valley...

One day, riding big Nig along Sheep Creek, Elz saw a big, dark, awkward bird rising off the bottom, trying to fly and landing again. In one instant Elz decided he wanted that bird...he nudged Nig into a run after the bird... which was much too big for a hawk. Big, real dark, almost black, it tried valiantly to keep ahead of the brash young man and his thundering mount; it would rise and sail a hundred feet or so, land...and take off again...

Elz got his lasso rope ready. Next time the bird got tired and landed, Elz got him. The bird squawked and flailed its wings, but Elz had him; he tied the big bird up, all business, and hung it from the saddle horn, and headed home to show his prize to the lady that later became my mama...

That lady, Cornelia Nancy Perkins, was of the sod, having been born on upper Prairie Creek about the time William Henry Hartsock captained the last wagon train west to Dayton. As her family always did, Nelia raised Plymouth Rock chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. She was not particularly happy when she saw Elz's trophy.

"Where'd you get the eagle?"

"I knew it was too big for a hawk," Elz said.

"Eagle," Nelia said. "Used to be a lot of them over in Eagle Valley across the mountains. First one I've seen since I came back with Mama. He's young...that how you caught him?"

"I'm gonna have a pet eagle," Elz said. "Maida had a parrot, so did Mother and Iva. I'm gonna have an eagle. I'll make him a cage."

"What'll you feed him?"

Elz thought. "Maybe squirrels. When I'm gone maybe you can shoot squirrels for him?"

"I guess."

So Elz fixed up a big wood dry-goods box; covered the open side with chicken wire; the young eagle sat inside, stolid, watchful.

Nelia shot red diggers and gray ground squirrels for him; she'd stuff them through the chicken wire.

The eagle would put his foot on them and tear them to pieces, and swallow the pieces.

Now, Nelia had a few geese, big gray geese, surpervised by a gander that was tough to get along with; he patrolled the creek with his harem. He seemed to have a grudge against women. When they came to the outhouse every morning, he seemed to delight in putting Nelia to flight; she carried a switch, usually.

The eagle grew on squirrels...and something else. He'd sit watchful and quiet; when a young chicken got nosy, as they invariable do, and peering and peeping inquisitively close, out would shoot a taloned fist, drag the screeching chick through the wire, and the eagle would put him where the dead squirrels were.

the grade school is now. The kids all stared at us...I remember it like yesterday...

"Our contact in town saw us. He went to McCully's store and got F. D. McCully's brother Fred, the bank's cashier, to open up, to get some money. We waited about a block off Main on the bank street.

"We saw the two of them, our contact and the cashier, go in the bank. Nothing unusual about that...the bank didn't have regular hours...they'd open up for customers...it was only a block up from the center of town. We racked our horses on the side street across from the bank. We though we were pretty smart using the hitchrack at the back corner of Roup's property.

"Cy and Brown slipped inside...I stayed outside as guard. It didn't take long, about five minutes, may be seven...here came Brown, all hunched over from the weight he carried.

"Someone called: 'The bank's being robbed!'

"Now I think about it, it might have been me in my black charcoal face that did it. Then Brown showed up, blackface, too. Someone later said Fred Wagner had been watching from over across Main Street. He dropped down on his belly...and that's the last thing I saw. Bullets came from everywhere. I was shot twice...the index finger on my right hand was shot off, and my six-shooter was ruined. I was shot in the left side...bullets were hitting the bank all around me. Brown was hit somewhere and dumped over on the sack of money...I never fired a shot...I was sick as a man could be...I held up my hands.

"Here came Cy Fitzhugh, running from inside. He saw what had happened. What a cool customer he was! He turned Brown's body over, lifted up the money sack, all he could carry, too, and ran back across the street to the horses. The bullets were slamming all around him.

"Cy couldn't lift all that money up on his horse...he untied he lass' rope, tied it around the money sack, swung up in the saddle, and hauled up the money sack. Then he headed out east as fast as his horse could go..."

"I never saw Fitzhugh again," Dave said. "They doctored me up a little, put me in jail, gave me a trial in 1897, sent me to the pen."

"What then, Dave?"

"I served my time, came back and went to work for Pete Beaudoin, the sheepman. Took my wages in sheep. Finally built up to three bands. During that time McCully's bank was taken over by another bank...I became its vice president. That's how it got started that I became vice president of the bank I once robbed. I didn't care. In a way it was true, but it was a different operation, run different, was different. I just tended to my business, worked hard, kept buying land, finally started raising cattle...we got about 4,000 acres, 620 irrigated. Two-three hundred cattle...guess that's how Harley got started in the rodeo contracting business...Dutch was killed in France. I never got over that, never will."

I knew him. Knew Harley better. One night I was driving my father's Willy-Knight back from a dance at the head of the lake...road was rough...a car was crossways in the road. I stopped. It was Dutch, passed out. I got him to back up, straightened up on the road. He said, 'Sure, I can do it! Whaddya think? Stopped it before I went off, didn't I?' I took him home to Dave's ranch on the Imnaha road. Harley was furious.

Harley became one of the west's premier rodeo contractor, buckers, dogging steers, Brahman bulls, those huge humped horned critters that'll tear the earth to piece, easily...and become meek and quiet, generally, in the field.

Dave died about 55 years or so after he got involved in robbing a bank.

Oh, yes, there's a questionable sequel to the bank robbery. No one even knew exactly what happened to the money that Cy Fitzhugh esscaped with, it was coniderable-they kept thinking someone would find it, because it was too heavy to carry far, and Fitzbugh conceivably would have to stash it.

But sometime after the robbery, a black man appeared down in the canyons, ate at my great-uncle Alec's place. The girl who later became my mama said: "He just ate. Refused to talk. Grunted when we tried to talk to him. He went up the river and came back a few days later. He was carrying a gun. We didn't bother him much. We never saw him again.

Minne Tryon, another lady, told me, "I was working for your people. I saw the black man. And where he made his bed, the pillow was bslack the next morning. Of course it was Fitzhugh.

I never quite believed her. She wrote fiction.

It got to be quite an item. "I don't raise chickens to feed that eagle," Nelia said.

Elz thought about it. He liked the eagle well enough, but they were not that close. So, as always, he got an idea.

He tied a light rope on his eagle's foot and let the eagle loose. The old fighting gander was right there; he didn't miss much anyway. The eagle took off, strong now, real strong. The adult poultry gave their cries of warning. The gander hissed. Just when the eagle reached the end of the rope, Elz yanked him down to earth. The old gander nailed him. Eagle feathers sorta flew.

The eagle took off again, like fast. Elz yanked him down. The gander nailed him again.

Elz knew the outcome. He chased off the irate old gander, slipped the rope off his eagle's foot, and stood back.

The last Elz saw of the eagle, that bird was flapping, however wobbly, his way to freedom.

It was maybe a poor way to treat a young American eagle; for that's what he was. Elz just didn't want to lose anymore young chickens, nor his eagle, should he come back to check things out.

This is not in chronological order, as it is in High Country; I dug it out because of Miss Liberty and the 4th of July, 1986. You probably know that Ben Franklin wanted a turkey as the national bird; I'm sure Nelia would have voted for the turkey. I would choose the bald American eagle, every time. Elz's eagle probably lived for two years before he got his white head.

Where? There on Sheep Creek? It's only 10-12 air miles to my back yard in Joseph...where many years later I used to walk and think and watch a big white-headed eagle plane around on the air currents. I could hear him call. If he could see mice and squirrels and ducks, maybe he could see me, marvelling at the great lovely land...I saluted him.

I pretended he knew I was Garold, son of Elz and Cornelia from Sheep Creek.

HIGH COUNTRY

Badman: Dave Tucker

by Garold Hartsock

When I talked to him, Dave Tucker was an old man, almost blind, but well-heeled financially. As a young man he had helped rob McCully's bank. Here's the story, told by Dave...

"It was 1896, October. I was 25. We'd come out from Fulton County, Arkansas, in 1876...drove an ox-team...fifteen kids...never had enough to eat...didn't have any money. I got to resenting the money other men had. Well, I was working in a sheep camp. In the camp were a couple of other guys, Cy Fitzhugh and Jim Brown. Cy was tall, heavy-built, light complexion, 10-12 years older than me. Jim Brown was tall, slim, spare, light, about 35. I was square-built, weighed 165. We made plans, the three of us, for about a week, when we rode into town to rob the bank...we'd made a contact in town...I won't mention his name, but everyone knew it anyway...they just couldn't ever prove anything on him...

"October 10, 1896, it was. Fine day, like it is in cobweb weather,' sunshiny...we stopped outside town and put charcoal on our faces. We look pretty silly, all blacked up, but nobody could recognize us. We turned left the first street we came to about two blocks short of Main Street...we went right past the big wood schoolhouse, where

HIGH COUNTRY

King of the mountain

In the following serialization of his book, **High Country**, Garold Hartsock tells the story of his family settling in the Tucannon area, his father Elz, and his grandfather William Henry Hartsock, who was captain of the last wagon train to the area in 1880.

* * *

After he had chored awhile for John McCauley Elz decided to follow the wheat harvest; you got paid a dollar a day and meals; sometimes more. So he forked bundles onto hayracks for hauling to the big central threshing machine.

He was getting to be a good teamster, too, so he even drove the team that pulled the hayrack; and once he drove team on an old-fashioned horse-power--this being a gizmo, turned by horses which, in turn, motated the separator. Between jobs he saved money by sleeping under grain warehouses along the railroad tracks.

Those warehouses were three to four feet off the ground on big posts and timbers, and had heavy plank floors. The sacked grain was stored in the big room of the warehouse — no bins in tall elevators till later. Elz bought cheese and crackers and ate frugally.

He'd go out during the day and look for work. One night he came back to his warehouse and bedroll; his crackers and cheese were gone off the beam. The rats had stolen his grubstake, he always said.

He moved on and around. Always in the Blue Mountain area, or the Palouse.

During the several years of his life, Elz had learned to "scratch around" on a fiddle. He wasn't very good, he admitted, though he had become, in the years I knew him, pretty good on the fiddle, and sang songs like "Two Little Girls in Blue," and "Climbin' Up De Golden Stairs," fascinating sister and me as he accompanied himself on the guitar.

In every town of any size at all there was always at least one saloon; it was the center of men's social life. Men could associate there with men; very rarely with women (despite Hollywood's insistence). Whiskey and lemon-sour was what Elz grew up on. Beer was a nickel a mug. It was a way of life.

In a certain saloon did Elz find, of all things, a fiddle in a case up on a raised platform in the back of the saloon. He was 16, and growing, still a boy, but he drank whiskey. And they took his money. He felt kinda at home in that saloon; he sat on a chair on that platform, and sawed around on the old fiddle. At the bar, this day, he saw a big, rough-dressed older man with hair down to his shoulders.

Into the saloon pushed a husky short man in fine raiment--good cloth, expensive boots--and an aggressive manner. He tossed down a whiskey and looked around. He saw Elz back there on the platform, fiddling a little on "Turkey in the Straw." He walked back there. Elz knew who he was: Dan Morgan, well-fixed rancher.

"Hey, kid, what you doing?"

"Just fiddlin' a little," Elz said.

"You can't play fiddle," Dan Morgan said. "I don't like it, so cut it out!"

"I know I'm not very good. But I like to work at it. Maybe I'll get better."

Dan Morgan reached out, grabbed Elz by the ankle, and yanked.

Elz was jerked off the chair, and came down hard on the edge of the platform. He didn't drop the fiddle. He back hurt like sixth; he crawled back on the platform and look at Dan Morgan.

"Told you," Dan Morgan said. "I don't like that noise you're makin'."

Someone else was standing there. The big older man with the Buffalo Bill hair, heavy mackinaw, rough old boots.

"What'd you do that for, mister?" he demanded.

"Because I wanted to," Dan Morgan said. "What's it to you, old man?"

"He's just a boy, and tending to his own business."

"You takin' up for him, old man?"

"Guess I am. I'm Tom Moore and I don't like to see a loudmouth push a boy around."

"I push anybody I want. I'm lookin' for a fight, anyway," Dan Morgan said, and swung at the bigger, older man.

Tom Moore just knocked the blow aside. He struck back and knocked Dan Morgan sprawling. Dan Morgan bounced back.

"I'll get you, old man!"

Tom Moore shook back his long hair and bellowed at the ceiling: "I'm King of the mountain!"

Dan Morgan came in like a buzz saw. Old Tom became a cat, left out, right fist ready. He shot that right; Elz heard the SMACK! like someone hitting a sack of wet oatmeal; blood flew all over Dan Morgan's face. He bellowed, and rushed in. Tom hit him again! SMACK! SMACK!

Dan Morgan looked shocked; he tried circling around; Tom Moore circled, always facing him.

Tom tilted back his head, shook back his mane of hair, and gave his battle cry: "I'm King of the mountain!"

Elz said you could see Dan Morgan begin to doubt. Old Tom slipped in; SMACK! Dan Morgan went down. As he got up, Tom hit him again, a fast, heavy right!

Dan Morgan gasped, "Old man, you're too much for me."

"Knew that all along," Tom said. He yelled at the ceiling: "Tom Moore! King of the mountain! Always have been, always will be!"

Tom never bothered Dan Morgan any more. He came over to Elz, said, "Boy, you all right?"

"I will be. I'm Elz Hartsock. Thanks."

Tom said, "You're pretty young to be around a saloon."

"How'd you learn to fight like that?"

"I'm fifty years old. Been fighting all my life. All over the world. You don't know how, do you/"

Elz shook his head. "I'd like to know."

"I'm a Miner. Goin' up into Canada. Come along. I'll show you."

And that's what Elz did.

NESTS WEEK; On to canada

HIGH COUNTRY

— TOM'S ADVICE

In a little mining town shack in Canada, Tom Moore used to square away with Elz, tap him fast on the chest with the back of his loose fingers. Elz learned to knock the taps aside. Then he got better. He learned to tap back, real fast.

Old Tom wore red long-sleeved undershirts and long-legged drawers winter and summer. They were always sparring around. Elz got pretty fancy with his dukes. Tom worked in the mines. Elz cooked, and worked in a livery stable. After a couple of years Elz said:

"I been kinda wondering about my sisters and brother."

Old Tom knew. "You're thinkin' about going back to Dayton, ain't you?"

Elz sighed. "Well, it's been quite awhile."

"Had to happen," Tom said. "I got no folks except maybe back in the Old Country. You're my family. When you decide to go, just go. Maybe I'll see you sometime. Just don't ever start fighting like Dan Morgan did."

"Well, there was a fellow in Waitsburg, pushed me around a little. I had to back up. He was older."

"Do what you have to do. Drink a little, maybe; spar around so you won't forget how to fight--but don't make it a career like I did. Ain't no way to live."

"I'll remember."

So Elz came back to the Dayton country--home. He saw Oce, who was growing up, too. His mother had moved into Dayton town, and had a new little girl named Rachel Kidweiller. Elz never saw her. He did see his two younger sisters, Iva and Flossie. He saw his mother on the street now and then; he didn't have much to say. She had a house, and belonged to the church.

There was a Chinaman who did laundry for people. Elz helped him. Years later this experience would start him in the laundry and dry-cleaning business.

He kept growing until he was almost five feet eleven. Nobody could outwork him, pitching hay or bucking wheat sacks. And nobody could outrun him; he won all the footraces at celebrations.

He never saw Tom Moore again, but he thought of him a lot; the old King of the Mountain.

HIGH COUNTRY

The Indian earring

by Gerald Hartsock

In the following serialization of his book, "High Country," Gerald Hartsock tells the story of his family settling in the Tucannon area. The Hartsock Grade carries his family's name.

The year my future papa was 20, and therefore quite experienced in the ways of life, he decided to leave the Dayton country and try the high Wallowa in Oregon; one of his mother's relatives lived in Joseph, the absolute end of the stage line.

So Elz took the railroad down to Pendleton, then changed to the mainline up across the Blue Mountains to LaGrande. There they put off his blue, white and black tin-covered trunk, lashed then and for four years thereafter, each trip, with new quarter-inch hemp rope against the rigors of baggage travel. From here he would take the stagecoach out through Summerville and Elgin, out across Cricket Flats, down into the great gash of the Wallowa River, slowly up and up into the high country.

Shortly before, and for years behind him, Elz had earned his living (since age 11) working by the day or the week in the farm belt of the Palouse. He'd been everything from waterboy, to teamster, to separator attendant. He knew quite a bit about farm work.

Waiting for the stage, Elz wandered the packed earth streets of LaGrande, looking at displays, then moving on. Not far from the depot some farm machinery caught his eye: brand new, beautifully painted red...

"Fine looking machinery, there!"

Elz looked around. The stranger was well-dressed, smiling. A drummer, Elz judged. "It is," Elz said.

"You know much about those things?"

"I've worked all over Eastern Washington. New machine there."

"Say," said the stranger, "have you seen the new roundhouse?"

Elz shook his head. "My first trip here."

"If you haven't anything better to do, let's walk over there." He gestured out at the switchyards of the railroad.

"Sure."

So they walked together out past the wood depot, heading for dull red roundhouse, off a quarter. They crossed the tracks and walked past cordwood piled high in long rows on the cinders. The stranger was keen on that roundhouse.

"This is the main stop on the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company line before the tough pull up over the Blue Mountains."

"Yep," Elz said. "They used two engines to pull the passenger train up from Pendleton. I guess it's not unheard of to hook up three or four to a long freight train."

"Well, they have to turn the engines around, that's what the roundhouse is for. Otherwise they have to use the old Y system. Takes a lot of ground, and snow covers it in the winter. Not with a round house."

"Yep."

The stranger bent over the cinders. "Well, look here!" He held up the tiniest of padlocks. "Someone must've lost their padlock. But what's it from, a cat's collar? Too small for a dog."

The stranger picked at a tiny rivet head on one side. The padlock flew open. The stranger snapped it shut. He picked at it again. The padlock flew open. He handed it to Elz. Elz fooled with it, picked at the rivet; the padlock snapped open. A tiny padlock, the size of his thumbnail. He did it several times.

"I think I'll just keep it for a souvenir," the stranger said.

Elz gave it back.

A man came rushing around one end of the cordwood.

"Hi, you fellows seen Jerry McGuire?"

The stranger shook his head. Elz said, "I never heard of him. I'm just passing through."

"Oh," said the new man. He saw the stranger fooling with the tiny padlock. "Hello, there, where'd you get the old Indian earring?"

"Just a small padlock," said the stranger.

"No, sir," said the new man. "That's an old Indian earring. I've only seen two others in my whole lifetime. They can't be opened."

The stranger looked at Elz. "No, we opened it."

Elz nodded.

"No sir," said the new man positively. "I've seen it tried. The secret is known only to the very old Indians."

"We did it."

"Hey," said the new man, "I'm so certain, I'll just bet you twenty dollars you can't open it!"

"All right, friend, you're on." The stranger dug in his coat pocket. "Pshaw! Left my money in my hotel room, but I know it'll open." He looked at Elz, "Maybe you--"

Elz said instantly, "I'll bet him!"

"Fine," said the new man. "Your friend can hold stakes."

"Sure," Elz said. "He snapped open his pocket purse, removed a folded twenty, handed it to the stranger. The new man pulled a big roll of greenbacks from his pocket, handed the whole thing to the stranger.

"Now," said the new man, "we got to have some kind of time limit on this bet. I have to find Jerry McGuire. All right if I count slow-like to ten?"

"Sure."

"Now you won't holler if you lose, if you can't open it?"

"No."

The stranger handed the tiny padlock to Elz. The new man started counting slowly: "One...two..." Elz scratched the rivet on the padlock.

Nothing happened.

"...three...four..."

Elz turned the padlock over and scratched the other side.

"...five...six...seven..."

Elz began sweating; he frantically scratched at every part of the padlock.

"What's the matter with that thing?" the stranger yelled. "Pick the button!"

Elz picked the button...nothing. He never stopped picking...

"...nine...ten...eleven...twelve...thirteen...well," said the new man, "that's far enough isn't it?"

Elz nodded slowly, "I guess so."

"I got to find Jerry McGuire," the new man said. He took his roll of greenbacks from the stranger, and Elz's twenty. "See, I told you those old earr-

ings can't be opened. See you sometime."

He took off around the high-pile cordwood, still in a great hurry.

"Let me see that thing." said the stranger.

Elz passed it ober. "I almostscratched a hole in it."

The stranger said, "Odd thing I didn't have any trouble. Neither did you." He started picking at the riva. The padlock snapped open! "Hey, look at that!"

Elz stared at the padlock--open! "What in the world?" said the stranger. "You just didn"t do it right son."

"Apparentlly not. I sure tried."

"Well,"said the stranger,we'll just see that doesn't happen again.!"

He drew back--and thdrew the Indian earring with all his might out across the cordwood.

"I can't believe it," said the stranger. "Well, let's go look at the round house believe I want to."

He and the stranger headed across the tracks into town....

I was bout ten years old when he first told me the story; we we_____ ding outside the same depot in LaGrande, looking out at the roundhouse in the distance.

"It didn't take long." Papa told me "for me to lose my new friend. He disappeared. Pretty soon I got on a stage for the high country, where ___ on, I met Mama."

I still wasn't satisfied. I thought and thought. "How'd they do it?'

Papa said, "Oh, they probably ____ solid one, and one that really did ___. Easy to switch and fool a country ___. Maybe they had a trunkful--the stranger sure threw one away!" Papa fro__ ____.

"I think he did. Anyway, I figured I ___ their Jerry McGuire for that day. _____ me two weeks in the harvest to earn twenty dollars. I sure learned not to ___ on fast deals. I thin."

It's my favorite true story from the earlier days. I've used it in a screen ___."

HIGH COUNTRY —ON TO OREGON

by Gerald Hartsock

In the following serialization of his book, "High Country," Gerald Hartsock tells the story of his family settling in the Tucannon area. The Hartsock Grade carries his family's name.

Anyone who takes the road to the high country knows just about what Elz saw that first trip up from Elgin: hills, great canyons, slashed deep -- as if God was mad as hell the day he created it. Out across Cricket Flats which the driver insisted was easier to cross in winter...he could drive right over the fence lines, the snow got so deep. Elz did't quite believe it, but in later years with the wind blowing, he knew the driver didn't lie too much...

Not far above Elgin, maybe 15 miles, the road dropped into nowhere. The stagecoach driver slowed his teams. Elz was up with the driver. No shotgun guard at all. Elz just didn't like being cooped up inside; there were three other passengers down inside the rocking coach.

"Tell you," said the driver, "you got to be careful on this road."

Elz looked cautiously down about a thousand feet. "I imagine."

"There's a spot right up here, a guy turned over a load of freight. Killed him dead."

Elz looked back, expecting to see his blue and white and black tin trunk bounce off. It wasn't there.

"Hey, my trunk's lost already."

"Nah," said the driver, "at Elgin I shifted it to the boot."

Elz relaxed, not much.

"Right here, it happened"--the driver jerked his head--"killed two freight teams. If they wasn't dead they had to be shot. Why the hell is a young fellow like you comin' into this God-forsaken country?"

"Why," Elz said uncertainly, "my mother has a niece over--look at that canyon..."

"Not me," said the driver. "I've seen it."

Finally at the bottom, where there was a rushing, icy river, the driver guided his teams into a ford. They made it, though Elz had his doubts for a moment. Then they started jouncing slowly up the left bank, almost at water's edge.

"Good road from here on."

Elz just looked at the driver.

"Pioneer road," said the driver, "used to go from the ford right up again, over Smith Mountain, and finally come down into the valley at the lower end, near the warm springs at Bramlet's"

"Hot springs?"

"Hell, no, cold fine water, just the water doesn't freeze in winter time, these parts. Six months winter, six months poor sleddin'. I think the river starts thawin' about March."

Elz got it. "Well, during that real cold weather," he said, "you should put runners on the coach...you got a nice frozen water-level road, clean into Elgin, maybe even LaGrande..."

The driver frowned, spat brown juice down into the river. "If you're gonna make fun of my stories, I'll dummy up. Long trip ahead..."

"Sorry," Elz said.

Presently the driver said, "Devil's Elbow ahead. Sharpest point in the canyon. I think they used to unhitch the teams and jack the back end of the coach around with a lodgepole. Then hitch up the teams again. What they told me."

Elz was learning, "Sure," he said. "Tell me...on a cow trail like this, how do you pass, when you meet another rig?"

"It ain't easy," said the driver. "I been listening for bells. Freighter's bells. On the teams. You can hear 'em. Then you have to find a turn-out, quick as you can. That's the rule for the canyon. Ain't so bad in the valley."

"What size is this valley?"

"Oh...twenty-five, thirty miles long, mountains, high mountains, all along the south. You'll see."

And Elz did. After about 15 miles in the canyon, they came out into a green and beautiful valley.

"Nothin' to it now," said the driver. Just keep rollin' up, up to Joseph."

"Good...I hear there's still some homestead land in here."

"Yeah, I suppose." The driver wasn't too interested. "People been homesteading in here since the seventies."

The long-legged stagecoach horses were taking them faster up the narrow valley road, past alfalfa fields, grain fields, clover and blue grass pastures with cattle and sheep grazing; there were split rail fences and barbed wire fences...and fat tan haystacks from the previous winter.

"Easy winter, last one," said the driver. "Didn't get more'n 20 below."

Elz nodded.

The driver said, "Can you imagine this valley, no white man at all, a few tepees now and then?"

"Sure," Elz said. "I knew some Indians over in the Tucannon near Dayton."

"Dayton, Washington?"

Elz nodded. "My father came out in the eighties. From Kansas, from Ohio."

"Wasn't Washington...all Oregon...long time back?"

"Yep."

"I ain't much interested in history," the driver said. "Came up here from Salem. Wish I hadn't."

"Oh?"

"Stay at the Mitchell Hotel if you want good grub."

"Sure. I'll stay with my cousin for a while. I'll have to find a job, too."

"Cute little fillies wait on tables for Mrs. Mitchell."

"Sure."

There were a couple of small towns. Up steady and slow. "This is Enterprise, the county seat," the driver said.

"How far to Joseph now?"

"About six miles. Lake's up farther."

"You go up there?"

"No road."

"Oh. Looks like great country to me," Elz said.

"You'll probably like it. If you can attend the winters. I may head for California."

"Not me." Elz said, "I'm a small town man."

They rolled and rocked on.

"How far now?"

The driver said, "Right when you think we're gonna run right into the mountains, that'll be Joseph, end of the line."

And it was. Right up under mountains that had snow on top. High Country, all of it.

HIGH COUNTRY —Finest soap on earth

by Garold Hartsock

In the following serialization of his book, "High Country," Garold Hartsock tells the story of his family settling in the Tucannon area. The Hartsock Grade carries his family's name.

Elz found there were few con-men in the high country. Bad men, maybe—but no real con-men. Why? Maybe the long, tough winters—people leaned on their neighbors. A man's word was his bond, Elz always said. Barely 2,000 people in the whole country.

It was only when a man went "outside," hit the main line at LaGrande, did he get braced for a cup of coffee, a full meal, or most anything else. More people, more action, it seemed.

One rare day at the corner of Broadway and Burnside in Portland, Elz was "just gawking around." The yards where all railroads convergd were only a couple of blocks away; Chinatown, three or four; sailors from ocean-going ships anchored in the Willamette moved in and out of Burnside—even as they do today. Elz was standing there, soaking up the atmosphere—

A team and rig pulled rapidly onto the sidewalk; a man jumped out with a big suitcase which he opened fast onto a folding stand.

"Gather round, neighbors!" the man called real loud. "I'm a salesman. I make the finest soap on earth. I sell it for a dollar a can—which is practically giving it away! Come one, come all! Finest soap on earth!"

A curious crowd began forming on the sidewalk, spilling out into the street.

"Like most customers willing to spend a silver dollar," shouted the salesman, "you want proof of the merchandise! It happens I have the proof! Young man"—he pointed to Elz—"I bet you can take the wheel off any rig, can't you?"

"Might," Elz said.

"All right, friend, you just take the hub wrench and loosen that wheel, joggle it out a bit—"

Elz did.

"Now friends," said the salesman, real loud, "take this clean, white handkerchief and wipe off some of that axle grease! That's it! That awful brown axle grease! Get plenty!"

Elz got the clean white handkerchief saturated, and some to spare. He said, "You'll sure need more grease on that spindle."

"Sure," the salesman said largely. "I got plenty grease! Now give me the handkerchief, then just lift that three-gallon jug of cold water out of my rig. I'll give you a can of the finest soap on earth for your help!"

Elz got the jug out of the rig.

"Bring the bucket, too!"

Elz did.

The salesman poured the water into the bucket, held the greasy handkerchief for the crowd to see. "Seeing's believing, neighbors! Now—"

He opened a can of smooth brown soap, dipped in a finger and smeared it all over the handkerchief, scrubbed it hard on itself.

"Now, neighbors, I keep ahead of the constables, as I'm sure you sometimes do, by moving fast! When this demonstration is over, I'll sell just 100 cans of the finest soap on earth and do it fast, and pull out! I got no license."

The crowd murmered in good-natured understanding.

"Meanwhile, young man"—to Elz—"will you get that can of axle grease out of the rig, and put more on the spindle—get plenty—and tighten the hub—kinda fast?"

Elz complied, kinda fast.

The salesman dipped the greasy handkerchief in the water, scrubbed it, soused it around—and held the handkerchief up, wet—and just about as clean as new!

The crowd surged forward, silver dollars in hand!

"Don't push!" shouted the salesman. "Plenty for all! Dollar a can, finest soap on earth! Young man, how you coming along?"

"All done," Elz said.

"Here's your free can. Thanks for your help. If you'll just dump that water, and put the jug and bucket back in my rig, I'll be a-thankin' you. I'd like to have a partner like you all the time—"

"Well," Elz said, "my work's kinda seasonal. I live up in the high country beyond Pendleton and LaGrande. I just might—"

"I'll see you up there, sometime—maybe—"

All the time the salesman had been taking dollars and dropping them in his coat pocket; he just plain ran out of cans.

"Thank you kindly, neighbors!" shouted the salesman. He snapped shut his empty suitcase, folded the stand, stashed it all in his rig, and leaped up himself, grabbed the lines, and was fast gone up Burnside—

The crowd stood staring.

"Darndest thing I ever saw," said a man. "Friend of yours?"

"Well, he's not an enemy," Elz said. "Never saw him before, though. I was just standing here when he pulled up."

"Got to get home, give this to the old lady!"

"Finest soap on earth! Wish I'd bought more!"

"Yeah," said another man, "my clothes get mighty greasy sometimes—"

They all went their way, looking at the flat round cans.

"It was real good soap," my papa told me. "Mama liked it a lot—later on."

"How in the world did he make a soap that would take out axle grease? Did you try it with your can of soap?"

"First thing, when I got back to the high country. Greasy red bandana."

I said, "Work the same as his?"

HIGH COUNTRY

Roup's Hall

(Continued from August 13)

by Garold Hatrsock

"Why," Elz said, "she's about the finest girl in the world. I think a lot of her."

"I think the same thing," Lou said.

"You can depend on one thing," Elz said. "I would not hurt her in any way."

Old Lou relaxed and heaved a sigh. "You're always welcome in my house, Elz."

"Thank you."

But something had happened. Elz felt it; he knew it. He had been pushed by Lou, by convention, by life itself. He moved on...

He quit the miller's job. He broke sod for Charlie Rice, out east two miles on the main road. Charlie often said that if a young man could somehow manage to clear a thousand dollars in a year, he'd soon be set; he was proof of it. Elz hadn't hated the miller's job, but he did like the outdoors; it was like being home in the Dayton country. He worked steadily and went into town only now and then. When any job was finished--after plowing, seeding, haying, he'd go back into town, to his shack, owned by Mrs. Mitchell...

At the hotel Mrs. Mitchell had hired a somewhat plain, rather quiet, well-built girl who always wore French high heels as she waited on tables: Cornelia Nancy Perkins. Elz learned about her from other people:

"You'll get nowhere with her," Ben Peal said. "Her family was one of the first ones here. Her mama just divorced Big Nose Perk..."

"Why do they call him that? I've seen him...his nose is no bigger than mine."

"Damnifino," Ben said. "Fighter, though. Mean son-of-a-bitch. I guess he was ornery to Molly Warnock, too...she divorced him. Harm Perkins is Nelia's grandpa...he moved out of the county, over to Baker someplace. You better stick to Maude Knapper, partner."

Big Art Wilson spoke up: "Oh, I don't know. I kinda like Nelia. She's my cousin."

"I know that," Ben said. "I'd sure take that rich Maude Knapper, Elz."

"She's better looking, too," Art Wilson said. "But Nelia's got heart...and she's got fire. Both count, don't they?"

"I guess," Elz said.

"I'll tell you something else that counts," Ben said. "That big bosom. Slender girl, but she sure has got a shape."

Elz took note of everything. She was friendly, reserved, as she waited on tables in the hotel's dining room. Her manner forced Elz to keep a certain distance. All business, she was. She'd heard about him, he guessed, and just watched her, always courteous...

Finally he had enough. "Nelia," he said, "would you go to the dance with me? Roup's Hall? Saturday night? It's only a couple of blocks...we could walk over there...?"

"Yes," she said. "I guess I could go, as long as it's after work. Thank you."

That's how it started. She was right there; he was right there. They'd walk up to Roup's Hall, climb the wide outside stairs and, if it was warm enough, they'd dance or talk with friends, or Elz would fiddle for the rest to dance. He loved that violin he'd bought from George Mack's catalogue...

In a small town, any small town, word gets around...

Elz occasionally saw old Lou Knapper. Lou would just look at him.

One night Lou showed up at the dance with his daughter Maude. Elz danced with Maude. He danced straight and tall, waltzing around, very straight and tall...

"Elz," Maude said quietly, "you know you're breaking my heart."

"I'm not trying to hurt anyone."

"I know you're not," Maude said, out at arm's length, "But you are. I know you like Nelia."

"She's a fine girl," Elz said. "So are you, Maude. See, I'm an independent cuss...always have been. Your father likes to dominate. He's rich...I'm not. I won't be managed. I have to stand on my own feet."

"I'd wait for you, Elz...as long as it takes. I'd do anything for you."

"You're a beautiful child. I can't let you rely on me. I--I'm just getting my sea legs."

Maude was silent. They finished the dance.

Old Lou Knapper took his daughter home.

Elz whipped out a quadrille, even if he didn't feel like it.

He and Nelia ate fried chicken in Mrs. Mitchell's pantry off the kitchen, that night. And many nights...

For two years Elz took Nelia to Roup's Hall, when he was in town from various farming jobs. He fiddled and traded hacks and horses; he was making plans all along to become as rich as Lou Knapper or Fred Falconer...or anybody. It all took time for a fellow who seldom had more than $200 in double eagles.

And then at the end of those two years, Elz and Nelia were married. In the parlor off the lobby of the hotel. This was a nice room, kept that way by Mrs. Mitchell for drummers who were constantly coming into the high country; they could display their wares in the parlor...

There was a local pastor, Reverend Walker, from the Methodist church, who did jobs all around when he wasn't preaching; no one had to keep Reverend Walker; Elz liked him, and it was fine with Nelia. Reverend Walker married Elz and Nelia.

Art Wilson and Eugene Pettyjohn signed the marriage certificate as witnesses.

Then Elz and Nelia rode out in his fine hack to the place he had leased. She had one suitcase.

When Nelia went into the house her heart plummeted down into her French-heeled shoes; it was the most barren place she'd ever seen...no curtains, just an old iron bed, a few old straight chairs, and a kitchen stove...

Elz didn't know the first thing about furnishing a house, or decorating it. He usually kept the bare floor clean with a broom...

"It looked like a sheep herder's shack," Nelia said. "First time I'd ever been there. I had to make the best of it. And I did. This was my life..."

"Tige"

HIGH COUNTRY

by Garold Hartsock

So Cornelia did exactly what every young woman of that day did...she honored her husband and her marriage vows. She was constantly pregnant, and fought a steady losing battle to stay un-pregnant. Elz wanted no children in his life; he worked hard but he also had unlimited energy, and therefore...

Well, many of the women of that day had the same problem, in fact they all did. And they swapped cautious stories and sometimes magic and very secret formulas to keep themselves unpregnant, and their husbands happy. It wasn't easy.

Just across the lane from Elz's leased ranch, lived young Bert Knapper on 160 acres given him by his rancher-banker father old Lou. Bert was the older Knapper son, Ben the younger, living on an adjacent 160 to the south. Bert and his wife Rosie, all their life, were close friends of Elz and Nelia...

Bert, in later years, would own motor cars, and partly wear them out—but he didn't throw them away. Into his sizeable red barn he would drive his discards, and park them forever, piling hay over them—and feeding it out in its time—but never did he completely abandon a car, or junk it. Across the years that barn had many cars in it, never to be used again...

Before Bert had cars, he had bicycles. He had magnificent muscular legs; and when a circus came to LaGrande, Bert would hop his bicycle and pedal the 70 miles to see the circus, and return. A good carpenter, he built his house and barn with his own hands.

Bert was also brother of Maude, who had loved Elz. Nelia never did think Elz had treated Maude very nice, by abandoning her. Elz looked after number one.

Then Elz made one of his early trades...

Out on Sheep Creek was a homestead someone was wanting to get rid of. Nelia was willing, nay, eager to move.

Up over the hills into Sheep Creek canyon, where the hawks and eagles silently soared; a sharp right turn, then upstream a couple of miles, right past the Divide switch-back road, and finally to a homestead shack...that wasn't much! Close to the creek, which was never anything but clear and pure, so close to the vast Wallowa Mountains. They bathed in warm water, heated on a small iron stove.

Up west on the hills was a spot where Elz talked about building a dike to create a small lake, but he never did it. Dick Kinney did, years afterwards...

One day in town Elz paid a dollar for a small, brindle bull pup—and took him home to Sheep Creek, to Nelia.

The pup was yellow-tan with stripes...what better name than Tige? Supposed to be Nelia's dog...but he never was; he was a man's dog.

And because Elz was a peacable man, unless pushed too hard or drinking too much, Tige grew up to be a peacable dog. He never started a fight; tended his own business, which he thought was following Elz where ever he went. He liked other dogs, which was his undoing...

He followed Elz into town, running and playing along the road, when in town, out of nowhere a cloud of dark fur and gnashing teeth enveloped young Tige, and rolled him. A big hound, bigger by far than young Tige, with a rough-bristled face, and a lot of miles to back him up. Tige didn't have a chance. He got whipped every time he went into town. Elz was disappointed, but knew the story from way back...the way he'd have fared with Dan Morgan if Tom Moore hadn't stepped in! That big rough hound never missed an opportunity to trounce Tige. Young Tige was just too young when the hound got his bluff in...

Tige's main grudge, though, was the cattle that roamed up and down Sheep Creek. No fences yet to stop them. No fences anywhere out in the wilds.

Maybe because of the hound, maybe

not, Tige harbored a hate for those cattle; it was his place they invaded. At any rate the minute a cow-brute showed up, Tige would tear after them. He was soon a big dog, maybe 85 pounds, and he'd grab them anywhere, by the tail, the nose, anywhere...and he'd hang on 'til Elz showed up...

See, Elz started him off by telling Tige to take them out. After that Tige took it on himself to play guardian of the Sheep Creek canyon. Elz would often set him after the wandering cattle, then take a double-bitted axe handle, smooth and hard and start after them. Tige always had his beast down.

Every time. Eyes closed. Hanging on. The poor cow or steer couldn't get loose, bawled, kicked and battered

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Tige. Tige thought it was part of a good game. Elz would say, "Let go, Tige!" Then he'd cuss a little. Tige wouldn't open his eyes.

"Happened every time," Elz said. "Finally, I guess I'd get through to him."

When I first heard the story I was reminded of a story "A Dog of Flanders," I think, that I read when I was very young.

First, I think Miss Wiley or Miss Rock read it to the class; then I read it. A big dog that pulled milk cans around somewhere in Flanders, got into a fight with a bulldog. He couldn't get loose; the bulldog had him by the throat. Men tried to get the bulldog to let loose; the big milk-cart dog was dying. Some fellow had an idea: he shook some powder snuff into the bulldog's nostrils. The bulldog sneezed. The big dog was saved.

"Who had snuff?" Elz said. "I smoked and chewed tobacco, but never had snuff. I grew handle-bar mustaches, and drank—and had pretty good luck in a few fights. No, I'd just whack Tige on the ribs, a time or two. Finally, he'd let go. And it would start all over when cattle came up or down Sheep Creek."

As Tige matured he got to following Wilse Throe. Wilse knew Elz and Nelia, worked for them; and he and Tige hit it off rather well. Tige started following him around...

This place was where Elz found the young black eagle. He worked and traded around, and when it came time, before very long, to trade off the Sheep Creek ranch, Elz gave Tige to Wilse Throe.

One day Tige got careless, went too sound asleep, under the shade of a hayrack; Wilse backed the full load of hay right over Tige. Killed him dead.

What an ignominious end for a big bulldog who probably could have taken any dog around, even the big rough hound, if he'd used his iron jaws on a front leg, or a windpipe.

Still, then, Elz would've felt sorry for the other dog.

HIGH COUNTRY

The Logger

by Gerald Hartsock

Up west from the Sheep Creek shack lay most of the land that Elz had traded for. It was not far from the creek to the valley itself...a mile or so sharply up over the crest, then down the west slope to the valley, maybe two miles total. Some of the land had large pine trees on it. Elz decided to log that land and replenish his bank account, most recently established. Perhaps it should be pointed out that bank accounts, business of any kind, belonged to the husband of the family, never the wife...she listened and approved..that was her role, and not too much dissention was to be tolerated...Elz figured he might get $2 a thousand board feet for good saw logs.

The standing tree had to be felled by a long limber steel saw, properly filed and gummed out, an axe—usually double bitted—a wedge, and probably the most important: a man's strong back. A can of coal oil kept the saw blade free and clear of pitch buildup. The saw differed little from the early pioneer's saw-pit saw only in the way the handle loop was attached to the end of the saw. The coal oil was easily bought in town at McCully's or Worsweiller's for ten cents a gallon, or three gallons for a quarter. And the coal oil was also burned in cabin lamps and barn lanterns...everybody, from early days, owned a lantern.

Elz had traded for, by now, a hack, a wagon, and a big black team, well-matched for size and strength. And he had a sturdy saddle horse he sometimes rode, like after the fast-running Tige, and chasing down the young eagle...

Up on the canyon slopes were the closest pine trees.

Elz chose one, made a saw cut maybe eight inches deep, then with carefully honed axe, chip by chip, skived out the big complete chip that would determine the fall of the big pine. Now he started the front cut, a slow, hot job, and he had no partner on the other end of the long steel whip...Plenty of coal oil, and an hour later he felt the 60 foot giant tremble. It fell slowly, almost leisurely at the start, against the hill with a gigantic crash. Broken limbs flew all around. And a tree that had started about the time George Washington commanded the ragged soldiers at Valley Forge was down in a canyon of old giants...

Next day Elz drove into town, Cornelia beside him in the hack. She bought tube paints and some heavy oiled paper for cutting out stencils; she liked to paint on velvet. Elz bought a new file, a stone, and a vise for holding saws. They went back to the canyon.

Elz installed the vise on an old homestead table, filed the saw meticulously sharp, and set the teeth...

Then he went up and attacked the tree again. Half a day with the crosscut, and the tree was in three sections on the hillside. The top and limbs would be left behind for any use necessary...such as firewood.

He estimated how many thousand feet of timber he had to go before he would have a thousand dollars...

He hadn't ever logged before, but he'd talked with sawmill men; he could do the rest. He didn't mind the laborious work, nor the loading, nor the slow hauling to the mill across the valley.

The logs were waiting...

Elz threw a chain around one end of the top log, clucked to his big black team; they buckled into it, pulling together like true partners...

Along the hillside, no road yet, just the good hard earth, soft with needles...Elz was behind, off to one side on the lines...

The log struck an imbedded rock; the log chain slipped off, and the log started rolling down the slope. It struck a tree and against that tree was leaning a smooth tamarack, smooth and hard and slick...in a flashing instant Elz saw what had happened as the tamarack fell straight down toward his team...

One horse took the full weight, dropped to his knees, floundered in the harness, and died..the tamarack rolled off him. The other horse wasn't touched. All Elz could do was unsnap the living horse, and lead him away...

Elz tried to match a horse to the survivor, but it didn't work too well. The new horse would work but the old surviving horse seemed to understand that his partner was gone, never seemed much interested in working again. Oh, he'd work, but the joy was gone...

Elz was in one instant an ex-logger. He vowed never to log again. He didn't, save for one much-later year. He sold the entire stumpage to the Meek sawmill. Jay Dobbin got the lumber for his great new house...

It's still there today.

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Along the hillside, no road yet, just the good hard earth, soft with needles...Elz was behind, off to one side on the lines...

The log struck an imbedded rock; the log chain slipped off, and the log started rolling down the slope. It struck

HIGH COUNTRY

PRAIRIE CREEK

by Garold Hartsock

A couple of years passed. One day Elz said "We're too isolated...we got to move out of this gash. Can't make enough money here, anyhow."

"Sure," Nelia said. "To where are we moving?"

"You know that 160 I've had my eye on? Over on Prairie Creek?"

"You mean right on the creek? Below Grandpa Harmon's?"

"It was for sale. Not a better place on earth. Stream between the house and barn. I been waiting. I signed the papers in town. I'm broke again for awhile."

"Take me a couple of hours to get ready."

"Don't figure on taking much. There's a a white iron bed in a room off the kitchen, extra room. Big kitchen, stove already there."

They moved in the hack, leaving the wagon for later. The hack was pulled by the team that didn't care any more, the mismatched work team. Nelia took along her suit case made of brown corrugated oilcloth...Elz took his blue and white tin trunk...he would get the geese, fighting gander, chickens and turkeys later...

"Got a buyer for the Sheep Creek place. He'll take it for what we paid, plus a thousand."

"That's nice," Nelia said.

"Fair," Elz said. "Sheep Creek just isn't the answer. Do wish I'd had time to build the dam, and make our lake."

"You'll find what you're looking for someday."

It really was a step up in many ways. Water to be pumped from a well outside the house, a good wooden barn just across the creek which went down pretty low in summer.

"I keep thinking about Lou Knapper and his wealth...and F.D. McCully. Why F.D. would be worth a hundred thousand or more, if he'd quit plunging...he's always going out on some limb and losing his investment. But he'll try something else. Good way to be."

"Someday," Nelia said, "you may be rich, too."

"Keep bouncing."

"That's it."

They seldom looked back. The first place in the valley, the Sheep Creek ranch, all were now a part of memory. They'd talk as they ate in the kitchen. Nelia could easily remember her grandpa Hiram Perkins and his homestead, now owned by Lou Knapper. She could look west and see the exact spot in the Prairie Creek Cemetery where her grandmother Warnock-Armentrout lay buried..mother of Dick, Alec, Hamey, Dan, Molly and Bob. A four-foot narrow square stone of marble marked the spot.

"I'm surrounded by family and memories here," Nelia said. "Mama bought that gravestone out of her butter-and-egg money."

"Odd thing," Elz said. "Her brothers all cattlemen, growing herds, getting well-fixed, how come they saddled your mother with that stone!"

"Oh, she wanted to do it for her mother. Uncle Dan and Alec and Billy were just getting going on their ranches. They had big families. She didn't even ask for help. Cost fifty dollars."

"She's a poor widow woman out there in the hills."

"No," Nelia said, "she's loved by her family. They probably would've helped. She didn't even ask...they didn't even know she was buying it. I guess it'll be there forever, that stone."

"Tell me," Elz said, "Why do you hate your cousins Grace and Gertie?"

"I don't, really. Just like Maida Stevenson, they wanted you to marry Maude Knapper."

"Oh, well, that...I told you why I didn't."

"You ever wish you had?"

"Of course not. You're a good country girl...I'm a country boy. Always will be."

"Maude's a country girl..."

"I know. But she's rich, and I want to make my own money. She'll be alright. I hear old Lou's planning a big house up Main Street. Right in front of the old one. Big one."

Nelia said, "I don't think I want to hear about it very much. All right?"

"All right. I'm going into town. You take care of the chores?"

"You're going to drink."

"I just want to talk around," Elz said. "The crops are in, why not? Three, four miles...what the hell?"

"I'll take care of the chores," Nelia said.

In a way she wasn't displeased when he took off on his little jaunts; she didn't have to worry about getting pregnant.

People from the upper valley stopped by the little house near the cemetery to talk on their way to town. Maybe a dozen rigs a week would stop and the women would get very secretive in the kitchen; every woman had the same problems...

He and Nelia had their picture taken by a traveling photographer. Elz wore a stiff starched collar; Nelia had bought a small gold watch when she worked for Mrs. Mitchell, and she wore it on her blouse.

Time passed. Things were looking up all around...

Until one day Nelia made a report:

"I think I'm pregnant again."

Elz looked at here. "So? You know what to do."

Nelia was silent.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm not going to. Not this time. I'm getting older. I want to keep this baby."

"Not a chance," Elz said. "I don't want a squalling brat around my house."

"My house, too, isn't it?" Nelia said quietly.

"I'll leave you. I won't be tied down."

"I won't."

A certain place in history had been reached. Nelia had taken a stand. A firm one. The rather plain, usually quiet country girl had taken a stand...

And Elz, the drinker, the fighter was left standing in their kitchen with his teeth in his mouth.

Elz would just look at her and not speak. Nelia cooked the meals, painted on velvet, waited...

Elz said, "Ike Sanders and I been talking...he wants to go up to Canada. I might...unless..."

"No," Nelia said. "I won't."

When Elz came back from town, there were some pretty torrid moments; Elz liked his love life...

Then he'd go out and build fence. He bought a lot of small lodgepoles delivered to the ranch for 2 cents apiece. He sank tamarack posts deep around the house and barn, spiked on the poles. Nails were all wire now. The old cut nails had just plain disappeared out of the stores.

The crops were bountiful, grain and alfalfa alike; and why not? The soil had been used by white men not much more than 35 years...practically virginal, it was.

Elz didn't own a cow. He bought Carnation cans in town. Nelia ground coffee in a small square mill.

It was a good life, always being tried from a new angle by Elz. For cleaning ease he wore gum rubber boots to the knees, easy to wash in the creek. One of his inventions to clean shoes or boots was a 6-8 inch flat piece of metal barrel loop, cut, hammered and filed, then stuck by the door for ready use. His regular work garb was blue bib overalls, never washed ... until he dressed for the dances at Roup's Hall. Then he was all shaved and clean-washed from water heated in the reservoir on one end of the kitchen stove. He kept two good suits, and silk shirts.

HIGH COUNTRY

Culmination

High Country is a serialization of Garold Hartsock's historical account of his family's early days.

Hartsock's grandfather, William Henry Hartsock, was captain of the last wagon train west in the 1880's.

He settled in Columbia County in Tucannon River area, land which would later bear their name — Hartsock Grade.

Elz Hartsock, the leading participant in the *High Country* story was the son of William Henry and his wife, Adeline Amanda. Garold Hartsock is his son. Although Elz spent his early years in the Dayton area, he moved on into Oregon's high country, where much of the story takes place.

by Garold Hartsock

It was not an easy time Nelia. Being ignored was the worst part; there was no violence. Elz had very light brows and lashes, blue eyes, dark curly hair...a very handsome man. Nelia so wanted him to approve of her and her growing belly. It was not to be.

Elz felt that his personal life was being assaulted.

After all, he remembered his boyhood days, ignored by his mother for her second husband, Jake Kidweiller; he never forgot his days as choreboy for John McCauley— and the hot fresh cowpoo he warmed his freezing feet in. He could never forget his friend old Tom Moore, the great long-haired fighter; and he simply could not approve of the affront Nelia had dropped into his life. He had little tolerance, or none, for this sort of thing. So he left Nelia strictly alone while she yearned...

One day in town he was in the corner saloon, his favorite hangout in the High Country; he was drinking with several friends: Ben Peal, Frank Roup and some others...

Someone pushed open the swinging doors. "Fire! F.D. McCully's house..."

The saloon emptied fast.

Elz liked F.D.; always had, always would. Fast on his feet, away ahead of the crowd, Elz reached the McCully house first. A block toward the river from Main Street, a house of peaks and valleys, good white paint...and smoke already seeping out of the windows. Elz turned in the doorway, door still closed, braced himself against the casing...

"Mustn't go in," he shouted. "Fire in there!"

He was so drunk he couldn't see straight, as he always got, but he knew he was doing a very heroic thing...

"What the hell you doing?" someone yelled. "Let us in!"

"Oh, no," Elz said. "Fire in there. Dangerous."

"You fool. Get away!"

"Now, listen," Elz said very clearly. "You boys all know me. You better back off. I don't want anybody to get hurt in this fire."

"We could save some furniture!"

"Nope."

Elz had his foggy mind made up.

The next instant, out of the fog, someone smacked him in the mouth. He was knocked out of the doorway, knocked sprawling. He staggered and got up and saw the crowd converge on the doorway. They didn't have much luck. A lamp shade made of green glass, a couch, that was about it. The house exploded and burned like coal oil had been poured all over...

Elz sought out Dr. John Thompson. When he grinned in his usual drunken stupor, he could feel his lower lip split wide open...

"Elz, who did that?"

"Someone smacked me. Can't find out who did it."

"You'll need a stitch in there to pull it together."

"Sure, Whatever you say."

"That means ether. Otherwise I couldn't do it. Too much pain for you."

Elz had had a lot of pain in his life: a broken leg set by Oce and himself in Dayton, an agony...and much new skin applied to his large nose after football injuries, several times—liquid fire; he was tough...but he respected Doc Thompson's opinion:

"Let's do it."

He took deep breaths of the ether...it had to be done...

When he came out of the darkness, Doc Thompson was looking at him. "Just rest a minute, Elz..."

Pretty soon Elz sat up on the table. "Have to get back to the ranch. How much?"

"A dollar will be all right. How's Nelia?"

"Getting bigger."

"Fine lady. You're lucky, Elz."

"I suppose."

"You know it," Dr. Thompson said.

"Sure takes some getting used to."

"You'll be glad someday. Lots of heat left in you and Nelia. My wife and I waited too long to get married. No heat left. Nelia got any help?"

"No," Elz said.

"Ought to think about some help for her, maybe. Call on me, of course, when it's time. You want me to take you out there?"

"Nah, got my own rig."

When he got back to the ranch on Prairie Creek, there was work to do, always work, work, work...

Nelia tended to the geese and ducks, the turkeys and chickens. She always fed the Poland China pigs.

Elz's lip healed in time.

Nelia grew larger.

At supper one evening Elz said "I'm going to ask Mother to come over here. She can help you...five children of her own by Father...one by old Kidweiler...a little girl named Rachel...she died, I guess...never saw her, never wanted to...but she had all her children without a doctor. Most of the pioneer women did. Doctors aren't necessary."

"Well, maybe..."

Nelia didn't press her luck; Elz was finally thinking about her...

So Adeline Amanda came visiting from Dayton town to the High Country...

She visited her neice Maida Stevenson, but stayed for the most part in the house on Prairie Creek. She had her own room. She seldom wore calico, always gray or black. She did nothing to help Nelia. She often spoke of her own deliveries, unattended by a doctor...

Diets and weight control were never mentioned; they did not exist...Nelia ate like a horse, and grew larger accordingly...

As her time grew close Nelia became quite thoughtful; she put up with Adeline Amanda and her useless ways. A small woman, was Adeline Amanda, about 5'3", and she had shelled out five children from Galena, Kansas to Hartsock Grade, plus one other, and thought nothing of it. But so had her mother, Mary E. Perkins, 5'2" who thought it a terrible ordeal...Nelia was 5'5" ...and she could not help wondering...

Elz tended his ranch, but every month or two, also his saloon in town...

The newspaper in town carried this small item:

Rumor has it that
Elz Hartsock is
practicing hollering
down a rainbarrel,
to hear what it sounds
like to hear a voice
calling, "Daddy—"

Elz began paying more attention to Nelia.

Nelia said, "What's your mother here for?"

Elz said, "Oh, it's a change for her. She's had a lot of experience. She can tell you about birthing a baby. When it's time."

They ate in silence at a square old pine table. Adeline Amanda didn't ever wash dishes, or offer to help. She did know about contacting spirits to make burns heal properly. You rubbed the burn lightly, away from the heart to the fingertips; the ritual demanded that a woman never tell the secret words to a woman, only a man; a man never told the words to a man, only a woman...it was part of the Rules. You must chant very quietly as your rubbed:

"Spirit, hear me, this person is
badly burned.
Out Fire and go to Frost,
Out Fire and go to Frost...

Seven times you must repeat the demand.

Never was a scar left, even from very bad burns. It had worked in the last wagon train west; it would always work...

And then, one day, Nelia knew; the nine months were gone; it was time. Nelia said, "Elz, your mother is useless. I've got to have help..."

"How do you know?"

"I know. A woman can tell. It's a terrible thing to go through. I've talked with several women..."

"I can't believe that," Elz said. "Let Mother help you."

"No. I'm going to bed."

"Let her talk to you."

"I hate her. She's a fool, and completely useless."

"Well, what we going to do?"

"I'll try it by myself. But you stay real close."

"I'll be here," he said.

Elz knew a certain panic, himself. His mother stood around watching...

"It'll be all right," Adeline Amanda said. "I never had a bit of trouble. Just went to bed, and had 'em. Nelia won't let me near her."

"She will."

But that was not the way it was. After several hours of labor, straining and sweating and agonizing, Nelia was not even close to a delivery. She was weak and tired. She said, "Elz, I need a doctor. Right now."

Elz nodded. His new team Duke and Dan were fast and well-matched, pulling a plow or hack; he'd traded his fine Wurlitzer violin to Bill Halsey for them. They trotted the distance into town fast and effortlessly to Doc Thompson's place...

"Doc, I need hlep."

"Figured you might," Doctor John Thompson said. "I'll get my buggy."

"No. Just your bag. Too much time gone by already."

"She in labor?"

"Several hours: she can't do it alone."

"Let's go."

They arrived at the ranch on Prairie Creek about midnight. Dr. Thompson went right to work. A thin faced, medium tall man, with wide shoulders, and a kind of limp...acquired in the Spanish American War before he came to the High Country. A gentle quiet man with long thin fingers...

"Doctor," Nelia said, "I'm exhausted...and very afraid..."

"I'm here," he said. He examined her closely. Then he opened hig bag and took out some great steel foreceps.

"Oh, no!" Nelia gasped. She watched him. "An instrument delivery?"

"I never heard of such a thing!" Adeline Amanda said.

"Get away, woman," Doc Thompson said. Then to Nelia: "I've done it before when necessary."

"I'm afraid!"

"I know. I'll just help you and the baby."

"God," Elz said. "Must be a giant in there."

"We'll see. Now, Nelia, courage, and press hard when I say to."

"It doesn't work."

He carefully inserted his heavy, flat-cupped instrument.

"Now, Nelia...You've got a good heart. You're a healthy country girl...now..."

It was a moment of pure concentration...and then out slipped the baby...

"Half grown," Doc Thompson said, quickly laying aside his instruments. He held the baby up; a feeble cry was his reward. He laid the baby on the bed, tied the cord. "Elz, wipe my forehead."

Elz did, with a red, clean bandana. "She all right?"

"She is now."

"The baby?"

"Well, it was close. He's tired. He'll be fine. So'll be Nelia. Rough, rough delivery. Nelia, everything is going to be all right now."

She was barely aware. "The baby?"

"Fine big boy. Big fellow. Ten pounds at least. You'll have to rub his little head, every time you think about it. Use sweet oil. Mashed his skull a bit. He'll grow out of it."

"Poor little fellow," Nelia said, tenderly.

"Elz, burn this placenta. No need for it now. Cleaned out fine and complete. I'll be here the rest of the night, Nelia. Elz, where can I wash up a little?"

"Out here...thank you, Doc."

"Glad to be here. Had to be."he said quietly: "You'd have lost them both. Happens that way, sometimes.

"My God," Elz said.

HIGH COUNTRY

Skookum

by Garold Hartsock

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, early settlers in Columbia County. At this point in the story, Elz, the son of William Henry Hartsock, is living in Oregon's high country. In the last episode, Cornelia, his wife, had just given birth to the couple's first child.

So it was that Skookum was borned. Elz called him that because of his size.

An old Indian word which meant just one thing: Big! The Indians down the Columbia near Mt. St. Helens, in much earlier years, recorded by that famous western reporter and artist Paul Kane, told of the great skookums that seized unwary human beings and carted them off to the beautiful mountain. Skookums were they, the monsters that scared all superstitious Indians. Sasquatch, Yheti, Bigfoot, all were really the Skookums...

But Elz didn't know that. It was only an Indian word from the Tum-a-lum campground on the Tucannon; and which was used to describe big strong men...or babies...

From McCully's mercantile in Joseph town did Elz bring to his new son a present: a large glass marble with the most intricate and colorful twisting center—all about the size of a golf ball. Nelia had the black walnut marble box made by Luther Perkins for her, his daughter, from his mother Cornelia's lift-off sewing machine cover. In it were beautiful stone and glass marbles from the civil war period, and later. Nelia prized it highly. Some of her own acquisitions were creamy-with-gold and black-with-gold. She'd had it all her life. Luther Perkins, Big-nose Perk, was a hard-working man, and thoughtful, when he wasn't mean from drink, and he had given her many of those good glass marbles and dough-babes.

When not in use on the floor, the big glass marble Elz had bought went into the marble box.

Shortly thereafter, in his ambitious ways, Elz traded off the Prairie Creek ranch...

One hundred sixty acres, under ditch water, was worth somewhat less than $5,000. Elz banked the profit from the deal with Ike Doak in the bank where Lou Knapper was president, and Dan Warnock, vice president.

Down on the Imnaha, up from the Bridge, Billy Warnock, Nelia's uncle had a deep-canyon reach.

Elz and Nelia, Skookum and Pup, a white woolly little dog resembling a curly lamb, went out across the hills in the hack, down, down, down to the Imnaha.

Why, in that fertile warm land could be grown such fruits, vegetables and melons that had never been produced in the High Country, including black cherries and tomatoes—a virtual garden spot barely 35 miles from the high and icy Wallowas. All canyon streams, both Big and Little Sheep, the Imnaha, flowed north toward the Grande Ronde, which had originated in the Blues up above and between LaGrande and Pendleton on its eventual way to the Snake and Columbia and the Pacific Ocean.

There were no big acreages along the Sheep Creeks and Imnaha, just small patches of fertile ground alongside the streams.

Elz and Nelia worked for Billy and Lucy...

Skookum was a large, happy baby, almost bald, always ready to eat from Mama, showing no promise of being active or precocious. He preferred to sleep. He grinned a lot and listened closely when people spoke to him. Mama rubbed his crushed skull with olive oil, very gently, as he grew to 25 pounds at 6 months.

Billy Warnock attempted to teach him to crawl. He was not even remly interested in undue exertion. But finally had to admit defeat.

HIGH COUNTRY

Poor Pup

High Country tells the story of the Hartsock family, early Columbia County settlers, whose name remains on the Hartsock Grade. At this point in the story, Elz, the son of settler William Henry Hartsock, is making his home in Oregon.

by Garold Hartsock

Anybody in the High Country knows the heavy fast cloudbursts that seemed to be poured from a heavenly bucket. In the great gashes of the two Sheep Creeks, the Imnaha and Snake River canyons, trailwise travellers, during such storms, never follow the draws, always keep to higher ground. If necessary, they might take refuge against or under a rimrock for awhile...

It was after such an inundation that Elz, Nelia, Skookum and little Pup started down the Imnaha road toward the bridge. The storm was over. The two Sheep Creeks had combined their torrents into the Imnaha...

Normally the bridge—just two great pines, stripped of bark, and dragged across the sheer rock walls and floored with heavy plank about ten feet above deep water—was the only place to cross to the hill road that led, eventually, to the high valley...

That day Elz had an idea; cut across the flatland above the bridge, and save five miles. There was a kind of crossing used by ranchers in low water...

Being a fine teamster Elz feared nothing when he had the lines; Duke and Dan feared nothing when Elz guided them. But the low-water crossing was bank-full and raging.

Elz clucked and Duke and Dan breasted the torrent.

"Oh, Elz," Nelia cried, "I don't know—"

"Ah," Elz said, "Duke and Dan can handle this easy!"

But courage in horse or man meant nothing to high water. About six feet from shore Elz knew his mistake. The rushing water grabbed the hack and jerked it roughly. Elz instantly swung the team back toward shore. They were standing deep in fast water, no chance to swing back to the crossing...

"Oh, Elz!" Nelia was a country girl and knew real danger. "The baby!"

"Sit tight!" Elz commanded. He wrapped his lines around the brake, put one foot on top of the right front wheel, stepped out on the bank with the other, and reached back. "All right, hand me Skookum!"

Nelia handed blanked-wrapped 25 pound Skookum to Elz. One foot still braced on the wheel, Elz laid Skookum far out on the ground. He reached back...

"All right, hand me Pup!"

Pup, white and curly, whimpered. He seemed to know the danger. His little dark eyes were barely visible...

Nelia grapped up Pup and, with Elz reaching, tossed Pup to him. "Whoa!" Elz missed him!

Pup landed in the rushing water. Elz coundn't reach him. The current instantly took him. Pup was paddling for all he was worth as he passed the horses, and disappeared down the fast river...

"Oh, Poor Pup!" Nelia cried.

"Give me your hand," Elz commanded. He pulled her, frozen to his hand and arm, over the wheel onto the bank. Then he reached out and loosened the lines from the brake...

"Duke, Dan!"

The sorrel team took the hack sailing down the current. Elz saw them far down the river strike a finger of land and finally pull out of the wild rushing water with the hack.

Elz heaved a sigh. "My God, Nelia why'd you toss Pup to me. Wasn't necesary."

"I was scared! I always get nervous in a pinch!"

"It might have been Skookum! Worst flood I ever saw. God, a man don't know nothing. The bridge would have been safe..."

"Poor Pup! Poor little Pup!"

"He'll swim out!"

But Pup didn't. Sometime later a man reported he'd seen what might have been Pup's body in a tangle of driftwood in the riverbed...a scrap of dirty bedraggled fur, almost white...

Elz and Nelia retrieved their team and hack, went back to Billy Wannockk's house, where from they started another day, but quietly crossing the bridge this time.....

HIGH COUNTRY

Imnaha to Joseph

by Garold Hartsock

"High Country" is the story of the Hartsock family, its early Columbia County beginnings established by William Henry Hartsock, for whom the Hartsock Grade is named. The author, Garold Hartsock is the grandson of William Henry. The author's father, Elz, is the subject of the story. At this period in the history, Elz is making his home in Oregon, with his wife Cornelia (Nelia) and new baby, called Skookum.

Elz and Nelia drove 30 miles like it was a short journey; and so it was to sorrels Duke and Dan. Elz liked the warmer weather at "The Bridge" for Nelia and Skookum. There were friends not too far away. So he bought a white house across the road from the store at Imnaha Bridge. Someone took pictures of Nelia and Skookum in the front yard, and again at the store. Skookum was growing. Everything was pretty easy and comfortable...

But, sure enough, Elz knew he didn't really care for the deep canyons. Once again, there was not enough action.

It was now well past the turn of the century.

Uncle Sam had long since decided to treat Young Chief Joseph more fairly and had moved him and his band to Nespelem, Washington from the horrible heat, the indignity of the earlier incarceration in Oklahoma; the peaceable and handsome Hinmot-too-yah-lat-kekht had once again been allowed to travel...but he was never allowed to return permanently to the beloved fishing and hunting grounds of the Wallowa; it had long been usurped by white men such as Harmon Perkins, the Warnock-Armentrout clan, F.D. McCully and later on, the Knappers and Johnsons and Winstons and Rumbles, many more. Pretty hard to undo history; the West was definitely a white man'acquisition. Why? Well, because Christopher Columbus and Americus Vespucci had insisted on sailing west...thus the east coast of the North American continent was settled and the white man would not stay put; he travelled west through all adversity, always west...Manifest destiny, it was called.

Well, Young Joseph died at Nespelem; he was buried there...

Elz Hartsock felt his manifest destiny was once again in the High Country thirty miles south and up into the upper valley next to the great mountains and Joseph town, even though the petrifying cold of the long winters—six months winter, six months poor sleddin'—made life considerably less leisurely...

Elz was a born trader. One block from Main Street, two blocks from the McCully house fire, was a small square white house, diagonally across from Mrs. Mitchell's first hotel. Elz got that house. It was a block from Thee Schluer's saloon, handy for shopping at Worsweiller's Store or Ed Eben's, close to Doc Thompson's office—and had a good chicken wire fence around it to keep a growing boy contained...

So they lived in town, the Hartsocks did, like rich old rancher and banker Lou Knapper had for years. And Dan Warnock, Nelia's uncle, vice president of the same bank; and the Winstons and the Rumbles, who had always been there, anyway...

The Union Pacific and Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company had combined forces and rails were laid at water level from Elgin, Oregon down the fearsome, slashed-up ground, down, around and up to the end of the line at Joseph. Fine, small buildings of brick had been built, and dated. Man's record of himself...in the high country, at least ...

Nelia picked the guitar which was a prize for selling magazines around the Imnaha, and sang songs to Skookum about Love Letters In the Sand and Two Little Girls in Blue. She hung the burnt leather wall hanging of a bronc buster, which she had bought from a drummer in the big Mitchell Hotel. About the only thing Skookum could remember from the Imnaha was his mama giving him watercress from a shadowy spring. And then there was one other thing: on the way out to the valley was a sawmill with a few loads of new lumber beside it...a girl was sitting on the lumber. He didn't know the girl, but he would remember her forever...

The little square house a block from Main Street had in it a tan and green velveteen couch, a rocking chair, a heating stove where you could see the fire inside. Hot!. Never to be ever touched—or you would wind up with a burned hand, as he had on the Imnaha, where he had to wear cloth finger stalls on his hand, tied around the wrist. Black Watkins salve on the finger, then the finger stalls pulled on...

In the bedroom was a white iron bed, and a white iron crib.

In the kitchen was a big wood range with a reservoir which had to be filled from the pitcher pump over at the sink.

There was a rocking horse in the front room which Papa bought at McCully's; you could sit in it, but couldn't ride on it.

Every night Papa whittled shavings from pine sticks of wood with his sharp knife. In the morning he would get up in his nightshirt, start a fire, and go back to bed to wait for the house to warm...

Mama kept small yellow birds in a cage hanging from the ceiling, and they sang bird songs. Mama would clean the cage out and drop the seeds on the ground from the back porch; a little mouse would come out from under the house and eat the seeds while Skookum watched through the back window. It was his mouse, he claimed...

Mama and Skookum had pictures taken over town. Mama wore small gold-rimmed glasses and a gray silk blouse. She had a carved ivory brooch on her blouse. Skookum wore romper suits and was about the best-dressed boy in town, they said...

Art and Aunt Susie Wilson often came by; Art brought Skookum a paper sack with beautiful glass marbles in it, striped with gold stone in the green and yellow glass...

Art and Aunt Susie had no children, but Aunt Susie would take Skookum over town now and then, on his new sturdy legs. Skookum chewed gum, and kept his gum on the window ledge for future chewings...Mama wasn't too well, it seemed. They talked about finding a girl to stay in the spare bedroom, to help Mama with the house work...