

HIGH COUNTRY

Tippy killed chickens

by Garold Hartsock

Skookum was learning to talk. It only took about two years. He told everyone about the girl on the lumber pile down toward the Innaba....

"That's all he can talk about," Nelia said.

Elz was thoughtful. He poked a little fun at Skookum:

"I'd try to think about something else," he said.

"A dog?"

"Maybe."

"Every boy should have a dog,"

Skookum said. "And maybe a sister. Like the girl at the sawmill."

"Well," Elz said, "he knows what he wants."

"Dogs," Nelia said "are simpler to get."

One day over town, Elz saw a small shepherd pup, brown with a white tip on his tail; about the size of Elz's two fists, fat and full of play...

"Who's he belong to?" Elz asked.

"You, if you want him," someone said. "Followed some kid over from the school, I think. He'll be hungry before long. Take him home, give him to Skookum!"

So Elz took the pup over to the little square house. Skookum was ecstatic. "Maybe we ought to call him Tippy?" Elz suggested.

"Your bet," Skookum said. "My dog?"

"I guess," Elz said.

"I'll show him how to run and play."

Elz said, "Better learn how yourself, first."

Skookum was working at it. Tippy slept in the manger in the small barn at the back of the property, next to Mrs. Mitchell's new hotel.

All Tippy did was eat and grow and run beside Skookum in the big fenced yard...he laid in the sun on the side porch and yawned, and slept when Skookum took his nap. He was not a house dog, as Pup had been...

Within a year Tippy was about grown...and Skookum was just starting to grow...

During this time Mrs. Mitchell had sold or leased the big three-story hotel to other operators, the Fitzpatricks, and moved her operation to some newer, one story buildings, just east of the little white house a block from Main street. She rented rooms, as always, and set white linen-covered small tables in the small dining room. Unmarried

men always found with Mrs. Mitchell, as Elz had, a place to eat good food, and a place to sleep. Mrs. Mitchell was a natural hotel keeper, always had been, always would be. Her fat, wheezy husband, Jimmy, kept eighty acres just east of town on the Prairie Creek road, where he had built a house and a barn, where he kept Poland China pigs; and he'd set his children up on separate ranches...Henry, Weldon, and Guy. Old Jimmy kept more pigs behind the newer hotel to eat all the scraps from the dining room, in addition to the barley grain he raised. Tippy and Skookum kept careful track of those black pigs....

Mrs. Mitchell also raised chickens. The Rhode Island red hens laid eggs for the hotel, and set on nests and raised some new yellow chickens, fuzzy and small...

That's when the trouble started.

For a while the young chicks stayed with their fussy clucking mother hen; then they started slipping under and through the chicken wire fence into the yard next door, Elz's and Nelia's....Papa's and Mama's.

Tippy and Skookum patrolled. The

chickens would simply dart back through the fence.

Papa said to Skookum: "Just chase 'em out."

"We do," Skookum reported. "Tippy waits for them."

"Just chase 'em out. Mrs. Mitchell's always careless about fences..."

"Oh, Elz...I don't know." Mama said, "We wouldn't want to make them mad...they've been friends for so long..."

"Ah, Papa Said, "Tippy and Skookum need the exercise. They won't hurt anything."

The hen would show up the next morning with her brood. Tippy and Skookum would race around the yard after the growing chickens. They always escaped...

Skookum had his picture taken in the back yard with a rabbit and with Tippy. A lady had a Kodak.

And then something happened...

One day the hole in the chicken wire must have gotten smaller or the chickens larger. They were almost half as large as the hen. Papa had put some boards along the back fence, as was the front fence. The hen couldn't get

through any more. The young chickens insisted on finding a place to get through. Tippy and Skookum made those chickens scatter fast. But one of two of the big young chickens couldn't find the hole; they ran right past their usual place and tried the front fence...

"Sic 'em, Tippy!" Skookum screamed.

Tippy nailed him against the wire. That young rooster didn't have a chance. Skookum started screaming:

"Mama, Mama!"

Mama rushed out.

"Tippy hurt him!" Skookum cried.

Mama scolded, and Tippy stood back. The chicken was gasping. Skookum was completely shattered; he'd never seen anything hurt before.

The hired girl came out on the back porch.

"That rooster is big enough to eat,"

the hired girl said, "No sense wasting a good chicken. I'll cut his head off."

That made a mighty impression on Skookum.

Mama and the hired girl fried the chicken in a pan on the stove.

"I don't want any!" Skookum said.

The hired girl was more practical. "You eat it," she commanded. "That's what chickens are for. Sooner or later we eat 'em. Mrs. Mitchell was raising 'em to eat. You have to kill extra roosters anyway. The little hens are kept sometimes for eggs and new chickens...just like that Rhode Island hen."

So finally Skookum tasted the fried chicken. "He was trying to get away," he cried. "I shouldn't have sicced Tippy on him."

Mama and the hired girl looked at each other. The hired girl shrugged. "I guess we shouldn't tell Papa when he gets home."

The chicken tasted just as good as

any chicken Mamma ever cooked, but Skookum always remembered the screaming chicken trying to get away.

HIGH COUNTRY—"Sister"

"Sister" continues the series by **Garold Hartsock**, telling the story of his family's early days in the Northwest. The telling began with his grandfather who settled in Columbia County, and for whom Hartsock Grade is named. At this point in the history, the son of the elder Hartsock, Elz, is raising his family in Oregon.

by **Garold Hartsock**

It was a most unusual day when Mama let Skookum go visiting by himself. He was almost 4, and he had a new girl named Cleo, a little brown-eyed, dark-haired girl about his own age, from Cornucopia, over in Baker County. Across the high mountains. He would ask Mama to pick wild flowers with him; she'd finally agree; they'd go pick among granite rocks such wonderful flowers as Chicken Pips, Grass Flowers and tiny Daisies. Also, there were sudden surprises like Bluebells and Yellow Bells. Skookum liked Chicken Pips best of all...

Cleo lived right close to those rocks...over past the barn where Papa kept Duke and Dan. Cleo always

wanted Skookum to come play at her house.

And then one day Mama said, "I guess you could go see Cleo if you wanted to."

He knocked on Cleo's door. Her mama said, "Cleo is sick. You can't see her today."

"When can I see her?"

"Well, some other day. She was operated on for appendicitis."

"Is she all right?"

"Oh, yes," Cleo's mama said. "But she's sore. And she's asleep now."

Skookum trudged back home. "She'll be all right," he reported.

When he went back after 3 or 4 days, Cleo said, "I don't want to see him."

"Oh, come on," her mama said. "He probably hasn't ever seen a real scar."

"Well," Cleo said. "I guess it would be all right."

Her mama said, "you come in. She won't be able to get up and play. You can just talk. We're going to change her bandage."

"I don't know. I've never seen anything like that."

"You just watch."

He watched her mama change the bandage. Something very strange happened. It stuck in his mind for always...

"I saw it," he told Mama and Papa back at home. "Her mama took a big

safety pin out of her. Then she wrapped the bandage around Cleo's stomach. A neighbor lady was there, too. You know what they did? They stuck the big pin back in her."

Mama was puzzled, too. "Why would anyone put a safety pin in her stomach?"

"I don't know. I saw her scar. Right there in her stomach. When they had her all wrapped up again, they put it right back in her stomach. Honest."

Mama and Papa laughed. Papa said: "Maybe they didn't actually put it in her stomach."

"Oh yes," Skookum said. "I saw it. She didn't cry."

Mama said, "Maybe they just pinned the bandage to itself."

"I don't think so," Skookum said.

Cleo recovered, though. Pretty soon she moved away, maybe back to Cornucopia...

The hired girl kept staying around. She gave Skookum apple butter sandwiches out of biscuits Mama made...

The Methodist preacher came by, and Mama let him in. He was Reverend Sibley. He sat in a chair, and said:

"I've got a little prayer for little people."

He had it all written down:

Now I lay me down to rest,

Angels guard my little nest,

Like the wee bird in the tree

Loving Father, care for me...

If I should die before I wake

I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Amen

Papa didn't much care for the last two lines. So Skookum prayed every night without the last two lines...

"I wish Cleo was here," Skookum said. "I'd tell her my prayer."

"Fine," Papa said. "But I liked Pastor Walker better. He worked around town. Sibley wants people to support him."

"Oh."

"See, this is a small town. People can't keep two Sunday Schools going."

Skookum thought about it.

Reverend Sibley came back a time or two, and left some pictures of kittens and squirrels.

"I'd sure like to have a sister," Skookum said. "I miss Cleo."

Skookum played with Tippy in the yard. They didn't chase chickens much. There was a boy came along the board walk, and talked through the chicken wire fence. "I've got a marble box in the house. You want to see 'em?"

"Maybe sometime," the boy said, and went away...

One morning Mama said, "Why don't you go over and play with Kelsay Berland? You're the same age."

"Sure. He always wants to go home when he comes over here. He never likes to look at my marbles. One day Papa cut us each a stick from the lilacs. When Kelsay went home, he took my stick cause it was better..."

"Well," Mama said, "you could go see if he wants to play."

So Skookum went over there, just across the street and down one block. He knocked on the kitchen door.

"Can Kelsay play?"

"Of course," Mrs. Berland said. "You boys play outside, now. It's a real nice day. May 16th and the sun is shining..."

But Kelsay was a pale, thin boy. He didn't want to do much. Skookum said...

"I think I'll go home. Could I have my good stick?"

"I think so. I wonder why Kelsay took it?"

"It's a better stick."

"Oh," Mrs. Berland said, "Do you think they'll want you at home yet? You could stay till noon, you said."

"I can go home anytime I want to. I have Tippy and my marble box.

Grandpa Winston comes by and talks to me sometimes. Maybe Kelsay can come over to my house again sometime?"

"We'll see."

So Skookum went directly home. Papa was home. So was Mama. She was in bed, Papa said.

"The stork brought you a baby sister."

"I knew he would," Skookum said, "I just knew he would!"

"You want to see her?"

"Yes!"

"Well, she's in there in bed with Mama. You go in."

There beside Mama in the bed was a tiny baby with dark hair. She was asleep. Skookum looked and marvelled....

"Can I kiss her?" he said.

HIGH COUNTRY

Elz saved Charley's life

High Country tells the story of Garold Hartsock's family, early settlers in the Pacific Northwest. The author's grandfather settled in Columbia County. Hartsock Grade bears his name. Elz, Garold's father, left Columbia County as a young man. At this point in the story, Elz, with his wife Cornella and two children, make their home in Oregon's high country.

by Garold Hartsock

"What's her name?" Skookum asked.

"Nelda. Mabel Nelda...I named her after my friend Mabel Sanders. She's tiny, isn't she?"

"Did the stork bring her clothes, too?"

So the baby arrived at the little house a block from Main Street. "Sister," Skookum said importantly, "is her name." He told everyone he saw...

Unbeknownst to Skookum there was trouble afoot. The big bell in the jailhouse back of the old McCully bank would ring at night. "Scares me to death," Manu said. "Vigilantes."

"What are vigilantes?"

"They are people who take the law into their own hands. All we have here is a marshal. County seat in Enterprise is where the sheriff is. Jim Blakely in Prineville knew about vigilantes. Terrible!"

Manu talked to Skookum a lot. She explained to him that there were gambling games going on around the town. Bankers, storekeepers, and others were involved. Papa was not a gambler but he was noted for his cool head and good judgment. He'd been asked by some of his acquaintances to watch the game, just to be sure all went honestly.

So Elz looked on. The game went smoothly enough. It was after midnight when the game broke up. The bunch of young men and medium-young men hanging around the Schleurer building was idle and looking for trouble...

"Hi, Elz," someone said, "let's go get some grub."

"Well, I ought to get home..."

"Charlie's still open. At least he was a few minutes--"

"All right."

So they all trooped around the big brick saloon and pool hall with the apartments upstairs. The Chinese restaurant was locked. One of the bunch, Tom Tucker, beat on the door.

"We'll beat your door down, Charlie...open up!"

"Oh, let's go home," Elz said.

"Not on your life. I'm hungry.."

Charley, a skinny little Chinaman, finally came to the door. "We close. You come back." He opened the door. "You come back, maybe..."

Tom and George grabbed Charley. "Hey, you feed us! We spend a lot of money in your place. We'll cut off your ears, you damn chink!"

"All close. You go, please?"

"Yeah, let's go," Elz said.

"Charley's my friend."

"Hey, you want to get into this?" Tom snarled.

"Well, if you put it that way," Elz said, "maybe I do. No need for trouble, is there?"

"The hell with you and your high-toned friends!"

"It's late. Simple common sense," Elz said.

Charley chose that moment to tear free; he took off around the Schleurer Building. Tom was close behind. The Tucker gang was all close behind. Elz was left standing all alone.

Now, nobody in town, country or high valley could outrun Elz Hartsock; that's why he played end in the town's football team; why he won all the footraces at the head of the lake.

He caught them at the alley, right behind the old Rumble building, across from the saloon.

"Let him go, you damn fools. It's trouble!"

Tom let Charley go, or Charley tore loose; Tom turned on Elz: "You want in, you're in!"

Tom collided with Elz. Elz wasn't in any way afraid of any Tucker. Tom glued himself to Elz and was biting him on the chest muscle and he clung there. Elz drew his fist up and started knocking Tucker loose; in the background he saw Cal Tucker--the only one of the Tucker tribe Elz actually liked--bend down and come up with a good-sized rock. Elz knew he was in trouble.

He and Tom went down on the rough earth of the alley. Elz was punching Tom; and they got all mixed up as Tom tried to keep his hold. Elz felt his right middle finger slam into Tom's mouth. Tom started chewing on that finger...

Worrying about Cal and the rock, knowing he could really get hurt, Elz had his hands full...Tom was chewing on the middle finger...Somewhere across the street a window was thrown up. Bodmer's voice boomed out:

"What's going on? What the hell is all that racket? I've got a shotgun here...and I'm gonna use it!"

That was the end of the fight.

All the Tuckers ran.

"That you, Elz?"

"It's me." Bodmer had been at that poker game. "They were going to kill Charley Chinaman. He got away."

"Better get home, Elz," old Bodmer said.

"Yep."

As he went off home, less than a block away, Elz wrapped a bandana around his finger, and kept sucking the blood away.

Before long that right middle finger puffed up, and was tender. It wouldn't heal...

"Blood poisoning," Doc Thompson said. "May cause trouble. Watch it close!"

The Tuckers heard about it. "Elz, I'm sorry it went so far," Tom Tucker said.

"Sure," Elz said. "You bet. You drunken bastards."

The bankers and storekeepers piled Elz with their condolences. "Elz, you could have him arrested. But then everybody would know we were drinking and gambling. We'd all be exposed. I guess this is the end of the poker games."

Elz had a few thoughts about it, himself. He realized he should have been at home with his family, tending to his own business. He didn't prosecute.

Doc Thompson said, "Maybe I could get away with taking out a piece of bone--You're going to lose the hand if I don't do something. If I do, you'll always have a stiff finger."

So that's what they did. As he lay there on the tan couch Elz recovered slowly. The piece of bone was kept in a small bottle of alcohol. Skookum saw it, and marveled in his way. He always listened soberly--when grownups talked to him.

Tom Tucker gave Papa a \$600 note to pay for the damage he'd done. He never paid the note off. The Tuckers, all save Dave, died in various unnatural ways. Dave served his prison term and came back to the high country, and grew prosperous. His son Harley, in time, became one of the West's prime rodeo contractors. Everybody in the rodeo business, everywhere, knew Harley.

Elz spent all his life with a thick and stiff finger, all because he didn't want to see Charley Chinaman hurt that late

night.

Sister was growing, a fine little ugly baby...

Skookum, all very gradually and easily grew into Brother, then Buddy, because Sister couldn't quite say "Brother."

"Buddy!" she said, and that's the way it was...

There was a kind of epilogue to the fight in the Joseph alley...

One day when Buddy was six, Mama and Papa, Sister and Buddy, making one of their endless moves, went into a restaurant in Weiser, Idaho.

Papa said, "Mama, there's Charley Chinaman."

Before long Charley came out and shook hands with Papa.

"My fren," Charley explained to Buddy. "Elz saved my life."

He wouldn't let Papa pay for the pork chops that day...

HIGH COUNTRY

Buddy minded Mama—usually

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, early settlers in Columbia County. At this point in the story, Elz, the son of early settlers, is making his home in Oregon's high country.

by Garold Hartsock

For several days, from their fenced yard Buddy and Tippy watched something going on way over on the corner of Main Street. They were doing something to McCully's store. McCully's was a big wooden building where you could buy almost anything; the bolts of cloth that gave off a fragrant dry smell; and the red painted coffee mill which the storeman easily turned by hand would chew the coffee beans into a coarse powder far better than Mama's little square box, which Buddy couldn't even turn with the coffee beans in it. So Buddy and Tippy watched...and wondered. Finally Buddy asked Mama...

She said, "F.D. McCully is building a new store. It'll be a big store. And made of cement."

"Oh."

Buddy and Tippy had to stay inside the chicken-wire fence. Tippy was a friendly dog, but he would bite people if they touched Buddy...Finally Papa took him out to the ranch. After that Buddy watched through the fence by himself. He saw men up on the roof of McCully's store. They were sawing it in two!

One morning Buddy saw some big horses by the store. The men were working around. And then Buddy saw the store start to move! The horses were pulling it on wheels!

Buddy ran into the house. "Mama! They're moving McCully's store!"

"I suppose so," she said. "I think Mrs. Mitchell bought the old building."

"What does she want it for?"

"I don't know. Maybe she's going to start another hotel. She always has hotels. Like the one next door. And the big one, over there, where Papa and I were married in the front parlor."

"Oh."

Buddy ran out and pecked through the wire fence, and wished Tippy was here.

Now the big horses were pulling the wooden building across Main Street. Buddy watched them. He kept a pretty close track all morning.

Other people were interested, too. Grandpa Winston came by and stopped on the boardwalk to talk to Buddy.

"My dog Tippy had to go to out to

our ranch," Buddy exclaimed. "He liked to watch things with me."

"Sure," Grandpa Winston said.

"Probably Elz needed him out there."

"He's my dog," Buddy said.

Grandpa Winston nodded. "Why don't you come out here on the sidewalk? We could sit here and talk."

"I don't play out there. When Richard Hagey comes by here he comes in he yard. And Loren Patten. They have to come in the yard. Sometimes we look at my marbles."

"Sure," Grandpa Winston said. He sat down on the boardwalk. He was more interested in the building they were moving, very slowly, with the big

teams. There was someone driving the horses...like Papa, Duke and Dan...and they were walking along by the teams. Grandpa Winston and Buddy watched them unhitch at noon by the cottonwood a few feet from the walk. Grandpa Winston got up. "Time to eat dinner."

Buddy said, "Mrs. Berland says they eat lunch at noon. At night we eat supper. Mrs Berland says they eat dinner at night."

"All that folderol," Grandpa Winston said. "We eat dinner and supper, same as you do."

Buddy told Mama.

"Well," Mama said, "Mrs. Berland may eat lunch. Her husband has a harness shop over by the restaurant, and maybe he isn't hungry very much. But Papa is always hungry. So we eat dinner and supper."

"Grandpa Winston wanted me to come out on the walk with him. He says its easier to talk without the fence between us. He didn't want to come in the yard."

Mama thought about it. "Well, if you don't go off the walk I guess it would be all right."

That made Buddy happy. He told Grandpa Winston when he came back from dinner.

"Well, git out here, boy!"

Buddy was glad that Grandpa Winston liked him, but he sure missed Tippy. He went out though the gate on to the boardwalk. The men came back driving the big black horses. Grandpa Winston sat down on the walk.

It was a very hot day. Buddy walked to the back of the property, came back, touching the wire fence with his fingers. He turned the corner and looked down the walk and street. He came back to Grandpa Winston.

"Boy," Grandpa Winston said, "it's just too hot in the sun. Lets go out there in the shade under those trees."

"I don't know," Buddy said. "Maybe I could. But Mama said not to get off the walk."

"Well," Grandpa Winston said, "if your mama told you not to, you better not. But I'm going over and get in the shade."

Buddy hated to see him go. It was out on the grass under the trees, maybe ten or twelve feet away. Buddy almost decided to go out and get in the shade...

The men were getting the horses hitched up, and rushing around doing things. Buddy thought about going back in the yard. He went to the gate in the corner toward Main Street. He wondered if Mama would really care if he went off the walk. He looked down toward Kelsay Berland's house—"WHOOM!"

It was almost like an explosion! Buddy heard it; he didn't know what it was. He shot down the boardwalk, and turned only when he heard Mama screaming:

"A little boy! Did you see him?"

Men were running everywhere. The building...something had happened to the building they were moving! Mama was screaming in the front yard! Buddy marched up the boardwalk...Mama was wearing a dust cap over her kid-curlers. She saw Buddy...

"I'm all right, Mama."

She stopped screaming at the men and screamed at Buddy: "What are you doing down there? Get in the yard!"

"I didn't do anything," Buddy said defensively. "You said I could come out on the walk..."

"Get in the yard!"

Buddy looked around. "Where's Grandpa Winston?"

"He's under that building!"

Sure enough, Buddy could see his shoulders and head, and his back. Buddy couldn't see his legs and all...

All the men from everywhere suddenly appeared. Mama wouldn't let Buddy watch from the yard; he had to watch from inside the house through a window. Sister was crying inside the bedroom.

Pretty soon the men had the building lifted up and had Grandpa Winston pulled out. Some men carried Grandpa Winston across the walk into the yard. "Put him on the porch!"

So they did. He didn't move; he was very pale.

Buddy watched though the window.

"It too hot on the porch," someone said.

So they moved Grandpa Winston again, out under the apple tree in the back yard. There were blood spots on the porch.

Buddy went outside. There were a lot of people in the yard.

"Get Doc Mount!"

"There's a new Doctor. Doc Kittle."

Get him. Grandpa's bad hurt."

Just then Buddy saw Papa in the crowd. He saw Buddy. "Don't get in the way," he said.

They split Grandpa Winston's pant leg and underwear.

"Oh God," Someone said.

Grandpa Winston opened his eyes. He saw the people all around, and his leg. "Landsakes," he said.

Buddy didn't get to talk anymore to Grandpa Winston.

The new Doctor came and looked at Grandpa's leg. They finally took him away to the hospital over the old

McCully bank.

Buddy asked Papa about him.

"They might have to cut his leg off. What happened?"

"Mama told me I could go out of the yard if I wouldn't get off the walk. Grandpa wanted me to go out in the shade, then he said I better not when I told him what Mama said."

Papa looked over at Mama. He didn't say anything. She didn't either.

Next day Buddy asked Papa about Grandpa Winston.

"Did he get well?"

Papa was very quiet. "No, he didn't. He was just hurt too bad...I guess it pays to listen to your mama and papa. Wouldn't you say so?"

About five or six years ago Buddy found out where they had buried Grandpa Winston...only they didn't call him Grandpa. Out in Prairie Creek cemetery. There was his gray tombstone.

Buddy went there with his son and daughter, and new grandson.

PAGE EIGHT

DAYTON CHRONICLE

DECEMBER 10, 1986

HIGH COUNTRY

A NEW HAT—AND CHICKEN POX

High Country tells the story of the Hartsock family, early settlers in Columbia County. Elz is the son of William Henry Hartsock, who settled locally after capturing the last wagon train west. At this point in the story, Elz makes his home in Oregon's high country.

by Garold Hartsock

Over against the hill was Charlie Rice's house. And to that house came a spoiled young fellow, aged 5...Charlie's grandson. Buddy first met him as he came down the boardwalk, going over town. Then Buddy wanted to go visit him. Buddy had a brand new hat Mama had bought him; he wanted to wear his new hat. Mama consented...

The boy was glad to see Buddy again. "I don't like your new hat," he said.

They went outside to play. They climbed the hill right there behind

Charlie Rice's house. Cattle had made little narrow trails along the hill. Buddy thought a little exploring party was in order. It was even better than a yard enclosed with chicken wire. Buddy and the boy explored those trails. Somewhere along the barren hillside Buddy found a white rock, maybe 4 inches square. The new boy thought it was great, too:

"I think I'll just take that rock. My grandpa needs it."

Buddy spend half an afternoon trying to misdirect the boy...away from that white rock touched with lines of iron rust.

Pretty soon Buddy had to go home. His new hat had disappeared.

"Where's my hat?"

"I don't know."

So they searched and searched the hillside trails. The white rock had disappeared, too.

Mama was quite put out. "I guess it doesn't pay to buy you new things."

"The rock was gone, too," Buddy said.

Mama just shook her head. "So you lost the hat and the rock."

Some people came to visit at the little square house...Rosie Knapper and Buster, young Lou...

Rosie said "I didn't know whether we should come or not. We've had chicken pox."

"Oh," Mama said.

"We wanted to see your new baby."

"The stork brought her so Buddy would have a sister."

Mama brought Mabel Nelda out. She slept a lot. Rosie and Buster soon left.

Buddy was still thinking about his lost hat and the white rock. He asked to go over to Charlie Rice's house.

"Don't even mention the hat or the rock," Mama said.

"All right."

There was a big pile of rocks, gathered from the pastures, there in the side yard of the Rice place. A ditch of water ran down along the street, same as outside the fence a block from Main Street. The lower property of the town was irrigated by those ditches.

Mrs. Mitchell kept ducks and geese, as well as chickens, back of her little hotel a block away. The ducks and geese had wallowed out and eaten out a pool in the pasture near Charlie Rice's house...

"You find my hat?" Buddy asked.

"No."

Buddy wasn't too happy about it. He said, "Tippy and I killed a chicken."

"That's nothing. Down where I live I kill chickens all the time."

Buddy felt let down.

"Let's chase those ducks," Buddy said.

"Sure."

So they took after the ducks. The ducks were white; also some mallards with green heads. The ducks tired and wobbled a lot when they ran. They hid in the pile of rocks.

Buddy was all rolled up. He picked up a rock and sailed it at a big black and white duck with an ugly

red face. It smacked that red-faced duck silly; he staggered around. Didn't kill him, though.

Buddy and the boy climbed the pile of collected stones and rolled them down on the hiding mallards...

Someone screamed: "Buddy! What are you doing?"

"Oh, nothing," he called back.

"You get home!"

Buddy never could figure out how Mama always managed to find him.

At home, she said, "I think you were doing something bad."

"Well," Buddy said, "Mrs. Mitchell's ducks didn't have any right over there in the ditch. That boy said it was his grandfather's ditch!"

"I think I'll tell Papa, and let him punish you."

"You think he'll paddle me with a stick of kindling?"

"I don't know. You deserve it!" Buddy said, "I think I'll tell him. I don't like to wait."

So he did. Papa was sitting on the back steps. Buddy braced him: "Would you spank me with a piece of kindling if I told you I did something bad?"

"Oh, maybe. Maybe not."
"That boy and I maybe killed two ducks in the rock pile, over there."

"What?"
"That pile of rocks over by Charlie Rice's house. They hid in there. We got up above them and rolled rocks down on them."

"Oh, man!" Papa said. "Well, you told me. I guess I won't spank you if you tell Mrs. Mitchell."

This was too much for Buddy. He said, "She wouldn't like me. I guess I'd rather have the spanking. And you tell her. Could you?"

Papa thought about it. "I guess I could. Two ducks are worth a dollar. Why'd you do it?"

"I don't know, I guess cause the boy said he killed a lot of chickens where he lives. Portland, I think."

"Oh."
Buddy waited and waited for that spanking. It never happened. Waiting was almost worse...

Papa said, one day, pretty worried:

"Doc Mount says maybe Mama will have to have an operation."

"What for?"

"Appendicitis. We may have to go to LaGrande. He takes his surgery patients to LaGrande."

"Will Mama be all right?"

"We think so. You'll have to stay with the Bradshaws out there. Mama's cousins."

"Sometime soon."

Something else happened, too. Sister broke out in a lot of spots.

"Chicken pox," Doc Mount said.

"It's around."

Papa carried Sister around on a pillow. She was pretty small. She scratched the sores off...

"Will she get well?"

Papa said, "I think so. We just have to wait."

DAYTON CHRONICLE

DECEMBER 17, 1986

HIGH COUNTRY

A Strange Place

High Country tells the story of the Hartsock family, early settlers in Columbia County. At this point in the story the author's father, Elz, makes his home in Oregon's High Country, with his wife Cornella, and son Buddy and baby Mabel Nella.

by Garold Hartsock

Buddy never knew how it happened, if they wrote to the Bradshaws or not, but one day a lot of Bradshaws came visiting. They arrived in a big touring car. They wanted to see the lake. So up around the lake all the family did go, Mr. Bradshaw at the steering wheel. The dust was deep in places on the road. Buddy saw for the first time the lake he'd always heard about; a deep green lake not too far below the road. "I sure hope we don't go into that lake."

Mr. Bradshaw said, "I do, too. Looks pretty deep."

"We aren't going off in any water," one of the girls said. "My Papa is a good car driver. He drive a big engine up across the mountains."

"It pulls a train. On tracks, stupid."

"Oh."

"He's an engineer."

At the head of the lake, down past the baseball field, where Papa said he won footraces, down by the lake, Buddy and the girl played on the sand and gravel. She had light-colored hair, and she could throw rocks almost as good as he could, out in the water. It was a fine, sunshiny day; the trees were starting to turn yellow...Pretty soon they all got in the big car and went back around the lake.

At the little square house a block from main street, Mama was waiting. "Elz, Nella," Mr. Bradshaw said, just before they drove away, "just let us know when you're coming out. We'll be there."

There was a girl, a big girl named Georgie Bass, who came to stay at the house in Joseph. She had two Sunday dresses, a red sailor dress and a blue one. She stayed in the back bedroom. She went to school in the big new stone schoolhouse up on the hill. She helped Mama around the house. One day she said, "I'd like to take Buddy to Sunday School."

"Sure," Papa said.

"That would be nice," Mama said. "He hasn't been to Sunday School yet."

So, in his new suit, Buddy trudged alongside Georgie up the street to the yellow stone Methodist Church. Georgie went someplace upstairs. Buddy went into the basement, where they had little red chairs. Quite a few children were there, but the main thing was someone's promise to give away little silver fish, if the children came again...and brought a friend!

Buddy told Georgie, and he told

Mama and Papa.

"Ah, I don't know," Papa said.

Buddy went several times with Georgie. She always waited for him.

Then one day Doc Mount said it was time for Mama's operation. They all went down to the little yellow train depot and got on the train that went to LaGrande. Doc Mount, for some reason, went into the smoking car. Papa and Mama, little sister and Buddy rode in the red plush passenger car where nobody smoked...Mama wore a gray dress and she had a silver lavalier which, she said, came from Montgomery Ward in Portland. It was dark when they reached LaGrande. There was snow on the ground.

"Well," Dr. Mount said, "I'll see you folks at the hospital. I've got a cutter all arranged for."

Papa thought it was strange for Doc Mount to leave them at the train and disappear. "I guess we ought to call the Bradshaws, Mama."

They all walked over a block to the Foley Hotel. Papa called, then they

Papa gave Buddy for his very own.

They said Sister was too small. Papa said that slate was what he wrote on in the schoolhouse over near John McCauley's house, out from Dayton; he used it for six years of school...There were small, round sticks of slate, to write with on the slate...and they soon broke. Papa discovered that chalk was good to write with, just as good, almost, as the slate pencils, and it could be wiped off with a damp cloth...

Sister kept growing. She crawled at 10 months, and it didn't take long for her to start toddling around. Buddy

turned along the rut and soon turned to concrete by the Schleurer saloon.

"Let's dam up some water," Bill said.

"Where?"

"Out there in the street, of course."

"All right."

So they went out in the mud and started damming up the ruts; the water running down the street got pretty deep, maybe six inches deep. It was pretty messy, but Bill didn't care; Buddy did. Then Jimmy Mitchell came wheezing and walking back toward the little hotel. "Boys," he said.

"Hi, Jimmy," Bill Fitzpatrick said.

"Hello, Mr. Mitchell," Buddy said.

"What are you doing...doing a lit-

He quickly built a dam down the rut, then another. He made a rut around the first dam, and watched it run down to fill up behind the second dam, then a spillway, he said, around the second dam to fill up the third dam...

Then Jimmy straightened up, sighed heavily, and walked heavily off to the little hotel along the street past Buddy's house...

Buddy asked Papa. "How does Mr.

Mitchell know so much?"

Papa said. "He knows plenty. He had lots of land below town, off toward Sheep Creek. He gave Henry and Guy and Weldon, land just like Lou Knapper did his sons."

"Oh."

waited.

Pretty soon, about like half an hour, up drove the big familiar car. Papa shook hands with Mr. Bradshaw, they all got in the car and Mr. Bradshaw tore off down a rough and rutted road; it seemed like a long, long way. Buddy always worried if anybody driving an automobile was a careful driver.

"You take Buddy inside, then I'll take you to the hospital, you and Elz."

"I think we've got till 10 o'clock. You're sure this isn't an imposition?"

"Of course, I'm sure. What are friends and relatives for?"

Buddy felt a little uneasy in that strange house.

"Just leave him with us, and forget about him. We'll make it fine, Nella," Mrs. Bradshaw said.

"Now," Papa said, "We don't really need all those dams in the Wallowa River, but there might come a time when the big Columbia and the Snake River might need such dams."

hair showed him where it was, "Paper's in there," she said, and pointed to a shiny box. The paper was slick and smooth, and came out when you carefully pulled, in little, square, creased sheets. The water came out of a wood box high above the toilet; the toilet seat matched it. Buddy sat there and pulled out the little sheets...

When he finally pulled the chain, water poured in a great, loud rush into the toilet. Buddy stared in fascination.

Then the toilet overflowed.

"Mrs. Bradshaw! Mrs. Bradshaw! The water!"

Everybody came running...

"What have you done, stupid?" the blonde girl demanded. "Don't you even know how to use a toilet?"

"Where are they?"

"They're out there. Been there a long, long time. And the snow falls deep in the mountains, and runs off every spring...just the way it does here. You suppose man will ever need those

And they did. A neighbor came over with a wiggly spring on the end of a hundle. It didn't take long.

"Next time, stupid, don't use so much paper," the blonde girl said.

Buddy felt very immature and useless. He wondered about Tippy, if Tippy was all right. And Mama...

"Where's Mama?"

"I think she's up there in the Grande Ronde hospital. Tomorrow you can see the hospital from our yard."

"Maybe I could go see her."

"I think," Mrs. Bradshaw said, "we better wait for Elz."

"Oh, I hope he comes tomorrow."

But he didn't. He didn't come the next day either. Buddy stood in the yard and looked and looked off at the

dams, and build them?"

Buddy didn't know. Mamma didn't know.

"I've got to start supper, she said.

HIGH COUNTRY

Free Candy

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

by Garold Hartsock

One day Sister toddled back from McCully's Store with Mama. She had a couple of paper-wrapped molasses

kisses in her chubby hand. She gave one to Buddy.

"Where did you get this?" Buddy demanded.

"The store. There's a big round tub. They give candy away."

"Are you sure about this?"

Buddy thought about it. "Guess I'll go over with you and Mama next time."

It wasn't long. Next time Mama went over to town, Buddy just happened to

be ready. Mama always wanted him cleaned up, and he was.

The town was filled with ranchers in for their Saturday shopping. F.D. McCully had a chain alongside the store, the new cement store, where everybody tied their saddle horses or teams. Some ranchers had autos, but these were always parked along the cement curbs and sidewalks on Main Street...

Buddy allowed Sister to lead him to the big half barrel of candy kisses. "Right there."

"You mean they gave you candy out of there?"

"The man got it out of here. They want you to eat it."

Buddy was a little cautious, but Sister didn't know enough to lie. He scooped up a handful of the paper-wrapped kisses. Right by the miner who tossed pancakes in the front window all day long, never missing, was a place just right for Buddy to hide. He hid in the

place, right alongside Flapjack Jack...and made short work of the kisses.

When Buddy glanced up a clerk in a white apron was looking at him.

The clerk went directly to Mama. "Nelia, your boy is taking kisses out of the barrel."

Mama came fogging up to the front window. She grabbed Buddy by the arm, and dragged him out of the store, yanked Sister along, clear to the house a block from Main Street.

"What'd I do?" Buddy yelled.

"You stole candy!"

"But Sister told me--"

"You're always into something"

"But Sister said--"

"They gave her candy because she's little!"

Buddy had bought a small red buggy whip for a quarter down in Enterprise when Ringling Brothers brought a circus to the county. The thing out of the whole circus that impressed Buddy was a small dog that climbed a ladder and jumped off; Aunt Lucy Warnock and Edith Foster claimed he didn't even care about the lions and tigers and

elephants...just the little dog that climbed a ladder. That, and a spider on a spring, and the small red buggy whip... which he had carefully saved...

Mama grabbed the whip, and Buddy knew panic!

Too late! The buggy whip descended on his back and bottom. Buddy danced and screamed: "I'll be good! I'll be good!"

Mama seemed to grow angrier. The little whip broke in two; she used both pieces. Buddy danced up and down...

Sister started to crying, too.

Pretty soon Mama stopped. "I was never so embarrassed!" she said, and flung the whip away.

Buddy stopped crying. It wasn't all that bad, he decided. He glared at Sister. "Your fault!"

"I didn't know they cared," she explained.

"Why, they'd go out of business!"

Mama said. "I'll never let you go over to town again."

About a week later Buddy found a tender rough place on his head. The comb he used kept catching it. He asked Mama to look. She got a pair of tweezers and worked at it. Out came a splinter of wood half an inch long...

"I don't think we better tell Papa about this," Mama said.

He didn't know for a long time. Then he mentioned the matter. "I don't know where the splinter came from," he said.

Papa just looked at Mama. "Big-Nose Perk teach you this kind of trick?"

"You get mad, too don't you?"

"I don't think we better talk about this anymore," Papa said.

So they didn't.

One day over town Bill Fitzpatrick had a all-day sucker on a curious rough stick. "Licorice root," he said. "When you lick off all the candy you can chew on the end of the stick. Tastes good."

Buddy finally brought the matter up. "Licorice?" Papa said, "Sure. You go over to the Sweet Shop." He gave Buddy a nickel.

The man in the Sweet Shop said:

"Licorice? We got three kinds, pipes, plugs and sticks."

He put the licorice pipes and plugs in a striped paper bag. Buddy spent the whole nickel.

Papa took over. With his keen bone-huddled knife he cut into strips the flat plugs with the yellow and red tin Indian heads pressed into them.

"Satisfied?"

"Well," Buddy said. "Bill Fitzpatrick wouldn't tell me where he got them, but the licorice root was a sucker. This is good licorice, but--"

You might ask Eva Rumble. She's got candy of some sort in her notion store.

"I saw a girl in the Sweet Shop. She was buying candy corn and coconut fags..."

"Don't even think about girls yet."

"This girl had big gray eyes. I remember that girl on the lumber pile. And Cleo had brown eyes."

Don't even think about girls. Trouble, Buddy."

"All right."

One day Buddy sold two empty Near Beer bottles at the saloon; Papa drank Near Beer with cheese and crackers. The man at the saloon gave Buddy a dime and a nickel, and put the bottles in a box.

"I want to spend one."

"Which one?"

"The little one. I'll keep the big one."

"Oh, well, fine. We've got bon-bon in broken boxes, and you could have

two or three of those for a dime.

"No," Buddy decided. "I want licorice root. I'm going to look around."

The man nodded.

Buddy trudged over to the Rumble Building. Just across the street. Mr. Rumble had a store there with picture albums and ribbon and a glass top counter of candy...

"You got licorice root?"

"Why, we sure do," she said.

And there were all-day suckers in end of little sticks.

The suckers cost five cents. But he thought about it, and decided it was smarter to buy plugs and pipes. But he knew a certain triumph; he'd found where you could buy licorice root, if you wanted to...

He didn't ever go back to that store. Sister wouldn't have liked licorice root, anyway. He did, once in awhile go over to the post office for Mama. Mama wrote to grandma, and the post office was in the back of the Rumble's building. He knew how to mail the letter. He sometimes wished he had bought a licorice root sucker.

The Sweet Shop always had licorice pipes and plugs and red Teaberry g in packages. There were also l sticks of gum in tan paper with fuz ends, folded basack...

He'd see the girl with the gray eyes there, too. She bought coconut fla and orange candy peanuts and box

Cracker Jack. Mostly he just looked at the girl.

HIGH COUNTRY

Mysteries

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

by Garold Hartsock

Forrest Marr was a boy about Buddy's age. He would come to the chicken-wire fence and talk with Buddy. He always had a package of Teaberry Gum or Juicy Fruit...always a package. He'd give Buddy a stick, then chew up two or three pieces

himself.

"You can swallow it when all the sweet is gone," he said.

Buddy said: "I keep mine on the window ledge and chew it again. Several times."

"Not me. I swallow it."

Buddy asked Mama...

"Don't ever swallow it!" she said.

"It's bad for you. You listening?"

"Yes!"

"Don't you or Sister ever swallow gum."

"All right."

Another boy stopped regularly by the

chicken wire fence, Andy Heaverne's son. He stopped a lot. Finally he said: "My mother says you have to come to our house. I can't come by here anymore till you do."

So Buddy got permission, then trudged over to Charlie Rice's house, then up the dirt street to Andy Heaverne's place. The boy was happy to see Buddy. They played all afternoon, and Mrs. Heaverne thanked Buddy for coming over. She was a Mexican lady; Andy was Irish...

A few nights later there was a heavy wind. A very heavy wind, coming out

of the mountains to the South. Papa broke the news to Mama and Buddy and Sister:

"Wind blew off the top floor of the stone schoolhouse last night. Guess now it will have to be a one-story schoolhouse. Something else, too..."

"What?"

"Wind blew over a haystack at Andy Heaverne's place. Killed your little friend."

"The boy I played with?"

"That's right."

"Did it hurt Mrs. Heaverne or Mr. Heaverne?"

"No."

This was a mystery. Buddy couldn't understand it all. The ducks were dead. The chickens were dead. And the Heaverne's son was dead. Just like Grandpa Winston was dead, Mama explained. "That's why you have to be so careful...you and sister."

"Where do we go when we die?"

"I wish I knew for sure. I've always wondered."

In about two or three days Forrest Marr and Buddy climbed up on the roof of a small stone cellar back of Mrs. Mitchell's small hotel, and watched an open-top car slowly come down Charlie Rice's street from the Heaverne's place.

"Papa's in that car," Buddy said. "He's a pall-bearer. See the little white casket?"

They watched together in silence till the white casket disappeared.

Then they climbed down off the stone cellar and started playing with a lath chicken coop. "Look at that caterpillar!"

"Yeah."

"Let's mash him," Buddy said.

"Why?"

"To see what happens."

Buddy lifted the lath chicken coop and smacked it down on the caterpillar. All that was really left was a green blob under the edge of the chicken coop.

"Well, I got to home," Forrest Marr said. "Are you coming up to our house? You come right up the street as

far as you can go. Right below the ditch."

Maybe."

"I'll meet you part way tomorrow."

"All right."

Mama said it would be all right, too. She didn't know that the Marr house was right below the ditch...

All Forrest did was chew gum and want to play on the ditch bank. They didn't even go in the house.

Finally after about two hours, Buddy said "I've got to go home."

Well; I'll walk with you part way."

They walked down the street almost to the yellow stone Methodist church, and Mama met them...Forrest went back up the street...

It's to-o-o far," Buddy said. "I don't want to go back up there."

"Good decision," Mama said. "I don't think that ditch up there should be played around, anyway. You stay here and play with Bill Fitzpatrick and Kelsy Berland..."

"All right."

"Besides, we have to move. Papa has a ranch he's traded for out on Sheep Creek. He and Everett Roberts are building a new little house down there. You'll see Tippy again, too."

"Will it be a house with a bathroom?"

"No. A brand-new outhouse, though. And coal-oil lamps."

"Oh."

"You're getting old enough for school. Papa thinks maybe we can build up a rumble cabin. Our place is right below it. Merrill Morgan and his little brother Frank live just above it."

About this time Buddy discovered he had two first cousins. La Greta and Allegra. They were Uncle Oce's and Aunt Jessie's daughters. Uncle Oce

moved alot...all over town.

One night Allegra gave Buddy a pick shell from the ocean. He put it in his marble box, and kept it there always...

Allegra said, "Just when we're getting acquainted, you're moving away. Dad is thinking about moving back to Dayton too."

Things happened pretty fast, it seemed to Buddy. Allegra and La Greta came up to the head of Wallowa Lake for a 4th of July celebration. He and Allegra went all around, picking wild gooseberries. Sister stayed with Mama.

There was a merry-go-round which Buddy rode on. There was a porcupine in a box, a big box. Buddy wanted to poke him with a stick. Papa immediated-objcted!

"Why not?" Buddy demanded?"

"Because he can't get away," Papa said. "He's helpless. Even out in the forest he'd be slow, but he might hide. Here in that box he can't do anything much."

"Oh."

After the celebration they all went to Grandma Mooney's house in Joseph and ate watermelon, and took snapshots...

HIGH COUNTRY

Sheep Creek

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

by Garold Hartsock

It was a cool-warm day, the sun was shining...and they were moving; everything was piled on a hayrack about four feet deep. The tan and green velveteen couch was left behind, as was the big kitchen stove with the reservoir on one end. A man drove a big team. Over on the corner Bill Fitzpatrick was watching. Buddy waved to him...

Buddy climbed up on the seat beside Mama and Sister. "Oh, a rug just like Mrs. Berland's!" Buddy cried. It was golden-brown.

"Shhh," Mama whispered.

They rolled out the street toward Charlie Rice's house, turned left. Soon, out east, they had passed Jimmy Mitchell's ranch, and Henry Mitchell's big yellow house and red barn, then out past Charlie Rice's barn with the horse-weather-vane. The very last place as they left the valley and started climbing the ridge east was the Ragsdale ranch with its big octagon barn.

"Fine place," the man told Mama.

"I've known it all my life," Mama said. "The barn's almost new, though. Should have painted."

Over the Sheep Creek hills and down steeply...there was the house Papa and Everett Roberts built. Red-diggers skittered across the road. High above the

canyon hawks or eagles sailed around in circles.

"That's a small house," Buddy said.

"Shhh," Mama whispered. "It's big enough. Two big rooms. Papa will trade it off anyway."

"Oh."

They had to open a wire gate, and cross the stream that came seeping down alongside the steep road they'd traveled.

"I'm thirsty," Buddy said.

"You just wait."

"Aren't you thirsty, Sister?" Buddy asked. "I am."

"I'm not."

They drove across green meadow land; the road was just a trail that stopped almost in front of the house. A short distance maybe twenty feet away was Sheep Creek.

"Now you can drink," Mama said.

"Same creek I used to drink out of years ago, about four miles up there."

Buddy wasn't too thirsty now, he said.

Over across the creek was a chicken house, and against the far slope, a log barn.

Tippy was there, too. He came, tail wagging, to see Buddy, then layed down on the grass.

Blue jays and gray camp robbers were screeching in the pine tree just over the fence. The camp robbers were big Canadian Jays. One kept fooling around with Tippy 'til he'd jump up and chase them away from his bone.

Papa said, "Well, Buddy, this is home for awhile. You bring your bow and R O?"

"Why did you say R O? Mrs. Berland says it arrow."

"Oh, well, she's probably right. R O is the way my father and mother said it. The Indian boys over on the Tucannon said it that way. R O wood, they said. I made your bow out of R O wood, remember, and your arrows out of a split buggy spoke. I found some new brass cartridges laying around to drive on the end of your arrows. Maybe I'll make you a pea shooter and a water gun. I've missed you and Sister and Mama."

"Like I missed you and Mama and Sister when I had to stay with the Bradshaws?"

"Something like that. I've got a new Winchester .22, and a new little hammer for Mama, and a new tape measure

that rolls up in a leather case. I'll show you."

"Are there any kids to play with?"

"No. Just you and Sister."

"She's too little."

"Yes, and you'll have to keep her away from the creek. Something else, too, Elmer Morgan has two boys. Merrill is about your size. He has a brother about Sister's size. Maybe we'll fix up the old Rumble Cabin there where you came in the gate."

"A one-room schoolhouse?"

"I went to one for six years over near Dayton. Don't be so fussy."

"All right. Can I use your knife?"

"It's pretty sharp. Be careful. What do you want it for?"

"I want to sit and whittle, the way you do. When you're talking to men on Sunday."

"I think," Papa said, "you need something to do. I'm going to appoint you chief water carrier. The kitchen has

got a small flat stove, not very big and Mama will need water in a kettle for heating, for dishes. Just don't fall off the plank across the creek. And don't try to carry too much.

Buddy was not entirely entranced with the little four-room house in Joseph but had been learning how to run the pitcher pump.

"All right," he said.

HIGH COUNTRY

Sheep Creek

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest were established when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

by **Garold Hartsock**

Buddy would bring a bucket part full of water, and Mama would heat it on the little flat cast-iron stove. Then when the dishes were washed, Buddy would dry them with a dish towel. He said, "I don't know, Mrs. Berland says you should rinse dishes before you dry them."

"I guess," Mama said, "rinsing is all right. My mother never did. Takes time."

But Mama poured some water in a second pan, and helped him rinse. He never really cared for that drying job, but he was helping Mama, so it was all right...

He said, "Mrs. Berland says you should do glasses first, then cups, then knives and forks and spoons, then plates, then, and only then, pans and kettles..."

Mama was looking at him very straight. "You know," she said, "this Mrs. Berland could get tiresome. You sure she said all that?"

"Yes."

Mama always did her chores the way she always had; she'd sprinkle water on the rugs and floor to keep dust down, then sweep diligently, as she had on the loomed rag carpeting in the little house a block from Main Street in town. In town Mama had a washing machine made like a barrel, and there was a lever that you could pull back and forth, when the lid was down, and wash the clothes with a round wood plate that had fingers sticking down. Papa had bought it new for Mama when she was sickly before Sister was born. Buddy tried to like that washing machine, but Mama always loaded it with too many clothes. On Sheep Creek, Mama scrubbed clothes on a board of ribbed tin. Then she'd plunk them in bluing water and wring them out.

"There's a lake down someplace that is as blue as your water," Buddy said.

"I suppose Mrs. Berland told you that."

"No. I heard some men talking when I was getting my hair cut."

"Don't believe everything you hear. Our lake is pretty blue."

"It's green, kinda deep and clear and green."

"Oh, well. I've got to hang these clothes out to dry."

They kept smelling something awful as the the weather grew warmer...

"Smells dead," Papa said. "What else?"

He went out, sniffing the breeze. He was gone about two hours, and came back.

"Across the creek, over there against the hill about 200 feet, right through the fence lies a black cow, all swelled up like a poisoned pup. Probably couldn't have a calf, or just for poisoned on larkspur--there's some growing on he hill. She's dead. We'll have to bury her, or she'll stink all summer."

He took a shovel. He crossed the creek...Buddy followed. When Papa crawled through the fence, he snagged his overalls and his thigh. "Oww!"

Buddy laughed.

"What you laughing for?"

"You always laugh at me," Buddy said.

Papa looked thoughtful. "Guess I better watch myself. I didn't think you'd ever laugh at me, though."

"I really didn't mean it."

"So, now we'll forget it. I won't laugh at you, you won't laugh at me." Buddy nodded.

Papa finally dug a hole and rolled the cow into it, covered it all up with dirt.

"Would Grandpa Winston stink like that if they didn't bury him?"

"Yes. So would I. So would you. That's why we always bury dead things and dead people."

"I'd rather be alive."

"Best choice, far as I'm concerned," Papa said.

One day Papa took the new 22 Winchester down from its place on the kitchen wall. "You want to come along?" he asked Buddy.

"Sure!"

Above the creek, high in the air, hawks or eagles sailed around. Mama raised a few fuzzy little chickens, that great puzzling mystery which started from hens and friendly Plymouth Rock roosters, and she knew the ways of soaring eagles and hawks.

Buddy went with Papa up the east slope on the canyon, up above the grave of the black cow, up halfway on the steep slope. He sat down with Papa.

Papa always laid his rifle down on the ground when he had to climb through, over, or under a fence. It was

a rule he made for himself, and he told Buddy always to remember it.

Today he had brought a little box of 22 shells, and he filled the magazine. Then he cocked the rifle and sighted it across the canyon. At the hawks and eagles...

"Got one!"

Buddy saw one bird start falling and plunge, sailing down into the bottom.

"Why'd you shoot him?"

HIGH COUNTRY

Sheep Creek (Continued from last week)

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

Last week Elz and Buddy went out shooting eagles and hawks. "Why are you shooting at them?" Buddy wanted to know.

by Garold Hartsock

Papa thought a moment: "I guess 'cause they're up there, sailing around and they'd soon discover our new chickens. That's it, that's why."

"Oh."

"We're people and we don't like skunks killing our hens...that's why I floored the hen house across the creek...it's why I shot into those holes in the cliff down by Rail Canyon, trying to roust out that skunk. Didn't work, but...It's why we poison squirrels in the edge of our new wheat fields. Years and years ago when this Oregon was being formed, men put a bounty on wolves and bear and big cats. It's a constant battle, Buddy, between man and nature. Wish it weren't..."

"But it was wrong for me to roll rocks down on Mrs. Mitchell's ducks?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because she wanted to kill them herself. And feed them to people in her dining room."

Buddy just couldn't quite get it.

One day Papa brought a large bouquet of sunflowers, lupine, Indian RO wood blossoms, and sarvis berry home to Mama from the west canyon slope.

"They're ugly!" Buddy said.

"No," Mama said, "I like them." She put them in a big jar of water.

"I like chicken pips and daisies and blue-bells and yellow-bells. Don't you, Sister?"

"I like all flowers."

"Those don't smell good."

"They're very nice," Mama said.

"I always bring her flowers," Papa said. "And chocolates, too. Haven't you seen those gray boxes I won on the punch board? Of course you have. You helped eat the candy."

One day a bunch of cattle came up the creek; they'd found a break in the

wire fence. They were covered with ticks, small ones and big ones. Buddy wanted to scrape off the big blue ones.

"No," Papa said. "We don't want them on our soil. I'll just haze those cattle up the creek. Too bad I haven't got Tige."

He told Buddy and Sister about Tige.

Then he lifted the old guitar off the nail and sang to them about the Blue-tail Fly and Climbin' Up The Golden Stairs. Mama had got the guitar for selling bluing balls and subscriptions to Household Magazine. She didn't sing much around Papa because he was so much better. But for Buddy, before Sister was born, she had sung Love Letters In The Sand, and softly stroked the chords she formed on the guitar...

Then they discovered sister had ticks in her hair! Probably some had dropped off the cattle. Papa cut them in two with his sharp knife. Mama mashed

them on Buddy's sad iron which had come from McCully's Hardware...she used her little kitchen hammer...

It became a game with Sister; she'd say, "Fina tick," crawl up on Papa's lap, and soon be asleep.

It was about ten miles into Joseph town. Papa would hitch up his brown team to the old hack, and away they would go! The brown team was not Papa's favorite team; Duke and Dan were, and Buddy liked them best, too. Papa always said they were his very best team, and he said they had cost \$100. What he meant was he had paid \$100 for a violin from George Mack's catalog, and he had traded the violin to Bill Halsey for Duke and Dan. Buddy had never seen the violin, but he knew Duke and Dan. The current team were just horses Papa had traded for in some deal. Once he traded for a ranch that had a lot of horses, and he sold the horses to a buyer for the army, which had a remount station somewhere in Utah. Papa also got the stock brand...7D.

He registered the brand in Salem and always used the brand on horses and cattle. The same brand was used on sheep, but in a different way. The horses and cattle were burned with an iron, heated red hot, and applied to the hip of the animal, no matter how they hurt! The sheep brand was drilled and chiselled out of the end of a limb or plank, and dipped into paint about an inch deep, then applied painlessly to the

woolly back of the sheep. It lasted 'til shearing time, then it was done again...

On this particular day as they pulled up the steep road out of Sheep Creek Buddy saw a strange thing. "Lookit that black bug!"

"Yeah, tumble bug."

"What's he doing?"

Papa looked at Mama. "Well, he's tumbling, I think."

Mama just grinned and looked away.

"What's that little ball he's rolling?"

"Buddy, do you always have to be so curious?"

"What's the matter? I just wondered where he got the ball he's rolling."

"Yeah, I know."

"Well, where'd he get it?"

"I think he made it. Cattle been up this grade."

"You mean those cows with ticks?"

"No, no, a big herd. Look at the ground, all those spots of fresh cow manure?"

Buddy looked all around, and nodded.

"A boy who grows up in stock country has to learn to recognize the signs. Just like reading a book, a little different."

"What about the black bug?"

Papa sighed. "Buddy, there are things you shouldn't talk about,

especially around ladies. I guess Mama won't mind."

"Well, what's he doing rolling the little ball? What's it for?"

"He's going to eat it. It's his breakfast. This was a great day for the tumble bug, when those cattle came up the hill."

Buddy was shocked. He thought about atht dumb black bug all the way over the ridge. There was a little house off to the left, just where the road started down...the lady had a tiny dog with no hair. He was always shivering and the lady kept him in the house and knit him sweaters for the cold weather. Dumb tumble bugs, anyway...

HIGH COUNTRY

—BLASTING STUMPS

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

by **Garold Hartsock**

Papa came out of McCully's Hardware carrying a little wood box of sawdust. "What's that?" Mama asked.

"Just some dynamite," Papa said.

"Elz," Mama said nervously.

"I know," he said.

"I want to see!" Buddy said.

Papa scraped back the sawdust, and there were ten oily-looking paper-wrapped sticks. He put the box in the back of the rig. "Just treat 'em with a little respect, that's all."

Mama sat on the edge of the seat all the way back to Sheep Creek.

Papa paced around the pasture below the house. Pine stumps about up to Buddy's chest dotted the field. Buddy watched closely; something was about to happen, he figured...

Papa said, "Right there, and there, and there."

With a shovel he dug out a little under the stumps. Under one he stash-

ed a stick of dynamite and tied a few feet of white fuse that looked like Mrs. Berland's clothes-line rope.

"Now, Buddy," Papa said, "get back to the house with Mama and Sister."

Buddy did. They all three waited in front of the house.

Papa was doing something with a match. He started running toward the house. Then he waited with them...

WHOOM! The stump blew fifty feet into the air, into a dozen pieces!

"Let's go see!" Buddy cried.

"Not yet." They waited. "Now," Papa said.

They went out in the field and started making piles of the splinters and chunks...

"Almost solid pitch," Papa said. "Really makes a fine fire. Almost too hot, maybe."

He blew out three more stumps, one at a time. Not too close to the house, though. "One of those chunks might drop through the roof," Papa said.

There was another thing; you had to fill the holes!

"Ah, well," Papa said, "easier to let nature rot out the stumps. Take years, though. Part of those stumps will be there thirty years from now. That's the story on pitch-filled stumps and roots."

He used the shreds for starting fires every morning in the heater and kitchen stoves...

Buddy was keeper of the butter Mama made. She'd skim off the cream into a big glass jar. There was a lid that screwed on, and paddles squished and plopped inside the jar when you turned the handle on the top. It didn't take long, but Buddy got tired when the butter started lumping-up, and Mama would have to finish. Then Mama would have to salt the butter, just so much. The salt came from McCully's Store, and cost a dime for a cloth sack.

Those biscuits Mama made two or three times a day were delicious with butter and jam. Now Buddy took the butter out to the creek where Papa had installed a lidded box with rocks in it, to keep the butter dish out of the cold water.

Sister was too small to do anything.

One day Papa and Buddy were coming down off the west slope; Sister was watching for them. She got up off the back stoop and came to meet them. She just bent over and walked under the barbed wire. Papa carried her back to the house. Papa really liked her, and Buddy was a little jealous...

One day Papa said to Buddy: "Guess I'll make you that squirt gun I promised."

He cut down one of the brown-red elderberry bushes and sawed off a two-foot section. Next, with Buddy closely watching, he bored out the pithy center with a long drill. Now, he fitted, most meticulously, a plunger into the empty tube of elderberry. Next he drew a tube of water out of the creek, turned, and pushed the plunger. Water shot out! Buddy was jubilant!

Two days later the elderberry dried out and split. It wouldn't suck up a drop of water, not a drop...

"It wasn't much of a gun, anyway," Papa said. "We'll stick to willow whistles, I think."

This was a fascinating operation.

Papa cut a small green-bark willow from the creek bank. He cut off a short piece and, about half an inch from the end, he carefully notched the willow. Then he turned and hammered the green willow bark...

"Have to bruise it," Papa said.

Now he turned the willow stick and carefully cut through the bark only, not too deep, he said. The next thing he twisted gently and the bark, like a tube, came off in his hand. He skived off some of the wood, and slid the green bark tube back where it matched the notch he'd first made...

"Try it."

Buddy blew; his reward was a little shrill whistle.

He let Sister blow now and then. She patiently waited around, a tiny little girl with pock marks on her face, and, occasionally, a hole in the knee of black cotton stockings... Then the whistle dried out and was silent forever.

"We'll make another one," Papa said.

One day in town Buddy and Sister each bought a nickel box of Cracker Jacks. The prize was made just like the willow whistle. But it was made of cured wood, and never cracked!

"Age of progress, the onward march of civilization," Papa said. "They stole my invention. Actually it wasn't mine. Probably Moses invented it."

"Who's Moses?"

"Never mind. He lived a long time ago. I'm sure there were willows around those water holes."

Buddy showed Sister how the bow and arrow worked. He never pointed the arrow at her. But they did shoot it at the camp robbers and the gray squirrels; they never hit anything. It was more fun to put a can on a stump or post and knock it off with the arrow.

Sister wasn't too interested in bows and arrows. She cut out things from the Montgomery Ward catalog, and strung buttons on a string, the same buttons in a can that Buddy had strung. Mama had cut them off her blouses, she said,

that she'd bought when she worked for Mrs. Mitchell.

It was a quiet, uneventful way to live but Buddy missed his friends.

"Are you and Sister not swallowing gum?" Papa said.

"We never swallow gum. We give it to the dogs. They chew it."

"I guess I ought to tell you Forrest Marr died. The gum plugged up his appendix. The gum he was always chewing and swallowing killed him. I heard about it, wasn't gong to tell you."

HIGH COUNTRY

The travellers

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

by Garold Hartsock

One day Papa and Buddy were up on the west hill above the log cow-coral. "There's something I want you to see," Papa said, and walked to a large flat brown-red stone. "You've never seen a thousand-legged worm, have you? There's one under here."

He lifted the stone up, and Buddy saw the most horrible thing of his life: a shiny black worm with legs the full length of his body almost like a brush underneath. Buddy was repelled. "Are they poison? How'd you know he was there?"

Papa laughed. "I don't know if he's poison. And I just figured he'd be there. He's under almost every stone like that."

"Oh."

"Now, listen...Mama and I have been talking...Uncle Oce and the girls have moved to Dayton. You want to go over and see them?"

"Yes!"

So one day they drove out to town and left the team at Wes Duncan's big new barn, right across from Sheet's blacksmith shop. Then they walked down to the depot about noon, and Buddy and Sister walked around on the station cinders and tried to keep from getting dirty...

The branch line took them out through Elgin to LaGrande. They changed trains, rode the Union Pacific train with its big engine and red-plush over the Blue Mountains to Pendleton. From there they took another shorter

train, went past the Pendleton Woolen Mills, out past Adams, Athena, Weston, Walla Walla to Dayton.

Uncle Oce, Aunt Jessie and the girls were glad to see them again, and much time was spent recounting past days in the high country. They lived in Grandma Kidweiller's house right below the curve of the tracks. Grandma Adeline Amanda was off someplace getting married again.

Papa said: "On the way back we'll stop in Walla Walla and see Aunt Iva. She has a son named Vernon. Older than you, Buddy."

"Does he go to school?"

"Sure. He's about 11 years old."

Buddy felt pretty young at almost six. But he had Sister who was a pretty good friend.

There was a depot in Walla Walla, at the end of Main Street. Papa kept looking at time tables he got from the ticket office.

"This sure was ORRN once," he said. "Now it's OWRN, Oregon Washington Railway and Navigation. Guess they must have barges or stern wheelers on the rivers."

They got off the train when it stopped. The conductor put a step-stool on the cinders for them to step down on. Then the train pulled out again. Papa carried Sister and they all walked down Main Street a few blocks, and asked questions, and then walked down Chase Avenue.

"Not far from the fairgrounds," a man told them. They found it.

Aunt Iva screamed and flung herself at Papa. "Elz! Nelia!"

It turned out this was the first time Papa had seen his sister Iva since she had married Jack Thomas, a bartender.

The tan-skinned boy was Vernon; he wasn't much taller than Buddy. He said, "Hi, kid."

Aunt Iva had a parrot that crawled around his cage, using his beak and claws. He croaked, "Polly want a cracker?"

"He doesn't really want a cracker," Aunt Iva said. "He's just been taught

to say that. He's a talking parrot."

"Oh."

The parrot was green and had a fat tongue. Sister stood and looked and looked. It was the first parrot Buddy had seen, too.

"I'd as soon have a Plymouth Rock chicken in a cage. Look at that mess."

Mama, who always liked canaries, said quietly, "Elz."

Aunt Iva laughed. "Polly is pretty good company when Vernon is gone to school. Something to talk to."

"Boy or girl?" Papa wanted to know.

"Who knows? They live to be pretty old."

That night there was a fire right close to Aunt Iva's house. A small barn. Vernon wanted to go look. A horse was dead, still tied to the manger.

"Poor horse," Buddy said.

"Ah, just a horse. Who cares?"

"I do."

"I don't think I like you, kid," Vernon said.

Buddy went back across the street to Aunt Iva's house. Sister was there, and he told her. She said, "Leave him alone."

That day Jack Thomas came home. He'd been bartending, and he just decided to come home. Because Papa hadn't approved of him to marry Aunt Iva. Jack Thomas wasn't very friendly. He left real fast...

Papa looked at Mama. She nodded. He said, "Well, Iva, I think it's time to leave. Don't want to cause any trouble."

"Oh, Elz," Aunt Iva cried.

"No, it's time anyway. Sure been good to see you."

So they walked back down the street; Mama carried Sister, Papa carried the heavy brown suitcase, and finally carried Sister, too. Buddy was dragging by the time they reached the depot. Inside the depot a man came and unlocked the newsstand, and pushed back the strap-iron gates...

Buddy and Sister looked at the candy, but they didn't buy any. It cost too

much.

Buddy went outside and walked the rails, and didn't slip off too often.

"You can't do it," he told Sister "you're too little."

The train finally came, and they rode back to Pendleton.

While they were riding, Papa said. "You want to see your mother?" I thought if you did, I'd take a jaunt down to Medford. It's supposed to be booming.

"I'd like to see Mama."

"We'll do it, them."

So they got on another train that went down the great Columbia River. They looked at the building across the river that Papa said was Sam Hill's Castle. Sam Hill had married someone named Mary Hill, and hadn't even changed her last name. Buddy wasn't much interested in that. But he did see all the Indian graves on an island, and the high waterfalls that came off the mountains they traveled through just above the river. It was all different and amazing!

"Used to be a great bridge, the Indians say," Papa told Buddy. It was made of stone. The river ran under it. Then a great explosion from a volcano came down this ridge of mountains broke the bridge in, and that's why all this land tumbled in and made the rough. Sure looks that way, doesn't it?"

"Pooh!" Mama said. "Indians will tell you anything. They tell a story about the great coyote that dug this Columbia River gorge. A coyote! You are always talking about the Indians you know over on the Tucanon near Dayton..."

"All true too!"

"I knew some of them, too, where Mama and I lived out on Crow Creek after she'd divorced Papa, before I went to work for Mrs. Mitchell...and I'll tell you, those old squaws, would pull a knike quicker than wink, if I objected to their plugging watermelons, I hated them. They're great liars."

"Well," Papa said, "some of the stories could be true."

HIGH COUNTRY

The Travelers (Continued from last week)

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

In last week's episode, The young Hartsock family took a train trip from LaGrande to Dayton, to visit Elz' brother, Oce, and his family. The family stopped overnight in Walla Walla, to visit Elz' sister. On the train, they decided to go on to the Vancouver area, where Elz would check out the activity in Vancouver, while his wife, Nelia, visited her mother in Brush Prairie.

by Garold Hartsock

In the big Union Station, where voices talked through loud speakers about which track a certain train was leaving on, Buddy and Sister watched and became entranced with the red-cap porters, who were black men, like all porters were up and down the Union Pacific line, the conductors always being white men...

Papa said, "Buddy, you and I ought to go to the rest room. Mama and Sister will use the ladies room."

It was the first time Buddy knew there was a difference; the only difference on Sheep Creek and the house a block from Main Street was the size of the holes in the seat; Papa's was the

biggest, Mama's was more slender; Buddy used any hole he wanted and he never, never used the babies' hole...Sister used that.

In this place, the Union Station had porcelain wall places where you could stand up--if you didn't need to sit down, that is--and Buddy did just like the men. It wasn't so complicated. A black shoe-shine man tried to brush Papa's shoulders, and Papa said, "I do my own brushing," and said to Buddy: "Let's get out of here. That fellow just wanted a tip."

Papa didn't like to give tips unless he wanted to...

Buddy went straight to Sister. "What's it like in there?"

"It's nice..."

"I mean..."

Sister understood. "You just sit down. Like at home. But it's nicer. And there's a room with chairs and mirrors..."

Mama said, "What did you think, Buddy?"

"I didn't know. Even Mrs. Bradshaw only had one. And Mrs. Berland..."

"Let it go, Buddy."

They rode the street car out to where a ferry crossed the wide Columbia River. There was no car and people bridge; only a railroad bridge. Buddy watched the water outside the ferry windows. He took a deep breath when they got off the other side.

Grandma Perkins Johnson Miller soon came with a team and hack. She was all dressed up and drove the team almost as good as a man.

"You take care of these people, Molly."

"Come along, Elz," she answered.

"I got some country I want to look at."

"All right. I'd like you to meet my husband."

"Later," Papa said.

So he went back to the ferry and Grandma took them wheeling out in the country...

"What town?" Buddy wanted to know.

"The main town is Vancouver, our little place is near Brush Prairie, just a wide spot in the road."

"Oh."

Aunt Mercy and her second husband Albert Browning lived over the hill and down in a gully kind of like Sheep Creek. Browning drove a big red touring car up to Grandma Miller's place; he had married Aunt Mercy and changed her name from Cromwell. Buddy now realized he had two more first cousins Frances and Omar Cromwell. Those kids wanted Buddy, not Sister, to come down and stay a night with them. Mama finally agreed. Omar wanted to trade Buddy out of a Cracker-Jack prize, a small wire pair of pinchers. Buddy refused, so Omar gave him a wire slingshot anyway. Buddy was glad to get back to Grandma's the next day; it was only a mile or two away...

A couple of days later Buddy and Sister were outside. Buddy said, "I miss Papa."

Sister said, very quietly, "There's Papa now."

"Ah, don't make things up."

"That's Papa."

And it sure was. Papa had walked some of the way from Brush Prairie; a man had brought him to the corner, down below Grandma's house.

They went in the house. Sister climbed all over Papa. "We'll stay a day or two longer, then it's time to get back home. I saw all the country I want to see."

Grandma took them into Vancouver. They rode the ferry back to Oregon. And took a street car back to the Union Station...Buddy watched for the familiar landmarks, the Vista House way up there. Multnomah Falls, second highests in the whole United States, a man said. Before long. It was Sam Hill's Castle, and finally, LaGrande. "Should have telegraphed in." Papa said. "Had someone bring down the team."

They walked up the road to Wes Duncan's barn. What a big fine barn it was. "Soon be out of business," Wes Duncan said. "Everybody is buying cars. Young Bill Warnock is driving a Pierce Arrow Dan bought him." Wes Duncan shook his head.

Papa said, "Can't see how they can edge out horses. What can they do?"

"They can go fast. Can't plow a field though."

"What I meant," Papa said.

"We had quite a fire while you were gone. Mitchell Hotel burned down."

"What!"

"That's right. Go see for yourself. Right were the big hotel had been was nothing but burned timbers and twisted pipe; right across from the little house a block from Main Street. Buddy wondered about Bill Fitzpatrick...No one seemed to know.

Out across the valley, up past the Ragsdale ranch, up past the house where the hairless dog lives a Chihuahua, Mama, said, down the steep grade to Sheep Creek and the Rumble cabin...

"I'm thirsty," Buddy said.

"Fine," Papa said. He seemed in a good humor.

So Buddy got down on his stomach and drank and drank. "Ah, good."

Then Papa said, "What's up in the draw?"

He handed the lines to Mama; Buddy followed him. "Hey, a dead badger. Is that why the water tasted so good."

Buddy stared at the dead badger, all swollen. "Somebody must have shot him."

HIGH COUNTRY

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William, Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy. The story is told from young Buddy's point of view.

by **Garold Hartsock**

Mrs. Morgan and her two sons came down to visit. She talked with Mama and Papa about school for the growing boys.

"I don't know about that Rumble cabin," Papa said. "Have to have a new roof, and the walls fixed, too. Then we'd have to board the school teacher. Sounds complicated to me."

Mrs. Morgan wore high-heeled white leather shoes and white stockings. Buddy never got tired of looking at her.

Buddy asked to use Papa's three-bladed knife with the leather punch. "Don't lose it," Papa said.

Then Buddy and Merrill walked down the creek, and finally crawled over a jam that made a waterfall in the brush. When they crossed back over Buddy looked for Papa's knife. He couldn't find it. He and Merrill went back over their tracks; they found nothing...

Finally Buddy had to tell Papa.

Papa didn't get mad. He said, "Well, I'll have to buy another one."

Mama said, "You can have back the gray-handled one your mother gave you."

"No," Papa said, "I gave that one to you for your sewing machine drawer."

Buddy and Merrill looked around some more--and way down by the old log stock corral they found a pocket knife without any handles. Buddy was ecstatic. He presented it to Papa.

Papa said, "Well, I'll put leather handles on it."

Out behind the house was an old single-room shack he used for a tool room. He worked one whole day, and showed Buddy a knife with black harness leather handles, blades all

sharpened.

"Is that a good one?"

"Well," Papa said, "not as good as the yellow bone-handled knife. But it'll work, it's good steel."

He wasn't mad at all. Buddy felt better.

Bill Graham and his wife Veva came by one Sunday and talked with Papa and Mama. Bill Graham had built a big cabin down the creek about a mile. he was a good carpenter. He was about Papa's size and listened to Papa. He was about 30, which was pretty old to Buddy...

Buddy went with Papa down the creek to the shearing sheds past Mr. Graham's cabin. A lot of sheep were sheared there. A man was there who knew Papa. His family was there, the mama who cooked for the shearers, a little boy about Sister's age, and a girl with blue eyes...the same girl Buddy had seen several times in the Sweet Shop in town.

Buddy did a lot of staring at that girl. She and her brother caught squirrels and chipmunks in a strange way...they put a loop over the squirrel hole, then waited quietly behind a tree or bush, and when the squirrel poked his head up and came out, they tightened the loop and caught the squirrel. Sometimes it didn't work...

Papa just said: "What's time to a kid?"

He showed Buddy a very different trap, called a figure-4. It worked for animals and birds. The figure-4 was made out of shingle strips, and a wooden box that fell down and caught the bird or animal. Buddy never forgot...

That winter the snow was pretty deep for the warmer canyons. Buddy would look out the kitchen window and marvel. "Just like every winter in this high country," Mama said. "Doesn't charm me at all. I froze my big toe and caused a bunion walking to school one winter. We didn't have overshoes. Papa always has those cloth and rubber overshoes. We had none in our poor family. You can have the cold winters."

Papa kept the house warm and fine

with short pieces of pine and shreds of the blasted stumps...

One night they heard some noises under the back stoop. "Maybe it's the skunk that killed our hens across the creek."

Sister and Buddy went around the house all big-eyed and whispering.

In the morning Papa had a strange story to tell...He'd taken the lantern and a shovel. He'd dug under the stoop, fully expecting a skunk to be under there...he'd found a little long-haired dog with two new pups...and those three were what made the snuffling noises. The pups and Trixie were put in the woodshed where it was dry. Buddy immediately called the little black pup with the white ring around his neck "My pup" and gave the brindle, kind of tan-like little mama dog, to Sister. They never knew where Trixie came from, but she was there, and her new name was Trixie...

Occasionally Buddy would cross with Papa to the barn. He didn't like the smell, so he'd stalk bluejays with his bolt-shooting, handmade gun. Papa said: "I guess they're fairly safe."

As the snow melted a little, and Easter arrived, Papa and Mama decided to go up the creek to a dance. Buddy and Sister, all bundled up, went along. People were always glad to see Papa, because he would play the violin and chord on guitar or piano...

Those people danced all night. Papa had no violin of his own, but some other man had one...Buddy and Sister were put down in a bedroom with the coats. At midnight they ate a plate of ham and beef and cake from a long table. In the morning, Sister was wide awake and Buddy forced himself awake...they were pulled in a bob-sled down the road behind the brown team.

Buddy went to sleep again.

When they got home again Buddy and Sister went directly to bed; Papa had to take care of the cow and a new little calf...

Later that day Mama and Buddy colored, for the first time, Easter Eggs. The dye came out of paper pieces the size of cards from poker decks. Mama had bought the paper in town...you had

to boil water and pour it in a cup with each colored piece of paper. It took all the cups in the house, but when they were finished, they had a big bowl full of Easter Eggs. Buddy and Sister divided them...

HIGH COUNTRY

Time to leave

High Country is the story of the Hartsock family, whose roots in the Pacific Northwest began when William Henry Hartsock and his family settled in Columbia County. At this point in the story, his son, Elz, is making his home in Oregon's high country with his wife, daughter and young son, Buddy.

by Garold Hartsock

The spring sun, in time, caused the bunch grass to send up tiny green shoots in and around the bunchgrass clumps...dry and green, Papa said was good for the stock everywhere...Papa had about four sows he called: "Who-eee! Who-eee!" He said he talked to them. And maybe he did. Those big

sows would come running from far away at those calls to eat their barley or oats or wheat...

Spring arrived slowly. "Six months winter, six months poor sleddin'," Papa said.

Papa was talking to people about buying the canyon ranch. Buddy walked with him up on the west hill. Papa was pretty quiet for some reason. "What's the matter?" Buddy wanted to know.

Finally Papa said, "You remember Vernon Thomas, your cousin, don't you?"

"Sure."

Papa took a letter from his pocket.

"Someone brought this by...it's been in the post-office for a few days, and Eva Rumble sent it out...it's from Aunt Iva. Vernon was burned to death. Aunt Iva almost was..."

Buddy stared at Papa.

"See, Aunt Iva had moved from the house where you saw the parrot. She fainted one night with a lamp in her hand. She might have burned herself, but a neighbor pulled her out. He didn't even know Vernon was in an upstairs room. The firemen put out the fire and found Vernon's body..."

Buddy shook his head. "Poor Aunt Iva. I didn't like Vernon much but he belonged to Aunt Iva. What's she going to do?"

"She can't do anything. Just like Mama and I would have to do if you or Sister died. She'll have to cry all her life."

"I'm thirsty."

Papa said, "I'm going to make you a drinking place right here on the hillside. I got to look at the hill land, figure if I want to seed it...when we come back you'll have a place to drink..."

He made a place in the sidehill, and the trickling water filled it up. "That water's got red dirt in it. Let it settle."

When they came down from the fields up on top, the water was almost

clear. Buddy dropped down and drank from a little pool. Then Papa did.

"There's the rock the worm's under," Papa said. "Down there in the pasture."

And then Papa sold the Sheep Creek ranch.

"Where are we going?" Buddy wanted to know.

"I don't know," Papa said. "Over in Idaho there's land opening up. I've just about decided to work for wages. There's a job somewhere..."

They went to town and Doctor Bunch filled a couple of Buddy's teeth with some red clay. Dr. Bunch had a tiny office far down in the new McCully building. Pike Deboie cut Buddy's hair. They stayed all night with Mrs. Mitchell in the new little hotel behind the square house a block from Main Street. Then Buddy went up the street to the yellow stone church. Here he talked with Kirk Beith and Joe Seiler and the girl with blue eyes from the Sweet Shop and Sheep Creek: she was charging around in back of the wood pulpit and screen. "Have you come to see our church?" she asked. Buddy just looked at her. Pretty soon she left, and went skipping in her white stockings up the street...

"She's everywhere," Buddy told Kirk Beith.

Mama and Papa and Buddy and Sister got on the train down at the depot, the yellow station, and they rode out to LaGrande and changed to the main line. That night they rolled out past Hot Lake, all steaming in the night lights. Not too long later they got off at Weiser, Idaho, and looked north. "Right up the branch line that goes to Midvale and Cambridge, and north," Papa said.

Sister and Buddy slept on the hard benches in the depot, Buddy not very much. He kept looking around, where you checked in baggage. Papa's trunk had been carefully bound with new quarter inch rope and they had it up on a baggage wagon. "That's Papa's trunk," Buddy told the man.

"Sure," the man told Buddy. I see lots of trucks."

"We have one, it's Papa's I think he's got a lot of big square wood boxes and barrels, coming by freight.

"Kid, you're pretty smart, where you from?"

"over the high county mountains. We have a lake over there. It's deep and green and the wind makes waves on it."

The man was pretty busy.

"Papa and I killed a hawk."

"Well, I'll see you, kid!"

Buddy went back inside the depot. It was pretty late in the morning when they caught the branch line north, and got off a Midvale. They had seen a field outside Weiser where a man had landed a plane; Mrs. Bitner at the hotel in Midvale said:

"Yes I can fix you some lunch. Even though the dining room is closed."

She made them cold beef sandwiches. Papa said: "We're a week late for school. Mama can take you there. It's across the Weiser River on the hill."

So the next morning, Buddy trudged up the hill with Mama and Sister. The school was a big wooden building and the teacher of the first grade was Miss Wiley.

Mama said, "I'm left handed. I write a terrible hand, and I don't want to write left handed."

"We'll see."

Mama and Sister left.

Miss Wiley said, "Now, I'm going to call you by your name, your first name. You can be Buddy to your parents. But I'll use your real name. Can you say it?"

"Of course I can."

So that was it. I became Garold almost as easily as I had gone from Skookums to Buddy. There was a boy I liked, Clifford Ader, and a girl named Laura, who was always writing with a long thin purple pencil. She added several zeros. And neatly. How I wish I could do that...

HIGH COUNTRY

THE WHITMAN PLACE

by Garold Hartsock

How does one compress 1000 pages into a graceful ending...one can't. But Maurine needs the space which **High Country** would long occupy for other items...so be it; I've chosen about three episodes, that's three weeks to wind it up...

After three and a half years in Idaho the Hartsocks were back west of the Blue Mountains a few miles west of Walla Walla on Aunt Maude's place; Oce was in east Walla Walla.

Aunt Maude said "Over west, at the other end of the ridge is where Whitman had his mission for about 11 years."

Elz said, "Heard about him all my life."

Aunt Maude said, "We could drive over there...just about a mile."

At the time I was more interested in fishing for mudheads, out in a seepage pool in the pasture, and checking out the Northern Pacific train that ran out to Wallula, and back again. Walla Walla was a town of two rail lines.

We drove down the road, and Aunt Maude pointed out the Whitman location...a field of mullein and Canadian thistle...and little else. The great grave was there behind its iron fence...same as today, except today little electronic boxes give the interested a fairly accurate turn-back into history. Sister and I stood solemnly and listened as Aunt Maude and her husband told us what had happened and about where it had happened. They didn't really know, but they did their best.

How was I to know that one day I

would write a movie called *Place of Rye Grass* and write the music for it? Sister helped. As Mrs. Tom Boise, who was Mr. Democrat of Idaho, she was the real song writer of the family...

Then, that long ago day, we all climbed the hill to look at the monument spire that had been erected by dedicated folks, determined not to forget Marcus Whitman and Narcissa in their last years.

The thing that interested Papa and me was the sun light on the ancient dikes down across the road, so easy to see at 10 o'clock in the morning, with the grass cropped off close...In the years ahead we, Pop and I, would climb to the top of the hill, finally on a hard-surface, to approve of what Uncle Sam was doing for Marcus Whitman's memory...

In my mind, I've often felt the keening agony of the good Doctor, and stood exactly where he tumbled, completely helpless, there in the kitchen...

A lot of writers have given their ideas as to what happened; I've got their books and documents and speculations; I've run down descendants of survivors of the massacre...one of the most specific, and provable, was my friend Paul Kane...who was around, wrote about it, and drew pictures earlier in 1847. Answered a lot of questions in my mind, details that didn't bring Marcus or Narcissa or little Alice Clarissa back at all.

It really doesn't take much for the dedicated researcher to think and imaging back 140 years; it's no time at all.

AN ILLUSTRATED
HISTORY
OF THE
BIG BEND COUNTRY

EMBRACING
LINCOLN, DOUGLAS, ADAMS AND FRANKLIN

COUNTIES

STATE OF WASHINGTON

WESTERN HISTORICAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
1901

THEOPHILUS HATCH was born in Switzerland county, Indiana, August 13, 1852. His father, Curns Hatch, was born on the same place as our subject and was a veteran both of the Mexican and the Civil wars. The mother, Elizabeth (Reno) Hatch was also born in the same place. Our subject was educated in the public schools of Indiana and early learned the blacksmith trade. After becoming proficient in that, he journeyed in 1874, to California, where he worked at his trade until 1883. In that year, he came to Washington and settled on a homestead four miles north from Almira. Later, he took preemption and timberculture claims; then bought land until he has now one thousand, two hundred and eighty acres of first class farming land. He also owns a beautiful residence in Almira and every thing that is needed to handle a large and first class estate. He owns twenty-five head of cattle, thirty head of horses, two headers and a steam thresher besides all other accessories. It is interesting to note that when Mr. Hatch stepped out for himself from the parental roof, he had but three dollars and seventy-five cents. The last year the wheat productions of his estate alone, sold for over six thousand dollars.

In 1888, Mr. Hatch married Miss Nellie E., daughter of William and Rosa (Webber) Lea. The father was born in England and is now a farmer in California. The mother was born in Michigan and crossed the plains to California with her parents when she was a child, making the journey with ox teams. To Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, three children have been born, Rosa M., Clarence C. and Henrietta. Mr. Hatch has one brother, John M. Mrs. Hatch was born in Reno, Nevada, September 20, 1870. She received her education in Walla Walla, Washington, in which state she was

married. She is well acquainted with frontier life and has shown herself a true woman and a pioneer. When Mr. Hatch first came to this country he had to go thirty-five miles for his mail and endured hardships and deprivations incident to a pioneer life.

Sp 493-494

MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY
Walla Walla, Washington

Surname	First Name	MN/Initial	Birth Date	Death Date	Other Inscription	Division	Lot	Grave
Hatch	Arthur	Davis	Jan 3, 1891	Mar 19, 1979	Born in Alvord, Iowa. Died in Denver, Colorado.	Block 13B	1	3A
Hatch	Blanche	Minervia	Mar 5, 1891	Apr 19, 1963	Born in Adams, Oregon, Died in Denver, Colorado.	Block 13B	1	2A
Hatch	Charles	N.	1855	Oct 31, 1946		Block 13B	1	4
Hatch	Josephine	A.	1858	Aug 29, 1952	Died in Medical Lake, Washington.	Block 13B	1	5
Hatch	Ozias	Mather		Dec 3, 1923	(No Marker)	Block 29	58	17

EARLY MARRIAGES
OF
WALLA WALLA COUNTY
1862 thru 1899
WASHINGTON TERRITORY AND STATE
Copies and compiled by members of the
WALLA WALLA VALLEY GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY
Published by the Society
WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON
1976

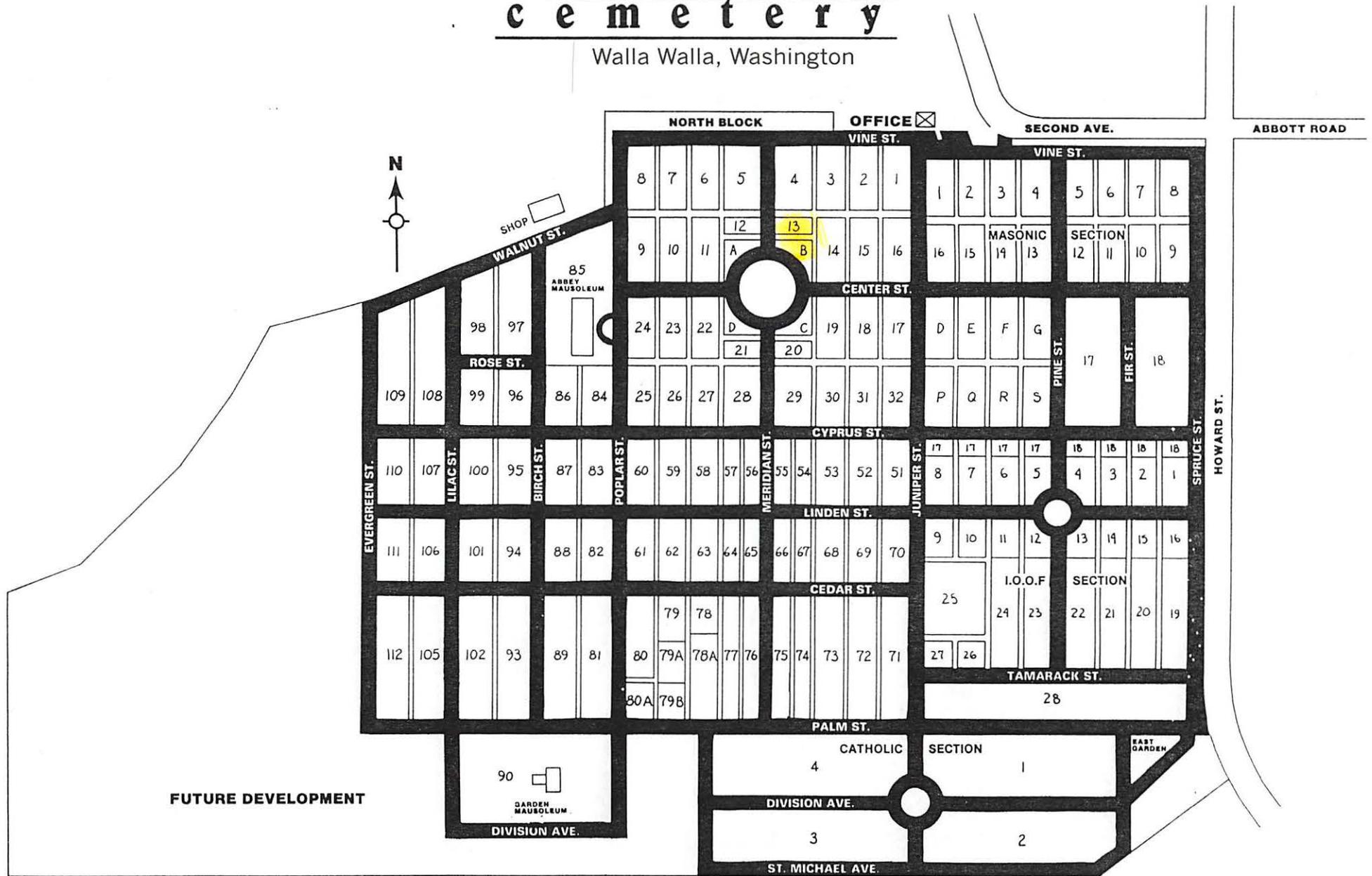
HATCH, John and Cynthia C. HATCH: 5 Oct 1891; both of Umatilla Co OR;
T.T. Burgess, JP; Wit: Annie E. Stewart and Therese Adler



MOUNTAIN VIEW

c e m e t e r y

Walla Walla, Washington



Water

1883 Census

Pg 11 - J. L. Water 40m Farmer Maine
Pg 141 B. H. Water 53m Mechanic N.Y. Married
M. C. " 39F " "
J. J. " 13F " "
E. R. " 50m " "

(Family of W. S. Ruffa in this household)

1885 Census

Pg 83 - B. H. Water 56m Timed (?) N.Y. Married
Matilda " 41F " "
Julia " 15F " "
E. R. " 52F " "

Pg 100 - J. L. Water 42m Maine

1887 Census

Pg 98 - J. L. Water 57m Maine
(by the names around him, I'd say his in the Covell district)

1889 Census

Pg 94 - J. L. Water 33m Mo

1892 Census

Pg 3 - Pg 2 - J. L. Water 54m Farmer Maine

Early Columbia Co., Washington Territory Marriages 1876-1889

Elijah R. Water - Married - John B. Whitman - 9 Nov 1886 -
Witnesses: Richard Friel
Mrs. B. H. Water

Columbia Co. Newspaper Abstracts

1882-1883

Pg 17 - O. S. Claim # 4213: Bayler K Miller
Witness: L. S. Hatch (2 Dec 1882)

1884-1886

Pg 36 - Mrs. B. Hatch has returned from N. Y., where she has been
visiting friends & relatives for several months. (29 Nov 1884)

Pg 35 - Mrs. B. H. Hatch has received the sad intelligence of the death
of her father. (24 Jan 1885)

Pg 45 - Ld # 1826: Samuel Hatch
(NE 1/4 S26 T11, R40)
(25 July 1885)

1886-1887

Pg 20 - Married at the residence of Mrs. B. H. Hatch in this city, 9 Nov
1886, J. H. Whitman of Weston, Oregon & Miss Eliza R. Hatch of
this city.

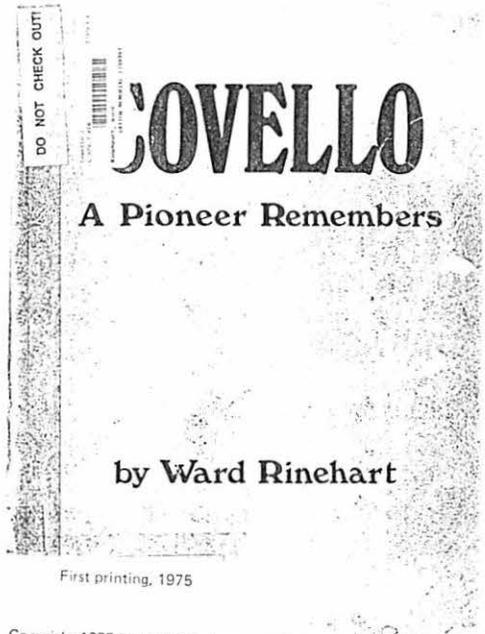
Pg 26 - Marriage certificates recorded in 1886:
9 Nov 1886 - John B. Whitman & Eliza R. Hatch
(8 Jan 1887)

1890-1892

Pg 29 - O.S. # 6794: Leonard S. Parsons
Witness: Leonard S. Hatch of Covello
(21 March 1891)



Covello cemetery today. The Thomson obelisk is still beautiful as it has been for almost a century.



Copyright 1975 by Ward Rinehart
All rights reserved.
Library of Congress Number 75-43391

Printed by Color Press
312 South College Avenue
College Place, Washington 99324
22601

Hatch, Lemual Lewis, born Nov. 9, 1834; died Oct. 9, 1911;
76 years, 11 months.



Timber culture on the old Hatch homestead. It has survived the past hundred years better than most.