

— Fall 2022 —

# THE AGATE

JEFFERSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



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--AND MUCH MORE!

N.S. 18



## DEAR AGATE READERS—

**H**ere is our eighteenth issue of THE AGATE, and welcome to it! It's hard for us to realize that we have been producing Central Oregon's only local history journal for nine years, beginning at a time when Barack Obama was President, when Donald Trump was mainly looking for a new TV "reality show," when mask-wearing was for Halloween, and, locally, when the North Unit Irrigation District still had plenty of water for its reservoirs.

We're proud of what THE AGATE—with magnificent support from the historical society, Tony Ahern and the *Pioneer*, and our readers and advertisers—has accomplished, and we hope to carry on with it, and its mission of investigating and celebrating our rich local history.

But going forward from here will require some changes in our working arrangements. For personal reasons, Jerry Ramsey will be stepping down as "publisher" and acting managing editor, and limiting himself to a less hands-on role as advisory editor and thinker-up of local history topics for THE AGATE to pursue. With a new "tech-savvy" managing editor to be added to the team, Jane Ahern intends to continue as our peerless editor. To help steer THE AGATE onward, an editorial advisory committee will be formed.

If in the processing of these changes THE AGATE's format needs to be altered, or its bi-annual publication schedule, we'll do what we can—consistent with our mission and our obligation to the JCHS, the *Pioneer*, and our readers.

So, "stay tuned," and in the meantime enjoy Issue No. 18, in which you'll find a ground-breaking account by Jeff Scheetz of the astonishing (and unknown) hydraulic projects carried out by Harry Gates deep in the Crooked River Gorge in the 1920s and '30s; a rich memoir of growing up around Jefferson County in the same time frame by the late George Osborn; a quirky search for a once-widely-grown but notorious wheat variety called "Galgos;" a round-up on this year's spectacular Threshing Bee — and much more.

All in the name of understanding and enjoying our own county's historical legacy—so enjoy!

### JCHS On the Move Again!

**W**ith the COVID threat no longer in our faces, stymieing every attempt to schedule public programs, the Historical Society is moving again! Witness last month's successful resumption of the Annual Dinner at the community center—the first since 2020. Attendees enjoyed a hearty meal, an entertaining program featuring Stan Pine highlighting the pleasures of hiking after local history and sharing the pleasure of being together again for this venerable dinner.

In the same spirit of getting back in touch, JCHS members will gather at the community center on Sunday, Oct. 23, at 1:30 p.m., for the Society's Annual Meeting and Ice Cream Social. And plans are being made for resuming our popular "History Pub" series, beginning in February 2023 with a program featuring treasures and oddities in our museum.

Speaking of the museum: its collection is being moved again, out of storage in Westside School by request of the school district and into a new storage site where, hopefully, it will remain until a new museum can house and display it. This second move, like the first one back in 2012-3, is being carried out with magnificent support and literal "heavy lifting" by a dedicated crew of directors (and spouses!), members, and friends of local history. Well done—and may the next move be directly into a new museum!

It's also a time of transition and renewal on the JCHS Board of Directors. After nearly 20 years on the JCHS Board (7 as President), Jerry Ramsey has retired — but he promises to continue supporting JCHS endeavors, especially THE AGATE. And two new directors, Holly Gill and Seth Klann, have been appointed to fill vacancies, and will hopefully be formally elected by the society's members at the Annual Meeting Oct. 23. See you then!



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The mission of the Society is to research, gather and preserve the history of Jefferson County and Central Oregon for public education through the display of artifacts and archives.

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**Editor:** Jane Ahern

**Graphic Designer:** Jamie Wood

**Publisher:** Jerry Ramsey

Cover: View of Gates' "China Dam" and canal in Crooked River canyon next to Crooked River Ranch

# H.V. GATES AND CROOKED RIVER PROJECT 669

by Jeff Scheetz

My friend Eric and I chose an early morning venture into the Crooked River canyon several years ago on a cool March morning. After a rusty ladder roped descent, we continued down a steep slope onto an old roadbed with the heavy brush bordering the river edge below. We scheduled the trip during the low-growth period of riverside vegetation, but the springs on the adjacent cliff appear to keep some areas green year-round.

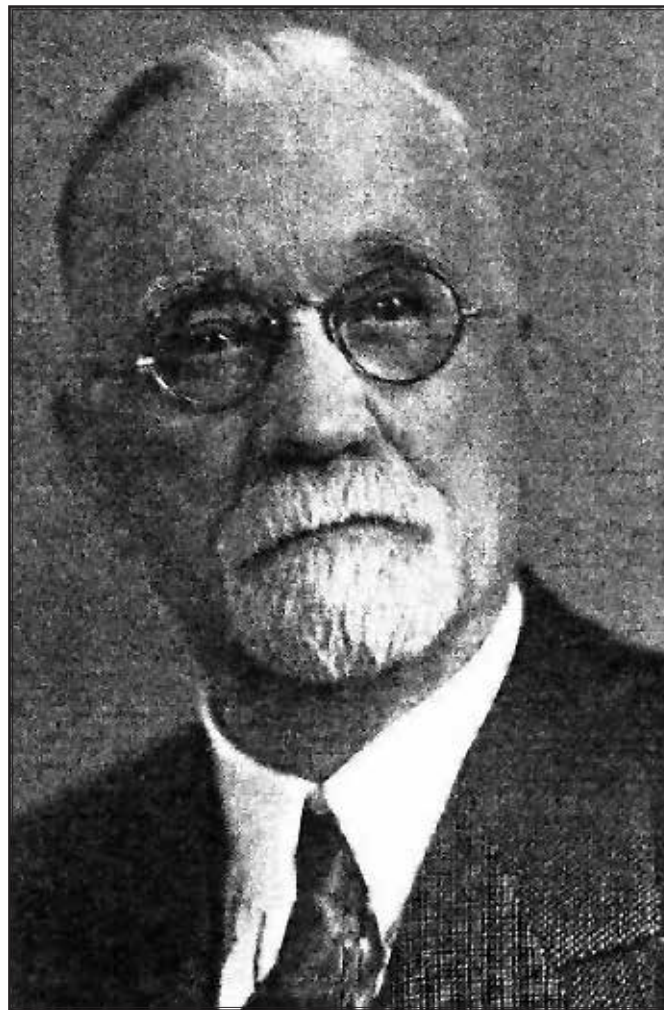
Locating at Crooked River Ranch gave us opportunities for canyon descents. The vertical terrain features seem to tempt gravity, reminding intruders of ever-present fall hazards. The horizontal components provide platforms for overgrown nurseries of riparian species. While my background followed engineering disciplines, both of us are survivors of multiple high-angle adventures, having spent the recreational hours of past lives scaling rock faces and climbing mountains.

## River Rescue

Our exploration was suggested during a river rescue conducted by Crooked River Ranch Fire and Rescue. Several years ago, my team started a descent into the canyon, but our partners on the north side of the river (Jefferson County Fire District 1) warned us of unseen obstructions below. Subsequently the extraction of the injured party (imprudent rafter incurring knee injury after raft collapse) was successfully performed by our north-side comrades. While monitoring this response by our peers, I noticed several man-made curiosities on the cliffs above the rescue site. There appeared to be large steel pipes, a rusted, bent-over ladder, and pipe hangers attached precariously to the north-side cliff. Also sighted were cables (bridge?) crossing the river. There was even a set of old ladders which appeared to connect the lower cliff down to the river below. This evidence suggested a major water project (irrigation?) involving real estate on both side of the river.

## Harry V. Gates

As a rural residential community, Crooked River Ranch was developed in 1971 after a history of homesteading and ranching. The most prominent landowner, who started filing patents in 1910, was Harry V. Gates. Before his family's sale of the ranch in 1933, the cattle ranch spanned about 10,000 acres. His diverse background included soldiering (Civil War), railroad surveying, railroad construction management, water and light plant construction, business, banking, and politics [John Bowler, *Brief History of Crooked River Ranch*].



Harry V. Gates

Without any formal education, Gates impressively advanced from a "leveler" position (simple vertical surveying) to track locator and bridge engineer within a few years. He became the superintendent of construction for Union Pacific Railroad in 1891 and was responsible for over 2,000 miles of new track. Eventually he became the chief engineer of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company.

At age 49 Gates shifted his engineering career to hydro (water) projects, requiring disciplines of civil, hydraulic and electrical engineering. In 1896, he built the Linkville Light and water plant near Klamath Falls, also serving as the initial business owner. One source claims his waterworks experience topped 50 projects, including the towns of Prineville and Heppner. He eventually became the engineer, superintendent and president of Hillsboro Electric Light and Water Company in 1900.

Gates' non-engineering accomplishments include directing the Shute Savings bank (Hillsboro) and being elected to represent the 45th district in the Oregon Legislature (18th assembly, 1895 session) [Sandra Ihrig, *The Origin of the Crooked River Ranch*].

The Gates family participated in the establishment of the Crooked River Ranch. His son, Oliver (1875-1962), and daughter, Helen Gates Heim (1887-1985), filed for homestead patents along with H.V.

Like Harry, Oliver lived in Hillsboro, and ran a pipe manufacturing business started by his father. He also was involved in the management of light and water companies in Klamath Falls and Hillsboro.

Helen moved to the Central Oregon ranch after marriage to Charles Heim in Hillsboro. When the ranch house was built (1916) she assisted in the management of the ranch, including overseeing and cooking for ranch hands, and raised their two children.

Harry's other son, Samuel, became an engineer and was eventually manager of the Los Angeles office of the General Electric Company. It is likely that some expertise was shared through the father-son relationship [Ihrig].

At his Central Oregon ranch, H.V. Gates developed a unique water project using

spring water from the Crooked River cliffs below his ranch house in 1925. His system pumped water for domestic (and some irrigation) use from the springs and generated electricity for farm and household lights and appliances. By collecting spring water from several cliff flows into a man-made sump, he was able to pipe a substantial flow down to a water



turbine. This machine at the river's edge could be belt-coupled to an electric generator or water pump [Harold T. Stearns, "Geology & Water Resources on the Middle Deschutes River Basin, Oregon" in *Contributions to the Hydrology of the United States, 1930*, USGS, p. 210]. This project was federally authorized as Project 462 (see below).

There are still artifacts along the river and cliffs below the old ranch house, now operated as the Heritage House by the Crooked River Ranch Senior group. Gates' original water infrastructure from 1925 was upgraded, probably in the early 1950s, by a subsequent ranch owner (possibly Thomas Bell with Z-Z Cattle Co.) to include a modern, high-capacity, multi-stage irrigation pump. Since then, successful well drilling and area electrification has rendered his water plant obsolete. Were the artifacts spotted during the river rescue a mile upstream from the ranch house the remnants of yet another Gates water project?

## Rescue site re-visited

After being "cheated" out of our rescue attempt by the fierce foliage and our county comrades, I returned with a friend to the north-side canyon wall to explore the intriguing relics. We were fully equipped with ropes to tackle the lower cliffs immediately above river. After descending the canyon down to the edge of the lower 40-foot cliff, we found a modern bolt (rock anchor) installed at the cliff edge, used to secure a synthetic rope down the cliff. It became apparent that some safety-conscious adventurer had installed a safety line above an old wooden ladder.

The rope over the lower half of the cliff was now protecting a series of rigid ladder rungs which were cemented into the rock. Later research confirmed these old wood ladders to be replacements installed by Jarold and Jim Ramsey [Jarold Ramsey, *New Era: Reflections on the Human and Natural History of Central Oregon*, ch. 6]. The anchor bolts and backup rope appeared to have been placed by modern climbers who frequent the river to access a large cave. The attraction here seemed to be an overhanging wall at a large cave entrance as multiple rock anchors appeared above the cave.

After negotiating the lower cliff with our "fresh" rope, we hiked downstream to the cable bridge and piping artifacts. Entering the kingdom of ticks was a chronic risk, but a higher concern was entering the land of unheard rattles. The sound of the rapids in the river established a noise level capable of masking rattlesnake announcements.

On the north-side in line with the cable bridge was a large cement foundation adjacent to the wall formed by the cliff. On this wall appeared to be rusty hangers and a 60-foot rusted ladder folded back on itself.

Just above the foundation on the cliff face appeared to be a rectangular vertical wooden channel. After discussion with Jarold Ramsey, I believe that that the "channel" was an enclosure for water freeze protection of a vertical pipe section which once scaled the cliff. Could this be an insulating application of diatomaceous earth scavenged from the nearby dicalite mine, as there seemed to be a whitish tint to the soil around the foundation? Pipe exposed to air would be subject to damage from freezing temperatures.

The 8-inch diameter pipe sections found on both sides of the river suggest

that a large pump may have existed here, likely intended to provide water to both sides of the river. Such use was supported in an interview with Mary Lawrence, a resident and employee of the ranch in the 1940s. She stated that her husband "was still crossing this swinging bridge, originally

built by Gates, to read water meters that were used to bill the railroad" [Jake the Millwright, *CRR-The Early Years*]. There is no corroboration of any large water need (except the railroad which had an independent well at Opal City) justifying the large pipe crossing the river to the north side. But Gates did own land on the north side of the river, so were these pipes and bridge the remnants of an irrigation project?

This area of the river has some unique history of human enterprise and habitation. Ramsey has documented his family's ties to the river in several enlightening publications. During the railroad bridge construction in 1910, a city was envisioned just north of the Crooked River gorge. The planners hoped to develop a community (Opal City) to service the needs of the railroad and local farmers. The lightning speed of competitive rail construction

slowed to a snail's pace while the 300-foot span of the gorge was overcome by engineers' steel and laborers' sweat.

During this period one innovative resident started a laundry business for the laborers camped in the city but needed water in more than domestic quantities. His scheme of hauling water up from the river engaged multiple ladders for personnel access to the river and a cable tramway to lift buckets of water up the forbidding slope to the rim near Opal City. The remnants of tower foundations and crude pioneer ladders can still be found on the precipitous slopes. One historian has described these sites by the names "Ladder Cliff" and "Windlass Rim" [Steve Lent, *Central Oregon Place Names, Vol II, Jefferson Co, p. 137-138, 288-289*].

Local farmers and ranchers would periodically risk descent to the river for the rewards of fishing. The attraction was great enough to invite the construction of a modest fish camp, allowing isolated, if not comfortable, extended overnight experiences [Ramsey].

Other visitors passing across the river had less hedonistic motives. According to ranch resident Mary Lawrence, the Gates grandchildren attended school in Opal City. The ranch youth were geographically isolated by the 300-foot-deep canyon and had to rely on steep trails, rancher-improvised ladders, and the cable bridge to cross the river to attend school [Jake the millwright]. When viewed objectively, this school route would have required about seven miles of walking and 900 vertical feet of climbing/descending each day. Additional skepticism is inspired by the 18-inch rung spacing on this 60-foot vertical uncaged ladder. This does not seem to be an acceptable risk for 10-15-year-olds, even in 1930.

## The Large Turbine

Both Eric and I share an interest in local history, and our descent to the river edge was purely exploratory. Our goal was to find some evidence of a large water machine, so we expected a pump sized for the irrigation flow needed for farming/ranching. We knew that low-capacity, self-powered hydraulic ram pumps were used by several ranchers/homesteaders in this



Turbine in the brush

canyon. Ramsey described hearing the loud impulse sounds created by ram pump operation while fishing and exploring in the canyon in his youth.

Hydraulic ram pumps, a French invention, use an ingenious arrangement of directional check valves with a compressible volume to harness the energy of flowing water to slowly force water up a discharge pipe to a collection reservoir. The flow energy is provided by either the river gradient or the numerous “waterfall” discharges from springs along the cliffs above the river. Their 24-hour/7-day operation could slowly fill ponds and cisterns with modest maintenance. The self-powering feature had great appeal to the early inhabitants for domestic water use, though not large-scale irrigation. Without pumps, water had to be hauled in water wagons periodically driven to river access points or distant wells. Needless to say, water conservation and re-use were watchwords of the homesteader period.

From our path at the end of an old extended roadbed, we found a shallow, wet drainage beckoning us to descend. As we battled our way down through the brush, we were rewarded with a close sighting of the suspension bridge cables. Also visible in the river was an old pipe segment and its uncoupled mate disappearing into the lush, green slope above the river. Eric spotted a large “machine” about 50 yards upstream having the appearance of a black railroad tank car with a large opening on the top. The brush blocked the waterline as we attempted to approach the machine.

We retraced our steps back to the roadbed and found a less-appealing wet draw closer to the “machine” location. Eric anchored our second rope to a convenient, if not substantial, tree, and I set-up for a “brush-rappel.” The rope ran out at 60 feet, but not before the top opening of the machine was spotted poking through the foliage below.

We advanced to the base of the machine, a round metal “tank” structure, about 10 feet long and 6 feet diameter, mounted on a flat, earthen shelf protected on the uphill side by a cemented rock retaining wall. All the surfaces around the machine were covered in green slime, with water dripping everywhere. The visible joints were riveted, with no welds apparent. Large elbow-shaped end bells attached to the tank supported two discharge plenums directed downward. Passing through the downstream bell, a horizontal shaft terminated in a large drum and support bearing.

Through the top inlet opening I climbed inside the machine to inspect the internals. A coupled horizontal shaft ran the full length through cylindrical assemblies of fixed blades at each end. A cast endplate for a blade assembly displayed the script “SILWELL BIERCE DAYTON O PATENTED 1872.”

One end bell also bore the scar of a falling boulder, resulting in a 12-inch opening and revealing runner buckets fixed to an estimated 24-inch-diameter wheel. So, our hunt for a pump unearthed a water turbine instead. As our immediate goal was met, we documented our find with modest

photography, and retreated to safety above the rim rock. The transition from “terra verde” to “terra firma” was a welcome relief.

The isolation surrounding this large turbine was puzzling. One would expect to find a substantial water source above the turbine inlet. Also, there was no visible provision for a belt-connected mechanical “load” (generator or pump) for this turbine. Such a large load would also require a significant foundation, probably a sizable platform with another retaining wall. No such infrastructure was sighted on the adjacent riverside slope. Was the intense vegetation hiding additional clues?

We also noted the top inlet plenum flange was covered with undisturbed heavy black paint, not showing signs of a previous bolted or riveted connection. There appeared to be no physical or functional connection

between the turbine and the large-bore 8-inch piping about 200 feet downstream near the cable bridge.

After subsequent investigation, I determined the turbine to be manufactured by Stilwell-Bierce Company of Dayton Ohio, capable of generating about 600 horsepower. This would require an inlet head of 40 feet (inlet water pressure) and a flow of about 5,000 CFM. Note this flow is quite large and could never be met by any spring water from the cliff above. Indeed, this rated flow may have represented about 1/3 of the total Crooked River flow upstream of the turbine. The horizontal turbine had dual water wheels and was surrounded by a steel tank to totally immerse the inlet fixed blades.

This American “Victor” design boasted a water wheel efficiency of 85%, water-lubricated bearings, and flexible configuration (vertical or horizontal installations). Catalogue descriptions provided an estimated weight of 2,400 lbs. and a cost of \$435 (circa 1900) [Stilwell-Bierce & Smith Vaile Co., *Descriptive Catalog of the “Victor” Turbine* p. 12, 37-38].

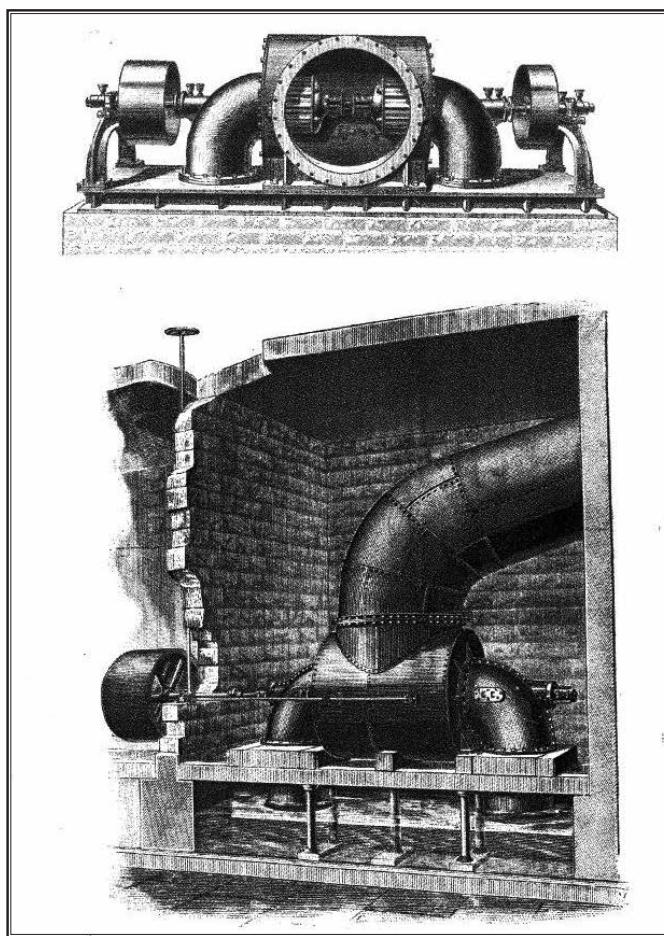
#### Hollywood Road Artifacts

The Crooked River Ranch community is blessed with hiking trails on public lands immediately surrounding the 2,600+ private property boundaries. Much of the river shoreline is government land, administered largely by the Bureau of Land Management (BLM). Occasionally parcels of Crooked River

National Grasslands (CRNG) pop out on the recreational maps.

Yet a close scrutiny of the multi-colored map reveals at least one private trailhead with paths leading down to the Crooked River. The locals apply the name “Hollywood Road” at the end of Clubhouse Rd on the ranch. Some writers describe this path as a former road built by a motion picture production company [Bowler]. The 1964 film “The Way West” produced some very rugged depictions of pioneer wagon travel in a backdrop of sheer cliffs. But my awareness of this portal came from the satellite view produced by Google Earth satellite photos.

Before merging with the river about 0.7 miles down from the rim, this



19th century catalogue illustration of “Victor” water turbines



former road (now a hiking trail) begins on private property owned by a preservation land trust. The owner allows public access to the river and has developed some primitive hiking trails. The last 300 yards of the original road has become victim to the spring-fed vegetation jungle nourished over the past 20 years. I believe the original pathway was likely a foot trail improved for pack animals and vehicles in the 1920s.

The road improvement was needed to transport machinery (e.g. large turbine, cables, engine) down to the river edge for the hydro project. The first likely effort was the construction of a rockpile dam and side channel to feed the headgate of a conduit canal. Following this stage was the installation of the “discovered” water turbine about 800 yards downstream of the dam structure. The final effort would have been the construction of a canal connecting the head gate to the turbine. Evidence of the rockpile dam and intake channel and head gate are plainly visible today.

Perhaps the best explanation may be the recollection of a long-term ranch hand named Dick Chandler as reported by deT nilraC [sic] in “A Real Ranch Hand.” To challenge the rumors of gold mine sluicing operations, he stated that the “China Dam” was created by a Chinese immigrant labor force to support an attempted water project.

Modern day kayakers and rafters describe this river section as containing “rapids [that] lead to a broken dam construction known as China Dam” [Robb Keller, *Paddling Oregon*, p. 82]. Another observer reports the river “broke over the dam leaving the center and left of the riverbed very shallow with sharp rocks . . . Chinese Dam can be quite difficult at low levels [Willamette Kayak & Canoe Club, *Soggy Sneakers*, p. 222-223]. Use of Chinese immigrant labor by Gates has been reported in other projects associated with the ranch house springs and ram pumps after ranch house construction about 1920. This site was about a mile downstream from the dam. [Martha Stranahan, “Water Seems Plentiful at Crooked River Ranch”].

About 300 feet downstream from the dam is a large operator mechanism designed to open and close the head gate (currently sunken in the ground below the elevated gear operator). This highly visible relic sits about 10 feet



Exposed turbine blades or “scuppers”

off the roadbed. The top of the gate (wooden rectangular face 77 inches wide) is visible at ground level and connected to the overhead lifting mechanism by a heavy threaded steel rod. The downstream portion of the diversion canal is defined by cemented rocks on the sides of the buried gate.

During low river flow, the dam can sometimes be safely crossed, and additional observations are possible. Note that this dam is better described as a weir, a structure designed to impound water, but allowing water flow over the top of its crest. The jetty arm defining the intake channel (at highest point) had a greater height than the crest of the dam (at lowest point) spanning the river. Additionally for this low-flow condition, most of the water flow appeared to be below the tops of the boulders along the dam, indicating

that this rock-pile dam was very “leaky.”

Apparently, the construction of the dam did not sufficiently block voids between the boulders with smaller rocks, sediment or other fill material. Sandy soils are inferior to clay-based soils for impervious sealing. Yet, the jetty arm construction did show water integrity awareness as some sections of the rock walls on both sides of the diversion channel were constructed with mortared joints.

With the help of basic surveying tools (transit and target rod) I was able to carefully measure the elevation differences between the current river level upstream of the dam, the approximate crest of the dam, and the headgate, pondering if this effort was a re-enactment of a Gates work party 100 years ago.

Note that the diversion channel is now mostly filled with rocks and dirt, so the original depth has been estimated to be equal to the width of the partially exposed gate (77 inches). Subsequent calculations suggest that the diversion channel (at the headgate) would only be near full when the impounded water is fully overflowing the top of the dam boulders (aka weir action). This results from a delivery head of about 2-3 feet and a down slope of about one percent.

I also pursued a dynamic open channel flow model to approximate the

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maximum flow in the diversion channel, concluding that the channel was built large enough to support the 5,000 cfm flow needed by the distant turbine, and that sufficient driving head (elevation difference) existed to fill the channel [US Department of Agriculture, Title 210, *National Engineering Handbook*, Part 650, ch. 3].

Note that these conditions currently exist only when the upstream river level is high enough to flow over the crest (top of the central boulders). So, the excessive leakage under the dam crest appears to prevent the weir from obtaining a high enough water level to feed the headgate during low river flow. This results in reliable turbine operation only during high river flow periods. In other words, the water impounded by the leaky dam is too low to be useful year-round.

Having all the data needed to further model the hydraulics, I calculated the size of the interconnecting canal between the headgate and turbine. Utilizing the Manning formula referenced above, I determined dimensions needed for the open channel to support the desired flowrate (5,000 CFM) down the measured gradient (2.2 percent). For a cobblestone cemented lining of the canal, full flow requires the rectangular channel dimensions of 9 feet wide and 9 feet deep. For a smoother lining of concrete (poured from wood forms) the dimensions shrink to about 6 x 6 feet, representing less drag or resistance to flow caused by water contact on the canal wall.

In addition to the obvious riverscape alterations, scanning the north bank above the dam with high quality optics produced more clues to the past. First, north and south ends of a heavy one-inch steel cable were found anchored on both sides of the river. This suggests that heavy equipment or material was transferred across the river during dam construction.

About 100 yards uphill from the north end of the dam on a small shelf was a rusted square steel 5-sided container about the size of a coffin without a lid. On the top corners were 4 prominent lifting pads (eyes). The bottom panel appeared to be hinged on one long edge but made contact with the opposite edge through a rotatable angle channel. So, it appears that this container (rectangular bucket with releasable bottom) was used to transport rocks and other fill material from the slope above to the river channel during the rock-pile dam construction.

On another, higher shelf were the remnants of what may have been a wooden foundation, perhaps for a high point tower of a highline or cable drag system. One can readily imagine an engine on the adjacent roadbed, driving a cable highline to position boulders in the river. Then buckets of rock fill could be dropped to fill the gaps between the boulders below.

#### **Government/Industry Reports—Final Clues**

Several documents were found through internet search, providing possible explanations of the artifacts described above.

*Construction News* 1922: Interestingly, a 1922 engineering construction



**China Dam and canal**

news publication which appeared to describe Project 669 states “Applic[ation] filed with state engineer Perry A. Cupper by Harry V. Gates for permission to appropriate 150 sec-ft water from Crooked rv [river] for irrigation 200 acres of land for power to operate pumps prop[osed] constr[uction] is est[imated] to cost \$20,000 and will include rock dam 10 ft high and 175 ft long across Crooked rv[river], conc[rete] headgate, a canal, conc[rete] flume, 0.57 mi long, 2 water wheels, bolting, and 2 centrifugal pumps.” [*Construction News*, “Contracts Pending, Terrebonne, Oregon”]. This description is a good fit for the dam/turbine findings. The writer of this description had presumed water rights were granted (“... to appropriate”). Such an interpretation could fill an attorney’s day.

FPC 1925: The Federal Power Commission (FPC), a predecessor of the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission issued licenses for water projects on both public and private lands. Their 1925 annual report lists several projects licensed to H.V. Gates of Terrebonne, Oregon [US Federal Power Commission, *Fourth Annual Report*, p. 163, 252].

Project 462 describes a power development project composed of tunnels, pipelines, and flumes for collecting water “issuing from springs in the canyon of the Crooked River and conducts it to a water wheel which operates a centrifugal pump and a 60 kilo-watt generator. The pump raises the water IN THE RIVER [emphasis by author] about 350 feet for irrigation of the adjoining land, and the electric energy generated is used on the licensee’s ranch. The available head is approximately 69 feet and the installed capacity 96 horsepower.”

This project summary convincingly described the renowned Gates “waterworks” located on the cliff below the original ranch house. Note that the pump source of water was “in the river,” presumably establishing another water right.

State Engineer 1929: Further details of project 669 emerge from the 1929 edition of the *Biennial Report of the State Engineer to the Governor of Oregon*. [Rhea Luper, *Biennial Report of the State Engineer to the Governor of Oregon*, 12th edition, p. 33]. This publication summarized the 50-year license issued to H V Gates in 1928 as “. . . project will consist of a rock-fill diversion dam about 10 feet high and 175 feet long, creating a small reservoir; a concrete-lined canal 3000 feet long; a short wood flume; and a pipeline 1200 feet long for the distribution of water on the licensee’s land located on a plane about 350 feet above the power house. The estimated head, 90 per cent time flow, and power capacity are 54 feet, 100 second-feet, and 432 horsepower, respectively. The installation in the plant will consist of two 21 inch turbines, belt-connected to two 6-inch, 4-stage centrifugal pumps.” This description fits the dam/turbine findings well, except for the absence of the canal and pumps. Again, note that there is no



explicit authorization to pump river water in this description. Also note the location of the licensee's land holdings, north or south of the river, was not provided

USGS 1930: This published report predicted how a "small rock-filled diversion dam placed across the [Crooked] river and canals contouring the canyon walls would develop considerable head, owing to the rapid fall of the river. The amount of power developed in this manner would be determined by the length of the canal and the flow of the river. One such dam could be built at a low cost by blasting loose from the east canyon wall a small remnant of intracanyon basalt about 1 mile upstream from the Gates ranch" [ Stearns]. Note that this described the location of the dam and turbine sites surprisingly accurately.

This publication begs the question which came first, the report or the construction of the dam? The report further described the existing Gates power plant (project 462) as collecting spring water from the cliffs below his farm and directing the flow to a turbine on the bank of the river. This turbine was belt-connected to a 50 kilowatt generator, with arrangements for connection to a centrifugal pump.

Interestingly, this 1930 report stated that the water pump had not yet been used, because the supply flume up the canyon was not completed. This suggests that direct pumping from the river was either not authorized or not desired, and flume-collected water from the springs was preferred. Was pump priming (and maintaining a positive suction) on a non-submersible pump located at the river edge too difficult in 1930? Were the silt impurities in the river water bad enough to prefer the cleaner (more filtered) spring water?

FPC 1934: Project 669 is summarized in a 1934 edition of this annual report. [US Federal Power Commission, *Thirteenth Annual Report*, p. 216-217]. It stated that in 1928 a license was issued to H.V. Gates for the construction, operation, and maintenance for a "water -power project consisting of a diversion dam, a conduit, a power house, and a pump house and pipe line for the distribution of pumped water." This description was in the form of an amendment, citing the last of three extensions given for project completion. This last extension was granted to 1936. One of the conditions of the extension found that "the construction of the dam and the installation of the turbine are complete, and the excavation for the canal



Dump-bucket" for building the dam

and the construction of the foundation for the flume are in progress." So here appears to be a credible link between the federal agency and the dam, diversion channel, head gate and turbine at the original end of Hollywood Road. Also note that there is no explicit authorization to pump river water in this description.

This last summary addresses the placement of the observed Hollywood Road artifacts fairly well. The distance from the dam to the turbine is about 2,500 feet, short of the 3,000-foot projection. The flow rate of 100 second-feet (6,000 CFM) represents a substantial fraction of the river flow at the dam (approximately 1/3) which is consistent with the large (6-foot-wide, 6-foot-deep) diversion channel built along the side of the river, and the gate sized at 40 square feet (estimated).

Harry Gates was appointed by the governor in 1903 to a committee devising new laws governing water rights. Did his political influence favor his hydro project applications in the state? Note that of the three reports

appearing to describe the dam/turbine Project 669, only one explicitly describes the Crooked River as a water source for the irrigation pumping. It is also interesting to see that a 1922 application to the state resulted in a 1928 license issuance. In the absence of federal and state environmental reviews, would one expect a six-year delay of approval?

## Unsuccessful Project

There may be numerous reasons for the termination or incompleteness of project 669. First and foremost are the engineering and construction demands of the challenging environment. As previously detailed, the rock-pile dam does not have enough impermeability (water-holding integrity) to raise the river level high enough to gravity feed the diversion channel to the head gate at all times. Yet there appears to be adequate bulk material locally available with talus slopes and boulder fields on both sides of the river. Why was the construction technique inadequate (no backfilling of the voids between the dam boulders)? Modern techniques would likely install cofferdams to create dry sections for the dam construction, allowing proper sealing of pervious surfaces. Did the immigrant laborers lack the engineering supervision of the highly experienced Gates? Alternately, has the integrity of the original dam deteriorated



Head-gate" on canal



over time, so that current observations do not reflect past conditions?

The river level at the dam site varies greatly today and fluctuated even more so before the upstream Prineville Bowman dam completion in 1962. Did the river study before the 1925 license application collect sufficient history to determine how low seasonal levels would affect operation of the proposed hydro plant? Were the lower sections of the river subject to variations in the spring water contributions? This does not appear to be the case, as the dam is upstream of all known existing springs.

Was the roadbed surface between head gate and turbine too narrow? A wide tread would be needed to support a service road and the delivery canal to the turbine. The interconnecting canal would need a concrete construction width in excess of the six-foot width carrying water, as the wall thickness would add about two extra feet to the width. Widening the roadbed to accommodate an eight-foot wide canal would likely require digging into the uphill side of the cliff. Was the uphill terrain above the roadbed too unstable to further excavate, given the erosion of the ground by the numerous springs?

Were some unintentional consequences recognized which may have adversely affected the natural environment? The extreme northern reach of the dam is well broken, allowing surface flow even during low river conditions. Was this effective as a fish ladder, intentionally or coincidentally? Even in the absence of an environmental regulatory agency, sport fishing was a recognized activity with local value. Unlike Project 462 (ranch house plant), Project 669 government descriptions did not explicitly authorize water pumping from the river. Perhaps a water turbine system which discharged back to the river was not considered "appropriation" of river water.

Could there have been some undesirable effects on the Opal Springs plant (started in 1916)? It would appear unlikely as this downstream facility was uncoupled by 5 miles of river, and independently fed by north-side spring water.

Did the cost of supplying irrigation water drop, rendering the project uneconomical? This is unlikely, as wells were not drilled until the 1940s according to ranch historians. Could cost over-runs associated with the project delay have caused a termination of the work?

Since Gates died in 1935, and the last project extension was granted in 1934, is it possible only he had the expertise or will to complete the project? Did failing health or other life events take priority over arguably his last water project? If the project motivation was personal and not bound by economics, his business successors would likely re-evaluate the construction effort after his death.

This area of the canyon still hides mysteries worthy of exploration. Is there a large water pump near the cable bridge waiting to be re-discovered, or was it removed for salvage? Was there a large water need (irrigation) planned on the north side of the river? Would such a project be described or authorized in federal or state documents? Such questions may draw future explorers into the challenges of the Crooked River canyon. Note that this study uncovers more questions than it provides answers. Any readers who can contribute to the completeness or accuracy of this effort are invited to contact the author.

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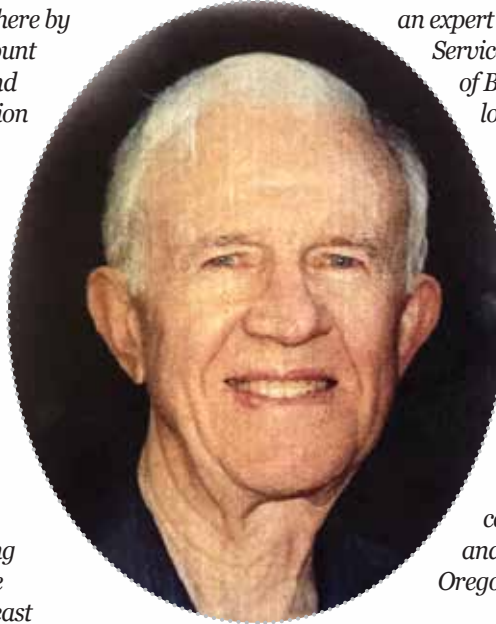
## ➤ EXCERPT FROM THE MEMOIR OF GEORGE OSBORN ◀ Growing up during the Great Depression in Jefferson County

*The first chapter of George Osborn's life story (published here by permission of his children) is a very readable and vivid account of growing up in Central Oregon country in the Twenties and Thirties of the last century. But it's also a valuable contribution to our understanding of local and especially Jefferson County history, in terms of the places and circumstances in which young Osborn did his growing up, and the people he associated with.*

*The first two decades of his personal narrative cover a very difficult time in these parts—a prolonged and ruinous drought, leading into the grim local version of the Great Depression. Farming here became agriculturally and economically a losing game, and many homestead-era families gave up and left the country. Winfred and Wannie Osborn chose to remain in Central Oregon (where his parents George and Ella Osborn had homesteaded near Haystack in the 1880s), but they moved frequently, trying their luck at raising cattle and sheep and subsistence farming on a variety of dispersed farmsteads—near Haystack on the original 1880s Osborn homestead, at the Peck Place on the east side of Juniper Butte, in the woods northwest of Sisters, near The Cove above Crooked River, on “The Peninsula” between the rivers, on the Grandview Plateau, in Redmond, near Terrebonne, and so on.*

*It was a common pattern for families trying to survive the bad times here then by “making do,” trying again, working hard, practicing a certain flexible resourcefulness. The Osborns survived accordingly, eventually (as the Depression eased) locating in Culver, where they established what became the town's indispensable grocery store, and Wannie was appointed Culver's Postmistress (headquartered in the store).*

*As for the people they neighbored with in those hard-scrabble years? George Osborn's gift for anecdotes and character-sketches brings them memorably to life, and they mostly fit the “making do” pattern themselves: his maternal grandmother Ralston, kindly and utterly capable; his bachelor uncle Cliff Ralston,*



George R. Osborn, 1921-2007

*an expert horseman who became a pioneer “packer” for the U.S. Forest Service, and actually mule-packed the gigantic poles to the summit of Black Butte that became the “legs” of the first real USFS lookout tower up there. And Mrs. Hubbard of “El Rancho,” who read Western stories aloud at bedtime to her son Phil and his visiting chum George. And the legendary Harry Heising on the lower Metolius River, “half cowboy half mountain man,” and clearly one of George's boyhood heroes; and his older playmate from Culver, Rex Barber, whose country-boy daredevil traits and survival instincts served him well as a WWII aviation “Ace.”*

*They and others like them (including his parents) appear in Osborn's narrative as unassuming, generous, capable country people who didn't “make history” in their time (Rex Barber excepted) but managed to live through it, straight ahead and without excuses. They were, as we can now see and admire, equal to what the times demanded; and so they held on to, and passed along, the promise of Central Oregon.*

*How did his early boyhood years of hard work and much horseback freedom on what used to be called “the Low Desert” shape George Osborn? The later chapters of his narrative tell that story in rich detail. Suffice it to say here that he graduated in Engineering from Oregon State University (then “Oregon Agricultural College”), served as an Army Air Force officer in Europe in the last years of WWII, and after the war launched what became a very successful career as a construction engineer, mainly in California. True to his roots, he kept horses and cattle and frequently made pack-trips into the mountains, no doubt keeping up his mastery of the packers' intricate “diamond hitch.”*

*In an “Epilogue” to his memoir, listing things that made his life enjoyable, he includes these:*

- “the good feeling of being astraddle a young, strong horse”
- “wondering what lies over the next ridge when riding in the mountains”
- “hearing the howl of a coyote at night”



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I was born August 12, 1921, the second child of Winfred Charles Osborn (1893-1969) and Wannie May Osborn (Ralston) (1894-1988). I was named after my grandfather, George Henry Osborn (1852-1941) and his wife, Martha Ellen "Ella" (Rodgers) Osborn (1858-1945). My sister, Winnifred Nell Osborn, born July 28, 1918, preceded me.

A doctor from Sisters delivered me. Soon after my delivery my grandmother, Harriet Ralston, arrived. My mother told me I was born a big skinny, sickly baby and almost died, but under Grandma Ralston's care I began to eat well, gain weight and health. I later learned that Grandma Ralston was an expert with babies, no matter whether they were lambs, calves, turkeys or people.

My place of birth was a ranch commonly known in the area as the Graham Ranch, approximately 7 miles northwest of the town of Sisters, Oregon in Deschutes County near the center of the state of Oregon. The Graham Ranch was a high mountain ranch and a jumping off point for stockmen who took their livestock into the mountains in the spring and a stopping off point on the way out of the mountains in the fall. My mother said that quite often the herdsmen would come out of the mountains soaking wet and would be invited to spend the night in our living room by the big fireplace. They added their provisions and mutton to my mother's foods. The ranch house was a board house that sat on the edge of the meadow with a small stream running in front of the house. The rebuilt Graham corrals still exist and are located about one mile southeast of the old ranch house site. At the time I was born Dad leased this ranch. Later on, my grandfather leased the place and logged with horses in the nearby woods.

One of the stories I can remember my mother telling me was of the dog that we had when we lived at Graham Ranch. He was mostly a hound dog with short hair and in the wintertime he could not stand the cold weather. My mother made him a coat from an old red sweater and she could see the dog as he circled the edge of the meadows in and out of the timber and around the haystacks while Dad was feeding the cattle. The dog's name was Bob and he had a short, bobbed tail. My sister would play with him in front of the fireplace as though he was her doll. She would cover the dog up with a blanket and he would wag his short, bobbed tail and it would come out from underneath the covers. Three-year-old Winnifred was kept busy trying to keep his tail covered.

They did have game laws in those days, but it was pretty well accepted that the ranchers would have venison to eat, as they fed the deer all winter long from their haystacks and on their pastures in the summertime. Dad told the story of the time when he bought a new horse in the town of Sisters and took it home. Later, when he was riding, he shot a buck and tied it on his horse. He then brought it back to the ranch house and tied the horse in a Jack Pine thicket while he went to see if there happened to be anyone around that shouldn't know he was killing deer out of season. While he was in the house checking, the horse rubbed the bridle off and started down the road for Sisters with the big buck tied on the saddle. My dad was able to circle around him on foot and get him stopped and bring the horse back to the ranch house and skin and clean the deer. My three-year-old sister was such a chatterbox, they told her that Dad killed a coyote. Winnifred told the next herder that came by, "Daddy killed a coyote and it had horns this big" (stretching her arms out as far as she could reach).



Osborn's boyhood territory, looking east over Deschutes River Canyon from Grandview rim (men in foreground unidentified)

1. Culver and Highway 97
2. The Cove Grade to Crooked River
3. Horse trail shortcut that I used to take riding from Culver to the Ike New ranch . . . the same trail that Grandpa Osborn used going to his place at the Cove Orchard on Crooked River.
4. Trail to "No-Man's Land" . . . built in 1921 by my uncle Cliff Ralston to take a band of sheep to the lush grazing land on top.
5. Lava outcrop and my favorite cave.
6. Location of the three-room cabin on the Ike New Place that my parents rented for four years. It was surrounded by seven acres of irrigated alfalfa and a garden.
7. This was the thirty-acre rye field and trail down to the old picnic grounds and big spring.
8. Old Deschutes road grade to Grandview
9. Nance boys' camp west of here.

My Uncle Cliff Ralston (1893-1971) told me that while we were living at the Graham Ranch, he was running a band of sheep (about a thousand head) in the mountains to the west of the place. An early fall snow caught my uncle in the mountains with the sheep. The snow became so deep that he couldn't get them out. He would go ahead of the sheep and try to break trail and force the leaders through but as soon as he would circle behind the sheep, the leaders would come back to the main band, and he wasn't making any progress. He was dead tired, cold and wet and it looked like a tough situation. Then Dad showed up with a relatively fresh horse and another dog. Uncle Cliff said that he was never as happy to see someone in his life. The dog that he brought in with him was named Fanny and she was a reliable sheep dog for many years thereafter. In this particular case, my dad took the horse and broke trail in the snow ahead of the sheep while my uncle with the dogs forced the sheep through the trail. With a great deal of difficulty, they eventually got out of the mountains. Dad related that it was storming so hard that at times he could not have followed the trail out if it had not been for Fanny leading the way as he was breaking the trail.

Dad told me another story about a stockman named Perry South who was grazing sheep in the mountains in the summertime. He grazed



them over the hill into a valley that he had been in many times before. He arrived in the valley about dark and bedded down the sheep, made his camp and took a bucket to go to the stream, downhill from camp, to get water for the evening. After getting his bucket of water he started to return to the camp and became lost and could not find the exact location of the camp. He worked his way back and forth on the hillside for a long time and finally decided he would not find it until daylight. He made preparations to lie down and noticed his two sheepdogs were with him. Each time he would wake up in the middle of the night, his dogs would be gone, but when he would whistle for them they would return. When daylight finally came, his dogs were gone and he looked up the hill and there were his two dogs sleeping on his bedroll. He was within a few hundred feet of camp but was not able to find it in the dark. His dogs did know the way back to camp and enjoyed a good sleep on his bed while Perry slept on the cold ground.

The fall after I was born or perhaps a year later, the big meadow dried up and the creek in front of the house quit running. My parents decided to move to a small farm north of Terrebonne, Oregon. Here Dad bought cattle and worked out at various jobs. The following spring, he rented a dry land farm out on the Peninsula between the Deschutes River and the Crooked River. I believe this was the Bob Swanson farm and parts of the old farmstead are still visible, particularly the rock fences. When spring came, Dad put in a crop of wheat and it turned out very well. After this was harvested, we returned to the place at Terrebonne.

The family children increased to three on October 5, 1923, when Dorothy Mae was born. Dorothy was born in Mrs. Audrain's small clinic in Redmond. My mother said that shortly after she was born, Mrs. Audrain put her in a crib in an empty room across the hall from Mother, where it was quieter. Shortly thereafter a cowboy broke his leg at a rodeo and was put in the empty room with Dorothy. All the cowboy's friends began coming in to see how badly he was hurt. Mom said they gathered around the crib and admired the dark-haired baby girl who was only a few hours old and Dorothy received more attention than the cowboy.

After a few short moves we moved to Redmond where Dad bought a house with a veteran's loan. While living in Redmond, my Uncle Cliff Ralston lived with us and Minnie Helfrich, my dad's cousin, also was there part of the time. In addition, my mother boarded two schoolgirls.

The following spring, Perry South, who was now superintendent of Deschutes National Forest, asked Dad to go to the Allingham Ranger Station near Camp Sherman, Oregon and work for the Forest Service as a ranger. This was a good job and Dad was very good at the job. Besides he and my mother running the ranger station, writing fire permits and taking care of the campground, my dad and his horses packed supplies to the Black Butte Lookout.

I can remember my sister, Winnifred, rode a pony to school through the timber to a small log schoolhouse.

Many times, I stood around and watched my dad pack the horses to leave for the lookout. I can remember one time Mother brought out a quart of milk and Dad put it in an empty pack bag while he

finished packing the other horses. This particular horse began bucking and I recall the milk flew out of the pack bag and about 10 to 20 feet in the air and came down on a big rock. I can also remember Dad packed a pedal sewing machine on top of one horse to take to the mountain. That night when he called in to the superintendent, I can recall his answer when asked if he got the lady packed to the top of the mountain. He said, "Yes, I have everything packed up there except the piano." Dad took one cousin, Gene Pierce, on a trip to the lookout. Gene still talks of his trip riding a one-eyed mare named Myrtle to the top of Black Butte.

That fall the family moved to Sisters, Oregon so we kids could go to school. Dad stayed at the ranger station for quite a while but didn't really care for that type of work. It had very close supervision and it was very demanding of his time and he was away from his family. Later on, he resigned. Our next move was to Redmond, Oregon where we rented a dairy farm, cows and all. In the fall of 1927, I started school in Redmond. My teacher's name was Miss Hill.

I was only in school a very short time when Dad leased a dryland wheat farm on the east side of Juniper Butte, south of the small town of Culver. This was known as the Peck Place and was about two miles west of my uncle, Rob Osborn's (Robert Constant Osborn 1880-1930), place where Dad grew up. The house and barn site were in a big draw about halfway up Keeney Hill north of Culver, and can be seen from Highway 97, as can Herb Keeney's old root cellar about another one-half mile south of where the Peck house used to be. In addition to dryland wheat farming, we ran some cattle on Juniper Butte. I had a white pony named Bonny and I helped with the cattle most of the time I was not in school. It was my job in the summer to herd the thirty or forty head of cattle to Uncle Rob's place for water. The well went dry each summer at the Peck place and Dad had to haul the water in a wooden tank with a four-horse team. This water tank was about 16 feet long and 2 1/2 feet in diameter and held 600 or 700 gallons, as did our concrete cistern on the hill in the back of the house. The water tank on the wagon was built of long wood staves and was held together with steel bands.

Like most old farmhouses, the Peck house had a large porch and in the summer I slept on the porch. Many nights I would wake up when the coyotes started howling and I always enjoyed listening to them. In the morning I would hear the mourning doves cooing and the quail calling. I slept on porches in summer for most of my youth and enjoyed the call of the nighthawks and owls and then the other birds in the morning.

Almost every place we lived had a wall crank type telephone. There were always a dozen or more families sharing one line. When the phone rang, we would listen for our designated ring such as two longs and a short. Some people listened in on the neighbors' calls to get all the gossip. This practice was called 'rubbering.' If you wanted to call outside your party line, you had to ring Central and be connected to the other area.

One fall evening, Dad and I drove the Model T Ford over to an Indian camp about a half a mile from Uncle Rob's place (where my dad

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was raised). The Warm Springs Indians have been camping there, with their horses and buggies, on the way to the huckleberry patch, since my dad was a little boy (and probably before). He talked with several Indians that he had known for years. Dad enjoyed sitting by their campfire and visiting. It was interesting for a 7-year-old to just listen and to play with the Indian boys.

I was fortunate to have a father who took me with him whenever possible. A few times I thought I would freeze to death when storms would come up when we were on cattle drives, horse roundups, and deer hunting. It was Dad's policy to keep kids involved and busy. At seven years old, I could herd cattle, drive the Model T Ford, help fix fence and help Dad with most of the chores and other work.

Uncle Rob Osborn came over to our place quite often in the winter. He played the harmonica and sang songs and loaned us his phonograph. Some of his songs were Little Joe the Wrangler, Big Rock Candy Mountain, Turkey in the Straw, and Red Wing.

Uncle Rob's ranch was one of the better ones in the area. This was originally Grandpa Osborn's (George Henry Osborn) place and my dad and 9 brothers and sisters were raised here. I remember there was a medium sized ranch house, a blacksmith shop, a root cellar, huge poplar trees, a big barn, and an orchard. My dad said that one of the poplar trees grew from a switch cut in the Willamette Valley to use on the horses on the trip, then stuck in the mud on arrival home. Another family story was that Grandpa Osborn homesteaded or bought this property because it had water discovered by his dog. Grandpa stopped his team of horses at this site when there was nothing there. During lunch his dog started digging in a badger hole. When he came out of the hole, his paws and face were wet. Grandpa was certain there was a good underground spring and later came back and prospected for water and then filed on the property. Later, a good well was dug west of the house that supplied the ranch and many of the neighbors. I can remember the windmill with the tall wooden tower. Dad said that the first automobile that he saw, he climbed to the top of the windmill so he could watch it go on down the road.

Water was siphoned out of this well to a spot about 1500 feet east (below the elevation of the bottom of the well) where all of the stock was watered, and the neighbors filled their water tanks. There was also a small well right behind the house that was only six or seven feet deep and had a hand pump and a big sink. Many times, I pumped and watched my cousins wash the milk buckets and the cream separator at this sink. These items were washed morning in cold water and each night in hot water. The cream and milk were stored in the cellar along

with many other good things like apples, squash, potatoes, turnips and berries.

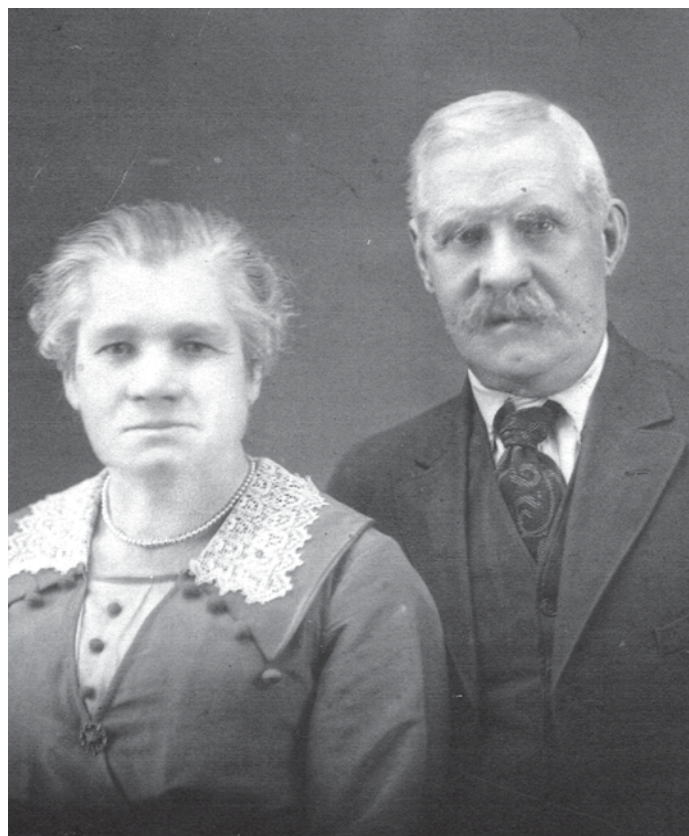
Uncle Rob's big barn was particularly fascinating to me. This was in the days before baled hay and the large haymow was filled with loose hay that was great for a seven-year-old to jump in after climbing up into the rafters of the barn. The hay was pulled up into the barn with a cable arrangement called a derrick. On one end was a wagonload of loose hay and a big fork called a Jackson fork. The fork was manually pushed into the hay, snapped over to make a right angle pull on the fork. Then one horse on the other end of the barn pulled the fork straight up and through the big door near the peak of the barn, and on across to where it was tripped with a tag line, right where you wanted it. If I remember right, Uncle Rob had about 25 head of horses to farm with. The main crops were wheat and hay.

Sometimes the neighbor boy, Kenneth Read (approx. 1920-1945), and I would explore the rim rocks north of the Osborn and Read ranches. Kenny knew all the caves and trails leading to the high ledges. It was a great place for two young boys to play. The only things left at the old ranch site are the big poplar trees, part of the orchard, and a sign that reads "Osborn Spring." The federal government purchased the land back in the 1930s.

It is still enjoyable to recall going to Uncle Rob's ranch. We had picnics in the big front yard and usually played softball and pitched horseshoes. He had three young colts that my cousins and my dad would try to bareback ride (with a surcingle) in the field behind the barn. My three cousins (Rob's boys) named Cecil Armstrong Osborn (1904-1948), Clair Stanley Osborn (1907-1966), and Dale Kirk Osborn (1909-1974) were in their late teens and early twenties.

One summer while we were living at the Peck place, my grandfather Osborn, who lived in Portland, came to visit for several days. He played with us children and told stories of his youth. The only one I remember was a story of when he came out from Kansas and stayed with his uncle. My grandfather was 16 years old and

his uncle lived on the side of Goose Lake just north of the Oregon-California state line. One winter my grandfather and his uncle went around Goose Lake and bought 35 head of cattle and drove them back around the lake and put them in the corral at his uncle's ranch. That night the cattle broke the corral fence down and started back home by going across the lake on the ice. When they realized what was happening, my grandfather jumped on his mule and circled around the cattle. As he stopped the leaders, the others continued on ahead until they were all bunched up in one place. The ice broke and they all went into the freezing cold lake. My grandfather swam and climbed out on the ice. He began running for the house, before he froze to death,



George Osborn and Martha Ellen Rogers Osborn, George's grandparents



and he looked back and here came his mule. However, all the cattle drowned which was a severe financial loss.

Dad's cousin, Walt McCain, ran a ranch on the south side of Gray Butte about 15 miles east of our place. Walt sent word to us that on a certain fall Saturday he was going to have a big horse and cattle round-up.

Dad and I rode horseback toward Gray Butte and on the way we overtook a friend of Dad's who had his Model T Ford stuck in a big mud hole. Dad threw him one end of his lasso rope and the friend walked out on the front fender, leaned over, and tied it to the front axle. Dad took a couple dallies on the saddle horn and the big bay horse he was riding pulled the Model T right on through the mud hole.

When we arrived at McCoins' it looked like there were hundreds of horses coming in off the Butte with about two dozen riders hazing them toward the corrals. After corralling them, they were sorted, a few branded, and the different ranchers started home leading their horses.

The cattle were already gathered, so we ate our lunch and began working the six-month-old calves. This consisted of roping, branding, giving the black leg shot, and castrating the bulls. The testicles from the bulls were thrown into the branding fire. After we were finished with the calves, we all sat around eating rocky mountain oysters. I can't remember them tasting particularly good or bad, but it was the macho thing to do and there was a lot of conversation about how virile they would make you.

Dad and I arrived home after dark and I was cold as the devil as an early fall cold spell had set in and the wind was blowing hard. I was sure happy to get the horses unsaddled, put in the barn with a manger full of hay and head for the house and the big wood stove.

Either my grandpa Osborn or one of my aunts told me that from the time my dad was 7 years old he always had a good pony or saddle horse. His first pony was a tough little gelding named Dexter with good endurance. If a doctor had to be obtained or there was a message regarding a death, my dad was always sent. Some of the trips were on bad, windy, cold winter days but my dad and his pony always did the job. Dad also had a dappled grey that was an outstanding horse. Later, I will describe a horse named Paulina that Dad had, and he was as good as they come.

While we were living at the Peck place, Elaine and Phil Hubbard boarded with us and Elaine became a lifelong friend of Winnifred's and Phil is a close friend of mine to this day.

On May 19, 1928, my brother Max Ralston Osborn (1928 - 1962) was born here on the Peck place. Grandma Ralston delivered him.

The following summer we had a severe dry spell. At one time the wind blew so hard it cut the crops off right at the top of the ground. The sand drifted in the lane going to the highway as high as three feet

deep. While this bad sandstorm was blowing, I can remember Dad going to the barn to milk the three cows. He had to tie a dishcloth over the top of the milk bucket and milked through the dishcloth to keep the sand out of the bucket. In addition, he had a bandana tied over his nose and mouth. We children were warned not to go outside, as it would be next to impossible to find us if we became lost. The window ledges piled up with sand inside the house to where it was standing at a forty-five-degree angle and falling off the windows.

One Sunday, just as my family was leaving for town my friend Rex Barber showed up after riding his bike out from Culver. I decided to stay home and visit with Rex. I was seven years old, and Rex was 11 years. As I was showing Rex around the ranch, he spotted Dad's brand-new lasso rope hanging in the barn. He said, "Let's try it out." We picked out a big steer in the barnyard and Rex threw a loop on his neck the very first throw. The steer dragged the two of us all over the barnyard and we couldn't stop him. Then, it occurred to us that we better get Dad's new rope off before the folks came home. We tried for 1 or 2 hours but there wasn't any way we could get the rope off. Rex suddenly decided he had better go home before my folks returned and left me to face the music by myself. When I told Dad, he was not too happy about his new rope being drug through the cow manure. I wondered how he would get the rope off and followed to watch. Dad got a fork of hay and quietly walked by the big steer and as the steer reached to steal a bite of hay, Dad made a fast move and grabbed the loop and pulled it over the steer's head. It all took about 2 minutes. Rex was always trying to do something wild and daring and he got his chance as a P-38 fighter pilot in WWII when he shot down Japanese Admiral Yamamoto's plane. Yamamoto planned the Pearl Harbor attack. WWII started going downhill fast for the Japanese after Yamamoto was killed.

While we were living at the Peck place, nearly every Saturday night we went to the grange hall for the dances and square dances. There was one lady named Belle Reed who thought it was her civic duty to teach us young boys how to dance. She did a pretty good job considering we were all rather young and awkward farm boys. The grange also held the big picnic at the grange hall on the Fourth of July. This included concession stands, pony races and a big dance in the evening.

The Camp Sherman area and head of the Metolius River was a popular camping and resort area. The head of the Metolius River is a spectacular site where a full-size river comes out of the ground in one place at the foot of Black Butte. Uncle Cliff Ralston liked horses and hunting and lived in this area a large part of his life. Most of the time he operated a dude ranch and horse rental business. Our family visited him one or two times each summer and two summers I stayed with him for about a month. I had a great time wrangling and saddling horses.





Uncle Cliff was a 40-year-old bachelor and didn't care too much about cooking. A typical meal was boiled venison and beans on slices of white bread. Sometimes the bread was moldy, and we had to make holes in the bread to get rid of the mold just to get by until we could get to town. My cousin, Bill Ralston, from Portland was there at the same time that I was one summer, and we had a great time.

My mother liked this Camp Sherman area because she didn't get hay fever in the summer like she did in the Culver area. One summer her hay fever was so bad that Dad loaded us all in the car and put one milk cow in a trailer and took us to Uncle Cliff's cabin on Jack Creek up in the mountains near Camp Sherman. It was a good summer. I spent most of my time taking care of and milking the cow, putting out salt for the deer, catching salmon in the irrigation ditches and swimming in Jack Creek. Another challenge was trying to trap a pack rat that came to the cabin each night to steal .22 shells, cookies and anything else that was loose. He particularly liked anything that was shiny but would even steal the kindling wood that I stacked by the wood cook stove. I finally found his nest and retrieved most everything. Uncle Cliff was usually up in the mountains on pack trips but returned a couple of times each month.

After the severe dust storm and crop failure we moved into the town of Culver and rented a small house. My dad kept his cattle and I believe he put them on rented stubble fields and in the Crooked River canyon in the summertime.

Shortly, thereafter, we rented a small place on the Deschutes River called the Ike New place. The house was a three-room board and bat, no-stud construction, common at that time. The board sheathing held the walls up and it was papered inside with felt paper. It didn't have any plumbing and we carried water a short distance from the river or sometimes in the summer we would take two five-gallon cream cans in the car and go to the big spring about one mile up the river. We had a bench in the kitchen with two water buckets and a wash pan. The house had wood plank floors. After washing clothes in a hand-powered, cradle type clothes washer, the wash water was thrown on the floor and swept out of the doors. My mother always had very clean floors and my sister would kid her that the floor was cleaner than the table.

When I was about 13 years of age, I worked for Mr. Boegli at the Cove Orchard about three miles east of the Ike New place. Most of the work was stacking hay and thinning and picking peaches. The following paragraph is from Willis Boegli's history of the Cove Orchard:

"Clark Rodgers homesteaded the Cove on Crooked River and received a patent in 1886. The land included a flat of about 12 acres approximately thirty feet higher than the river and could be irrigated from a spring. His daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. George Henry Osborn built a cabin at the spring. Logs were hauled from Grizzly Mountain and dumped over the rim and used to construct the first cabin. Some vegetables and fruit were taken out of the canyon by pack horses and transported by team and wagon thirty miles to Prineville."

In the summertime we lived on the New place and had a seven-acre alfalfa spread and a big garden. We did pretty well there as my dad had the cash income of driving a school bus seven miles to Culver in the wintertime. Usually there were four of our family and sometimes two neighbor children.

The New place was an ideal place for a young boy to grow up. Many times, I would take my .22 rifle and head out to the rimrocks and

spend the whole day hunting rabbits, pushing rocks over the rimrocks, hunting for caves and just looking at the country. Other days I would start out with my pony and ride the canyons checking Dad's cattle. At times we put the cattle way up the river, after going up on top of the prairie land, and then back down in the canyon again. These places had cow feed that was up to our waists. My dad always enjoyed going in there because of the lush pasture and big springs. Usually this was on the Deschutes River, but we had one place where we put the cattle down off of the Peninsula grade onto the Crooked River. Right after arriving at the new pasture, we would usually eat our lunch while talking about the cattle. Dad liked the big roan Hereford-Shorthorn crosses that gave lots of milk and weaned big, heavy calves. We would discuss their markings and how to recognize each cow and calf, their dispositions, some skittish, some curious and some very gentle.

To this day I enjoy turning stock on fresh pasture. Soon as they fill up on new, rich grass, the cows suckle their calves, some bed down, and then all begin chewing their cuds with a contented look that spreads over the whole herd and then on to me. The fact that I had a part in establishing their happiness gave me a special kind of pleasure.

I had many caves in the rocks. One of them was almost room size with a natural fireplace at one end of the cave. My friends and I spent considerable time in this cave as it was well protected in the winter and cool in the summer. I had an old flat Prince Albert tobacco can full of coffee hid in a crevice and we tried smoking it, mullein leaves, bunch grass and many other items. Many years later (about 1962) I took my children to see my cave before it was inundated from the water behind Pelton Dam. The cave was just like I left it and the P.A. can with coffee in it was still hid in the rocks.

While living at the New place, I sometimes rode up the grade to the west of our place up on the Grandview area to a family named Nance. The younger Nance boys had a camp over towards the rimrocks and it was their delight to try eating all kinds of meat. At times I visited their camp, and I got in on eating porcupine, sage rat and a few other delicacies. At other times when I wasn't there, they bragged of eating rattlesnake meat and most every kind of bird including hawks.

We milked about four head of cows while living down on the New place on the Deschutes River, and that brought in about a three-dollar cream check each week. One time, a mouse fell in the five-gallon cream can we were saving to take to town on Saturday. I can remember Dad taking the can of cream and dumping it all to the pigs. My mother cried, as she already had plans for the three-dollar cream check when we went to town on Saturday. Later, Dad said he should have just dipped the mouse out as he understood the butter made from the cream was sterilized.

We usually cut at least three crops of alfalfa every summer and one summer we cut four. In addition, we had a thirty-acre rye field on the other side of the river. This gave us about fifty tons of hay, and it was an easy place to winter the cattle.

Phil and Elaine Hubbard's parents had a ranch on the Metolius River approximately fifteen miles from our place. They named it "El Rancho." I rode horseback to their ranch many times and would usually stop by for a meal at Harry Heising's ranch lower down the Metolius. Anybody riding across country could stop at any ranch at mealtime and always receive plenty to eat. Harry's wife, Vesta, was always very nice to all of us kids. Besides going to El Rancho on horseback, many times I rode over with Phil Hubbard and his mother



to spend the weekend. From the time Phil was nine or ten years old he was a better driver than his mother or dad, so they always let him drive their Model A Ford pickup. The roads to El Rancho were not very good in places. There was one grade called the Burnt Cabin Grade that the old Model A would usually just barely pull. Another place called "Pa Tipped the Wagon over the Hill" was also treacherous. Phil maneuvered the Model A Ford back and forth over these grades and we never did have an accident.

Mr. Hubbard was attempting to raise fish in a lagoon on El Rancho. Phil and I spent a lot of time in a boat made out of an old fish trough, paddling around the lagoon and at times doing chores. On stormy nights we would have a big fire in the wood stove in the cabin and Phil's mother would read western stories to us. The next night she would have to start in again and find out where Phil went to sleep and where I went to sleep and begin at the earliest place in the book, so we didn't miss out on anything. These were pleasurable evenings, with the wind, rain and snow outside, and Phil and I listening to the stories in the warm cabin.

In addition to the Model A Ford pickup, Phil's parents had a Buick.

After supper, I went outside the cabin and took the two wires that came through the wall from our cabinet Montgomery Ward Airline radio and attached them to the battery on our Overland Whippet car. Back inside we all listened to Bob Wills and the Texas Play Boys while my mother darned socks and patched our Levi's by the light of the kerosene lamp. I headed for bed early, but the rest of the family were going to listen to "Lum and Abner", then go to bed about 8:00 p.m.

Saturday morning, Dad woke me up about 4:30 a.m. It was blowing and spitting snow. We milked the four cows, and when we returned to the house my mother had a hot dish of oatmeal, bacon, and biscuits waiting for us.

After breakfast, I disconnected the radio while Dad brought the rifles, lunch and warm coats. The Overland car started right up, and we headed west up the Deschutes grade.

On the way across the Grandview flats, we saw a coyote out in an abandoned grassy field. Dad said, "I don't think we can hit him at that range, but we should have some fun shooting at him." Coyotes killed sheep and baby calves and were always fair game. We stopped and started shooting. Strangely, the coyote headed straight for us at a run.

*These were pleasurable evenings, with the wind, rain and snow outside, and Phil and I listening to the stories in the warm cabin.*

One time, Phil took the bottom pan off the Buick, removed a defective bearing, filed it down and put it back on. The trial run on the Buick indicated the knock was gone and Phil had done a good job. I thought that was quite a feat for Phil, a ten- or eleven-year-old boy. In those days there were not too many people with knowledge of mechanics.

Here is a short story written before I began this history:

"Turn Him Loose, Harry, Or You Will Drown Him for Sure," by George R. Osborn

I believe it was about 1933 and I was 12 years old. My mother, dad and two sisters and one brother were living in a three-room cabin on the Deschutes River about five miles above the mouth of Crooked River near the center of Oregon. We farmed seven acres irrigated from a big spring, had 20 acres of rye across the river and ran about 50 head of cattle in the canyons.

One fall Friday night, Dad told me that tomorrow, if it was storming too hard to work, we would go deer hunting on a high ridge above the Metolius River, about 15 miles west of our place. I was very excited, and it was a real treat not to have to work.

One of us hit him and we walked out to take a look. He was mangy and sick looking. Dad said, "Don't touch him, he has rabies. I am glad we killed him."

We continued west to Carl Hubbard's ranch on the Metolius River and parked the car. There wasn't anyone at the Hubbards, so we took our lunch and rifles and started up the trail by the river toward the high ridge we planned to hunt.

As we were going up the trail, we came to a freshly fallen 24" Ponderosa Pine tree that reached from the trail about 30 feet to an island. Tied to a tree nearby was a big 1,350-pound, dun colored gelding. As we approached him, he snorted, ran to the end of the tie rope, whirled around and acted like he would kick your head off if you came any closer. As Dad and I stood there admiring this good-looking horse, I noticed a short piece of log chain with a leather snapper on one end and a leather strap on the other end looped around the saddle horn. Dad said, "That is my friend Harry Heising's horse and that is what he calls his log chain quirt."

We went back and walked the fallen tree over to the island and



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eventually found Harry. Harry had a steer on the end of a lasso tied to a tree. Harry told us when he took his cattle to the mountains in the spring, a cow had pushed this steer off the trail into the river and he had swum to the island. The steer had spent all summer there and Harry was planning on getting him back to the trail and on home. He had taken his lasso rope and hung it in the willows where the steer had made a trail through the grassy patches and brush. Harry snared the steer, and when we arrived, he was going from tree to tree with the big steer, trying to work it back to the log.

With Dad and my help, we soon had him back to the end of the log. Harry walked out on the log and tied the rope to a big limb a little past midstream. Then, Dad and I spooked the steer into the swift river. Down the river he went, and before he could get across, he came to the end of the rope and as it tightened, it held the steer's nose just under the water surface. My dad yelled over the noise of the river, "Turn him loose Harry, or you will drown him for sure!" Harry turned him loose and down the swift river he went.

Harry made a run for the dun gelding, quickly mounted and started to gallop down the trail. The big horse didn't like this fast work and bogged his head down and began to buck. For two jumps, they looked like the Pendleton Round-Up poster I had seen in the store window in town.

Harry hit the river at a gallop and headed toward the steer that was on a gravel bar. When the horse went into the river, he decided it was time to buck again, and put his head clear down into the water. Harry jerked him up and half waded and half swam him to just below the steer. The horse and the steer were standing braced against the swift water and Harry almost went out of sight reaching for the rope in the water. He came up with the rope, took a couple of dallies and headed for shore. The horse didn't like the rope and the steer too well and started to buck again. Harry worked him over and came out on the shore with the steer right behind him.

Dad said, "Get off Harry, and I'll build a big fire and dry you out."

Harry said, "No, I got him going, I had better head for home. See ya." There was a cold wind blowing and it was about six miles to his ranch. He was soaking wet, and his boots were full of cold water, but he headed down the trail at a gallop with the steer right behind him.

It was beginning to storm pretty hard. Dad and I talked it over and decided we didn't want to go up on that windy ridge, so we took our guns and headed back down the trail. We made a little half-hearted side hunt but did not see anything. On the way back to the car, Dad said, "Well, we didn't have much of a hunt, but we had a good time helping Harry get his steer off of the island." I said, "And we saw a pretty good rodeo, too."

To some people it probably sounded as if Harry's treatment of his horse was not humane and excessively brutal. Unlike today's well-bred horses, the big raw-boned broncs that Harry rode were downright

mean. They would bite, kick or buck you off, then tramp you into the ground or run off and leave you to walk for miles. Harry was one of the few ranchers that could handle this type of horse and do a day's work on him, right after saddling him the second or third time.

After writing this story in 1992, I sent a copy of it to Harry. He wrote back, "Rusty was big, and mean as hell, but I sure loved that horse."

Dad told another story

about Harry Heising. He said that one time a neighbor and Harry were packhorse camping and they pulled into a meadow by a brush patch and made camp for the evening. While they were getting supper a bear came into camp and Harry's dog put the bear back into the brush, but in the brush the dog was getting the worst of the fight. Harry grabbed the single bit axe and headed into the brush to help the dog. Eventually the bear headed out the other side of the brush and Harry and his dog came back to camp.

Elaine Hubbard aptly described Harry as one-half mountain man and one-half cowboy. He was known to have axes cached in trees all over that country. Harry always maintained that if he could get to



The Osborn Place, east of Haystack



where he had an axe, he could live through a winter in the mountains. He said the axe was the most necessary item to have if stranded in the mountains.

Harry Heising was somewhat of a legend in that country. He only weighed 125 pounds and never hesitated to tackle any project. He reportedly could not swim but was continually swimming his horse. His ranch on the lower Metolius was one the most beautiful ranches I have ever seen. It had grassy fields, a large orchard and a water wheel by the house to lift water up into the garden area. When I would stay all night there, this old water wheel would creak all night long. It was a good way to go to sleep.

There was a summertime river crossing near Harry's ranch and on the north side of the river was the Warm Springs Indian Reservation. This river ford was alright if you were on a good horse and knew where to ride, but if you had never been across it, you had better have someone with you who knew the right path across. I never did cross but my sister, Winnifred, crossed it riding Harry's white stallion and made it fine.

Harry told us the story of a fellow named Pete Lambert who rode across the ford to show the way to a freighter with a four-horse team and wagon. Returning to the other side, Pete's horse fell and was washed downstream. Pete was able to get on his feet in the middle of the river but could not move without losing his footing. He yelled and the freighter heard him and unhooked one of his lead horses and rode into the river and rescued him.

Occasionally, one of the Indians would cross over onto our side and we would meet them on the trails when we were riding for cattle. There was one particular Indian that called himself Chief Yellow Horse who was hard to get information out of. My dad would question him about whether he had seen any of our cattle, and he would stall until Dad would offer him part of our lunch, or perhaps trade some other object for the answer.

While riding for cattle, Dad would instruct me on how to care for livestock. He was always particularly careful with pregnant cows and cows with new calves. A young heifer or an older cow, heavy with calf, was always handled gently and we never allowed our dogs to get near them. It was Dad's theory that all livestock would eventually be slaughtered but while they were alive they were not allowed to suffer or be unduly stressed. Nature was cruel enough to animals and it was up to us to bring some degree of order and comfort into their lives. His cattle always looked slick and fat and we rarely had any sickness or lost any calves.

While living on the New place between the rivers, we ran cattle on the Grandview flats through the timber. I went with Dad several times gathering cattle. He would sometimes station me at a spring to watch for cattle coming in around noon while he made big circles looking for them. One particular place, I can remember that the creek had dried up and there were several landlocked trout, about 14 to 15 inches long trapped in a deep hole. I took part of my sandwich and threw it on the water and there was the darnedest commotion you ever saw as the half-starved fish fought over the bread. I didn't have any hooks or any way of catching them but it sure would have been a great place to fish.

On one occasion Dad and I were riding by Fly Lake in the same Grandview country and Dad said, "Let's hang back here in the timber while we eat lunch and we might see some wild horses come in to drink." Sure enough, here came a large herd of wild horses. I can

remember the leaders going in and taking a quick drink but the more timid ones held back. After the leaders drank, they headed out, and the poor timid horses never had a chance to drink. I felt sorry for them and wondered how long they went before they were able to get water.

There was one big roan stallion that ran with this band of wild horses that had the reputation of going to the ranches in the nighttime and breaking down the fences and stealing the mares. I can remember every rancher that ever saw him shot at him, but he seemed to have a protected life. One rancher remembers emptying a .22 rifle of all the shells he had into the horse's side but still didn't stop him. I saw this big stallion on one occasion, but I didn't get a very good look at him as he was in the timber skirting the meadow. I think he finally died of old age.

One evening while we were living at the New place, I headed down river on my uncle's black mare named Ribbon to get the four cows (who were grazing in the hills), to bring them in to milk. As I was going down the trail, a big rattlesnake crossed in front of my horse and she shied and almost unloaded me. I turned the horse around and galloped back to the house and told my dad. He went down with me but, of course, the snake was gone by then. He mentioned that I should have at least gotten off and tried to kill the snake with rocks or a long stick. I believe I was about 10 years old at that time. The next night, I went after the cows and there was a big porcupine in the lower end of the alfalfa field. Having remembered that talking to my dad gave me, I thought I had better try and kill this porcupine. I carried an arm load of rocks into the field but didn't have any luck at all as the porcupine would duck his head and it was difficult to get a good throw at him. Anyway, I wasn't going to leave him, so I found that by throwing rocks on the side of him I could drive him in the direction I wanted. Within a few minutes I had driven the porcupine all the way back to the house, and then yelled for Dad and he came out and killed it with a shovel. Porcupines took a good part of our crop and he was glad to kill this big one.

One of the places we took our cattle up the Deschutes River had a narrow trail with rimrock above and below. This was a scary place for me to cross, as I could see six or seven places below that had white bones in the rocks. My dad said this was from horses sliding off the trail probably in the wintertime. Anyway, we crossed with our cattle here many times and never had any problems.

The place I liked to visit while we lived at the New ranch was called No Man's Land. It was a high plateau with three- or four-hundred-foot high rimrocks around the entire area with the exception of where the trail went up. The trail was too tough to get a horse up but walking up there and looking over the rimrocks was always a nice outing. My Uncle Cliff Ralston at one time built a trail up on No Man's Land and put sheep on it for all of one summer. They carried galvanized pipe up the trail and joined each link together and let them down over the rimrocks to a spring in the bottom and put a hydraulic ram in the river and it pumped a small stream of water clear up on top for the sheep. I don't believe it was a very profitable operation and only heard stories about the summer they spent on No Man's Land.

Anyone who has ridden horses as much as I have can usually look back at one horse that was the best of all that he ever rode. When I was about 13, my dad went to an area east of Culver called the Paulina Country and bought a 1,150-pound gelding and named him Paulina. He was a sorrel, with four white socks and a star on his forehead. He

was a good traveler and a real pleasure to ride. When you got on him, you knew you were on a good horse. He was always ready to go but not crazy acting like so many high-spirited horses. If you wanted to turn a cow just head him in the right direction and hang on. He would turn the cow and it didn't matter if you were in brush or rocks, he did the job. He was also very athletic and good with his feet in rough, rocky country. In addition, he had what Dad called "cow savvy."

I rode him to the grange picnic at old Culver one time and walking on the Highway 97 shoulder, and by crowding him a little, he could cover the distance between two mileposts in just under 9 minutes in a flat-footed walk. That figures to be between 6 and 7 miles per hour and he never broke out of a walk.

Dad sent me to move our cattle from one pasture to another and I had them all rounded up and headed down the country road. One old cow, who was a consistent "bunch quitter," cut back and headed back to the old pasture at a dead run. Paulina easily outran her and just as we started to turn her, she cut behind a big pile of tumbleweeds. Paulina plowed right through the pile and all of a sudden we were almost upset and I was barely able to stay in the saddle. There was an old, abandoned gang plow in the middle of the weeds and we went right over it. Any other horse would have probably turned cartwheels. I jumped off to see if he was hurt and there was a big open gash in his shoulder and he was trembling like a leaf. I finally stopped the bleeding with my shirt and looked him over good but couldn't find any broken bones or much but bruises and skinned spots. I felt so bad about hurting this beautiful and spirited horse that I sat down and cried for ten minutes, then stood up and hugged and petted him for ten minutes. I started thinking how terrible it would have been if I had broken his leg and he would have had to be destroyed. A deep gnawing ache came in the bottom of my stomach. However, he healed up and haired over and in two weeks was as good as ever.

Another time, Willis Boegli had 20 head of wild cattle up on the peninsula between Crooked River and the Deschutes River. They had been up there for some time and he hadn't been able to get them down off the peninsula. He told Rex Barber (who was four years older than I) he would give Rex and me \$5.00 each if we could get them back to the Deschutes River. In those days that was a small fortune. One cow died from a rattlesnake bite and they were all thin. The only horse Rex had was Queenie, one of his dad's workhorses, but I figured Paulina could do the job. We rode out of Culver, across Crooked River at The Cove where Willis lived, and on up on the peninsula via a long sloping trail, a total of about seven miles. Just as we topped out on the upper rimrock, we jumped the cattle out of a juniper grove. They scattered like quail, but this wasn't any problem for Paulina. He was around the leaders in seconds and had them turned back towards the trail. We were in big rocks and rough country, but it was an easy job for Paulina and he had them all gathered and pushed down the trail through the rimrocks in about two minutes. Rex and Queenie did their part by blocking their escape on the right. It was a real pleasure to sit on that horse and hang on while he did his work.

We had the job done and were back at Willis' ranch in about an hour and was he surprised. He said something about he would see if he had some other work to help finish out the day. Rex said, "Sorry, Willis, the deal was \$10.00 for getting the cattle off the peninsula and the job's done." Willis paid up and we headed for home feeling mighty rich.

Paulina was a great horse and I shall never forget him.

For several years we lived at either the small town of Culver or the New ranch on the Deschutes River. Usually, the winters were spent in Culver and in the spring we were always glad to return to the river.

When I was in the 6th grade at Culver, I was introduced to the metric system in a rather strange way. The 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades were putting on a play. The play was being rehearsed in the gymnasium, which consisted of a big gym with a basketball court, a stage on one end and a locker room on each side of the stage. At one scene in the rehearsal there were about ten girls on the stage at one time. I was backstage and was trying to think of an ornery way to irritate the girls on stage. I spotted an old elastic jock strap in the boys' locker room. I picked it up and climbed up the back of the scenery and just as all the girls were on the stage, I flipped the athletic supporter on the stage in front of the girls. This caused a lot of giggling from the girls and I stayed a fraction of a second too long enjoying their reaction. Our teacher, Mrs. Gibson, immediately asked, "Who did that?" It was very quiet then one girl blurted out, "It was that George Osborn and I saw him." Mrs. Gibson came backstage, grabbed me by the arm and said, "Go to your home room and sit at your desk until I get there." After about a fifteen-minute wait, here came Mrs. Gibson, who was rather large and fat. She headed directly to the cabinet where she kept a yardstick and a meter stick. I was hoping she would pull out the rather flimsy yardstick, but she decided on the meter stick which was about 1/2" thick and 1 1/4" wide and 39.37 inches long. I started pleading that I would never, never do it again, but she didn't pay any attention and grabbed me by the upper left arm and lit into my upper legs and rear end with a vengeance. I knew that probably half the school was outside the door listening so I yelled my head off repeatedly saying, "I won't do it again" and anything else I could think of to get her to let up. After she worked me over to her satisfaction, including a few welts, she shook me good and set me at my desk and said, "Stay there until time to go home."

I was a good boy for a long time after that. I believe I had the dishonorable distinction of being the only kid in grade school that received a lickin' that year. Looking back, I can see that I had it coming, and more too, for the ornery pranks I pulled. Anyway, I never forgot what a meter stick looked like.

On February 14, 1934, my sister Martha Nadine Osborn was born at the Redmond Hospital. At that time we were living in Culver spending the winter. It was about this time or a year later that a severe drought hit the entire area. I can recall that Dad had to work on a government 'make-work' project similar to W.P.A. in order to have enough money to buy groceries for the family. Farming and ranching were so tough that I can remember my mother saying she was tired of being poor and wanted to move to Culver and get a job as a postal clerk with Mr. Collver, the elderly postmaster. Mr. Collver died and my mother became postmaster. At first we were in the big old building about halfway between the highway and the railroad tracks which later burned down. Then, we were at a small grocery store right near the highway and eventually our parents built their own store, service station and post office from the old schoolhouse my dad tore down in Opal City. While Mother worked in the post office with Mr. Collver, Dad took odd jobs around town and in the wheat warehouse. After Mr. Collver left the post office and my mother became postmaster, my dad helped as a postal clerk. This was in 1940.



# Tracking the Notorious “Galgalos” Wheat

By Jarold Ramsey

I undertook this research and writing project initially because I wanted to find out what I could about a now-forgotten variety of wheat that was widely grown by homesteading farmers here before Jefferson County was created in 1914. As a farm-kid helping in our family wheat harvests in the late 1940s and 1950s, I heard stories about what it was like to harvest this particular kind of wheat back then. Simple project, I thought—but as I dug into the topic and struggled to find my way through it, I realized that the experience of searching for and finding—and not finding—the hard facts about my obscure subject was taking shape as a kind of treasure hunt, in which false leads and dead-ends were just as interesting as true lines of inquiry.

At bottom, all historical research has the potential to feel at times like a treasure hunt, whether the subject is on the grand scale of world or national history, or some forgotten item in the history of a small town or rural county. Most professional historians if pressed will admit that this childlike pleasure is one of their perks. And my often-perplexing pursuit of the story of “Galgalos” wheat reminded me that one of the special rewards of “doing” local history is the frequent discovery of the *inter-connectedness* of small home-ground stories and the “Big Stories” we are accustomed to thinking of as “real history”—what professional historians study. To learn in the course of this little project that “Galgalos” wheat was introduced to the U.S.A. from Armenia in 1903, and that its successor as the “wheat of choice” here in western America, “Turkey Red,” was first introduced to America and Canada in the 1870s by Mennonite farmers in Ukraine who fled Russian oppression—these were real treasure hunt thrills, especially with Ukrainian wheat and Russian aggression now headline news.

Studying the history of a locale as “new” and “out-of-the-way” as Jefferson County, Oregon can lead to discoveries that are much more

significant than mere peripheral footnotes to the large “official” patterns of history. And there is often fun in the finding, as I hope the following treasure-hunt narrative will suggest.

Like their homesteading neighbors here, my ancestors on Agency Plains and south of Culver began raising dry-land wheat as soon as they managed to clear their land of sagebrush and junipers and were able to run a plow through it. They didn’t know, of course, that the climate here tends to run in wet and dry cycles of 12-15 years, but it happened that when they arrived at the beginning of the first decade of the twentieth century, a wet cycle was beginning, climaxing in bumper crops of wheat and barley in 1916. A few years later, a dreadful dry cycle got underway, leading to ruinous farming years like 1926 and 1930, when the annual precipitation

fell under five inches total, and a majority of the county’s farmers gave up and moved away. Some—mostly those with larger acreages—held on and made a decent living dry-farming until irrigation came after World War Two.

What varieties of wheat did the early homesteaders sow in their new fields? With no county agents or OSU Extension records from back then, we must rely on local oral tradition and specifically family lore. On Agency Plains (and I think around Metolius and Culver as well), pretty much everybody by 1910 (probably earlier) was growing a pale-red spring wheat known as

“Galgalis”. At least that’s how locals pronounced it, with emphasis on the second syllable — “gal-GAY-lis.” It was vigorous, hardy, relatively smut-resistant, and it produced, at least in reasonably wet years, a good harvest of grain. Probably most of the many striking early photographs of wheat harvests here (notably those by Ole Hedlund) show impressive stands of Galgalis.

But the variety did have, according to oral tradition, one undesirable



Wheat harvest ca. 1912 at Alonzo Boyce farm southeast of Madras

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trait. Its chaff (as produced, clouds of it, during threshing) was intolerably *itchy*. Like most farmers anywhere, the men in my family were sternly disinclined to ever complain about the physical discomforts of farm work. But my father and his older brothers never tired of remembering the tortures of Galgalis chaff during harvest. It was so bad, they and their neighbors regularly took outdoor (cold) showers when they came out of the field for lunch, an unheard-of thing—and after the variety was well-established here, it got so that when farmers visited the Madras and Metolius hobo-jungles to recruit itinerant harvest-hands, they would ask “Well, what’s the crop?” And if the answer was “Galgalis,” they would decline to sign up. As a boy on our farm decades later, I thought I knew something—all I needed to know—about itches and allergies and swarms of flying ants and endless noisy sweaty days on the combine, but *this* was clearly something on another level of discomfort altogether. Or so my elders suggested . . .

The Ramsey clan—three generations of them—came out here in 1902 (as did the Binder family) from Chariton County in northern Missouri. If, as seems likely, they had been raising grain crops there, it might be that they brought some quantity of their accustomed wheat and barley with them. There’s a family memory about how their first crop of barley was small enough to be harvested with a scythe and threshed out on a blanket. The miniature scale of that first harvest suggests that it was based on barley seed they had brought with them—so maybe the same was true of their first wheat crop, and maybe, I conjectured, it was Galgalis?

Alternatively, maybe they waited until they reached The Dalles (on a latter-day homesteaders’ “emigrant” train), where they made inquiries about suitable grain varieties, and on local advice bought a few sacks of what was recommended (maybe Galgalis?) to carry into Central Oregon on their newly purchased “California Rack” horse-drawn wagon.

A decade or so later, there were news-items in the Heppner *Gazette* about local farmers bragging about their abundant harvests of Galgalis, so there’s no doubt that the variety was well-established there, in what was then, as now, Oregon’s premier wheat country. So maybe the homesteaders from Missouri decided soon after they arrived on Agency Plains that it would be okay for their locale too, for starters, at least.

Then there is the question of the origins of the peculiar name “Galgalis”—pursuit of which lures us out of the domain of agricultural history and into Biblical lore. Galgalis is identified in Old Testament

glossaries as a Latinate form of the prominent Biblical place-name “Gilgal”—south of Jericho, on the west side of the Jordan River. Gilgal is prominent in the Old Testament books of Joshua and Samuel. The fact that our wheat variety’s name seems to be a Latin form of the Hebrew “Gilgal” that was used in the Vulgate Latin translation of the Bible, and that “Gilgal” would not have been accessible to English readers until the King James version appeared (in 1611), is a very puzzling fact, and certainly so if we assume that our wheat variety acquired its name —

probably in America — centuries after that.

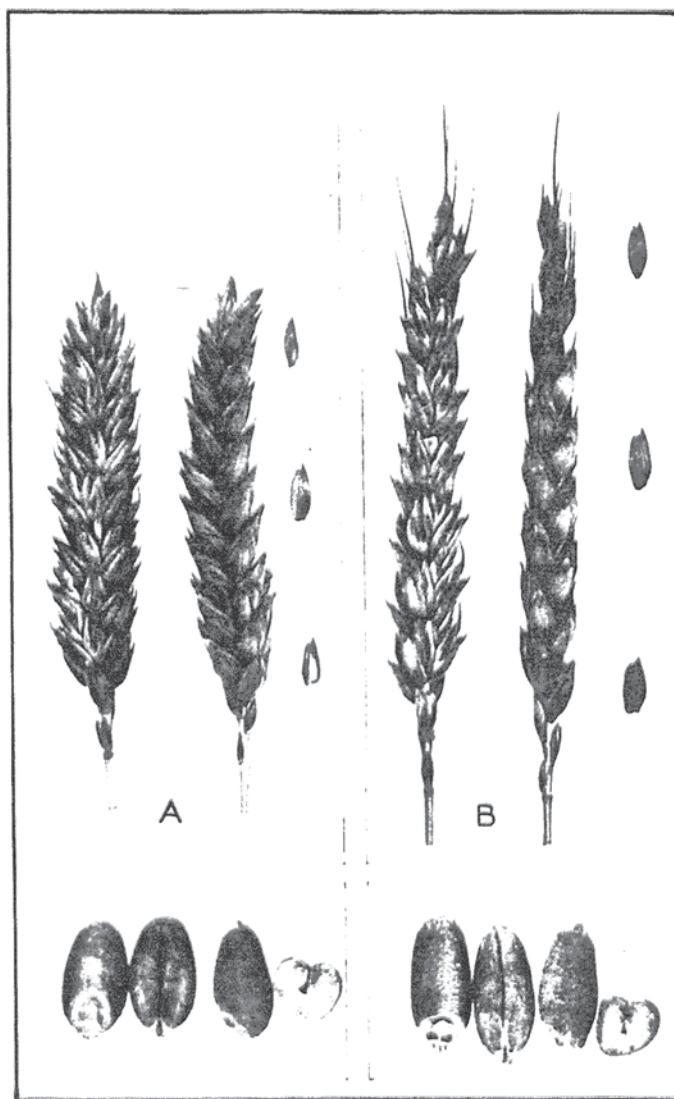
There appears to be no etymological dictionary recording the naming of all the registered varieties of cereal grains — so we’re left to speculate, why “Haanchen” barley? Why “Federation” wheat? Leaving that line of guesswork aside for the moment, how *does* Galgalis/Gilgal figure in the Old Testament stories? In 2 Joshua, the Israelites have finally emerged from their wanderings in the desert after escaping Egyptian bondage. Aware that they have at last arrived in the Promised Land, they make important preparations for the future opening before them: they circumcise all the males who were not circumcised in Egypt and during the years of wandering (the Hebraic “Gilgal” may refer to this extraordinary mass surgery); they celebrate Passover — and crucially, having subsisted on divine manna in the desert, now they “eat of the fruits of the land of Canaan.” The Bible is very specific about what they ate: “the old corn of the land . . . and unleavened cakes, and parched corn” (“corn” is the standard British English word, even now, for wheat).

This episode from the Book of Joshua is well-known, and if someone — an early wheat-breeder, say, or a government grain specialist — wanted to assign a memorable and promotable name to a new wheat variety, it would be hard to top Gilgal, given the celebrated Biblical episode it locates. But, again, why would our ambitious name-giver use the obscure

Latinate form of the name, rather than the familiar “Gilgal”? It seems unlikely to

the vanishing point. So, reluctantly (some false leads are more seductive than others), we need to file away the Biblical etymology. And noting that the name Galgalis was virtually unnoticed in the standard glossaries and listings of wheat varieties I had so far consulted, maybe we should consider that we’ve been led astray because I’ve been *misspelling* the name?

How about a variant spelling I’d already noticed a few times, *Galgalos*? Eureka! Identified with that spelling, our mysterious wheat turned up



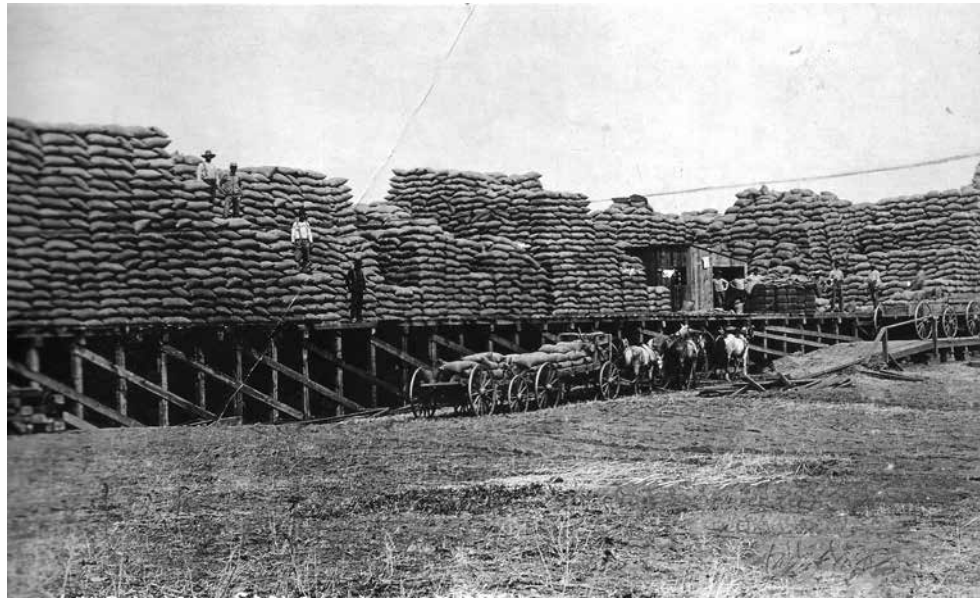
Galgalos heads and kernels at left, from a USDA bulletin in 1922



in several of the earlier compilations of wheat varieties, notably on a Montana State University website titled “Milburn Wilson Photographs: Wheat Varieties,” showing a blurry photo of an experimental field of Galgalos being raised in Gallatin County, Montana around 1920, and in a June, 1919 news item in the *Pacific Rural Press* reporting that “many acres of Galgalos wheat were nearly ready for harvest in the Central Valley of California.” But my re-directed search really hit its stride with the discovery of a lengthy piece in the U.S. Department of Agriculture *Bulletin* No. 1301 (1922), “Classification of Wheat Varieties,” by Carleton A. Ball and others that provides detailed information on Galgalos alongside other varieties in use then by American farmers. It’s worth quoting at length:

“The Galgalos wheat (also called Russian Red, and Velvet Chaff) differs from Sonora wheat chiefly in being taller and later, and having larger, looser heads. The heads are inclined, long, slender, and open, and tapering, and the kernels are rather long, slender, and soft. The straw is weak, so that the plants lodge [fall over] quite easily . . . It is a spring wheat. It will survive rather severe winters, however, when fall sown. Galgalos was introduced into the U.S. from the Erivan Government of Transcaucasia, Russia, by the U.S. Department of Agriculture in 1903. The wheat is now grown in Oregon and California. It is most important in northern California and central Oregon . . .” (p. 35)

“Erivan” is still the capitol city of Armenia; “Transcaucasia” was a short-lived confederation of the states of Armenia, Georgia, and Azerbaijan under Czarist rule. After the Soviet Union collapsed in 1991, Armenia became an independent nation. So, our pioneer Central Oregon wheat originated in southeastern Europe south of the Caucasus Mountains and was introduced in this country in 1903 by the U.S. Department of Agriculture. One wonders what the diplomatic circumstances of the transaction were, and how and why it so quickly caught on in northern California and



Stacks of wheat at Culver Depot, ca. 1912

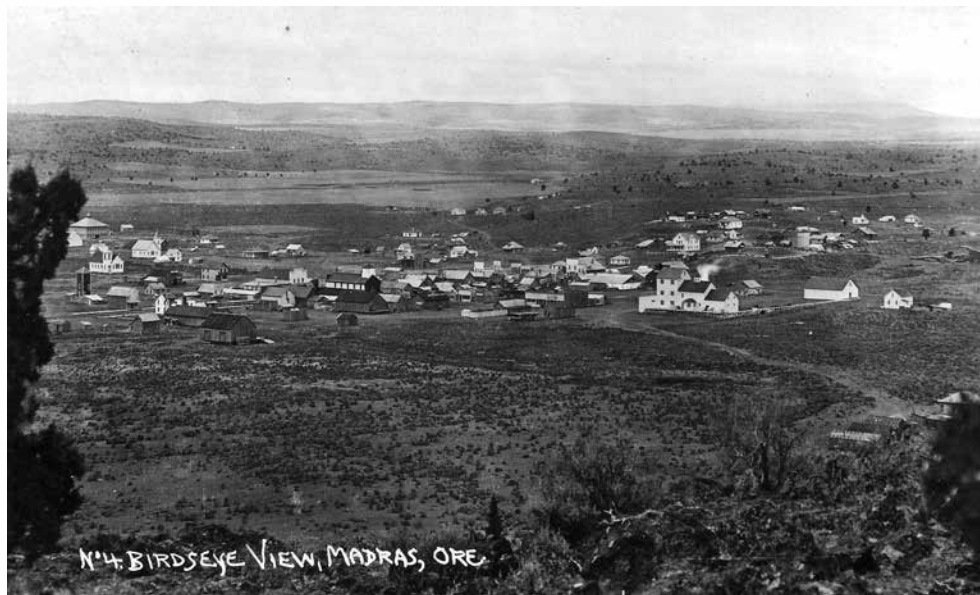
central Oregon? What’s clear is that my family did NOT bring Galgalos with them from Missouri, but they and their neighbors here and around Heppner must have been among its earliest growers, however they got the seed, probably no later than 1910 or so. The USDA Bulletin emphasizes its hardiness in dry conditions, and notes that it “is good quality for bread making.” (p. 235) Again, with no county agents around back then to recommend it, how and why did it land here? The eternal lament of the local historian might be uttered here: “Why oh why didn’t we ask our elders when they were still around to answer?”

Possibly USDA circulars on it were distributed by the Hill and Harriman railroads, which were energetically promoting agriculture in Central Oregon even as they were laying rail-lines up the Deschutes Canyon. All we know for sure is that it did become the dominant early wheat variety here, for a decade or more into the early 20s, when it was supplanted by varieties of hard red *winter* wheat, especially “Turkey Red.”

The story of Turkey Red, like that of Galgalos, is richly rooted in European as well as American history and maybe it shouldn’t surprise us that the humble sources of the bread we eat would be so full of human history (as well as protein, gluten, wheat germ, and so on). Turkey Red originated in Turkey, and by the middle of the nineteenth century it was widely grown in the vast dryland wheat fields of what is now Ukraine. Among its growers were German Mennonite farmers—and when the

Czarist government attempted to force their young men into military service, many families fled to the U.S. and Canada, and brought wheat seed with them. (K.S. Quisenberry and L.P. Reitz, “Turkey Wheat: the Cornerstone of an Empire,” *Agricultural History*, 48, 1, Jan. 1974, pp. 98-110)

One other “heirloom” wheat variety with local significance should be mentioned here. The 1922 USDA Bulletin on the characteristics of wheat varieties quoted above notes that Galgalos is similar in some respects to another spring wheat, “Sonora.” Sonora is probably the oldest North American wheat,



Madras Flour Mill, 1916 (mill is large building lower right)



having been introduced into Mexico in the eighteenth century from Spain by Catholic priests for its extraordinary hardiness and resistance to extremely arid climates. It can even be sown in fall as a winter wheat—but flour made from it for bread is of low quality. (USDA Bulletin 1301, p. 235) It does not seem to have been raised here in dryland days, but when John and David Campbell launched their demonstration dry wheat farming operation and old-time threshing bee at the Jefferson County Fairgrounds several years ago, after extensive research, they chose Sonora as their variety. It has served their project well, with decent harvests even in recent very dry years—probably because, again, it shares a remarkable drought-resistance with Galgalos. (See Jane Ahern, “Working for Fun: The How-To of Dry Farming,” THE AGATE 17 (Spring 2022), pp. 4-9)

Whatever the early local farmers sowed in their new fields on Agency Plains and Little Plains and elsewhere, they obviously counted on marketing their wheat after harvest. When the railroads came in 1911, that problem was largely solved, with prodigious amounts of sacked grain being wagoned or trucked to rail-sidings and warehouses around Madras and in Opal City, Culver, Metolius, Paxton, Mecca, and Gateway. But in the earliest years of local farming, getting grain to market meant that it had to be freighted by wagon to The Dalles, and then sent by rail to Portland, meaning a stiff reduction in what grain-buyers could offer growers for their wheat.

But there seems to have been an attractive local marketing alternative. About 1906, a German miller named Henry Dietzel built a flour mill on the west side of Madras, and by 1912 his “Madras Flour Mills” was selling flour (including “Madras Flour (Straight),” and “Deschutes Flour (2<sup>nd</sup> grade)” throughout Central Oregon. Presumably, the wheat for this output was bought by Mr. Dietzel from local farmers. Did he influence their choice of what varieties to grow, whether Galgalos or Turkey Red (both highly rated for bread flour), or other varieties? Again, an ancestor could have answered that question; no records seem to exist from “Madras Flour Mills,” probably because in 1921 it suffered the almost universal fate of flour mills back then—it burned down. A flour mill in Metolius suffered the same fate in 1924.

To sum up what we’ve learned so far in our zigzag search for the truth about Galgalos: we now know how to spell it, we know where it originated overseas, and we know how and through what channels it came to this county. What we don’t know is the actual origin of its name, and how, so soon after its importation in 1903, it became available as seed-wheat to farmers in the Far West, even to recently arrived homesteaders here in the pre-railroad wilds of Central Oregon. And we don’t know (meaning that nobody is left to remember) *why* it was replaced in the 1920s by Turkey Red. The best guess on that point is that the canny “dirt-farmers” here concluded that a tough *winter* wheat (which would be planted in fall and winter over, “vernalizing” and absorbing moisture over the winter months before sprouting in spring), would be better suited to our climate and



2022 Galgalos “crop” early

seasonal weather patterns than spring wheat (planted in spring, and thus dependent on spring precipitation, an uncertain element here).

Another negative factor counting against Galgalos locally might have been its weak straw, a liability in our windy country. But—maybe that itchy chaff was a decisive factor, too?

Last winter, I wrote to Dr. Stephen Jones, the prominent cereal-grain authority and founding director of the Washington State University “Bread Lab” at Mt. Vernon, Washington, asking him if he had ever heard of a wheat variety known as “Galgalis” (as I phonetically spelled it then), and if so had he ever heard about its fiendishly itchy chaff. He replied that he didn’t know anything about the chaff but did find the variety on various compendiums of grains—and drily

added that, looked at microscopically, “the glumes [husks covering the grains] do look like they could chafe.” He also very generously offered to send a sample of Galgalos kernels (spelling it correctly, notice) for me to play with.

The specimens arrived in the mail in the form of a bag of ripe grain-heads on cut-off stalks. After “threshing” the kernels out by hand on the back porch (wondering as I did what my ancestors tending their huge dusty threshing machines more than a century ago would think of my miniature efforts), in late March of this year I sowed about 90 kernels in a big dirt-filled tub in my vegetable garden. About four days later, they were visibly sprouting, and I was thrilled to know—whatever mysteries about Galgalos spring wheat remained to be solved—that the notorious variety that was once one of “the fruits of the land” here in Jefferson County was actually alive and growing again, after more than a century. And now—on to harvest!

And maybe, if it produces enough chaff, a test of its legendary itchiness? If in the cause of agricultural history and local folklore you’d like to volunteer to be a subject, let me know.

## Sources and Further Readings:

Madras *Pioneer* files

Dr. Stephen Jones, Director, W.S.U. “Bread Lab,” personal correspondence

Heppner *Gazette* issues, June-July 1919

Carleton R. Ball et al, “Characteristics of Wheat Varieties,” USDA Bulletin No.1301 (1922)

Carleton R. Ball, “The History of American Wheat Improvement,” *Agricultural History* Vol. 4, No. 2 (April 1930), pp. 48-73

Oregon State University Agricultural Bulletin No. 621 (March 1961), “Small Grain Varieties for Oregon”

K.S. Quisenberry and L.P. Reitz, “Turkey Wheat: the Cornerstone of an Empire”



# BOOK *PREVIEW & REVIEW*

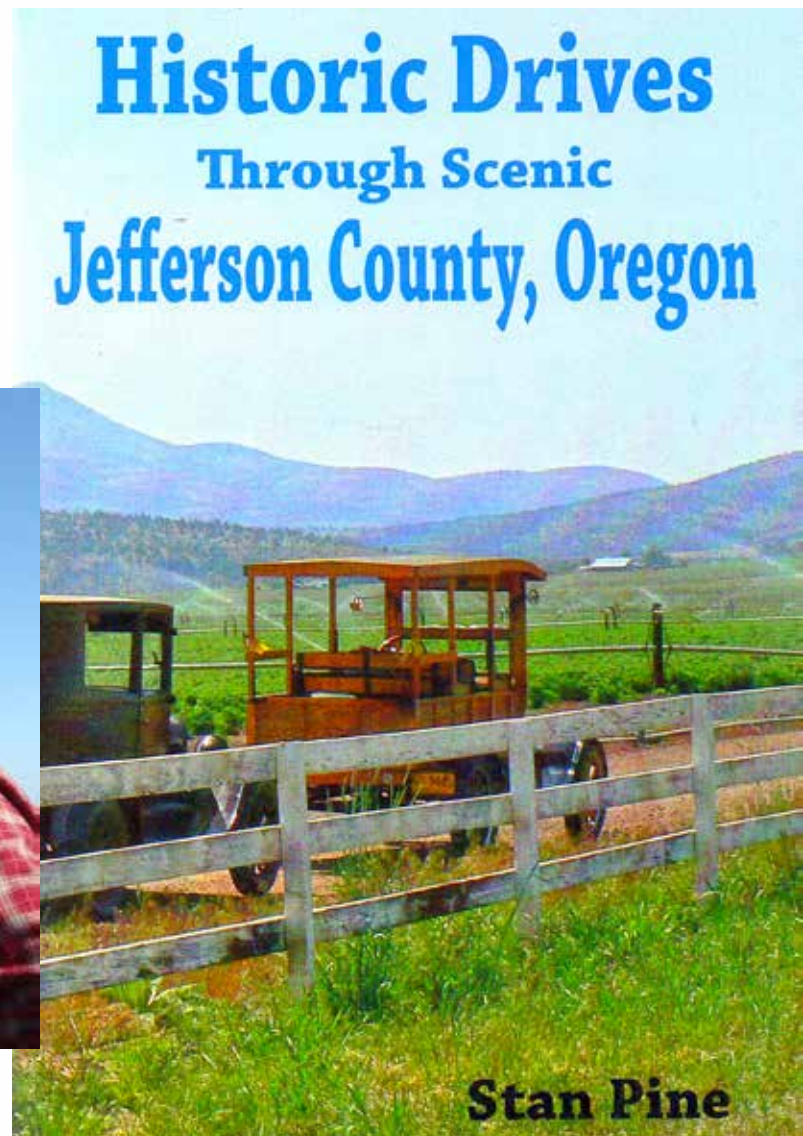
~ STAN PINE. *HISTORIC DRIVES  
THROUGH SCENIC JEFFERSON  
COUNTY, OREGON* ~  
(BEND, ORE: MAVERICK PUBLICATIONS, 2022)

This book came out this spring and I set aside other reading and worked my way through *Historic Drives*. I greatly enjoyed Pine's first book (*Hiking Historical Jefferson County, Oregon*) and was anxious to see his new book. I read *Drives* but not in the same order as the layout for the book, choosing first to read about my favorite areas in the county on roads that I have visited since I got my driver's license six decades ago. It doesn't matter what order you read about the drives in our county.

There has been a lot of change in Jefferson County the last 120 years. Communities have come and gone for various reasons. Old Culver moved from near Haystack to its current site to be along the railroad track. Mecca and Vanora vanished when the



Stan Pine



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Oregon Trunk abandoned its rail line from South Junction through Willow Creek. Lamonta disappeared in the 1930s as farmers left because of drought and some buyouts under the Resettlement Administration. Improved roads, better vehicles and changing economics were factors in closing of stores in Gateway and Grizzly. Ashwood declined with the end of mining activity. Drought was also a major factor in the demise of Grandview and Geneva; evidence of the communities still existed in the 1960s, though not today. The buildings of Grandview and Geneva ended up on the walls of homes and in art frames.

The history that Pine included in *Historic Drives* is my favorite part of the book. I grew up in the Paxton area and played in the railroad warehouse as a kid. I never knew what happened to the warehouse until reading this book. I did not know the location of Young's stage station on the route from Shaniko to Agency Plains until now. I could go on and on about what I learned in reading this book but it is more important what you learn.

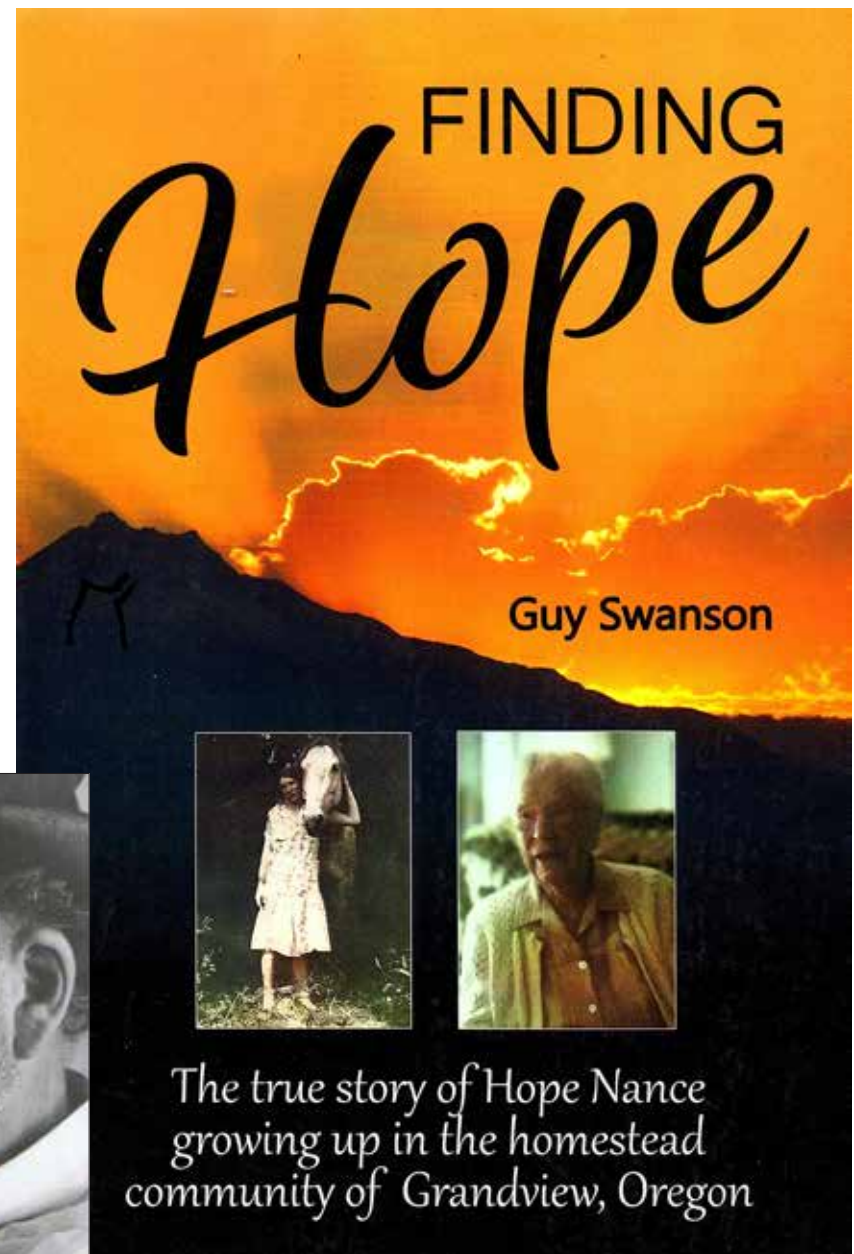
This book fits well in the history section of a library. If you want to explore Jefferson County, it should be in your library. Copies are available for sale at Mail Copies and More in Madras; Paulina Spring Books in Sisters; Black Bird Tea & Tales in Madras; and Bowman Museum in Prineville. Grab the book, get a Crooked River National Grassland map (USFS, 2012) and enjoy Jefferson County.

*Reviewed by Dan Chamness*

charmed by her stories of growing up in Grandview, now hardly even a ghost town because most of its man-made features have been stripped away by scavengers.

As the last resident of Grandview still living, Hope loved to talk about her childhood, and Swanson was moved to write her recollections down and shape them into book form. He supplemented Hope's information with his own research on U.S. and local history from the 1860s homestead era to the 1930s when Hope and her husband, Jack Cropley, left Grandview.

Swanson's strength as a writer is in his descriptions



~ GUY SWANSON. *FINDING HOPE: THE TRUE STORY OF HOPE NANCE GROWING UP IN THE HOMESTEAD COMMUNITY OF GRANDVIEW, OREGON* ~  
(BEND, OR: MAVERICK PUBLICATIONS, 2022)

AGATE readers got a preview of *Finding Hope* in the fall 2017 issue, in which Swanson contributed an article titled "A History of Grandview, Oregon." Swanson had met Hope Nance Cropley in 2014 and been



Guy Swanson



of the landscape, with which he clearly has a personal connection as a long-time resident of Three Rivers. Still, much of the information is delivered in Hope's words, thanks to extensive interviews and conversations Swanson conducted with her.

Swanson did a good job of detailing the community's history with vignettes about many of the families who settled in the vicinity. Many of the same names appear in the excerpt of the George Osborn memoir in this issue of THE AGATE, which includes a brief story about Hope's older brothers. Osborn's mother, Wannie, was one of Hope's teachers at the Grandview school.

Hope fills in priceless personal details, not available

*In Loving Memory of  
Hope Nance Cropley*



*September 5, 1917 - February 8, 2017*

anywhere else, of a very difficult childhood. Hope's mother died in childbirth when Hope was six years old. Her father, Zonie Nance, worked in Culver during the week and only came home on the weekends.

He tried to get along by hiring neighbors to supervise the children and help keep the house, but Zonie finally had to ask his mother to move to Grandview from her home in North Carolina. Her husband had died in an accident, and she still had three children at home, so the four of them came out to Grandview and settled in.

This might have been a comfort to Hope and her siblings,

but her grandmother was not a warm person and seemed to favor her own children over her grandchildren. Hope groused that her Aunt Mazie, 12 at the time and the same age as Hope's brother Sanford, didn't have to do any work around the farm. At the same time, Grandma took over the kitchen work and didn't want any help, which was a disappointment to Hope, who was used to helping her mother with the cooking.

The additional family members brought the household census up to 11 people on the weekends, all of whom slept together in the loft. Hope was surprisingly frank about their lack of personal hygiene and about the Nance children's fierce reputation. They may have squabbled among themselves, but they presented a united front at school. Hope said they were known as troublemakers and often got into fistfights with other kids.

Hope's childhood hardships were offset by the freedom she experienced on her time off from chores. Her best friend was a pony called Old Prince. With him, Hope could roam about the countryside, galloping around, exploring and visiting neighbors.

When Hope was 12, her grandmother abruptly moved to Culver and so Hope and her siblings had to raise themselves from then on because their father still spent weekdays in Culver.

Unbeknownst to the rest of her family, Hope began a romantic relationship with a neighbor, Jack Cropley, who seemed to be about 10 years older than she was. She became pregnant just a few weeks before she was to begin high school in Culver.

The couple married and tried to make a go of it in the Grandview area, but by then the land was wracked with drought and living was harder than ever. Jack was offered a job at an orchard in Hood River. They moved away in 1934 and that was the end of Hope's time in Grandview and essentially the end of Grandview. The few who were left soon drifted away.

Swanson's book is unquestionably worth reading for anyone interested in local history. It highlights a little-known community even while it touches on events that were relevant in all the communities of Jefferson County—the boom-and-bust cycles tied to the alternating periods of rain and drought.

Unfortunately, our local libraries do not have a copy of *Finding Hope*. Instead, you can find Hope at the Historical Society's downtown office on Fifth Street. It is available to purchase for \$15.

*Reviewed by Jane Ahern.*

# 2022

## Annual Threshing Bee

The 2022 (6<sup>th</sup> Annual) Threshing Bee/Harvest Festival was, by every measure, the biggest and most successful yet. Held August 20-21 in conjunction with a gathering of the “Early Day Gas Engine and Tractor Association” (EDGETA), the program drew big, enthusiastic crowds to the fairgrounds to watch and interact with the authentic harvesting and threshing of a crop of heirloom Sonora wheat with a horse-drawn reaper-binder and an antique separator, as it was done in the earliest days of dry-land farming here in the 1900s.

Both days, spectators also had the opportunity — unique in Central Oregon — to enjoy and learn from the noisy operations of gasoline and steam farm engines and tractors—sawing wood, powering an antique stationary hay-baler, even blowing bubbles! Oh yes — Threshing Bee impressario David Campbell declared that the year’s dry-land wheat harvest was “a decent crop” despite this year’s lack of rainfall.

In 2023, the Threshing Bee will relocate itself to the Mecca Grade Estate Malt headquarters at the Klann Farm out on the northern edge of Agency Plains north of Madras, at 9619 NW Columbia Drive. The Klanns’ place, a “Century Farm,” is one of the oldest family farms in Central Oregon. Look for dates and details in THE AGATE, in the *Pioneer*, and on the JCHS website at [www.jeffcohistorical.org](http://www.jeffcohistorical.org). (For a full account of the Threshing Bee and its mission, see Jane Ahern’s “Working for Fun: the How-to of Dry Farming” in THE AGATE, Spring 2022, pp. 4-9.)



Reaping this year’s dryland crop of Sonora wheat



Threshing the 2022 wheat crop with Dave Campbell’s rare “wooden” separator



Century-old farm motor powering a “bubble machine” at EDGETA exhibits



Old stationary baler powered by a steam tractor



The bee drew a large, festive crowd.

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