

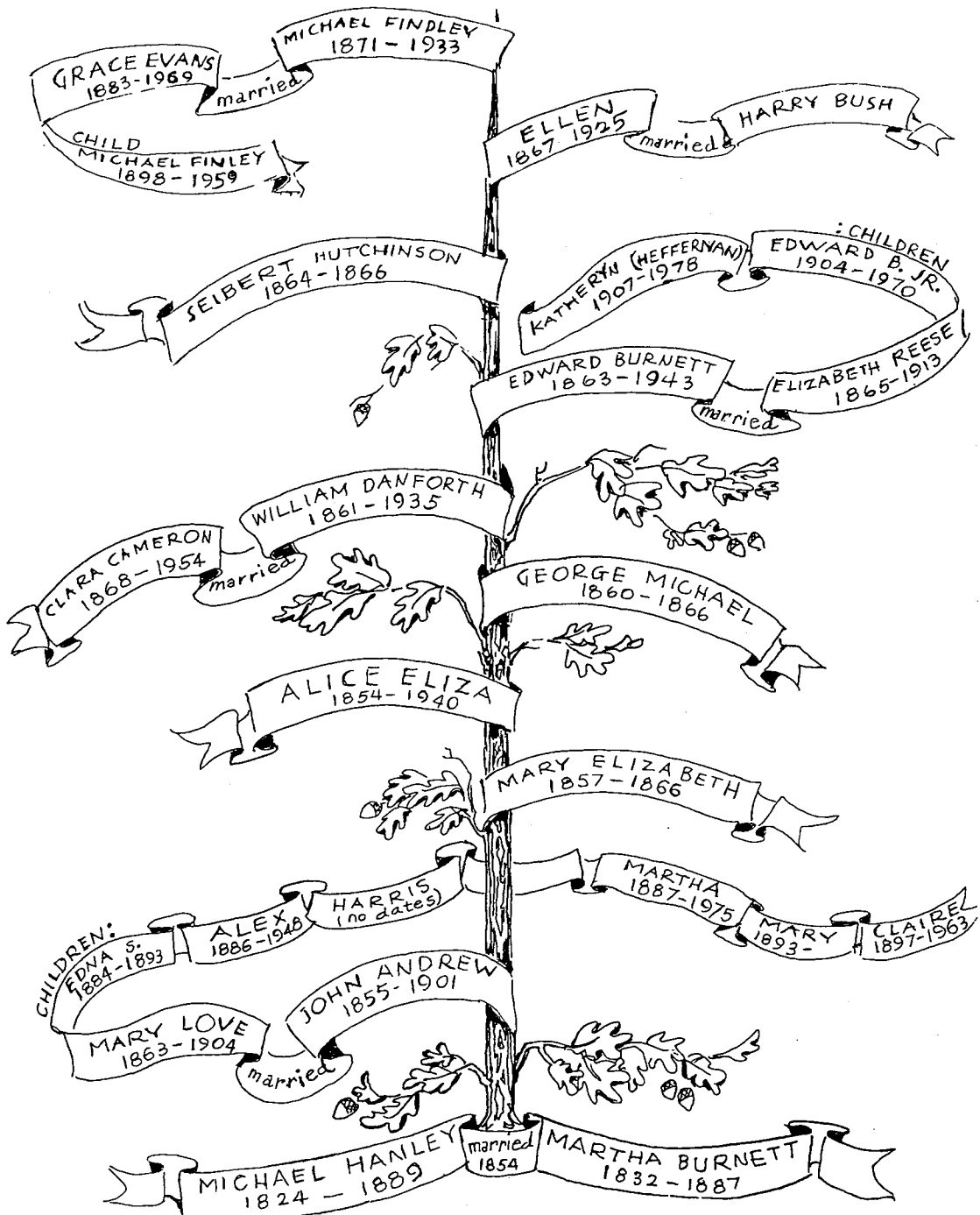
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# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY



Steinway & Sons,  
New York.



**T**he Hanley story is a significant part of southern Oregon history, and when the Hanley farm was donated to the Southern Oregon Historical Society, the family became even more important. Research of all the branches threatens to be a formidable task requiring extended time and effort. It seems therefore that rather than attacking the biographies chronologically with Michael the first, who came to southern Oregon in 1854, as a lead off story, the newsletter

will first present the best known and most publicized member of the family -- Bill Hanley, philosopher, raconteur, wit, rancher and cattle baron.

Much of the quoted material comes from Anne Shannon Monroe's book, "Feelin' Fine," and from a lengthy feature in a 1926 issue of the Medford Mail Tribune which had originally appeared in the American magazine. These selected Bill Hanley stories reveal his wisdom and humor and tell the story of the "Sage of Harney County."

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*An editorial cartoon appearing in the Oregon Journal as a tribute to Bill Hanley at the time of his death.*

## THE REMARKABLE BILL HANLEY

**W**illiam Danforth Hanley was born on the Hanley farm on February 8, 1861.\* His father Michael was a native of Ohio; his mother came from Tennessee. Bill was the fourth of nine children, six of whom grew to maturity.

Michael Hanley was a flatboatman on

William Hanley would not have thanked us for revealing his birth date. His age was never discussed. He said, "Birth is continuous and I'm not fully born yet. I'm just contemporary." Shortly after his birth his mother planted two willows on the estate. They grew to be massive trees. When asked his age, he sometimes said, "I'm as old as the willows." When he was asked, "How old are the willows?" he parried the question by answering, "As old as I am."

the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and an occasional plainsman. He came west seeking gold in the days of '49, was fortunate enough to make a good strike on the Trinity River and salted it away for later investment. When gold was discovered in Jacksonville, he came to southern Oregon, but he mined only a short time. For awhile he operated a butcher shop with Colonel John E. Ross. After this venture he went to Douglas County and filed a Donation Land Claim. Here he met the lady whom he would marry, Martha Mortimere Burnett, who lived with her family just across the Umpqua River. They were married in 1855.

Michael Hanley longed to return to the Rogue River Valley and in 1857 he purchased for \$17,000 two Donation Land Claims in Jackson County. This land, a little over two miles from Jacksonville, became the Hanley farm. Over the years he increased his land holdings, buying parcels of land throughout the county. The largest of these, several thousand acres on the North Fork of Little Butte, was known as the Butte Creek Ranch. Although he was a fruit grower and introduced irrigation into Oregon he was at heart a stock man. Bill Hanley said that his father "believed that the good Lord had created the sod right side up to furnish range for stock, and everything that was worthwhile could be done from a horse's back." He never gave much credit to the plow farmer "who had the idea the Lord had made a mistake when he created soil covered with grass. So to help the Creator out, he turned the sod upside down."

With his brother-in-law James Burnett Michael Hanley had large holdings in Klamath County where they raised grain as an economy measure to avoid the long haul for cattle feed. He raised many head of cattle, sheep and hogs. At one time (1876) he had 200 head of horses and mules, and was known to pay up to \$800 for a jack. He worked all times toward improving the quality of his stock. Bill Hanley said, "Father was the best stockman and agriculturist in the country then--a sort of superman. He was one of the earliest to raise alfalfa, hay and seed."

**B**ill Hanley's earliest recollections are of times he accompanied his father on livestock drives and freight hauls. He tells of taking grain from the home farm to Fort Klamath: "We had big wagons, with high beds. The foreman always rode the high mule and drove with a single jerk line on the lead mule. It was an eight-mule team, their bells on a frame wrapped with bearskin. I can still hear the bells on the lead mules, see the old muleteer settle himself in his seat as the head mule began to weave back and forth, jingling the bells. At this familiar signal the other mules would stiffen themselves for action and the great, high-wheeled wagons would begin to roll. There would be four or five of these teams and the general supply


wagon, with the cook sitting up on the high wagon seat, driving his four-horse team. Father rode his favorite mule that pranced along with its head erect, a wonderful walker. My little horse had to wiggle along in a trot to keep up--mighty bouncy.

"After we had delivered the grain, I rode with Father for several days among his mules on his Klamath ranch. We separated out a bunch to take back to the valley.

"Another drive comes to mind, my first trip into California with a bunch of mules to sell. It was my job to lead the pack horse and bell mare, a necessary job and one that gave a little boy a feeling of importance. We went over the Siskiyou. It was so hot by the time we reached Redding that we traveled at night going up the Feather River. From Red Bluff it was as hot as an oven. We stopped near Chico and many buyers came. We were soon sold out.

"Then we rode on into San Francisco for a week's holiday...stayed at the old Russell House. San Francisco was a wonderful place to be. So much to see: the menagerie, the seals tumbling over each other at the Cliff House, Golden Gate Park, your fortune told for a quarter. Then the big Central Market where I went for oyster stew. They'd place in front of me a plate full of raw sliced cabbage, dip another plate into a big holder of shrimps and all that didn't fall off I got. Just sat there husking shrimps and mixing them with the cabbage, while the stew was being prepared.

"Then I found Woodward's Garden. I'd ride out and tie up my horse and pay twenty-five cents to get in. There were seals at the entrance, the Woodward house in the center with a beautiful flower garden around it and a menagerie in back. Seemed like he must have all the animals there were in the world with many monkeys thrown in for good measure. Fine place for a boy to spend his time. San Francisco was where Father first landed when he came West so I just adopted it as mine."

 One day, when Bill was nine, his father met him on his pony riding down the road which led away from the schoolhouse. It was still early in the forenoon, but he had his books under his arm.

Michael Hanley reined in his team. "Here, young fellow," he said, "what does this mean? Why aren't you in school?"

William halted his pony, stood up in his stirrups and nodded back in the general direction of the schoolhouse. "Paw," he said, "that's too slow a way to get it."

"All right, Bill," said his father. "Go on into the ranch and get to work."

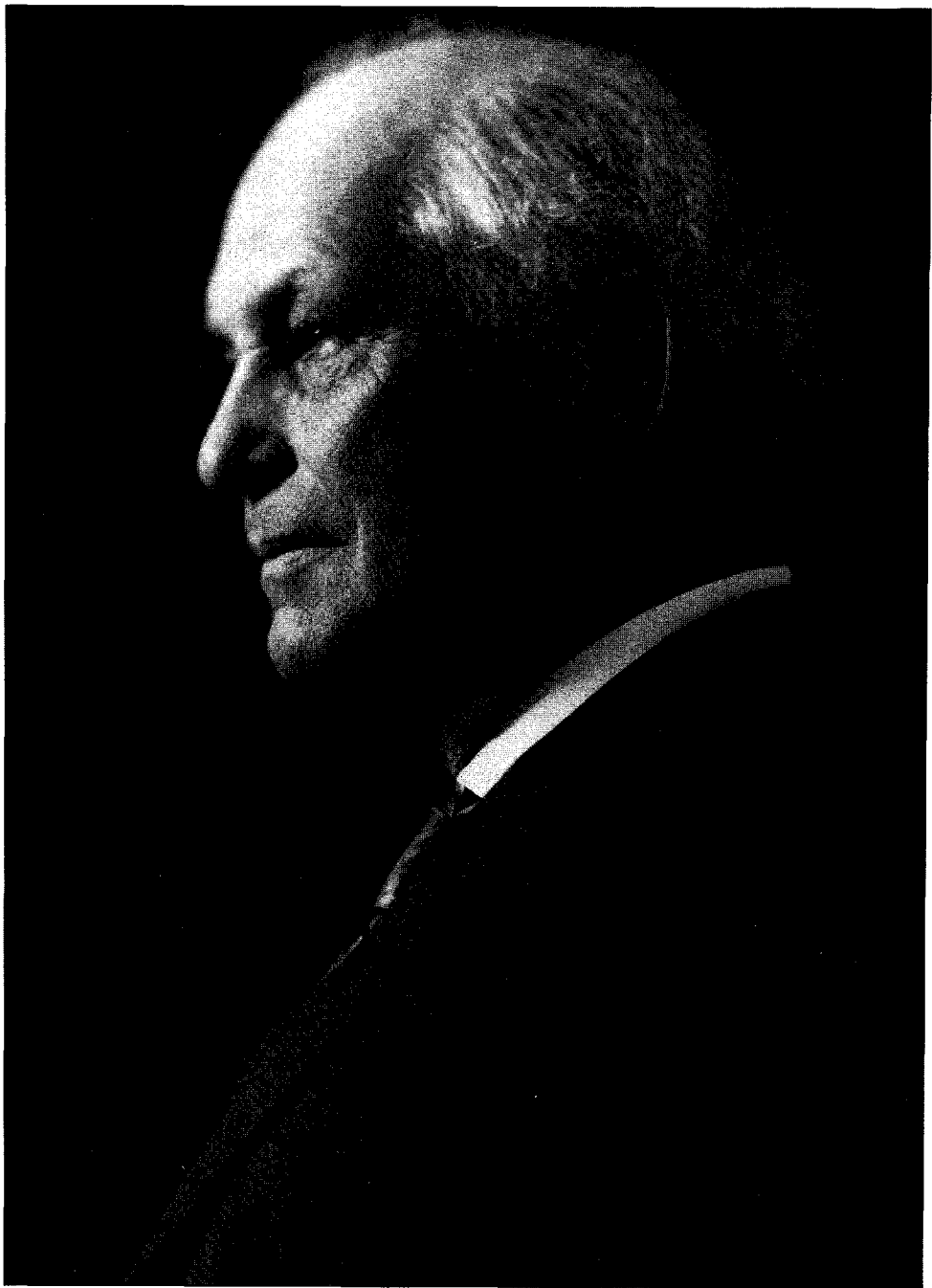
Bill never went back to school -- except much later to the University of Oregon and to high schools and colleges to appear as guest speaker at graduation exercises. On the day he left school, he took his place as a cowboy on his father's ranch.

Perhaps young Bill Hanley showed more aptitude for stock raising and ranching than did his brothers. The oldest, John, was not averse to attending school and Ed was a couple of years younger. Bill's love for animals and his ability to handle them must have been evident to his father, for the other children remained in school while Bill was educated on the ranges. From the first he did his share, side by side with the seasoned stockmen. He spent most of his growing-up time on the Butte Creek ranch.

These youthful experiences formed the foundation for his life. Here he learned to tame herds of wild cows and developed his remarkable ability to control "cow-brutes."

"Cattle were running wild up in the Siskiyou, and I mean they were wild! If you'd ride up on the ridge they'd run for the bottoms and lie down and hide under the brush just like a flock of prairie chickens. Just let one see you and he'd flash some kind of a secret, psychic something to every other brute in the herd, and in two seconds they'd be wise to you.

"The men that owned them were willing to sell them for almost nothing. In fact these cows had been sold a time or two; but the purchasers found that owning a wild cow and controlling one are two different things. Usually the buckaroos'd get one animal out of a herd --



*William Hanley, picture courtesy of Mary Hanley*

and they'd kill him doing it. Those brutes would fight for freedom and they'd break their fool necks trying to get away from a rope.

"I bought hundreds of these cattle, and I brought them in and that was the beginning of my herds. When we first rode up into their territory, they'd hide until we went away. But we kept riding up there regular, until they got used to seeing us around. Even then they didn't let us get familiar with them. If we moved very close, they moved on. We followed them, and whenever they decided to stop for the night, that was good enough for us.

"Now everything in the world that

breathes wants something. If you can find that thing, even with men, no matter how they dislike you, they'll deal with you.

"My next move with these cattle was to give them the thing that they wanted more than anything else, and that was salt. In a green country like that salt was scarce. I don't suppose those cows had tasted any quantity of salt until I gave them some.

"The first steer that took a lick of the salt had the most surprised expression on his face--like a country kid tasting ice cream for the first time. He began to send out his psychic vibrations and they flashed through the whole herd. In a few minutes there was a jam at the bargain counter.

"We strung 'em along like that, dropping a little salt here and there and letting them see us doing it. After a few days, those cows held some kind of a secret caucus and decided we must be all right. From then on they'd let us drive them up and down the canyon--but not out, you bet your life! Not right then, anyway.

"It was three or four weeks more before they'd agree to anything like that. But one day we got 'em out.

"It was kind of strange to them; they kind of hung around close to us--there were about two hundred in all the first time, I guess. Whenever we'd meet up with a stranger, they'd hike for the brush and hide, and leave us out in the open alone. Then after the stranger was gone, they'd come ambling back."\*

**W**hen Bill Hanley was twelve years old, his father made him foreman of the Butte Creek ranch. The boy was slight and short of stature and probably appeared even younger than the tender age of twelve yet the men accepted him as their superior--at least on the surface. Of course he was the son of the big boss and that made the difference. His first and only experience with guns occurred just after he had been made

\*Bill Hanley's patience with these liberty-loving cattle and his affection for them make an appealing and picturesque story. But considering the actual purpose he had in mind in becoming their friend, they'd have far better ignored the salt and, "like a flock of prairie chickens," have remained hidden under the brush. Their psychic vibrations obviously didn't flash out the order to beware of Greeks bearing gifts.

foreman.

A cowpuncher, much older than Bill and with years of experience seemed to be the only member of the hired hands who resented the fact that so much authority had been given Bill. He taunted the boy constantly and one night at a dance, after he had had considerably more than a friendly swig from the neck of the bottle, he announced that he was going to 'slap the stuffin'' out of young Hanley.

He stormed out of the dance hall, intent on making good his promise and suddenly found himself staring straight into the barrel of Bill's gun. The cowpoke made an immediate change in plans, turned and ran for the timber as Bill took out after him.

"I chased him out of sight and he never did come back," recalled Bill. "But after he was gone I looked at that gun, and then I looked at myself inside and when I realized I had something awful in my heart, I threw that gun away into a pile of brush and I've never carried one since. No, it's only the man who is scared to death who has to carry his brains in his hip pocket."

**W**hen he was seventeen his father provided him with two hundred head of cattle and started him off to find a range of his own. The elder Hanley was early impressed with the fact that eastern Oregon was a cattleman's paradise. The ranges were unoccupied but they could support large herds of livestock. Tall grass covered much of the plains and great springs bubbled perpetually, furnishing an abundance of pure cold water. John Hanley, the oldest son, had already gone into Harney County the year before and acquired a ranch. This was the open range Bill Hanley sought. He found eight or ten other young men--most of them at the difficult age between boyhood and maturity--and they combined their efforts to take the drove of cattle across the Cascades to the ranges as yet unclaimed. His mother's parting advice was, "Wash your clothes, Willie. Keep clean."

His father accompanied them to the top of the mountain where they turned down towards Klamath. There he bid them good bye. "Go till you find a big country," he said, "for you will never get any bigger than the country you are in."



Bill Hanley frequently repeated this quotation made by his father as evidence of his great wisdom. Under analysis, though, the statement fails to register much of an impact or give any great depth of perception. A warm embrace, a pat on the back and "Good luck, Son, we'll miss you," might have been less profound but it would have sent the young man on his way with a warm feeling of affection.

After crossing the mountains into the juniper and sagebrush, they found themselves in a new country, big and open, where only Indians and coyotes ranged. There were immense valleys where the grass was so high a horse could get lost in it--acres of rich, untouched pasturage where cattle could fatten and multiply.

Near Lakeview, the biggest place on the trip, they turned the cattle loose and went into town. It was a rowdy, frontier settlement, full of cattlemen, ready for any excitement, and the boys had a night on the town. When they returned to camp the next day they found their cattle scattered over the entire valley. When the herd was rounded up and counted, the men discovered about thirty head missing. Bill was elected to bring them in.

After several days he found them all except one or two and set out to rejoin his outfit. He lived continuously on his horse only getting off to sleep when the cattle lay down and getting back again when they got up and were ready to go on.

"When I finally got off the desert at Buzzard's Canyon, I had the feeling that everything in the world had died but me and those cattle. At last I came to the OO springs where there had once been a ranch. The Piutes had burned down the buildings but water ran out from under the mountains, clear and warm. I woke in time to see the sun come straight up out of the desert--the most wonderful sight...no mountains to the east, nothing to cut it off. I said then, 'I'll have this for mine some day.'"

At last he drove the herd of strays into the Harney Valley, the big valley of the Oregon plains country that the Indians had fought so desperately to keep. He said, "I was afire with feeling for its bigness."

After several more days, he overtook his own outfit on Prater Creek at a

place where the Silvies River forks to make a long island with lots of grass and water. This land later became the Bell A ranch.

"Nobody had any title to any land then," Bill Hanley wrote. "You just stopped where nobody else was, if it suited your purpose. It took all the country had to help you get your start."

They cut a couple of tons of native hay, and put up corrals to protect their winter feed. Living in the open, they rolled out their blankets and slept on the ground. For three years the men didn't see a bed. When it snowed they made willow shelters. Wild life was abundant. Game birds of all kinds swarmed in the marshes and many mornings they rounded up their stock to find more antelopes than cows in the herd.

Once Bill set out to the south on a lone exploring trip. He took no supplies because he expected to find camps on the way. Instead he found the route deserted. On the first night he hobbled his horse and packed his saddle up the mountain to a spot under the rim rock. It was cold so he started a little fire, rolled up beside it with his saddle for a pillow and his blanket for covering and went to sleep.

"I hadn't had anything to eat for forty-eight hours," he remembers. "The first thing I heard when I woke up about sunrise was the howl of a coyote. After this signal another one howled off some where else, then they commenced to howl on all the hills--and I was so hungry I sat up and commenced to howl too, right along with them. It's a pretty big world to wake up in all alone and not know where any breakfast is coming from." \*

On the third day without food he rode into a little ranch where he was given a handout. An old rancher, Doc Anderson, lived there alone and he was overjoyed to see another human being. There were few travelers in that country and Ander-

\*Bill was fond of coyotes. At another time he said, "Once when I'd bought so many cattle and wasn't selling any, and had more coming, with no money or credit to take care of the load, right in the midst of my worry, a fellow comes along with a yearling coyote he'd raised as a pet. I bought it; paid \$10 for him. After that when I was over-worried I'd just sit down with him and begin to scratch him under the chin a little, and commence to howl, and he'd sit up and howl, too. You can howl with a coyote when you can't howl by yourself. We'd just sit and tell the heavens how cruel the earth was to us."

son was starving for company. He wanted young Bill to stay and live with him -- he had always wanted a boy and he could "adopt" him -- but after a couple of days Bill went back to his outfit. The friendship between the two continued for many years, however, and Bill always made Doc Anderson's place a stopover on his trips to and from the Rogue Valley.

One of the older men in the group had a wife and a ranch on the Rogue River, and he wanted to go home. Bill Hanley decided to join him and the two of them returned to southern Oregon. But after the big plains, the Rogue River country looked small to him. He soon began planning to return in the spring. His parents didn't discourage him. Part of the cattle driving business of those days was to gather up all the loose boys and take them out of the country. Every boy wanted to go on a drive -- it was going into a new world--so he soon had his crew together.

He bought a mower and rake, making a total investment of \$1,250 with Michael Hanley advancing credit. The second drive into Harney was difficult. Crossing the Green Springs the heavy equipment mired down several times a day, but eventually the crew reached Harney.

With his mower and rake -- the first in all of Central Oregon -- he was in big business. Some of the boys who had come on the drive stayed with him, the others scattered and several returned home. Bill Hanley cut hay for most of the settlers in the country.

**E**ventually Michael Hanley sent word that he had bought a herd of cattle and wanted Bill to come home and take his stock across the mountains to the plains so Bill went back to southern Oregon. He found between seven and eight hundred head of cattle.

By the time of his third trip as a drover he had become something of an expert in the science of handling cattle. He'd let them travel at their leisure, heads down, grazing as they walked. He would plan it so they got to water about noon and when daylight was fading, they reached bedding ground. They had to learn discipline: night time was for sleep. He said, "I learned we must all just be cattle together and not some of us lord it over the others." The amateur

drover "whoops it up in the daytime and gets his cattle where he wants them to be that night. The result is they'd be mad, excited, all tension. But let them go about ten miles a day and you'll arrive with fat, satisfied cattle." Moving at this unhurried pace, Bill and his boys at last reached his spread -- the Bell A -- in the Harney Valley and the new cattle became part of his herd.

Bill Hanley, who loved to talk and philosophize, was unlike many other cattle men who had the habit of silence, their thoughts so deep they didn't like to be disturbed. He told the story of "Arnold, the slowest talking man in the country. Leaving the corral one morning he remarked after he and another vaquero had got on their horses: 'I'm going to buy me a new saddle.' A saddle is always the main thing on a vaquero's mind.

"No answer. When they got to Wagontire -- thirty miles later -- and were ready to get off their horses, he says: 'And it's going to be a damned good one, too.'"

**D**uring the winter Bill headquartered on Poison Creek with the Carltons, Dolph and Mead. Eventually, in the spring, the Carltons, who wanted to return to their Rogue River ranch, encouraged Bill to buy their spread, including their cattle and the squatter's right to their Poison Creek ranch.

"But I had no idea of buying him out," Bill said, "for I had no money. He soon enlightened me. Said he would take my paper. And in no time he was bought out." With this purchase Bill truly adopted the county; he was a full-fledged citizen now of the great rolling plains.

He continued to add to his herd. "The Harney Valley is the natural home of the cow herd," he said. "High mountain country makes the best beef but it's not so good for big calf drops. Old mountain cows get interested in the scenery and don't have so many calves. . . . When a cow is too much taken up with other things, such as admiration for the country, she forgets to raise a family."

In 1882 cattlebarons John Devine and Peter French, who wanted control of the ranges, offered to buy Bill out.

"Just to show you how men loved horses in those days, I'm going to tell you how the deal for part of my herd was finally made," Bill said.

"There was about two thousand dollars





*Bill Hanley at the OO Ranch*

between us on the deal. We were sittin' on our haunches there trying to get together but not having too much luck.

"I had a black pony with white legs, a pretty animal, but he had a most uncomfortable gait for a riding horse. He was grazing around us with his saddle on, and we weren't paying much attention to him.

"Well, there was a fence that had been built right along there, and at one place was a kind of hurdle like thing six or seven feet high. While we were talking, my horse walked over to that hurdle thing and jumped over it, as pretty as you please. I don't know what possessed him to do it, but over he went. Probably what made him jump the bars was just lonesomeness, wanting something to do. He never did it before, maybe never did it afterwards. It was just like he was putting on a little performance for our benefit.

"Anyway Devine jumps up excitedly and demands in a big voice, 'Whose horse is that?'

'Mine,' I says.

'Boy,' he exclaims, 'throw him in and the deal is made!'

. . . the best trade I ever made on a horse."

**T**he sale of the Poison Creek ranch completed, once more Bill Hanley returned to the Rogue River Valley. When he had settled up his debts, including what he owed his father, he had \$7,000 left. He was only twenty and felt pleasantly rich. "I was a much respected guest at all the little parties, but I was not interested in girls. A fellow who expects to keep on riding the range doesn't get serious."

With his brother Ed he got together another drive to take over the mountains, but his father's health broke and Ed went on ahead with the drive. Bill stayed and looked after things at home.

He planted extensive fields of alfalfa and began to restock the ranches until he had about a thousand head. His main mountain ranges were at Squaw Lake and Big Applegate.

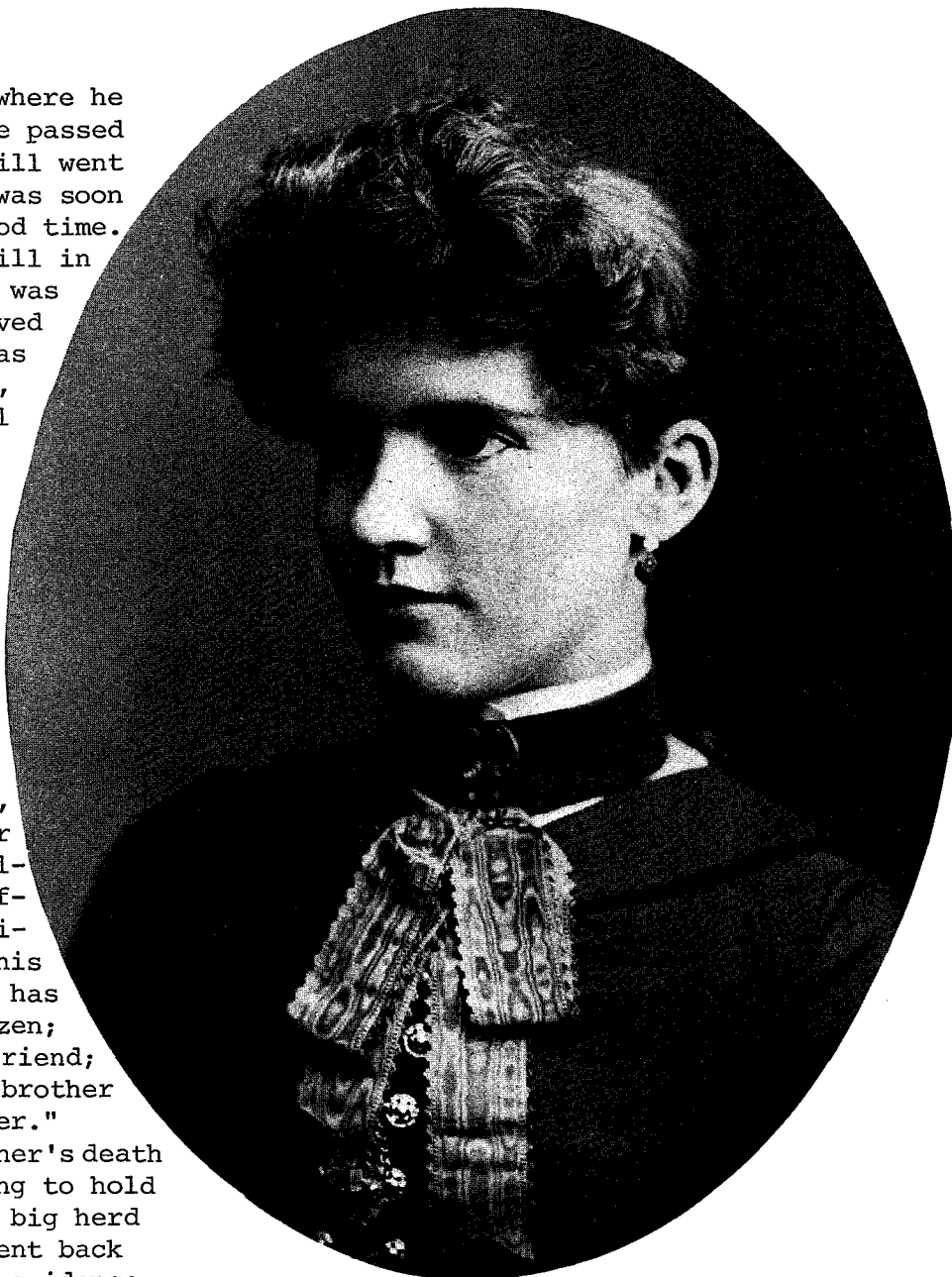
Although he felt he was "just visiting"

from the great Harney valley where he had made his first stake, time passed and it was ten years before Bill went back to Harney. His \$7,000 was soon "blowed"---most of it for a good time.

Michael Hanley first became ill in 1881. The doctor's diagnosis was brain fever. Although he lived for eight years longer, he was unable to manage his affairs, and required constant care. Bill and the other members of the family attended him faithfully. In less than two years his wife, Martha, died. He was unable to comprehend her death and thought she was still beside him. His obituarist wrote, "All too soon the dread hand of disease was laid upon him. In less than two years after Mr. Hanley's attack, Mrs. Hanley, who was never robust, sickened and heart-broken by her husband's illness, developed pulmonary disease...and died, an affliction that Mr. Hanley, mercifully, never realized. [With his death in 1889] this community has lost an honorable, upright citizen; pioneers, a tried and faithful friend; Masons, a worthy and acceptable brother and his family, a devoted father."

Bill Hanley said, "After Father's death there didn't seem to be anything to hold me any more, so I rounded up a big herd of cattle, found drivers and went back to Harney. The country showed evidence of change. The Malheur reservation had been thrown open and a settlers' rush was on for the free land. "They came from everywhere in covered wagons and this brought a big push to get titles. It was the last West and people were flocking to it."

The town of Burns -- later to be the county seat -- had started up on one of Bill Hanley's first hay-cutting locations a few miles from the Bell A ranch. Cattlemen had begun to fence their holdings and barb wire was strung around the countryside. Sheepmen feuded with cattlemen and a state of tension existed. In a fight over land titles, Peter French, one of the largest landholders, was shot in cold blood. At the peak of the trouble, a hard winter came on and between eighty and ninety percent of all the stock in the country was killed.



*Clara Cameron Hanley*

This stopped the feuding. When winter broke up, almost everyone was back where he had been when he arrived in the country. Not many had stock enough to pay their debts. Many left but those who stayed realized the necessity of providing feed for the cattle in harsh winters if they were to continue as cattlemen.

The old time stockmen went to work to build up their herds. With mild winters and good feed conditions, it wasn't long until there were plenty of fat cattle and steers in the country. But now there was no market, no way to get money. Some means had to be invented to move the cattle.

Bill Hanley had known Clara Cameron

in earlier times when she was a little girl. She was born on the Applegate in 1868 and they had been neighbors. Short in stature and slight, she was nonetheless enthusiastic about horses and cattle and outdoor living.

On a return trip to the Hanley farm Bill Hanley proposed. They were married on July 6, 1892. For their wedding trip they drove a buggy over the plains country to visit Ed Hanley on his ranch in Harney valley. A short time later they returned to the Rogue River valley for cattle and drove them back in the spring of 1893. Clara drove the buggy while Bill rode herd.

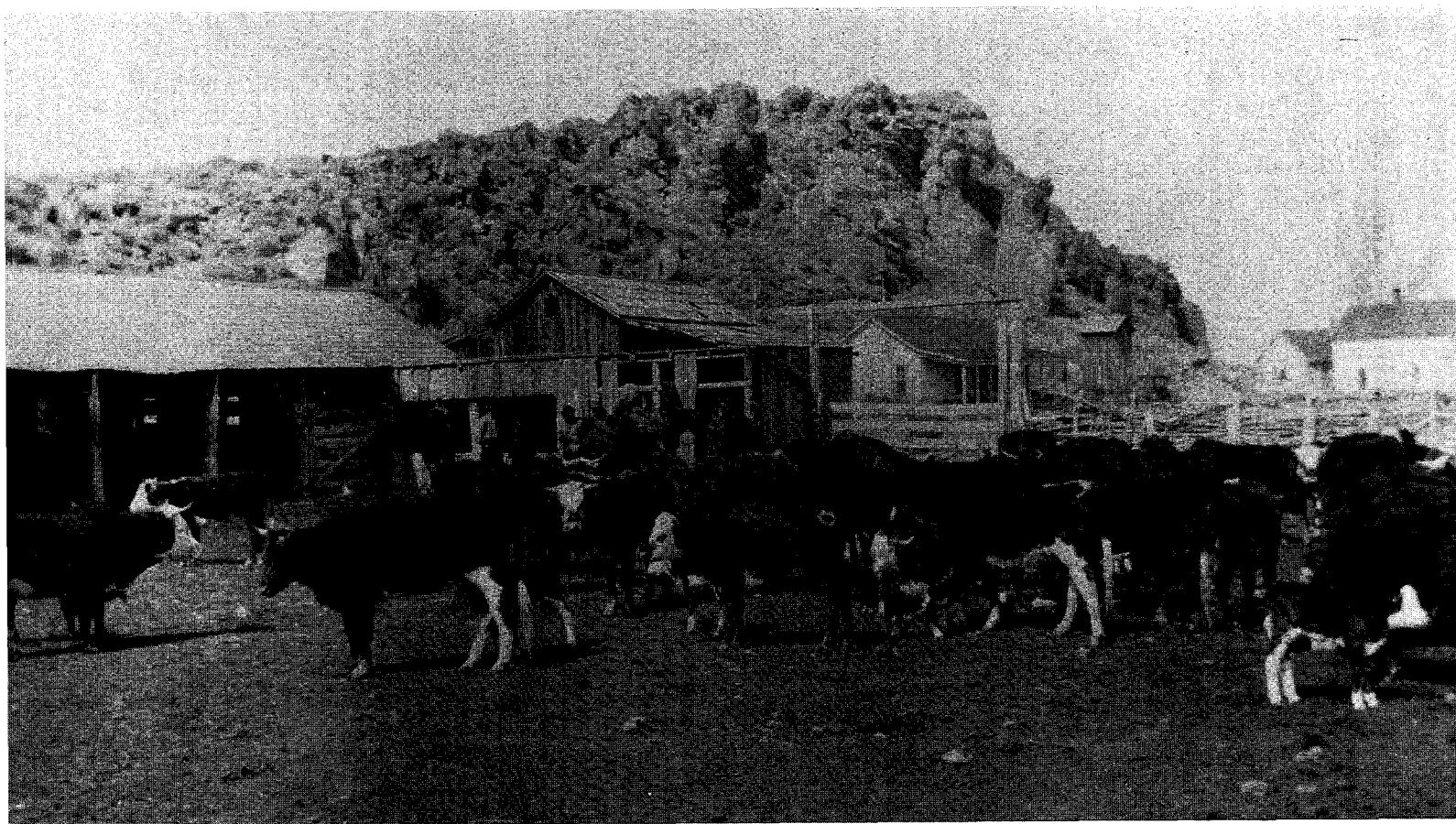
Where the home at the Bell A ranch now stands there was originally a four-room house. Here they settled in. Buying herds had been costly and their plan was to stay on the Bell A for five years and pull out of debt. But they continued to add to their holdings, acquiring small pieces of state and county lands and some homesteads. They called their original ranch the LY -- the brand Bill had brought from Jacksonville -- but later the Bell A was applied. In 1901 Ed Hanley bought their

cattle and went to Alaska to find a rich market among the miners.

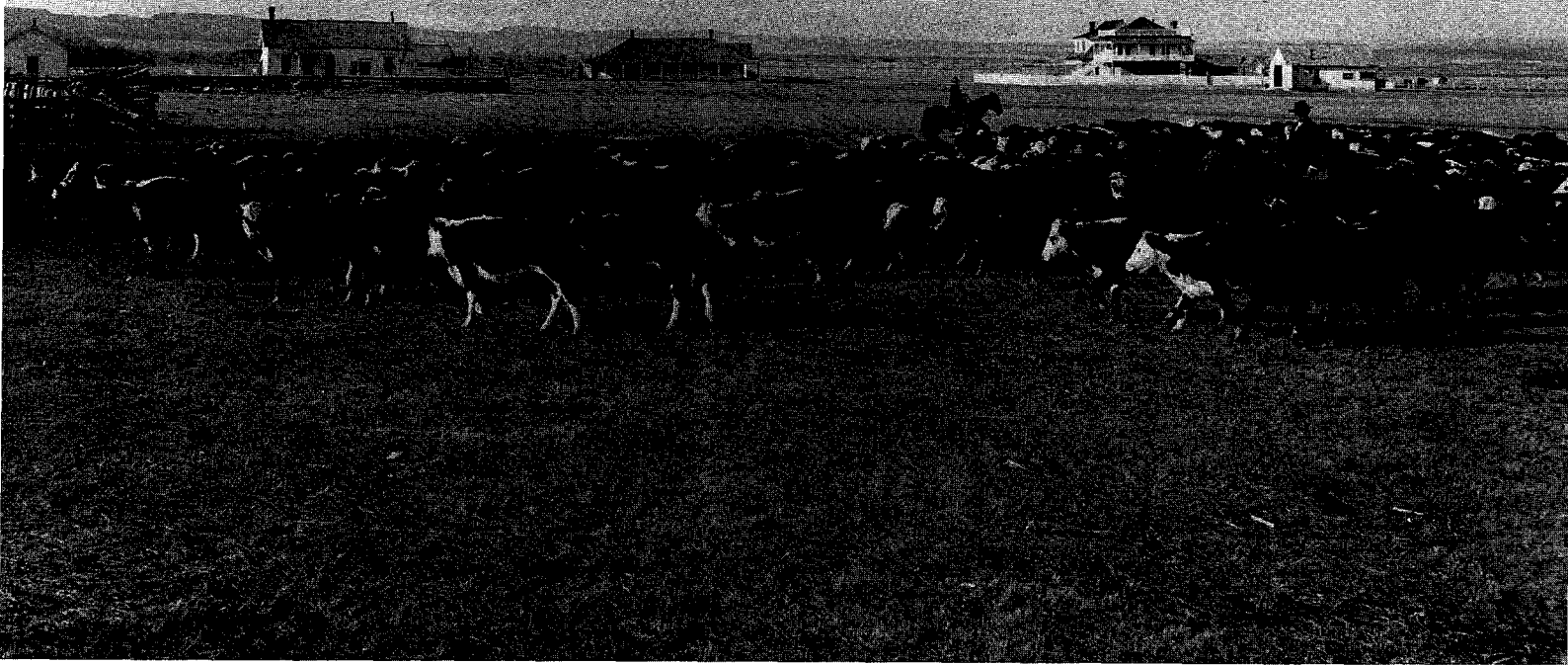
Bill's first big transaction was to buy outright the cattle and land of the OO ranch from owners Riley and Hardin, paying six dollars an acre for about 16,000 acres. Now the young Hanleys had his and her ranches: hers was the Bell A; he claimed the OO. They ran 5000 head of stock on both ranches and made their long drives together. Some time after Peter French's death, Bill Hanley was named manager of the P Ranch, which had had no administrator for several years.

And there was no way to move cattle from the interior to the market. Nothing could be sold that could not walk at least three-hundred miles out of the country. Driving the cattle all the way to market was impractical. The cattle arrived thin and tired and the rancher was lucky to realize fifty cents a head. The railroad to the Pacific coast was at last completed and there were freight depots at Ontario and Huntington. The cattle had to be shipped from one of these two points.

Bill Hanley made a \$10,000 loan with the United States National Bank in Port-



*Cattle at the OO ranch; rimrock in the background*



*William Hanley in foreground; background ( L- R) Cookhouse, Office, House*

land. He knew this sum wouldn't pay for all the cattle in the country, but he was a friend of practically everyone and the stockmen trusted him. The cattle had to be driven from Prineville, Silver Lake, Lakeview, John Day and all the inside country to the freight stations on the railroad and then be shipped East. He planned to gather cattle from everybody's ranch and ship them to cornfields in Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri and Iowa to be fattened up for the city markets.

The railroad officials gave him low rates but many cattlemen had to take thirty or sixty day due bills for payment. Bill Hanley bought thousands of cattle and had drives going constantly to the shipping points. On striking the corn country he began selling them until he ran out of livestock in Omaha or Kansas City, and then he rushed back and rounded up more. Sometimes it took two or three trains to haul one drive.

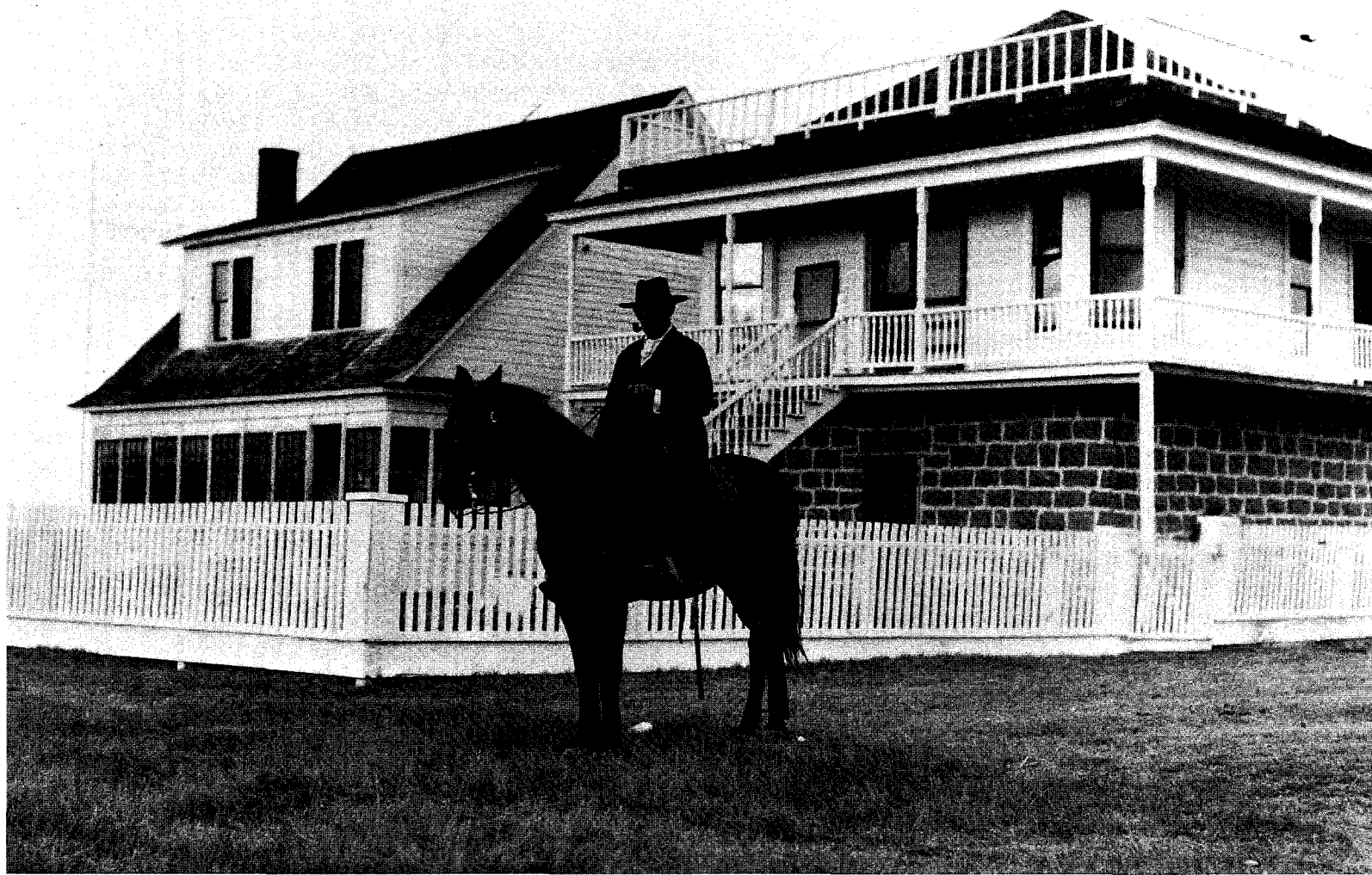
Bill and Clara had put off building a larger home on the Bell A. While he was absent on a selling trip to Omaha in 1911, Clara got busy. Carpenters came

to the ranch and when Bill returned after a month's absence, the framework was up for a large two story house.

Clara was always busy with the crews or with guests and she had many of both. She had twelve rooms for guests and they were often filled. Her steak dinners were famous. When she wasn't entertaining, she was in her buggy on drives to Ontario. She made at least four a year.

**F**or a long time -- even as early as 1879 when Henry Villard organized the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company -- there had been talk of an inner railroad, and when the outside lines circling Oregon were finished, surveyors appeared in the interior, but they decided nothing and no action was taken. They spent thousands of dollars on surveys, but the cattle country remained the largest tract of land in the United States without a railroad. Railroad companies didn't build into a country without public sentiment behind the move, and there was only a handful of people in the Harney county. Most of the





*Bill Hanley at the Bell A*

citizens in the other parts of the state seemed indifferent.

E.H. Harriman, the railroad builder had secured a right of way through the mountain gorges and passes, had begun a survey and started a flurry of excitement -- then dropped the whole matter. The gist of his answer to the petitioners for a railroad was: "You're bottled up and you'll stay bottled till we get good and ready to open you up." Harriman was concerned with rebuilding and reconstructing the Union and Southern Pacific lines on a heavier scale with larger freight trains and bigger rails and engines, and he built into a new territory only when he was forced to do so by competition.

Bill Hanley determined to provide this competition. He would encourage the state to be the competitor. The state could issue bonds and build its own railroads. The drawback: it called for a change in the constitution. A friend presented the situation to the senate. At the same time Bill Hanley, at the suggestion of J.J. Hill, the

other railroad builder, competitor of Harriman, quietly began the process of securing a right of way. Harriman's option had run out, and soon Bill Hanley had lands which crossed and recrossed Harrison's line, eliminating his right of way. J.J. Hill who had witnessed the entire procedure sent for Bill Hanley to come and see him. Surprisingly Hill told him he would build his railroad for him. That ended the long, involved debate in the senate. The state bond measure was never voted upon.

In a short time construction was begun. Harriman, stirred to action by the competition, began a parallel line. From having no railroads coming into the country, the cattlemen now had two. The race down the Deschutes Canyon--the Hills building on one side of the narrow gorge, the Harrimans on the other--became the most famous contest in railroad history.

J.J. Hill requested Bill Hanley to take his son, Louis, then president of the Great Northern, and some other officials on a trip through central Oregon.

He was eager for his son to see the plains, the open ranges and the vast cattle country through the eyes of one who loved the area and could reveal the true beauty of central Oregon.

The party started out from the Dalles, four automobile loads, to cover the interior of Oregon. It had never been done by automobile before and they had only wagon roads to go over. The news that a railroad president was on his way spread all over the country and "every citizen of every little cattle town was jubilantly waiting." They couldn't do enough to show their appreciation.

At Prineville the settlers for miles around had assembled and the town was draped in bunting. The visitors were given a banquet "with speeches and joy and enthusiasm past words." Louis Hill entered into everything with the zest of a schoolboy. Everybody liked him.

The route continued on to Bend, Crooked River, Paulina, Buck Mountain, Silver Creek and Burns (which they reached by following an old cattle trail). At each stop every man would jump out and get under his car -- Louis Hill included -- seeing to repairs. There were no mechanics in the country then and the automobiles were all more or less damaged pulling over the rutty wagon roads.

Bill Hanley took them to the Bell A ranch for steak dinner and a rest. Dr. Marsden, Charlie Leonard, a lawyer, and Editor Julian Bird from Burns were delegated to welcome them. After a rest at the P ranch, they continued on to Lakeview where they were given another banquet, then on around Goose Creek, the Chewaucan Valley, Silver Lake, Fort Rock and Crescent. A stop at Pelican Bay led them into Klamath Falls. From there the itinerary brought them to Medford and Jacksonville, where they visited Peter Britt's photographic gallery. They all stayed at the Hanley ranch and Bill Hanley showed them his boyhood trails.

From here the caravan went up the old highway through Roseburg and Eugene and eventually terminated in Portland. The trip was the first all-around-the-state automobile excursion ever made.

When the Deschutes road was finished as far as Bend there was a great cele-

bration. J.J. Hill slipped the gold spike into Bill Hanley's pocket. "It belongs to you," he said. "I was building a road to come and see you."

Hill told Marshall N. Dana, an editorial writer, "I've spent \$80,000,000 getting to Oregon. I don't expect to have a cent of it returned during my lifetime, but I'll never regret it."

**I**n 1916 J.J. Hill died and the Harrimans bought out the Hill road, and development stopped again. But the most expensive piece of construction was finished and there now remained only the task of laying lines across the great open area to the east. These lines were eventually laid from the south to the east bringing the great central Oregon basin into connection with Boise, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Chicago and San Francisco.

Anne Shannon Monroe, who wrote Bill Hanley's biography, said:

Children born in the basin became men and women and saw their own children playing about their doorways before the first signs of transportation relief reached them. And in all this time, night and day, traveling east and west, consulting with Wall Street capitalists and with remote ranchers, William Hanley worked steadily for the unlocking of his country for its development and settlement.

**O**n the P ranch there were about eighty thousand acres of swamp land that needed only drainage to be made into rich producing farms. With more and more people coming into the country and with dry-land farming doomed to failure, Bill Hanley decided to build a canal and undertake the drainage of that wide area.

Acquiring a dredger he hired a crew to run it. But the operation required wood fuel, and four or five cords were used each day. Bill Hanley contracted the homesteaders to supply him with scrub juniper. Several miles of canal were completed when a United States marshal appeared with an indictment against him for cutting juniper trees on the government's forest reserve. The operation ceased. Public sentiment was with Hanley. Oregon newspaper editors defended his actions, but his lawyer advised him to plead guilty.

He went to Washington and met with the Secretary of the Interior and the general land office. He was told that the commissioner would recommend a settlement





*Bill Hanley is shown making a speech at the laying of the cornerstone of the Deschutes Railway in Bend. J. J. Hill sits behind him and Louis Hill is on the right.*

of the indictment for \$5,000. "Now of course it could have been \$25,000, but we have agreed to \$5,000," said a senator. "You'd better accept it because it will cost you more to fight it."

Bill Hanley said, "And if I don't settle. What then?"

"You will be tried. We have the evidence."

"And if I'm convicted?"

"You'll be fined and given a jail sentence."

Bill Hanley thought it sounded like blackmail. They were willing to white-wash his crime if he'd pay for it.

"Well, I'd rather be tried," he said.

He returned to Oregon with the realization that the canal must be dug. Too many men were out of work and too much land that could be irrigated was lying dry and idle. He paid for the wood and the next spring he began again on the canal. "I never knew what became of the indictment," he said years later. "If age hasn't wore it out, I'm still due for trial."

**A**t this time Bill Hanley was described as presenting a picturesque appearance, "that of the ideal plainsman, with his large frame, rugged and bronzed, with twinkling blue Irish eyes, iron grey, bushy curly hair, and a kindly, friendly expression that draws all people towards him." He bore a striking resemblance to William Jennings Bryan, the oft-times presidential candidate.

One time when Bryan was due in Portland for a campaign speech, a committee of the city's leading citizens was appointed to meet him at the Union Station.

By coincidence Bill Hanley was aboard the same train and he alighted several minutes before Bryan. He was greeted enthusiastically by the committee, ushered to a waiting carriage and taken in grand style to the Imperial Hotel.

Smiling broadly as he stepped down, he turned to his gracious, but mistaken, hosts and said:

"And now, gentlemen, perhaps it would be well for you to return to the depot

for Mr. Bryan, your guest of honor. I am only Bill Hanley of Burns."

In later life he entered politics. He was several times a candidate for governor and once a candidate for senator -- all unsuccessfully. As a member of Oregon's Highway Commission under Governor Julius Meier, he acted as leader in the construction of the Central Oregon and the Three Flags highways.

He traveled widely visiting stockmen and markets in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Omaha, and Chicago. Frequently he visited New York City and Washington, D.C., "just to look the government over."

He was a friend and companion to such men as Jim Hill, the empire builder, Louis Hill, his son, Edwin Markham, the poet, J. Alden Weir, the painter, Will Rogers, the homespun philosopher and many, many others. Woodrow Wilson met him as did William Howard Taft and J. Pierpont Morgan. But for none of these people did he change his frontier habits or "dress up" his clothes, his speech or his manner.

He traveled through Europe. His companion, a newspaper man from Los Angeles, told of how Bill Hanley would go into a foreign city where he didn't know a soul -- and would soon be dining with some of its representative citizens. They would ply him with questions about America, and "his answers had them roaring with laughter."

He took a great deal of pleasure in birds that nested on his ranches. He put out tons of grain each winter for them and did all he could to keep hunters away. He philosophized:

Get a look at a little bird. Everything on him is in perfect proportion for his kind of life. Women like to wear feathers because they are wearing something that nature has perfected... Nature working out a young bird is just the crudest thing. At first he's all mouth, then the other part grows so fast that when he's feathered out and complete he's bigger than his mother and father, all blubber baby fat. The whole theory of nature is to stuff it. Then, when the right time comes, the parents sit on the limbs of a tree and teach the young one the language. Forming of muscles comes later when then start to fly. The more they fly, the harder the bones and muscles become, and they get down smaller. After that they all go along in the world together, all just birds, the papa and mamma no older than the babies...all so sweet...Here Nature went to so much trouble to put this little bird on the earth, to help him, help make his character nice, and the hunter doesn't see that. The bird is just as important

to life as he is. There's nothing sporty about killing a bird. You've got your brain and your gun and your bullets against no preparation on his part. The sporty thing is to love them and live with them.

**H**e was by far the most noted of Harney County's citizens. Whenever people wanted someone to intercede for them with the legislature or with the bank they sent for Bill. One Irish sheepman said, "Mahn, his pasture is the Chamber of Commerce in Portland." His men always liked him and a man willing to work stayed with him for years. One of his cowboys told this story:

His wife Clara went to visit her folks and all his men went to Burns to celebrate Christmas. No one was left but the Chinese cook and Bill. The cook had roasted a big turkey and fixed up a fine dinner. So Bill went out to the road and no one came along but an old Warm Springs Indian. So Bill had him put up his horse and come in. After a big dinner, Bill and the Indian went into the front room. Bill sat down in a rocking chair absorbed in thought. The Indian sat on the floor, his back against the wall. Nobody spoke for a long time. Finally the Indian said, in his deep voice, "Bill Hanley, you heap good man. By and by Great Spirit come and take you to heaven." He waited ten minutes as both were silent, and added, "Maybe."

In 1935 the last day of the Pendleton Round Up was officially declared "Hanley Day," a tribute to Bill Hanley as the outstanding representative of the long ago frontier days. He was 74 and had been ill for some time, but insisted on attending and he and Clara Hanley sat in Dr. McNary's box. His eyes sparkled and he was in his glory, but Dr. McNary noticed the pallor that swept across his face whenever he was helped to his feet to acknowledge the plaudits of the huge crowd. Despite Bill Hanley's protests the doctor ordered a car driven to the grandstand and he was bundled into it. The crowd roared in a tumultuous tribute and the 25,000 spectators stood as he left the arena. He died that night.

Clara Hanley remained on the Bell A and for many years took active responsibility for its management. In 1942 she sold most of the OO ranch to the

government for expansion of the Wildlife Refuge. Eventually, however, because of failing health, she was forced to give up

as sole operator. She died in March 1954 at the age of eighty-five.

*Raymond Lewis*



## **Wit and Wisdom of Bill Hanley**

Went out to Section Five on the Bell A where the rails are laid. Had to get off my horse and go stand on the rails all alone. Seemed like a mighty lonesome meeting--all my feelings was of the past. Had worked so much at different times to bring in the steel rails. And here they were. They had followed the old trail we drove cattle over so many times through so many years. Wondered whether I really wanted it after all for it made me feel my job was done.

Anybody can raise cattle and load them into cars. I thought of the big outfits, the saddle horses, the herds--how they'd had to move hundreds of miles, living off the country as they went, the many camps, and the many years necessary to learn skill in handling them. No human would ever be raised again who would know how to do it. No reason ever again why he should. The rails had taken out the romance and fascination of the life of a cattleman. My time was done. The end of the tangle comes closer.

Been laid up with a boil on my nose. Every place a boil is, they say, is the worst, but when the vote is taken in the contest for first place, I am going to vote for the nose, and know it should win. Next day: My nose well enough to take down into the lobby. Face feels like the breakup of spring after a hard winter.

Old Piutes live in cabins or tepees in the hills, round about, all wore down to just remnants of a race whose glory is gone. Every once in awhile some digni-

fied old fellow will draw his blanket tight around him and walk down the middle of the street, refusing to turn out for teams or cars -- demonstrating his right of way. We generally turn out for him, let him have it. He ain't got much.

Met Tom Stevens on the street looking glum.

"Come on, Tom," I says, let's go into the old bar and put our feet on the rail and have a drink. For old time's sake."

Old Tom looked at me pretty disgusted -- he hasn't got much use for this prohibition business; but he came, not smiling any, and we went in. I ordered a glass of buttermilk. "What will you have, Tom?"

"Aw, the same."

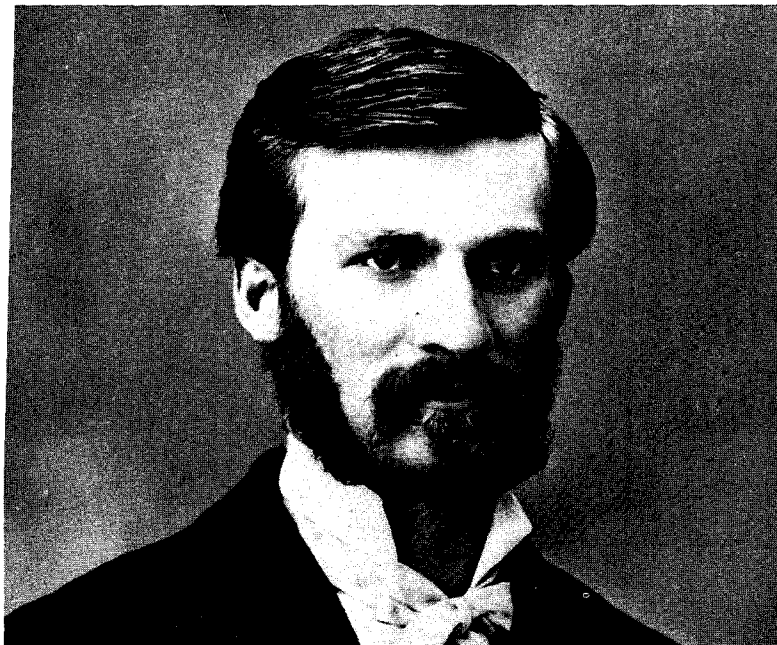
I raised my glass and old Tom raised his. "Fill 'em up again," I says. We're having a good time. Fill 'em up again."

But Tom drew back, shaking his head.

"You watch out, Billy," he says, all gloom. "No tellin' what reformer is listening round. If they find out you like it, they'll make a law you can't have it."

An awful lot of people fall just before the daylight of their dreams. Many fall the evening before. Trouble with undertaking a big thing -- got to check out about the time you get everything going. Well, each life is only a little spot in time. And there is no death. Nothing can be lost -- it only changes.

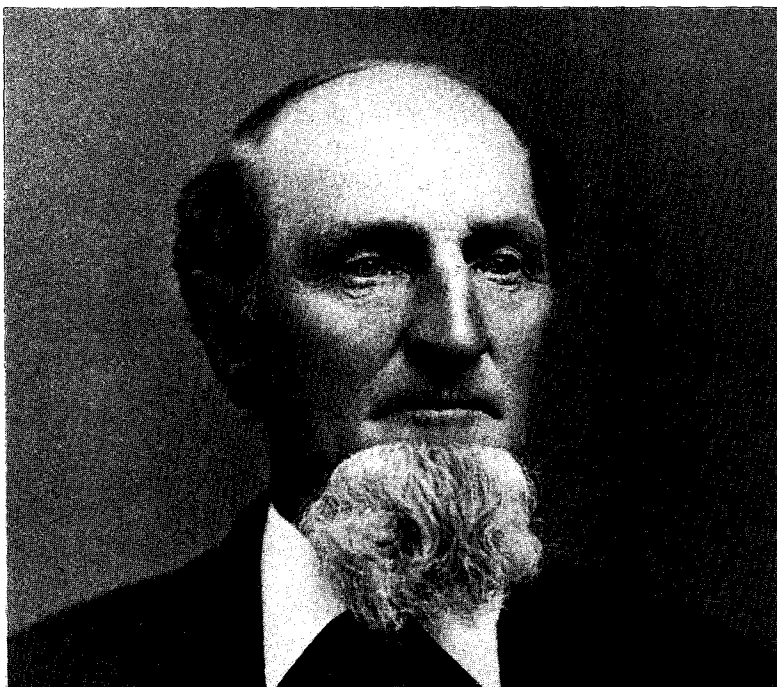
Will I return? people ask. It's what's in you that returns. Seems like I hear someone calling: "Billy, Billy, the cattle's leaving the beddin' ground."



# The Mustache

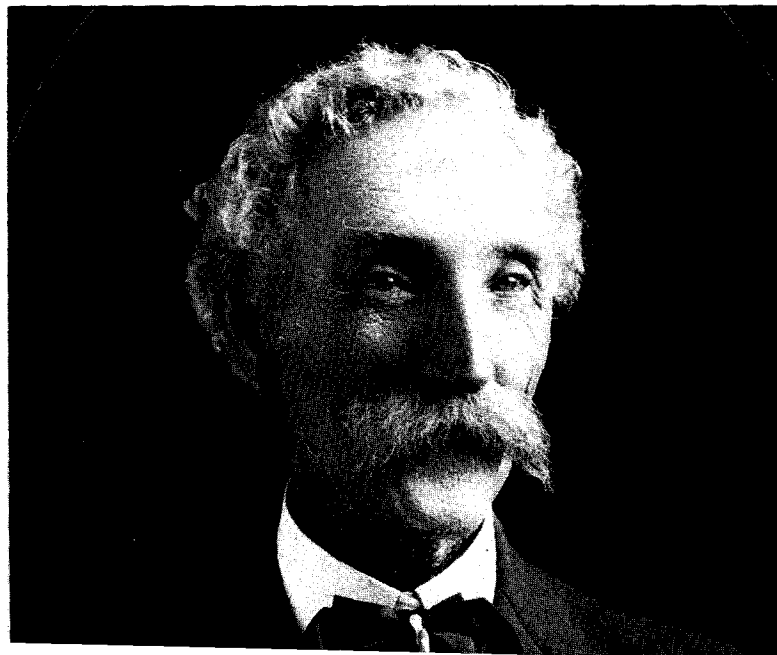
*The gentleman sporting the hairy adornments are from a box of Britt photographs labeled "Unidentified Males." The names and information given here are results of flights of fancy, but the library staff would be delighted beyond measure if one or more of them could be identified. If you spot a funny uncle or a shirt tail relative, please call the library and tell all.*

The gentleman on the left is an executive. He is sporting neat lambchops which he wears with style and pride. He has a great deal of dignity and you'd never guess his new red flannels are driving his right up the wall.



This fellow is Lucius Farfel. He had a full beard but it got gummed up with spaghetti sauce, it was mildewed and it smelled like wet cardboard. He cut it off -- except the goatee -- and now he's discovered *that's* inhabited.

A beard is classy, but it'll fight you all the way. Drat it.

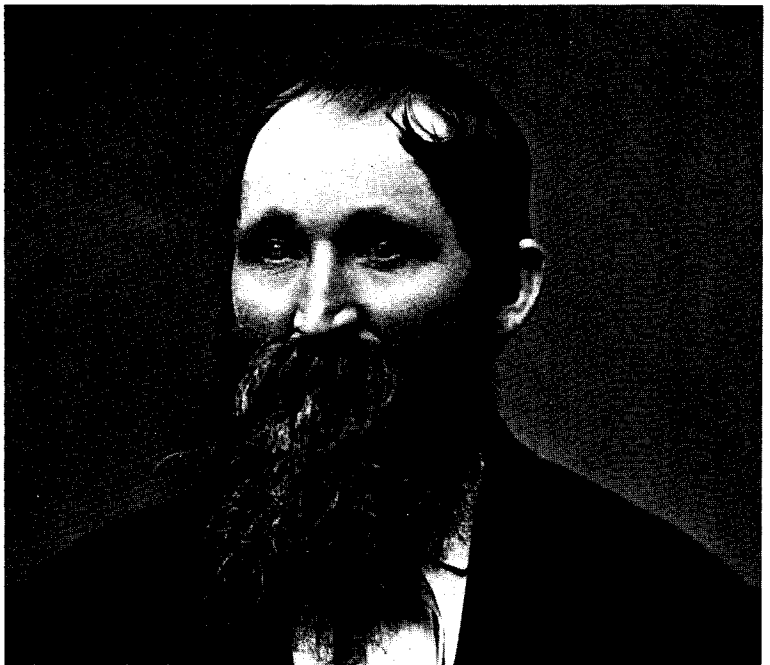


Modred Moreford III. Modred is absolutely delighted. His big bossy wife has just told him she's going to visit her second cousin, once removed, in Poughkeepsie and he'll be all alone for a month. Mr. Morford III is planning to touch up his mustache with Emma T. Goldman's Rich Black Tincture and --woweee-- will he cut a rug or two.

Twenty-three skiddoo!



This is Throckmorton Crumley. He is our birthday boy, and he's been given a new red bowtie for a present. He's wearing it now. Throckmorton dressed up in his Sunday best, put a lot of greasy kid stuff on his beard and his wife gave him a nice spit curl for the birthday party. The beard is handsome but he has a little trouble finding his mouth and has just stuck a forkful of cake into his right ear.



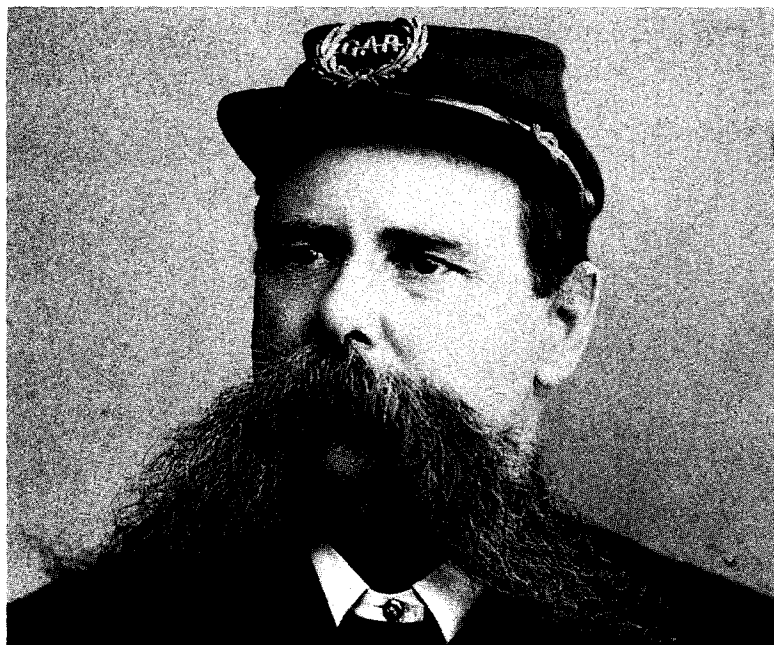
This beardless youth--Graham A Crackler--is trying to develop a hairy lip. He has rubbed in Neats Foot, Sheep Dip and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and a nice little mustache is forming. If you look carefully, you can see it quite plainly. Mr. Crackler is also pumping iron to develop zingy biceps, but so far the weights have only pulled his shoulders down severely and strained his pits.



This is a Van Dyke beard and it's a dandy. It is worn proudly by Mr. Bertram Qunicy Kleinert. B.Q. is the inventor of the uplift bustle. It is very popular with ladies who don't want to go around with their behinds dragging. At the moment Mr. Kleinert is deep in study. Mrs. B.Q. Kleinert has developed an allergy to Van Dykes and he's trying to decide if he should give up the Van Dyke or Mrs. Kelinert. At the moment the Van Dyke has the edge.







The gentleman is Chester A. Wimplebeck. He has dressed up for the parade and is wearing his Grand Army of the Republic uniform. The hat seems to have shrunk a little -- or else his head got fat. He has just washed his mustache and it's out of control. If you think the hair on his upperlip is impressive, you should see his chest.



This is Arthur Arthbunot. He is very dapper. He has curled and waxed his mustache, slapped on a lot of invigorating Lilac Vegetal and lowered his eyebrows and eyelids to give the appearance of smouldering passion. His wife Ethel just loves it when he gets into this mood. She giggles with abandon, tweaks his mustache and calls him "Arthur Animal." It leads to madness.



This startled young man is Morton Lipschitz, and he has just spotted an absolutely bewitching vision across the crowded room. He is thinking, "Great Scott, who is that enchanting young lady? I *must* make her acquaintance. She has a mustache exactly like mine."



# Society News

## Director's Report . . . . . Bill Burk



Recently, a question arose as to the scope of The Table Rock Sentinel. One of our readers suggested that it did not truly represent southern Oregon. Perhaps a word of explanation is in order.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society was established during the 1940's when there was little historical activity in surrounding counties. Since then, each southern Oregon county has its own historical society and frequently publishes its history. Duplication of effort should be avoided. In addition, budget and time constraints do not allow Ray Lewis, our newsletter feature writer, to visit other counties to conduct research. There is also the problem of obtaining and reproducing historic photographs and many other details.

We think the Sentinel is one of the best publications of its kind and we are of the opinion that it serves the society well. We hope to enlarge our research library soon and provide additional space to house documents, records, manuscripts and newspapers which relate to the history of southern Oregon and northern California. More extensive research information will then be readily available.

We certainly welcome your views for it gives us an opportunity to know what our readers are thinking. We'll be glad to hear from you at any time, although letters will be printed on a "space available" basis. We appreciate your input.

## What's New . . . . . Nick Clark

Training for the new living history programs is now under way at the C. C. Beekman House. We have had a number of volunteers take the training but there's still room for you!

Living history is such an exciting interpretive medium. At the Beekman House, we are recreating the characters of Julia Beekman, her daughter Carrie, Ben Beekman, their maid and gardner. The living history interpretation will revolve around their daily lives during the period of 1915. Interpreters show visitors through the house and reminisce about their involvement in the development of Jacksonville, just as if the folks had really come to visit during that time.

We are going to need several dozen volunteers to make this program a success. I hope if you have any time you can spare, you will consider taking the training. Becoming a living history volunteer is lots of fun. You can tell about the history of our area while doing needlepoint in Mrs. Beekman's rocker, while baking bread in the wood range or while cultivating the Beekman's roses.

Please call Maureen Smith at 899-1847 and schedule yourself for a training session. We'll provide all of the historical background and assist with a simple skirt and blouse pattern. I hope you'll try it---'cause you'll like it!!!!



Photographs: Doug Smith



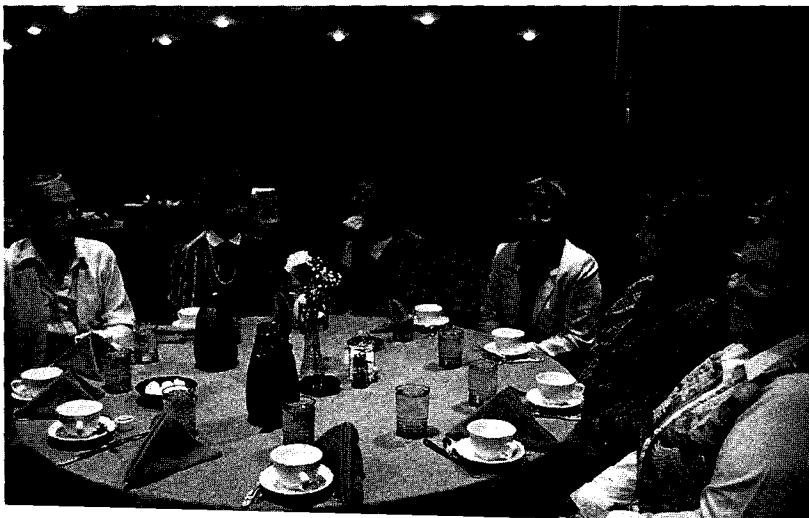
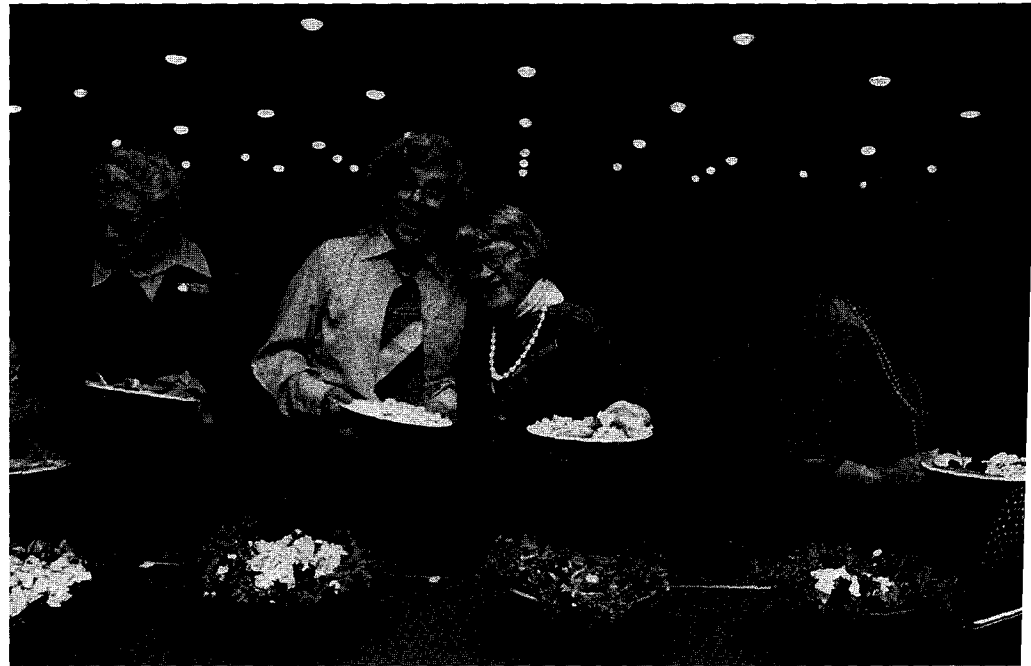
# Volunteers

Gold Diggers enjoyed the Volunteer Luncheon. Shown Left to Right are Katherine Stancliffe, Marge Muncie, Tina Abrams, Nick Clark, Gladys VanDyke and Gretchen Mohr.

Photographs by Doug Smith

## Are

Volunteers Katherine Harrell of Collections, and Walter McGarry, Ilma McKern and Rose Union of the Jacksonville Performers enjoy the splendid repast. at the Volunteer Luncheon.



## GREAT!

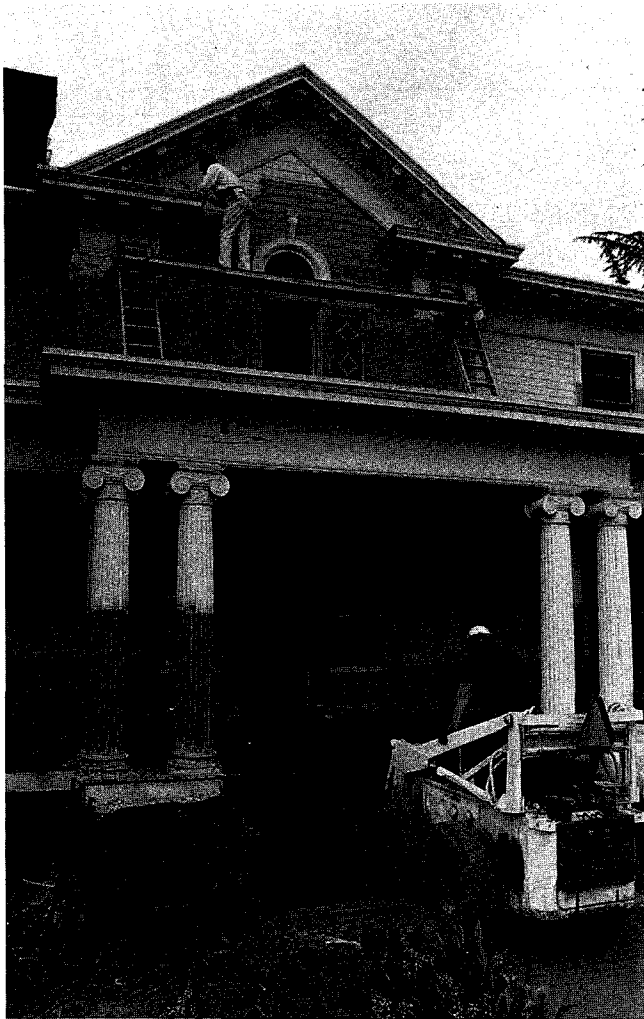
Seated at the History Department table at the Volunteer Luncheon were left to right, Ray Lewis, Marjorie Edens, Nora Henry, Erma Kyle, Jerrie Bird and Elizabeth Neil. Nora, Erma and Jerrie are oral history "collectors" and Elizabeth is Nana Claus for our Christmas celebration in the Children's Museum.

## PHOTOGRAPHY EXHIBIT AT JACKSONVILLE MUSEUM

"F. Jay Haynes: Fifty Years" will be the subject of a new photography exhibit in the Hall Gallery of the Jacksonville Museum. The exhibit was made possible by the Montana Historical Society and the Montana Committee for the Humanities and through the cooperation of Mrs. Isabel Haynes, daughter-in-law of F. Jay Haynes.

Mr. Haynes began his photography career in 1874 at Beaver Dam, Wisconsin and steadily moved his business westward, to Fargo, North Dakota. There he became associated with the Northern Pacific Railway and had a car adapted into living quarters and a studio. From 1881 until 1916, he used this car to travel about photographing scenes along rail lines. In 1885 he sponsored a rail trip to Yellowstone Park and immediately recognized the potential for photography there. He spent the next 25 years there as the unofficial Yellowstone photographer.

The exhibit is free to the public and will open Saturday, June 9 and continue through Sunday, July 15. The museum is open from 10AM until 5PM daily through that period.



Photograph by Natalie Geiger

## SWEDENBURG HOUSE RESORATION UNDERWAY

Restoration of the historic Swedenburg House is underway in Ashland. Monti Construction Company of Klamath Falls was the low bidder on this \$250,000 project.

The Southern Oregon Historical Society paid \$100,000 for a 25 year lease on the downstairs of the property which will be used as a museum center. The upstairs of the house will be used as the Southern Oregon State College Alumni Center and Offices. A gift by Gilman Plunkett of \$150,000 will be used towards the Alumni Center. The Carpenter Foundation gift of \$40,000 and funds from the Alumni Association as well as a federal grant have made the project a reality. The building will be called The Plunkett Center.

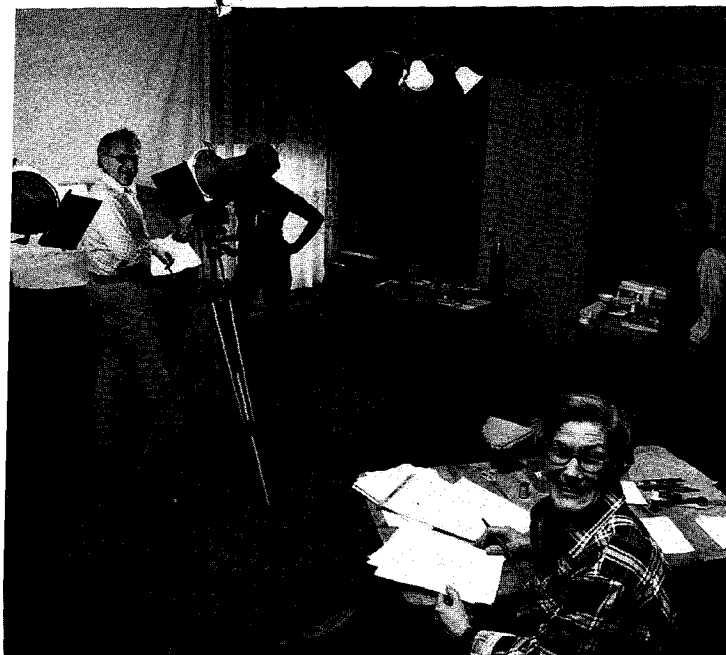
It is hoped that work will be completed by September 1, 1984 and that the museum will open during the fall. A community support group is being formed in Ashland to provide ideas for the museum and volunteer assistance.

Photograph by Natalie Geiger



## PRESERVATION PROCLAMATION SIGNED

Nancy Kaniewski, president of the Medford City Council; Peggy Stater, Mayor of Jacksonville; Gordon Medaris, Mayor of Ashland; Hank Henry, Vice Chairperson of the Jackson County Commission; and Don Jones, Mayor of Central Point all gathered at the U. S. Hotel on Friday, May 11, to sign proclamations for National Preservation Week.



## BEEKMAN'S READY NOW !

For nearly a month, the Collections Department of the S. O. H. S. worked in Beekman House photographing and cataloguing objects in preparation for the new living history program.

Shown are Greg Gualtieri, Katherine Harrell Eva Demmer and Rosemary Bevel. Thousands of objects in the house were photographed, measured and described on catalogue cards.

Katherine Harrell is a volunteer for the Collections Department and lives in Jacksonville. This department is in need of volunteers who can type for this is a constant backlog of typing for new accessions. If you can help, call Maur-  
een Smith at 899-1847.

## THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SOUTHERN OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

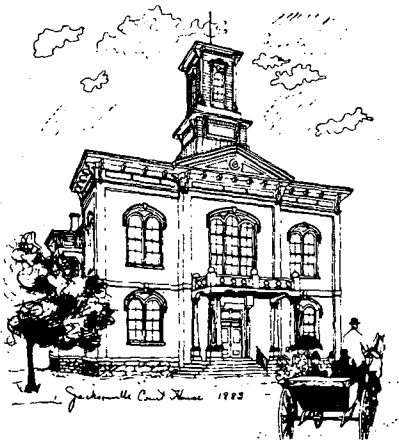
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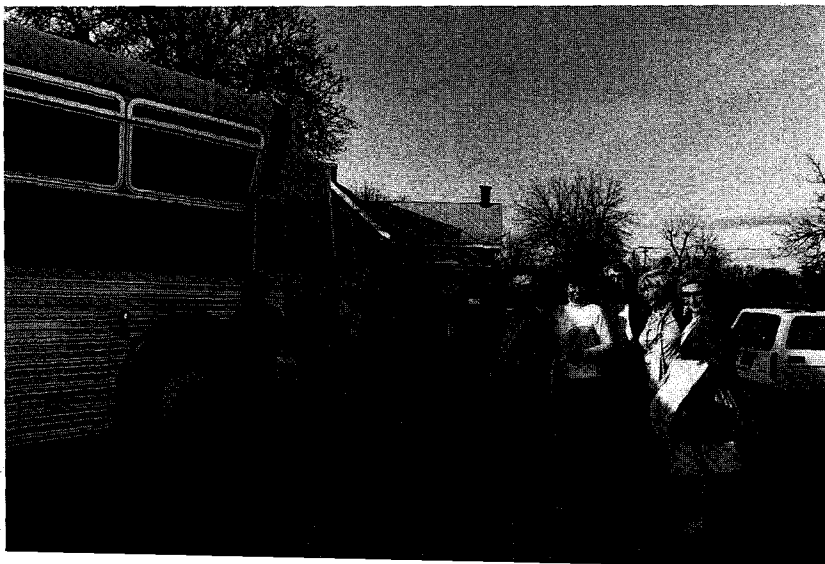
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## SOCIETY PLANS ANOTHER TRIP

Marjorie Edens and this group of merry travelers had a wonderful time in California on the society's first trip of the year and now it's time to start thinking about the second.

On Tuesday, July 10, we will leave Jacksonville for historical sites in Josephine County. This one day tour will cost \$13.00 and is limited to 60 and we are already 1/3 full so contact Marjorie Edens at 899-1847 as soon as possible. DON'T MISS OUR TRIPS!!!!!!

Photograph by Doug Smith