

# THE SCRIBBLER

ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS

BY

ANDREW MORGAN

EDITED BY

GLADYS MORGAN SUTHERLAND

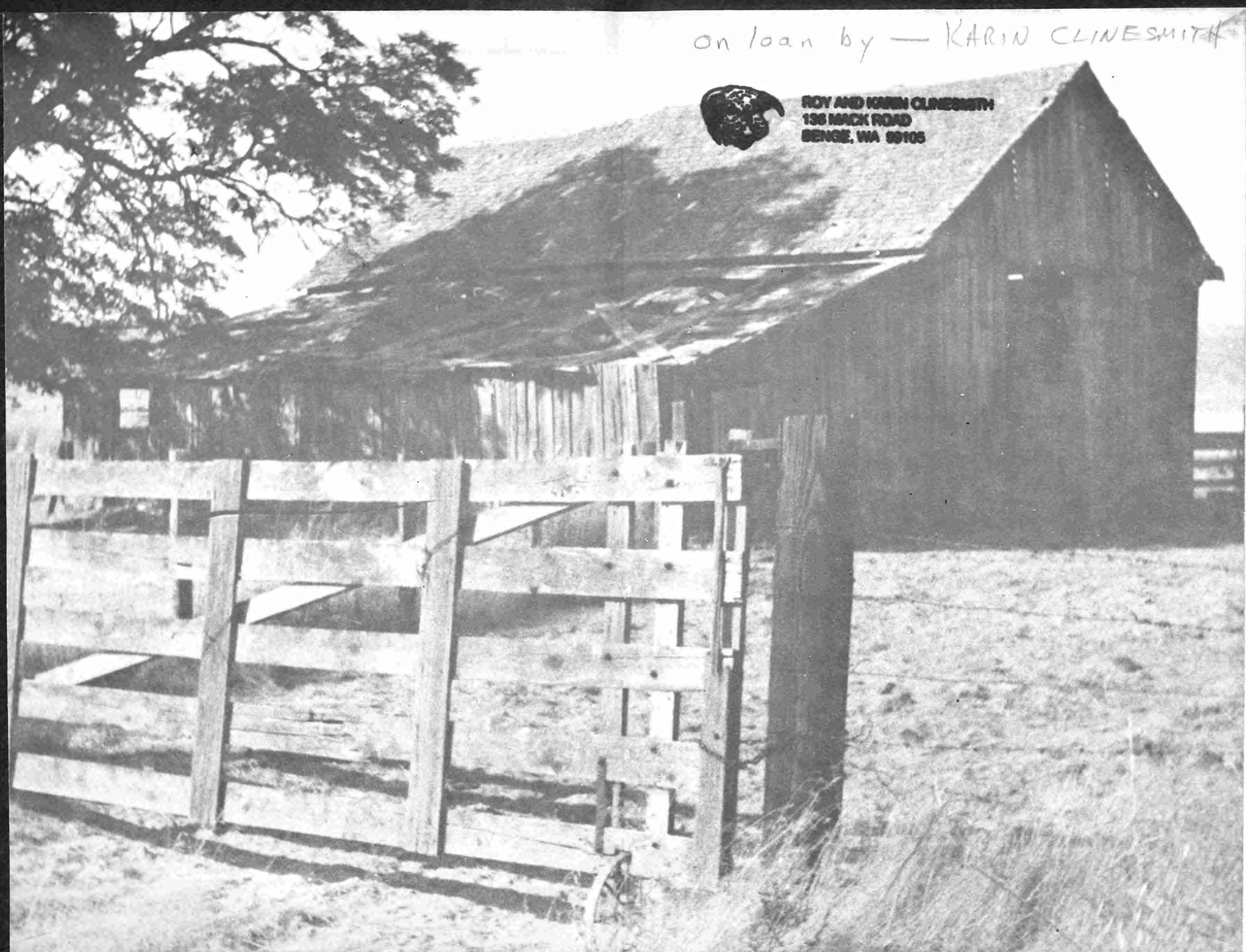




on loan by — KARIN CLINESMITH



ROY AND KARIN CLINESMITH  
136 MACK ROAD  
BENGE, WA 99105



57.95  
*Juanita Clinesmith*

**THE SCRIBBLER  
ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS**

Andrew Morgan's barn at Benge, Washington



# THE SCRIBBLER

ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS

BY

ANDREW MORGAN

EDITED BY

GLADYS MORGAN SUTHERLAND



YE GALLEON PRESS  
FAIRFIELD, WASHINGTON

*I will endeavor to leave to my descendants a record of my unprofitable life. I am writing only from memory hoping it may be of interest to my loved ones who may be born after I am gone.*

*Andrew Morgan*

### Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Morgan, Andrew, 1842-1908.

The scribbler, Adams County pioneer memoirs.

Includes index.

1. Morgan, Andrew, 1842-1908. 2. Pioneers—Washington—Adams County—Biography. 3. Adams County (Wash.)—History. 4. Adams County (Wash.)—Biography. 5. Frontier and pioneer life—Washington—Adams County. I. Sutherland, Gladys Morgan. II. Title.

F897.A2M67

1983

979.7 '34

83-14552

ISBN 0-87770-304-3

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Acknowledgments .....	7
Foreword .....	8
My Father .....	9
Chapter I .....	13
Chapter II .....	15
Chapter III .....	17
Chapter IV .....	19
Chapter V .....	20
Chapter VI .....	22
Chapter VII .....	24
Chapter VIII .....	27
Chapter IX .....	29
Chapter X .....	31
Chapter XI .....	37
Chapter XII .....	41
Chapter XIII .....	43
Chapter XIV .....	47
Chapter XV .....	49
Chapter XVI .....	57
Original Poems by Andrew Morgan .....	70
Index .....	122





Andrew Morgan  
1890

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS



AY THIS RECORD OF MY FATHER'S LIFE AND EXPERIENCES help shed insight into the sorrows, joys and hardships of the early day settlers who made this country great.

Thanks to my sister Zona Connell, my cousin Dick Parish for furnishing information and pictures.

A special thanks to my great niece Teresa Carver Owen for her help in getting this material ready for printing, and to my family for their help and support.

Gladys Morgan Sutherland

## FOREWORD



ANDREW MORGAN, MY FATHER, WROTE THIS PERSONAL account and poems over much of the first seventy-five years of his lifetime.

This book is divided into three sections. The first is a chronology of the Morgan family's journey west and their early homes in Oregon and Washington.

The second starts with my father and mother moving from Delight Sandhills area to their permanent home four and one-half miles west of Benge, Washington, Adams County. His story does not cover much of his life that I remember as the youngest of five daughters. Parts of this section are responses to questions posed to my Dad by the Adams County Historical Society. They are included for their historical as well as their interest value.

The third section of this book contains original poetry written by my father. He wrote about people and places he was familiar with. His poetry took on a more serious tone after the death of my sister Eva in 1917. I have included the full names of those bachelors mentioned in "The Leap Year Train." My mother, Maybelle Morgan, had assisted me in this task before she passed away in 1974.

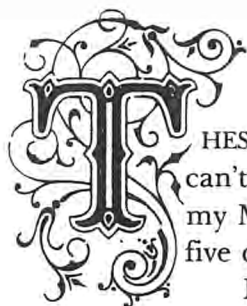
It is my wish that by pulling together all these works and printing them, those claiming the Morgan family line as well as others will be able to share in and appreciate more the rich, loving heritage left to us by my Dad, Andrew Morgan.

My dad was a historian himself. He read a history book as most people would read a novel. When we visited an area he could explain to us the background and story of early explorers and settlers even though it may have been his first visit there. He'd "lived inside of Steptoe Butte for fifty years," he said once, "but never been there." So one day we took him there. He was thrilled! —and proceeded to tell us all about Cashup Davis and the old dance hall there. He'd read of Captain Vancouver and the other explorers so often that when taking a trip from Seattle to Victoria he could point out exactly where they'd landed.

His story is really a part of Washington history too — and I am pleased to be able to tell it.



## MY FATHER



THESE ARE SOME OF THE THINGS I RECALL ABOUT MY DAD. I can't write about my Dad without also including things about my Mother as they both worked hard to raise their family of five daughters.

He was a faithful worker in Church and Sunday School. For many years he helped keep the Sunday School active at our country school, The Morgan school 4½ miles west of Benge, Washington. And if a preacher was available our home was open for them while they held nightly meetings for a week or two. It would be hard to estimate the number of chicken dinners my mother prepared.

My Dad loved children. Visits of friends and neighbors meant a great deal to him. He loved his family. He loved music and some of his poems were set to music. He delighted in getting company around the piano to sing. No one left our house without being offered a home-cooked meal or some of my mother's freshly baked goodies. Before the automobile, people traveling with a buggy or wagon were invited to spend the night and the horses were put in the barn and fed.

He worked hard and long hours. From sunup until sundown. His day started at dawn with feeding the horses and milking the cows. After breakfast he was off to the field. My Dad told me when he was a young man he worked for 50¢ a day.

My Dad raised a big garden with lots of watermelons and cantaloupes, which he shared with others. He had an orchard and planted many shade trees. His theory was—if he didn't live to enjoy them, someone else would.

Early recollections of mine were sitting on the stanchion watching him milk the cows while he told me Bible stories or following behind him while he mowed the alfalfa. The wonderful aroma of the newly-mown hay! My sister Florence helped him pitch the hay into the hay mow, as he had no boys. When we got old enough we milked for him during busy seasons.

My cousin, Maysel Parish and I would go with him in the wagon to the Milam and Smith orchards on Cow Creek toward Hooper for apples in

the fall when we were small. We would also help put them in the big cellar along with the pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, etc. The shelves in the cellar were laden with jars of fruits and vegetables my mother and my sisters had canned.

Saturdays were wash days because mother wasn't very well and the girls were home from school to help. It was an all-day chore as the clothes were scrubbed on a washboard. The wood and coal stove had to be kept hot all day to heat the water so that is the day we had brown beans with ham and baked potatoes.

Their first car was a Model T Ford with side curtains and isinglass windows. It was a struggle to get over the steep hills when going to Ritzville. Before the Model T, a trip to Ritzville, the county seat, took two days with a team of horses and the Surrey—about twenty-six miles.

After we got a car we went to Benge to Sunday School and Church where my Dad was Superintendent and a teacher for many years. It was held in the basement of the schoolhouse until the new church was built in 1951. My parents were members of the Benge Community Church, The Adams County Historical Society and the Benge Grange.

My Mother was born May 26, 1880 and died October 7, 1974 at the age of ninety-four. She was eleven years younger than my Dad. The May family followed her Uncle Wilson Brannon to the Lind area, Adams County, Washington. He said the land might get to \$10 an acre someday. She took a homestead seven miles south of Lind, N.E. ¼ of Section 8 Township 16 N of Range 34 E.W.M.

They came from Guntersville, Alabama. There they got their water from a spring and nut trees and berries grew along the creek. She missed this very much and when wheat wagons would go by with all the dust and wind she shed many a tear. Her grandmother Sarah Goggins Brannon, her mother Bettie May who later married John Connell and her sister Margaret and husband Walter Parish all came out about the same time.

My mother soon adjusted after she and my father were married and the family started to grow. They had five daughters:

Zona, who married Frank Connell, and had two sons, Lloyd and Keith.

Dessie, who married D. Irvin Barry. They had three sons, Dan, Larence and Franklin.

Eva, who died of rhumatic fever when only thirteen years old.

Florence, who married Ted McDougall. She died giving birth to their

daughter Vivian.

After the death of my sister Florence McDougall, my mother took her daughter Vivian into our home to live. Her father, Ted, had the wheat land rented and lived close by.

Gladys, who married William Sutherland, had four children, V. Dean, Kenneth, Patricia, and Joan.

My parents had ten grandchildren and thirty-eight great grandchildren. They are buried in the family plot in the cemetery on the hill above Ritzville. They went to their heavenly home to hear the Savior say, "Well done, true and faithful servants. Enter herein and claim your reward."

GLADYS MORGAN SUTHERLAND



Maybelle May and Andrew Morgan  
Wedding Photo



ANDREW MORGAN



The Rev. Tom Morgan's Children  
William, Simon, Lester, Vista, Lloyd and Charlie  
1885

## CHAPTER I



MY ANCESTORS SETTLED IN KENTUCKY SOON AFTER THE Revolutionary War where they helped to drive the red man out and make it a white man's country. My grandfather Sterling Morgan was born in Kentucky in 1799. In early manhood he married a Scottish girl, Margaret McDaniels. She lived to be very old and many were the stories she told of the Indian Wars. They raised a family of four sons and three daughters. The sons were Riley, Merrian, William and James.

About 1840 they followed the trail of Dan Boone into Missouri. There my father Thomas McBride Morgan was born, in 1842. When my father was only a few days old there came a fire through Missouri and burned over his father's place. Grandpa and the big boys saved the house and barn. They expected the house to burn so they moved my grandmother's bed out by the spring where they kept wet blankets over it. The fence was burned. Then came the job of splitting rails to make a new fence. After seventeen years they moved into Kansas and settled on Middle Creek in Miami County. When the war broke out my father joined the Kansas Home Guard. He did not see much fighting—only when General Price made his raid and he helped to drive him back over the border. When he got home he expected to see everything burned, as Price had passed through the vicinity. At the time, Lincoln was elected the second time, for some reason my father voted for McClellan, perhaps thinking a change of presidents would bring the war to an end sooner. A few days later a gang of ruffians rode into the yard and called out and told him he was a rebel and they were going to shoot him. Mother ran out and put her arms around him and screamed to the men and they left, but they told him if he was not gone by Saturday night they would be back and kill him for sure. He took her and went to Kickapoo to her brother's and stayed a few days. When Saturday came nearly every man in the country was there with their guns but the gang did not show up.

Seven years after moving from Missouri to Kansas my father married

## ANDREW MORGAN

Rachel Barnes. He became a preacher and preached for 45 years. He also farmed, but grasshoppers and hot winds made it hard for him to make a living there. Grandfather had died and Grandmother was blind, due to fainting and falling into the fireplace.

Rachel Barnes was born in Indiana March 14, 1844. Her parents moved to Arkansas from Indiana just before the Civil War. Eighteen children were born to them. The father died in time of the war. One son served in the army under General Blunt. About the end of the war they moved into Kansas where my parents were married.

Thomas Morgan and Rachel Barnes raised a family of eleven children, all Christians. While in Kansas five were born to them. Ida Rosaline, born January 1st, 1865; Mary, born in 1867; Andrew, born on May 16th, 1869; Albert, born January 10, 1871, and William Woodford, born in 1872.



Rev. and Mrs. Tom Morgan  
1890



Rachel Morgan



## CHAPTER II



THE YEAR 1869 WAS A MEMORABLE YEAR. THE WORLD HAD been looking forward to the opening of the Suez Canal for ages and American people had been looking for the finishing of the railroad connecting the East with the West for decades, and I had waited many years to see this grand old world. All were fulfilled in 1869. My first peek at the world was through the door of my grandfather's log house in Eastern Kansas. I can remember the fireplace, the stove door, the step where we kids cracked hazelnuts, the orchard and the backyard and the great funeral where we buried the dead doll. I was so tongue-tied that they took me to the doctor and got my tongue clipped before I could talk. A bad mistake—as I have always talked too much. I remember us going fishing in the creek and when we got a lot of hickory nuts. I had two sisters older than me, Mary and Ida and a younger brother. One day I went to town with the folks and they gave me a nickel. I bought five sticks of candy, I gave each of the others a stick and then broke the other stick and gave them each a piece. I licked the paper bag.

One day there was a crowd at our place and there was a black man there. I can remember our trundle bed and us kids romping over it in our nighties. When my mother was making buckwheat pancakes I would hang on her skirt and beg for another cake. When there was company us kids had to wait. After the older folks finished eating they would set around the table and visit. One day I was so hungry, and as I passed by the table I grabbed a potato and ran out the door. I remember when I would walk under the table and reach up and get meat skins to chew. In the winter of 1872-73 Pa brought bees in the house to thaw them out. I wanted to find out where the sting was located. I caught one and felt around to find the sting. I found out!

My grandfather died about that time in 1873. They sold the old place and bought one on the prairie. Then came the hoppers by the millions. They began talking about Oregon. Pa had a brother living at Coquille, Coos Bay, Oregon, Coos County. After much consideration they decided

to go to Oregon where the climate was mild, there were big trees and wild berries in the woods and there were big red apples.

Now the Civil War was over and the Union Pacific Railroad was finished to California and wonderful tales were told of Oregon and Washington Territory. In 1874 when I was five years old my folks decided to follow the rush to the land of the setting sun. After the corn was shucked, (what the grasshoppers had left of it), we had a sale. I remember seeing a man stand on a box in the yard and auction off all of our stock and other belongings except bedding and clothes. The farm was sold to two brothers whose farm joined ours. In November they told us children we were soon to start to Oregon behind the iron horse.



Mary and Ida Morgan

### CHAPTER III



SOON WE WERE ABOARD AN EMIGRANT TRAIN HEADING west. (But not like the fast trains of modern times.) A few poorly furnished cars with small windows were coupled behind a string of boxcars. The car next to us was loaded with sheep. There was Grandmother, my father and mother and five children, Ida, Mary, Andrew, Will, and Albert, traveling on a family ticket. An uncle also was with us. We took our beds and other bundles in the car with us. At the end of every division the conductor would yell "change cars," then whether it was day or night everyone and everything had to be hurried out and loaded into another car. At every change we had a plainer car to ride in. On the mountain division the seats were plain benches with a board for a back. In the Rocky Mountains one day my uncle got off at a station to buy some provisions and the train left him behind. He took the express train and soon joined us again. There was a newly married couple in the car with us. They kept us children interested with their silly spooning. One day the train stopped in the desert. A man took his gun and got off to hunt. After he got some distance away the train started. He ran yelling and waving his hat. The passengers, seeing his situation and seeing the train was not going to stop, rushed to the hand brakes and stopped the train. There were no air brakes at that time. Once our train came uncoupled and left us behind. After some time the train came back and got us—much to the relief of the passengers who feared robbers had uncoupled the train. I suppose a link had broken on the last division. We had a nice car to ride in as we went through the beautiful Sacramento Valley. One poor little boy came into the car selling grapes. He was led out by his ear crying. He went on outside and passengers bought from him through the windows. When our train reached Oakland it ran out in the bay on a long pier. That ended our train ride. We crossed the Bay on the steam ferry. Many years later I crossed on the Bay Bridge. Now we had arrived in San Francisco, where we stayed about two weeks.



Sons of Rev. Thomas and Rachel Morgan  
Seated: Albert, Charlie and Andrew  
Standing: Simon, Lester, Lloyd, Will and Vernon  
1886

## CHAPTER IV



AN FRANCISCO BAY WAS A GRAND SIGHT TO US. THE CITY was built on hills and gulches, not much like it is at present. Dirty streets with little boys playing with goat wagons, mainly wooden buildings and sidewalks with steps up and down everywhere, before the day of the street cars. I have seen three cities on the same spot, each finer than the one before it. We got an apartment on Telegraph Hill where we could look out over the Bay and see the ships and boats of many nations. This was before the earthquake and fire.

One day my father was walking on the street and a man spoke to him and said, "I see you have a cough. I am a doctor. Come to my office and I will give you something for it." He took him into a building and locked the door behind him, but left the key in the lock. Pa ran to the door and got out. He escaped being doped and robbed or worse. One day my uncle brought home a plug of tobacco. He said he had awfully good tobacco. We kids thought if it was so good we would try it. He put it in a box of clothes and after he went out each of us kids went and got a plug and took a bite and spit it out and stood and looked at each other. My first chew and my last! They would bring home cakes from the bakery. One day Pa brought home a round bundle and laid it on the table. I got a knife and told Ma to give me a piece. When they unwrapped it, it was a clock. They used it for many years.



Vernie Morgan



## CHAPTER V



THE FOLKS STAYED ABOUT TWO WEEKS IN THE CITY TO decide whether to go north to Oregon or south and settle in California. At last they decided to go on to Oregon where we had started. There was no railroad to Coos County, Oregon, so we decided to go by water. We decided to start. The good ship *Eastport* was to start after nightfall. They got our stateroom and put us kids to bed. A man came and hung a big half-gallon cup with hooks to the bed rails. We wondered what they were for. The next morning we found out what they were for—seasickness! After the ship started and got into rough water outside the Golden Gate and began to rise and fall as the big waves rolled, I woke up—scared to death! I thought every time it went down it would go to the bottom. The third morning Pa took me to the table and the cook swore because he had brought a sick kid to the table. I looked out over the mighty ocean. I could see sea gulls but no land was in sight. On that third day we came in sight of the mountains of Oregon. Old, blind Grandmother thought a whale would sink the ship.

The trip up the coast was not so bad, the sailors said. It was the smoothest trip they had ever made. When we got to Coos Bay we had to get off the ship and take a sidewheel steamboat a short time. We stayed one night in Empire City, Oregon and then loaded our belongings onto a small flatboat and the men used oars for quite awhile. Then we rented two skiffs for the rest of the twenty miles to Coquille City. Now we were at the end of our journey. We rented a small apartment at the end of a hotel building. There was a dance hall overhead and one night, much to the disgust of my father and uncle who were both preachers, they danced over our heads all night. It was late in the fall but the weather was fine. There was a fine forest on every side except across the river. There it was small timber and brush. Coquille was a small, new town, and there was no work for a man to get. Everything we had to buy was out of sight. The next year they bought a small tract of twenty acres on the other side of the river, where it would overflow. The men set large posts in the ground like piles and built a house eight feet off the ground. Now we had to cross the river

## ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS

to get to town or to the one-room schoolhouse. We stayed in the house there one year. When the snow began to melt in the mountains, the river broke over the bank and got four feet over the place. Big logs would come right by the house. Our cow was drowned when the flood first started. We were marooned there three weeks. No one could get to us and we could not get away. Quite different from the prairie of Kansas where we came from.

In the spring my father worked cutting timber and that way paid for a couple of cows. He would come home Saturday nights and call for the boat. One night he called and Mother started after him. Sister Ida, 12 years old, wanted to go. When they started to get into the boat Mother slipped and fell into the river. Then Ida got excited and jumped in after her. The water was deep and it was all Mother could do to hang on to the rope and Ida at the same time. Finally they got hold of the boat, all of them yelling and Pa on the other side yelling and old, blind Grandmother standing in the door yelling as loud as she could. There was a man at our house who ran down and rescued the women, then went over and got Pa. That year potatoes were about all we had to live on and not a dollar in the house. Father preached in the school house as long as we lived there and baptized a great many converts.

## CHAPTER VI



E HAD ALL OF THAT HOUSE WE WANTED SO WE GOT A house on the edge of town and moved onto higher ground. That fall Pa and one of the girls went up the river and picked apples and brought home a nice lot of them. One night we heard a hog squeal just across the hollow from the house. We knew a bear had it. Next day some of the hog was still there. Some men watched for the bear the next night. We heard a gun shot but they did not get the bear.

We older kids went to school in the old one-room school. There was a man by the name of Wolford teaching there. (He was later a lawyer at Colfax, Washington.) I was afraid of him as if he had been a wolf. Twice he jerked me out of my seat without the least cause and nearly shook me to pieces and scared me to death and stood me on the floor. I couldn't learn a thing and rebelled so against going every morning and sometimes would hide out. The folks saw that I was not making any progress and let me quit. Next year we had a lady teacher. Now I was eight years old. One day they sent us all away to spend the day with some children out of town. That evening Pa came after us. On the way home he told us we had a little baby brother, Simon.

The next move we made, Pa took a homestead on a mountain about a mile from town, a crazy move. There was nothing there for us, only good spring water. We found out we could not live on water. There was fine timber but no market for timber. Pa plowed and sowed a few acres of wheat then the fern came up and covered it up. We had a few cows and calves. Pa sold them to a man who never took them away. Next winter they all starved and died. We had a stand of bees. One day they swarmed and started up a hill. We took after them making a lot of noise with everything we could make a noise with. They settled on the side of a big log. Within a few minutes another swarm came from town and settled on the same log. A neighbor came by and helped us get them into a hive. Next morning there was a dead queen lying by the hive.

We moved back onto the edge of town, then soon after moved over

## ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS

the mountain to a town by the name of Lookingglass in 1878. Two years later the diphtheria struck the children of Coquille and killed nearly all the children in the town and some outside of town.

A young man from Lookingglass named Todd and a young lady from Coquille were strolling on the beach and the tide was coming in and started to pass between a high rock and the water when they saw a big wave coming onto them. She grabbed his arm and said, "Save me and I will marry you." The wave almost took her away but he saved her. The next wave almost took him away and she saved him. There was a nice church wedding soon after.



The Morgan Brothers  
Seated: Simon and Charlie  
Standing: Andrew, Vernon, Rev. D. Lloyd and Lester  
1945

## CHAPTER VII



MY FATHER TRAVELED ALL OVER THAT PART OF THE country selling medicine and preaching in schoolhouses. We kids went to school and Sunday School. There was a large number of boys and girls in the school and some were rather rough. There was a pair of twin boys eighteen years old who decided to give the teacher a flogging. The teacher went to the back of the room with his switch in his hand when one of them jumped onto him, grabbed the switch out of his hand, caught the teacher by the hair, bent his head back, and wore the switch out across the teacher's face. The big boys took one of the twins off him then the teacher got the other one down on his knees and dragged him outdoors by his hair. The other one got loose and ran to the stove and got a large iron poker, but the other boys took it away from him. I was ten years old now. Old Grandmother died that year—1879.

There was a family near there by the name of Todd. The man was also a preacher. The two families were close friends. There were two girls about the ages of my two sisters, Mattie and Nora, and two grown boys, Levy (or Leroy) and John Owen. One day about the last of June my sister Ida told me to go over to Todd's, they had a boy about my age, Tommy. We must catch one hundred grasshoppers, for we were going with their young folks for a trip in the mountains along the head of a river and camp and fish, and have a grand time until after the 4th of July. I went out there and Tommy and I caught hoppers all day and put them in little boxes. When the morning came to go, I was up at 4 A.M. We had our breakfast and I went out and looked up the road and saw a dust cloud about a quarter mile up the road. We got our outfit out in the yard. The wagon stopped at the door, we threw things in and started the happiest party that ever was. We went through Fernoy Valley, then over Sugarpine Mountain, then over hills and through forests and down a beautiful creek, the head of the Coquille River. Before night we came to an old empty house—I suppose some trapper had built it years before. We camped there till after the 4th. The big boys caught trout and hunted in the mountains. I tried to





Rachel Barnes Morgan, Ida and Mary

catch fish but only caught water dogs. One day I looked into a hollow stump in the yard and found a new can. I said I would take it home to pick berries in. Now time came to start back home. The big boys decided to go a few miles that evening so there would be a shorter drive the next day. We went about six miles and found a beautiful place to camp. The boys took a second fruitless trip up the mountain hunting deer. The rest of us gathered salmon berries for our supper. That night we set the tent up for the girls between a log and a big root of a tree that had been uprooted by the wind. The boys built a fire in a large hollow butted cedar tree. I set my can on the log. After supper I saw that the fire was burning very fast. I said, "That tree will fall before morning." Levy said it would not burn down in ten such short nights. I said I was going to move my can. The girls went to bed in the tent and we boys made our bed between the fire and the log. I noticed Levy kept his eye on the tree. I lay awake as long as I could keep my eyes open. Just as I passed out there was a loud report. Levy jumped to his feet and yelled. There was a pop and bang and the tree was coming right at us. When I got back away from down the road there was the most excited bunch I ever saw, talking, laughing, and crying all at the same time. But my can was safe, the tree had fallen exactly where my can had been. It knocked the tent down and when the girls tried to get up they found the tree had stopped only a few inches above them. That ended our good camping trip and almost ended in an awful tragedy. The tree fell across the stage road and telegraph wire. The boys chopped a piece of the tree out of the road and helped the stage get through. We went on home that day and the papers had headlines and a story of our trip. Many years later I visited Mattie Todd Brown at her home in Cottage Grove, Oregon and we had quite a chat about our narrow escape years ago.

## CHAPTER VIII



HAT FALL WE MOVED INTO A NEIGHBORHOOD NEAR Eugene, Oregon. We hired a team and horses for the trip. The first evening we got to the Umpqua River just before night. There was a little ferry, just a little scow with no side rails and a steep bank to go down to the boat. We all got out, only a little brother, Simon, was sleeping in the front of the wagon. Pa was sitting in the front of the wagon hanging his feet down when the wagon started down the bank. One of the horses got scared and began to kick. Then they ran down onto the ferry and almost off into the river. There was a family living about a mile from the river. My father was acquainted with them. When we got there Pa went to the door and asked if we could stop overnight, as it looked very much like rain. The man said his brother and his family were staying with them, but they would make room for us some way. We slept on the floor that night and the next day we got to Oakland, Oregon and stopped in an old empty house. The next day we traveled with a family on their way east of the mountains with a team of mules. That night we camped in an old man's barnyard near the Calapooya Mountain. They had some young folks and we had a fine time. Next day they put both teams to their wagon and pulled it to the top. Then the man went back and got our wagon. Then our friends went on and we never saw them again. We went to the foot of the mountain and camped in an old tumbled down mill. There was a family camped there named Eccles on their way to Eastern Washington. Years later we found them near Dayton, Washington and doing well. We stopped at the place of old Mister White. There was a tumbled down shack that had been the quarters of some sheep herders. Pa had to take the team back so we stayed there while he took them back and walked back to us. Then he had to walk on to Lane County to find us a place to go to. In a few days he came back with two wagons and a fine boy driving one of them. His name was the same as ours. The next day we got to Mr. Morgan's house. They were very fine people. They had an empty house that we lived in for a year. My father got a position of preaching. We had as good neighbors as ever were and I think that was the happiest year

we ever spent. I had wished for a little sister for a long time. They sent us to stay with the Morgan boys one night and from there we left for school. One of my brothers told me I had not seen the baby—a baby girl, Vista. I ran home at recess to see the baby. We kids all took whooping cough when she was only a few weeks old and she nearly died.

I was eleven years old now and thought myself quite a man. I took a job shocking bundles behind a wire binder. I earned a few dollars. There was a pasture not far from us covered with wild strawberries. We sure got our share of them.



Vista Morgan



Vista and Ida Morgan

## CHAPTER IX



AS YOU KNOW, PREACHERS DON'T STAY VERY LONG IN ONE place, so in that year—1880—we moved to Bethel in Polk County, Oregon, where my father preached to several congregations of the Christian Church. We boys raised a fine garden and I worked as a janitor in the school and church.

Sister Ida was preparing herself to teach. She was going to save her money and help get the family a team and wagon to take us over the mountains. She was seventeen years old. She and a chum and classmate named Ann Graves got their certificates in Yamhill County. Ida got a school to teach in Polk County. The girls went together to Monmouth to get their certificates transferred. Both girls came home sick and both died in a few days. We all took the measles at the same time and thanks to the best neighbors in the whole world, we all got well.

My father had friends in Whitman County, Washington who wrote to him that if he could be at their camp meeting to be held near Farmington, Idaho the last of June 1882, they would send him \$50. So as soon as we got the money we got ready to start east of the mountains. Just before my sister Ida died she said she dreamed we moved east of the mountains and just rambled around from one place to another—a true vision of what was ahead for us. We boys had hoped to find a home where we could work and have fields, gardens and stock and see crops growing of our own, but like a mirage, it all vanished.



# YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND

---



We need your presence and therefore we extend to you a cordial welcome to our services each Sunday at the—

## CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday School at 10 a. m., Mrs. M. A. Frick, Supt.  
Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Prayer Meeting each Wednesday evening at 8

**OUR PLEA**—The Bible alone, an all sufficient guide, and the final uniting of God's people upon the Bible as the only Basis of Christian Union.

Our Watchword is "Onward to Victory."

"What a glorious thing to rally round the Cross of Christ."

**T. M. MORGAN, Minister.**

## CHAPTER X



WE HAD WANTED TO GO EAST OF THE MOUNTAINS FOR A long time to get a home in the great new country. Now we got ready to start on June 5, 1882. We took the train at McCoy and stopped that night with some old friends in Portland. There were no bridges across the Willamette River and we crossed on a steam ferry. The next day we were to go up the Columbia River. About 10 A.M. we took the steamboat by the name of *The Reed*. We pulled down the Willamette River into the Columbia—and such a river! The boat stopped at the little town of Vancouver, Washington Territory for a short time, then plowed bravely up the current. The scenery was beautiful—wonderful. We could see waterfalls on the mountain sides and beautiful forests. There were thousands of Chinamen working with shovels and wheelbarrows grading the O.W.R. & N. Railroad. We kids had a fine time. We were all over the boat and through it. At that time Portland streets were of cobblestones and others dirt. People who travel the highways now cannot see the view we did from the boat. We met another boat like ours going the other way. People on both boats began to yell, "Turn back! You are going the wrong way!"

At the Cascades, where Bonneville Dam is now, we had to leave the boat and take the train. We reached Walla Walla about 7 A.M. June 7th. We were met there by a Mr. H.H. McClure from Palouse who had come to take us there. Mr. McClure called to me and said, "Are you a Morgan boy?"

I answered, "I am."

He said, "I live in the Palouse Country and have come to take you all back with me."

Soon we were in his wagon behind old Dolly and Jennie. We passed fields of waving corn and wheat. We were in the wonderful Walla Walla Valley. We passed Dayton and Pomeroy. When we got in sight of the rough breaks along the Snake River, my father said, "There is the Palouse Country. The land is so rough it looks like a goat could not stick to the steep hillsides." Everywhere was waving bunch grass. We crossed the Snake

River at Central Ferry. After a ten-mile climb, we reached the Palouse Country proper—rolling hills covered with grass. We crossed Alkali Flat where Dusty now stands, then Union Flat, named for an old Union soldier who lived there, then Rebel Flat named after an old southern soldier who lived there. Then we started down a long hill into a deep canyon. At the bottom we found a little town they called Colfax. There had been a fire and now the town was mostly ashes but a few buildings were there and others were being built. Then over rolling bunch grass hills with a few patches of cultivated land we reached out destination of the farm of Mr. McClure. Whitman County, Washington Territory.



Lena and Charlie Morgan

## ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS

There was not a railroad in the Palouse Country and it had become a wheat exporting county. All goods were freighted in by wagon and team. There was a great deal of stock raised which were driven to Spokane for shipment.

We located on a lieu land claim about five miles from Palouse City and twelve miles from Colfax. We youngsters longed for winter to come so we could go sleigh riding. Well, it did come in all of its fury—snow drifts twelve feet deep everywhere, and once it got as low as 40° below zero. We were not very well fixed for such weather, so we did not enjoy it very much.



### Morgan Reunion 1945

Seated: Andrew, Lester, Charlie,

D. Lloyd, Edna, Vernie, Simon, Laura (Mrs. Vernie), Lena (Mrs. Charlie)

Standing: Two of Minnie and Simon's children and Minnie (Mrs. Simon)

We went to school in a cold shack with homemade desks. Some days we would place our seats in a circle around the stove and roast on one side and freeze on the other. When spring came, drifts were still on the north slopes after flowers were blooming on the south slopes.

That was in 1883. There was a church house near our place where our father preached for a year. Then he accepted an offer to preach at Dayton and a few points in the country around there. When he came home the next summer he found us boys busy fencing and raising a garden. We also had ten acres of wheat. We were working hard to improve it.

The railroad was finished through Colfax within two years and I saw the first freight train go through hauling the Cole Brothers' Circus.

My mother's health was failing and it was decided we should move to Dayton, Washington. Our place was nearly given away against my bitter protest. Two of our neighbors were going to Walla Walla after apples and agreed to haul our things for us. The day we started I was as mad as Old Dan Tucker. When the last wagon pulled out, I stood in the yard and vowed that I would make it the object of my life to own the old place again sometime. I went back a few years later and found it well improved. I asked the owner of it what was his price. He answered, "Thirty thousand dollars, and it's not for sale." I turned away sorrowfully.

While we lived near Dayton, (1886), a friend of my father's, A.G. Dashiell came to our house. He had been to Adams County. He told of a new country located between two railroads, thousands of acres of raw land just waiting to be settled. He had filed on a pre-emption and timber culture claim. There was no water nearer than the Sandhills where there was shallow water. He gave the numbers of the townships and my father went down and filed on a quarter sight unseen. Then he took a trip over there and was delighted with the country and well pleased with the place he had chosen. To hold a timber culture claim and get title to it there had to be ten acres of ground cultivated and planted to timber. The next year my brother Albert and I went with my father to see the country and to work on the place and try to dig a well. We crossed Snake River at Lyons Ferry, passed Mr. Bassett's place where Washtucna now stands, then on to Rattle Snake Flat. We stopped at the cabin of Johnny Huffman, a young bachelor. A few miles east we could see a row of trees marking the home of J. F. Collier, who had a large family of sturdy boys and girls who became prosperous farmers and farmers' wives. There were no more settlements



## ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS

west of there.

My dear, patient mother, with a large family was dragged around from place to place and never had a good home until her last child was grown and married.

### ADAMS COUNTY, WASHINGTON

#### *South of Lind, Washington*

*Thomas Morgan pre-emption, timber claim, to encourage growth of timber on Western Plains*

*June 14, 1878*

*160 acres*

*Lots 1 & 2 on S $\frac{1}{2}$  of N.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Section 6 in Township 15 of Range 34 E of Meridian in Washington*

*158 acres*

#### Description of Thomas Morgan's Timber Claim



Will and Luella Morgan

## CHAPTER XI



WE SOON CAME IN SIGHT OF THE SANDHILLS AND LATE in the day arrived at our claim. We had a load of cuttings to plant half of our timber culture and our prairie queen plow, and then drive five miles south to the Sandhills to get water. The Sandhills were a grand sight, steep hills of yellow sand and tops lower than the country around them, deep holes blown out to the water level. We failed to get water by digging and never did afterwards.

That summer while we older boys, (Will and I) worked out, my father and younger brother, Albert, made several trips to Dayton for lumber. He moved the family up and built a house in the fall, then went back to Dayton to get his supplies. I came back with him. We had to haul water five miles in wooden barrels and haul sage brush from the Sand Hills for wood. Some of it was large and made excellent wood.

There was no work the first few years and we had to go to Palouse or Dayton country to make enough to live on during the winters. Just before starting home from Dayton after harvest I heard a man ask, "Have you heard about the Indians holding up and robbing that man down by Washtucna?" I was bringing my harvest wages home. I had a \$20 gold piece in the toe of each shoe, two \$20 bills under the lining of my straw hat and \$3.50 in my pocket, and carried a valise. After riding my pony past Lyons Ferry, I saw two Indians on horseback. Thinking that they were coming after me to rob me, I spurred the horse into a run. The handle of my valise broke, but I tucked it under my arm. After about three miles I got the courage to look back—and not an Indian in sight. I knew it was a practical joke the man had pulled on me, and wondered if the Indians didn't have a good laugh at my expense.

We soon had neighbors but the settlers were far apart. Sam Allens was the first house east of Twin Wells (now Hatton) but did not move his family to it until later. We had no feed the first winter and the stock ran out and ate the tall grass. The bunch grass would cure like hay and made very good feed all winter.

One fine day in February, we boys and a cousin from Missouri took a long stroll to the southwest. We went to the top of a small hill near where Al Kelsey settled that same year. We looked over one of the most beautiful level plains that ever lay out, and not a fence or furrow plowed — only one lone shack that was empty. That same year, 1888, there was a colony from Michigan and other places settled there and now it is known as Michigan Prairie. They were very interesting people and could never be driven out by drought and squirrels as many others were. There was Dr. Sutton who became a prosperous farmer and had a large practice in the county. His sons became big farmers and some of them have been sent to Olympia. (Legislator) Byron Sutton and Senator William Sutton who founded Cheney Normal School, William Goodnough and his sons, Al Kelsey, S.P. Wright, Sam Thomas, the Yicley boys, Riley Williams, the Hillers, Cromptons and Dirstines and many others located there. East of there were the Watsons, the Amos Richardsons, the Bowers, the Dachiels, Rev. Tom Morgan and his family. The above were of the Delight neighborhood. That year a man named Harter settled there. He died a short time later, leaving a widow and four small children. This woman possessed all the qualities of a pioneer. She stayed there and raised her family, who helped her to make a living and become prosperous.

There were many years of drought and sometimes the squirrels took over the country. Many early settlers left for other parts, some came back. There was a well at the Sandhills where everybody for ten miles hauled water from. The bunch grass was plowed up very fast. Many new settlers moved in and schoolhouses were built. Then came the hard winter of 1889-90 — a double winter. Now there was a great deal of stock all over the Big Bend Country. There had been a short crop and there was very little feed raised. People had learned to depend on the grass for winter feed. It began to snow in the middle of December and got about two feet deep. The snow would drift one way, then the wind would change and drift it the other way, then back again. Horses collected in droves. The stronger ones would paw for the grass and the weaker ones would follow up till the snow became so crusted that their feet and front legs were cut and they could no longer dig for the grass, so they died off by thousands. The cattle sought shelter in hollows and died of cold and hunger. The people had very little to live on and couldn't get to town to get anything. Every straw bed was emptied and fed to the stock. I was helping Amos Richardson dig a well the first part of the winter. My father and oldest brother Albert were in the

Palouse working. My mother and the little ones were at home with only sagebrush to burn. One Sunday I decided to go home to see how they were getting along. It was three miles and it took me four hours to get home over the drifts that would break through with me every step. I found them nearly freezing around a cookstove. The heating stove was in the yard, frozen down and they had been unable to get it in. After much trying to get it loose, I built a fire in it and it came loose. It got as low as 40° below zero. My father had a big supply of pork and Amos Richardson had a supply of flour. By sharing with each other and neighbors, all managed to survive. The drifts went off the last of January, but in the middle of February another foot of snow came and it stayed on the ground until the first of March. The squirrels died off by the thousands. They had come out during the warm spell between blizzards. One day I borrowed a sack of flour, tied it to a slab of wood and dragged it one and one-half miles over the snow to where I could send it home.

Times were hard and the settlers endured much hardship and poverty. Epidemics would break out and whole families would be down. Settlers started moving in and soon we had a school. My younger brothers and sisters went to the Delight School. Afterwards they built the Fairview Schools. The Sutton School was farther down Michigan Prairie toward Hatton. We got our mail at a private home on Kahlotus Lake and later at Hatton. Later Grandma and Grandpa Bowers had the post office in their house at Delight. When a neighbor was going to Kahlotus Lake he would bring the mail and put it in a box at the Sandhills well for the others to get when they went for water.



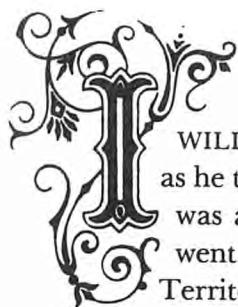
Dessie Morgan on Tasso, Andrew with Old Mack, Florence Mogan in the surrey  
1918



Three Ritzville, Washington School Teachers  
Mary Morgan seated on the floor  
1889



## CHAPTER XII



WILL RELATE SOME OF THE PIONEER STORIES OF R.Y. DASHIEL as he told them to me. He came West with a wagon train when he was a boy. They stopped at Walla Walla for a few years, then went to Dallas, Oregon, got married, came back to Washington Territory and settled at Spokane Falls. There was nothing there but a few settlers; the land was not surveyed as yet. They were hoping the N.P.R.R. would come through there. There was an Indian village there and Father Spalding, that good missionary preached in the Nes Perce dialect, also English and the trees and rocks echoed their voices as they sang, "I Love To Tell The Story." They gave up all hopes of the railroad coming through there and he moved out and went to Columbia County, where he farmed for many years. He hauled the first load of freight that ever came to Spokane. This venerable old gentleman still lives with his children in Stevens County. His faithful wife died two years ago, thus ending sixty-four years of happily married life—lovers to the end.



Sacked wheat at Benge, Washington



Lora and Rev. D. Lloyd Morgan

## CHAPTER XIII



I GOT A JOB HELPING THE COUNTY SURVEYOR. WE SURVEYED the first three roads south of the Sandhills to the railroad. It took about a week. We had our camping outfit, which consisted of a frying pan, bedrolls, and a barrel of water for our team. When night came we hobbled our team, turned them out to grass, got sagebrush and made a fire and cooked flapjacks and sowbelly. We unrolled our blankets and the beds were ready. We went to sleep to the tune of the coyote. The way we mixed the dough for the flapjacks: we opened the flour sack, sprinkled in some baking powder, stirred in some water and it was ready to cook. Easy as that.

The Indians came to the Sandhills to gather service berries to dry for the winter. They were from Lyons Ferry. The Palouse Indians left Lyons Ferry and went to the Lewiston reservation to claim their allotment of land and money. Chief Old Bones was blind and had a wire stretched from his cabin to the Snake River so he could find his way to the river for his water. Sam Fisher and his wife were the last Indians to live there. Chief Old Bones is buried at the mouth of the Palouse River—also Chief Young Bones and many others.

In those days people traveled by wagon, buggies, horseback, or on foot. No one was turned away. They were brought in to eat and spend the night no matter how crowded or poor. Their horses were put in the barn and fed, and no one expected pay for it. When I first saw Lind it consisted of a little station and a big woodshed for the wood burned in the railroad engines. Hatton (Twin Wells) had a section house and a store. When R.Y. Dashiell first saw Hatton he made the statement that it would be a big city some day. "Yes, when hell freezes over and all the Irishmen are dead," came the reply of Pat McGraw, the Irishman.

I first saw Ritzville in 1888 after a big fire had burned most of the businesses. A few wooden buildings had been built on the ashes. Mr. Shepley had a business there, also a banker named Greene. There was a wooden school where they later built Central School.

The Bassett house was the only building in Washtucna and the O.R.



Andrew Morgan



Lester Morgan's new house south of Lind, Washington  
Rev. Tom Morgan in dark suit  
Circa 1903-4

## ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS

& N. Railroad went through there. In 1886 a fire had broken out on the railroad at the Palouse Junction—later called Connell—and swept the country all the way to Cow Creek. The country was all grass, sagebrush and wild flowers. There were lots of wild birds and the only music was the serenade of the coyote.



Seated left to right: Lloyd Connell, Irvin Barry, Bill Sutherland, Margaret Parish, Maybelle Morgan, Jody Connell

Second row: Dean Sutherland with two girls; Pamela and Judy Sutherland, Doreen Sutherland standing behind them, David Sutherland, Dick Sutherland, Paula Sutherland, unknown, Zona Connell, Dessie Barry, Gladys Sutherland

1963

ANDREW MORGAN



Simon and Minnie Morgan



## CHAPTER XIV



I TOOK MY HOMESTEAD IN 1890 AND BUILT A CABIN. I SET OUT an orchard and raised some nice fruit, mostly apples and apricots. No worms to bother in those days. My brother Albert took his homestead 8 miles south of Lind where he died of smallpox in 1906. When my other brothers were old enough to take homesteads, most of the land was taken up. Lester took one joining mine. Vernie homesteaded near Hatton,  $S\frac{1}{4}$  of  $SE\frac{1}{4}$  of Section 28 Township 17 N Range 37. Simon and Charlie settled on Crab Creek near Othello. My sister Mary Morgan taught school on Rattlesnake Flat and then in Ritzville for three years. The first year Mary boarded with the Shepleys, parents of Gene Shepley, who later had a clothing store in Ritzville. Then my father built Mary a little house in Ritzville. My brother D. Lloyd Morgan attended Christian College in Eugene, Oregon and became a Christian minister. He organized the Christian Church at Clarkston, Washington, where he was the minister. My father, Rev. Thomas Morgan had organized the Christian Church at Dayton.

In the year 1892 the Sunday School at the Sandhills voted to have a Fourth of July picnic at the neighborhood well at the Sandhills. Two other men and I were appointed a committee to build a shade and fix for a good time. Material was scarce. We borrowed frame material and lumber for seats and a stage and built a large arbor. We cut bushes on the hills and covered it. On the evening of the third we finished it and were admiring it when here came a terrific dust storm over the hills and scattered our arbor to the four winds. All hands agreed to be there early the next morning and rebuild it. We had it all repaired when the crowd arrived. Mrs. Sam Thomas read the Declaration of Independence. Rev. Tom Morgan gave the message. Girls and boys sang and spoke pieces.

Once I was digging a well for E.B. Moore three miles north of the Sandhills. At a depth of 83 feet I found water and also a bone Mr. Moore said was a buffalo bone. Later my brother Lester was digging a cistern and found a leg bone three feet long and five inches thick. Amos Richardson had a well drilled. At a depth of 100 feet, after going through many feet of

rock, the drill broke through the mud and water and they brought up bark of a cottonwood tree.

About 1895 Dr. Blalock of Walla Walla, seeing this great country, contemplated building a ditch into it from Lake Pend Oreille. He did some surveying and a number of land owners signed contracts to give half their land for a water right for the other half. That was as far as he ever got with it, but he blazed the way for the Columbia Basin Project. He is not with us now but like John Brown, his soul goes marching on and will march on until he can look down from the portals above and see his scheme an accomplished fact.

One winter I worked for Mr. Eccles who lived about ten miles northwest of Washtucna. Mr. and Mrs. Eccles were both teaching school. Another winter I helped Elmer and Molly Helme, two very fine people. Chester (Barney) and Paul were little boys. We didn't have overshoes then and we wrapped gunny sacks around our legs to keep warm while feeding cattle.

In the winter of 1889-90 there was an old man named Gull who became lost in the snow and fog north of Washtucna near Rattlesnake Lake and froze to death. He was found near the road. He had tried to build a snow house. A man named Cleves found him and took him into Washtucna, notifying the sheriff by telegraph.

119

FINAL RECEIPT'S RECEIPT, No.	Receiver's Office, at Walla Walla, Wash.
APPLICATION, No. 6094	Dec. 23-1902 1802
Received of <u>Thomas M. Morgan</u> of <u>Adams County, Wash.</u> the sum of <u>Three Hundred Seventy Dollars and thirty eight Cents</u> , being the balance of payment required by law for the entry of <u>in full for the</u>	
<u>S<sup>2</sup>. N.W. 4 + Lots 3 + 4</u>	
<u>containing 158.68 acres</u>	
<u>of Section 20. 4 in Township No. 15 North of Range No. 34 E. W. M.</u>	
<u>containing one hundred fifty one acre and thirty eight cents</u>	
<u>under Section 20 of the</u>	
<u>Revised Statutes of the United States.</u>	
<u>\$ 378.38 1/2's testimony fee received.</u>	
<u>Number 22 written words 688. Pay per 100 words 2.16 and</u>	

Thomas M. Morgan's Receipt

for Lots 3 & 4 S<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> of N.W.<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> of Section 5, Township 15 N of Range 34 E.W.M. 158  
acres more or less

## CHAPTER XV



WAS MARRIED TO MAYBELLE MAY WHO HAD COME FROM Alabama and had taken a homestead seven miles south of Lind, N E  $\frac{1}{4}$  Section 8, Township 16 N. or Range 34 E.W.M. for \$2.50 per acre. My wife's mother, Mrs. Betty May, married John Connell, a widower with a large family. They lived near Connell. Mrs. Sarah Brannon, grandmother of my wife and the widow of a Civil War officer in Georgia during the time of Sherman's march, also came west with them. Sarah Brannon was called on in case of illness, and acted as a midwife. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Parish (my wife's sister Margaret) came also. Their uncle, Wilson Brannon, had urged the May family to move to Washington, as the land was predicted to get so valuable it might be worth \$10 an acre someday. Sarah Brannon's homestead is described as: Section 8, Township 16 North Range 34 E.W.M. 80 acres in Adams County, Washington.

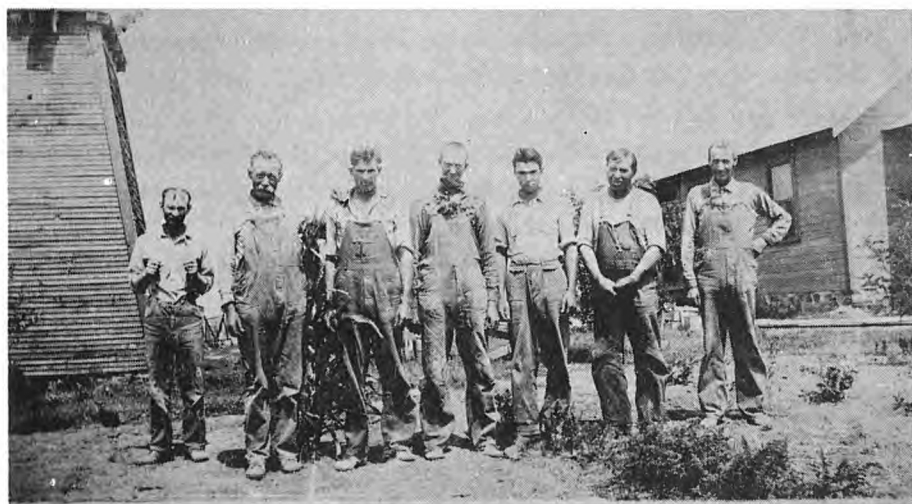
In 1902 we went to a picnic at Paha, Washington. We went in our old hack. It was a very hot day and there was no shade, only little clumps of bushes to eat our lunch under. The only building was an old shed. When they put the Milwaukee Railroad through they let every town think they would get the roundhouse. That is the reason for the big school in Ralston. People thought the towns would grow.

In 1902 and 1903 Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Russell and family lived on what is now the Bar U on Cow Creek. Mr. Russell was foreman and she was the cook. The place was owned by Mr. Ankeny of Walla Walla. Billy Lloyd was the main cowboy. Later Mr. Ankeny sent his son down as foreman and Mr. Russell took a homestead and moved two miles north of what is now Bengé. It is now called the Ben McClain place, owned by Mrs. Elda Stephenson.

In 1903 my father and mother moved to Santa Cruz, California, where they spent the remainder of their lives. Later my brothers and families except Charlie and I also moved to California.



Sacked wheat at Bengé warehouse  
Cecil Lathrop, Frank Connell, Art Chase and Burton Stephenson



Wheat harvest header crew  
Andrew Morgan, Jim Butts, Walter Parish,  
Fred Ellis, Dick Parish, Bill Thornberg and Fletcher Butts



The home of the Andrew Morgans  
Front Row: Florence Morgan, Clarence (Tick) Connell,  
Maybel Parish, Gladys Morgan and Andrew Morgan  
Second Row: Maybelle Morgan, Dessie Morgan, Charles (Dick) Parish,  
Laura Parish and Eva Morgan  
Back Row: John Connell, Betty May Connell, Walter Parish,  
Margaret Parish, Sarah Brannon, Wilson Brannon and wife, Jessie



Florence and Gladys Morgan  
1926



Clarence Connell, Florence Morgan, Eva Morgan,  
Laura Parish, Dick Parish, Dessie Morgan and Margaret Parish  
Front: Gladys Morgan, Maysel Parish





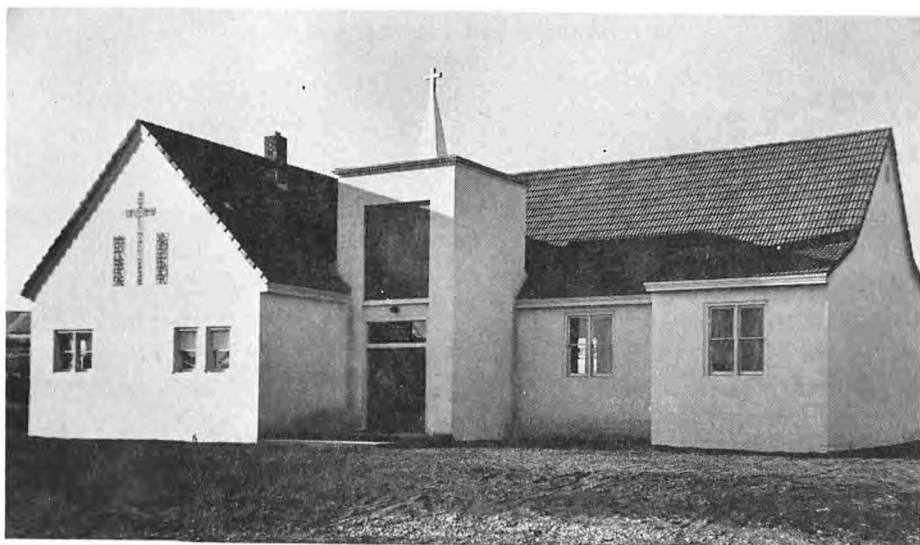
Maybelle and Eva Morgan  
1915

Front Row: Cecil Taylor, ?,  
Roy Taylor, Florence  
Morgan, C.E. (Tick) Connell,  
Sarah Brannon, Laura  
Parish, Eva Morgan, small  
girls in front, Maysel Parish  
and Gladys Morgan  
Back Row: C.N. (Dick)  
Parish, Dee Connell, Lillie  
Taylor, Frank Mitchell,  
Margaret Parish, Frank  
Connell, Zona Morgan, Dessie  
Morgan, Maybelle Morgan,  
Andrew Morgan, Bettie  
Connell, John Connell, Mattie  
Brannon and Wilson  
Brannon





Old Schoolhouse  
Benge, Washington



The Benge, Washington Church  
Built in 1951

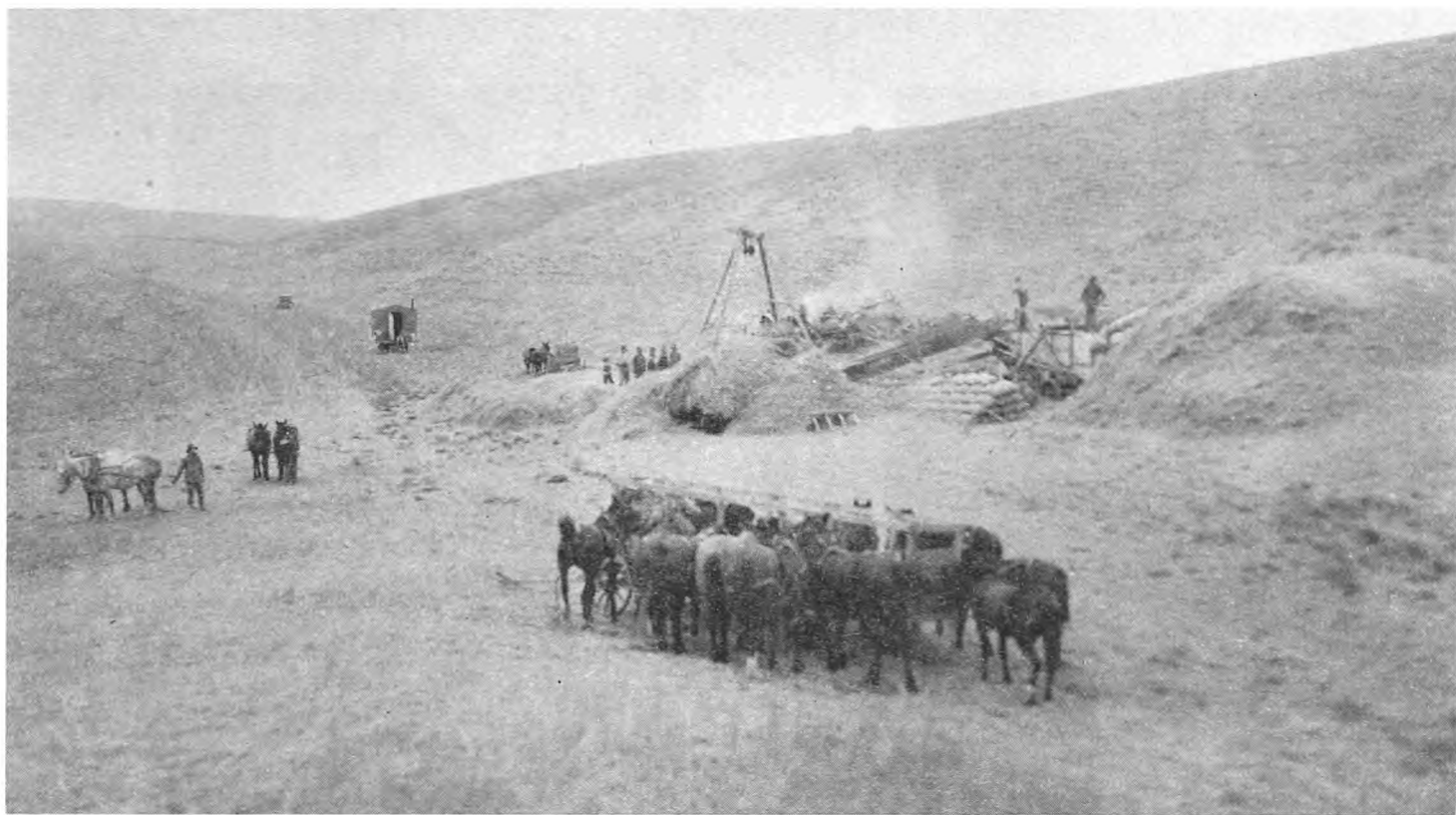
ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS



Benge Sunday School Teachers  
Unknown, Juanetta Clinesmith, Andrew Morgan,  
Lucille Kinch Allert and Elsie Honn Clinesmith



Andrew and Belle Morgan



Wheat harvest thrashing machine and cookhouse  
This machine belonged to D. Irvin Barry and John Shroer of Benge, Washington.

## CHAPTER XVI

### Benge, Washington, Adams County



IN 1904 I BOUGHT MY PRESENT PLACE FOUR MILES WEST OF Benge from a Mr. Jessie Frances Melton, and his wife, Stella M. Melton. There had been a few acres plowed up and some stumps of an old orchard, and a 50-year old three-room house in which we lived for five years before building a new one. Mr. Melton's daughter, Mrs. Reed, a widow, and her daughter, Jessie, lived west of us on Cow Creek. There are still tall trees marking the place. Jessie later married Brick Coldwell of Ritzville. Our place had large corrals where cowboys had roundups and branded horses. After the cowboys started feeding my hay to their horses, I didn't waste much time tearing it down. The place is described as W  $\frac{1}{2}$  of Section 27, Township 17 N Range 37 E.W.M. S  $\frac{1}{2}$  of N.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$ , N  $\frac{1}{2}$  of S.E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  Section 28, Township 17 N. Range 37 E.W.M. 160 acres.

Peter Acre owned land joining ours near Benge (NW  $\frac{1}{4}$  of Section 34, Township 17 N. Range 37 East of Willamette Meridian of Washington), and we bought him out for \$15 an acre. We could have bought land on the flat below for \$5 an acre but as it didn't join ours and we didn't think the land was so good, we didn't buy it. We would get from 10 to 20 bushels per acre and 35¢ to 65¢ per bushel. When we lived near the Sandhills we hauled our wheat in sacks to Hatton. After we moved to Benge we hauled it to Hooper as there wasn't a railroad nor town at Benge.

We plowed our fields with a team and moleboard plow. We burned



Moleboard Plow

.50 cts

Ritzville, Washington January 27, 1932		Amount
Sixty days after date, for value received, I promise to pay to the order of		\$ IQ.
<b>RITZVILLE STATE BANK</b> At its office in Ritzville, Washington		When Due
TEN AND NO/100		March 27, 1932
with interest at the rate of IQ per cent per annum from date		Postoffice
Each party signing or endorsing this note hereby waives presentment, demand, protest, and notice of non-payment thereof, and declares himself bound as principal and not as a surety. It is also agreed that the venue of any suit brought upon this note may be laid in Adams County, Washington.		Benge, Wash.
Maybelle Morgan Andrew Morgan		Note No. 13474



Parish horses used in harvest  
 "Mallie," "Ruby," and "Bill" are whites in the lead  
 Walt Parish in crew

INFORMATION  SECURED BY	\$1000.00	Benge, Washington, Sept. 23, 1911 191
	One year	after date, for value received, I promise to pay
	to the order of <b>BENGE STATE BANK</b> , at its office in Benge, Washington,	
	One thousand	Dollars,
	Gold Coins of the United States of America, with interest thereon in like Gold Coins at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date until due, interest to be paid <del>some time</del> and if not to paid the whole sum of both principal and interest shall become immediately due and payable at the option of the holder of this note. If not paid when due this note shall draw interest thereafter at the rate of twelve per cent per annum until paid. I also promise to pay such additional sum as the Court may adjudge reasonable as attorney's fees, in case action is instituted to collect this note or any part thereof.	
Presentment, demand, notice of dishonor and protest of this note are hereby waived.		
No. 139	Andrew Morgan	
Due Sept 23 1912		
Postoffice Benge		



the stubble and would get our work finished late in the spring. Summers were hot and winters cold. We had lots of dust storms. We cut our wheat with headers, hauled it in a header box and stacked it, then a threshing machine would come and thrash it. The straw would blow into a stack. The wheat was sacked and piled up to haul to market later.

There was only one buiding where Bengé now is. Mr. <sup>Frank</sup> Fred L. Bengé had a stock ranch there. When they surveyed for the railroad it went right through his house and they paid him so much for the right of way he was able to have a fine large rock house built. They used rock from the railroad cuts. This house is still occupied. The town was named after him. Bengé built up fast after the railroad came. Dr. Poole had his office and drug store. Ernie Gregg had a livery stable and later used it for a Ford garage. The Bengé Land Company was run by Hank Zornes. Two general stores were there, one owned by Mr. Wilson and his son, Les, and included hardware, billiard hall, and lumber yard. Fires wiped out most of the original town. The Bengé State Bank was owned by a Mr. Walker. Some early Washtucna doctors were Dr. Brown, Dr. Sherfey, and later Dr. Victor.

Our first neighbors were four bachelors, Frank and Edgar Mitchell, Orin Fulton and John Schoer. Charlie Kent came about a year later. Otis Robinson lived north of Bengé, Billy and Charlie Bruhl east of Bengé. People started moving in, the Monroe Grogans in the spring of 1905, Emil Panky in 1905, and then Fred Johns and Alex Bills. Bill Stephenson ran sheep over the country and Marion Goodwin herded them. When we moved there they were batching in an old shack. Bill Stephenson soon built a house and moved his family near us. Lum and Dave Coffey came to the Giles District. (Maringo) Later the Tom Crabb family moved there and Jessie Giles, for whom the district was named. Each district had a country one-room school, all eight grades with one teacher. Our district was the Morgan District. Murt Lonsberry and Albert Schuler, whose wives were sisters, lived a mile or two west of us. The neighborhood joke was that we would always have Coffey (Dave), Good Wine (Marion), and Pancakes (Emil).

I remember the Hutchenson brothers very well. Sam was 7' 4" and his brother Ben slightly shorter. One day at a picnic in Lind I asked Sam, "Is it very hot up there?" His not-to-pleasant answer: "The same as down there, I guess." I knew George Lucas. My wife and I stopped at the cabin of George Lucas on Cow Crick once to get milk for our baby. He later

moved to Sprague where he died. Jim Kennedy was a very nice man and well liked by everyone. I also knew the preacher John Phillips very well. He stayed at my place for three weeks and held revival meetings at our schoolhouse long after we had moved to Benge. He would leave his wife to run the farm at Lind and he would travel over the country preaching hell-fire and brimstone.

In 1906 we went to a Fourth of July celebration in Lind. There we saw an automobile for the first time. It belonged to the Seivers brothers. John Baze participated in the rodeo. The Baze brothers have been active at horse races ever since and own some fine race horses.

Activities always included Church and Sunday School, maybe singing in the schoolhouse around the organ or singing at our house. We had various programs at the schoolhouse, including literary programs, spelling bees, Kangaroo court, and other things—play parties and just plain visiting, much more than now. It was common practice for two or three districts to meet on Cow Creek for a picnic.

We had no electricity, telephones nor inside bathrooms. It would be hard for the younger generation to realize what the old pioneers had to go through to make the country what it is today.

I took part in the irrigation meetings. A good friend, Sam Knepper was one of the first to work on it. He came up to see me. He was from Othello, and planted the park there and helped get Othello on the map. Those first plans were to bring water as far as my place west of Benge.

In 1907 the S.P. & S. Railroad was put through Benge. My family, the Walter Parish and John Connell families went down to the big steel bridge over Cow Creek west of Benge to watch the first train pass over it. When we heard the train coming we all jumped up to watch it when one of the teams became frightened and broke loose, scared to death at the big monster going over their heads. All we could do was try to keep the children from getting run over by the team. By the time the team was caught and quieted, the train was gone. A man was there taking pictures of the train and he took a picture of our group. (See photo, page 61)

In 1908 a man by the name of Pat Ryan killed a school teacher at the Milan schoolhouse on Cow Creek. I served on the jury. I believe he was sentenced to life.

Around 1913 I built a dike on my place to catch snow water. When full, it flooded around 40 acres. I raised alfalfa and excellent potatoes on this land—also some nice fruit trees where a small dike held the snow water.



The Connell, Morgan and Parish Families

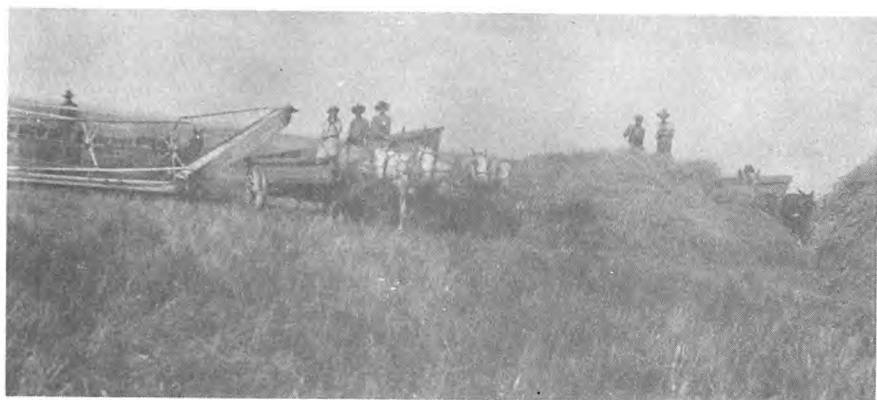
Watching the first train cross the big steel bridge on Cow Creek by the Bar U Ranch.

Front row, seated: Sarah Brannon, Dick Parish, Laura Parish, Clarence (Tick) Connell,  
Dessie Morgan, Florence Morgan, Eva Morgan

Second row: Zona Morgan, Margaret Parish, Betty May Connell and Maybelle Morgan

Back row: Walter Parish, Dee Connell, John Connell and Andrew Morgan

Florence, Dessie  
and Gladys Morgan



Morgan's Harvest Crew



Harvest Crew

There was an old Indian trail two miles west of Bengé and over the hill visible when we moved there. The Mullen and Colville military roads forked at the Lund place below Bengé (Lucas at that time). The Mullen road went to the right and past where Bengé is now and the Colville Road went up the hill there by the place we bought and on through Sprague.

There are three graves I know of west of Bengé along the road to Washtucna, a mile or two from Bengé. I put a flat rock marker at the Giles' baby's grave, a McMannan baby and a retarded baby. I also put a fence around them. An old couple are buried on the hill above the Charlie Bruhl place east of Bengé. There is also a grave in the yard close to an old cellar. A Mr. Howerton is buried on a hill above Bengé. Other graves are also on the hill near Bengé.

It was 1919 when the flu hit our family. It had swept the country in 1918. Many families lost dear ones. My family was all down in bed but me and my eight-year old daughter, my wife, two of my daughters, my wife's invalid grandmother, Sarah Brannon and the school teacher who boarded with us. My daughter Dessie and Grandma Brannon were very ill. The doctor from Ritzville was called out. Many soldiers died in army camps during this epidemic. Other neighbors who moved into our community were Jim Butts, Fletcher and wife Viola Butts and family, and the Joe Hamon family. He managed the Bengé store for a few years and the boys worked the farm. Mr. and Mrs. George De Hart and family, Mrs. and Mrs. Fred Ellis, the Chase family, the Connell and Parish families were neighbors. Other families came later. Miss Lizzie Harris was one of the first teachers at the Morgan school. She married Frank Mitchell. Sometimes the teacher boarded at our house. Other teachers were Miss Mildred Pinkham, Miss Kate Kelly and Mrs. Flavel Cameron, who was the last to teach there before our district was consolidated with Bengé.



Mombelle and Grandpa Andrew Morgan  
Dickie Sutherland and Frank Connell in background



Maybelle May Morgan on her 90th birthday May 26, 1970



Maybelle Morgan and her daughters, Zona Morgan Connell, Dessie Morgan Barry, and Gladys Morgan Sutherland



In Memory Of

## MAYBELLE EVA MORGAN

May 26, 1880 — October 7, 1974

### Services

Friday, October 11, 1974, 2:00 P. M.

Chapel of the Danekas Funeral Home

Rev. Byron Travis, Officiating

### Sacred Selections

"My God and I"

"How Great Thou Art"

Dr. Bruce Hille, Soloist

Mrs. Orville Moeller, Organist

### PALLBEARERS

Keith Connell

Lloyd Connell

Franklin Barry

Lawrence Barry

Dean Sutherland

Kenneth Sutherland

Concluding Services and Vault Interment

Ritzville Memorial Cemetery

## The Rose Beyond the Wall

†

Near shady wall a rose once grew,  
Budded and blossomed in God's free light,  
Watered and fed by morning dew,  
Shedding its sweetness day and night.

As it grew and blossomed, fair and tall,  
Slowly rising to loftier height,  
It came to a crevice in the wall,  
Through which there shone a beam of light.

Onward it crept with added strength,  
With never a thought of fear and pride,  
It followed the light through the crevice's length  
And unfolded itself on the other side.

The light, the dew, the broadening view,  
Were found the same as they were before  
And it lost itself in beauties new,  
Breathing its fragrance more and more.

Shall claim of death cause us to grieve  
And make our courage faint or fall?  
Nay, let us faith and hope receive:  
The rose still grows beyond the wall,

Scattering fragrance far and wide,  
Just as it did in days of yore,  
Just as it did on the other side,  
Just as it will forever more.

—A. L. Frink

In Memory of

## ANDREW MORGAN

May 16, 1869 — December 7, 1961

### Services at

Benge Community Church

Benge, Washington

Saturday, December 9, 1961

### Officiating

Rev. Ralph J. Wendt and Rev. Mark Lee

### Sacred Selections

"No Night There"

"The Old Rugged Cross"

### PALLBEARERS

Charles Clinesmith

Charles Saunders

James Clinesmith

William Allert

Ken Killingsworth

Herbert Kent

### HONORARY PALLBEARERS

Charles Kent

Allan Scott

Art Barnes

Roy Scott

George Callaway

Ernie Norris

### Interment

Ritzville Memorial Cemetery

The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

23rd Psalm



(4-405 a.)

## THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

Homestead Certificate No. 7536Application 2426

OF THE LAND OFFICE AT

Whereas There has been deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE of the United States a CERTIFICATE OF THE REGISTER

of Spokane Falls, Washington, whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress approved 20th May, 1862, "To secure Homesteads to Actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim ofPeter O. Aker has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the North West quarter of Section thirty four in Township seventeen North of Range thirty seven East of Willamette Meridian in Washington containing one hundred and sixty acres

according to the OFFICIAL PLAT of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the SURVEYOR GENERAL:

Now know ye, That there is, therefore, granted by the United States unto the said

Peter O. Akerthe tract of Land above described: To have and to hold the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said Peter O. Aker and to his heirs and assigns forever; subject to any vested and accrued water rights for mining, agricultural, manufacturing, or other purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water rights, as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local customs, laws, and decisions of courts, and also subject to the right of the proprietor of a vein or lode to extract and remove his ore therefrom, should the same be found to penetrate or intersect the premises hereby granted, as provided by law. And there is reserved from the lands hereby granted, a right of way thereon for ditches or canals constructed by the authority of the United States.In testimony whereof Theodore Roosevelt, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the seal of the GENERAL LAND OFFICE to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN under my hand, at the CITY OF WASHINGTON, the fourteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and six, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and thirtieth

By THE PRESIDENT:

T. Roosevelt

By

L. McKee Hearn

Secretary,

Recorded Washington Vol 60 Page 38

Recorder of the General Land Office.



Front row: Gladys and Florence  
Back row: Eva, Zona and Dessie Morgan



RIGHT TO LEFT

The Morgan School—1917

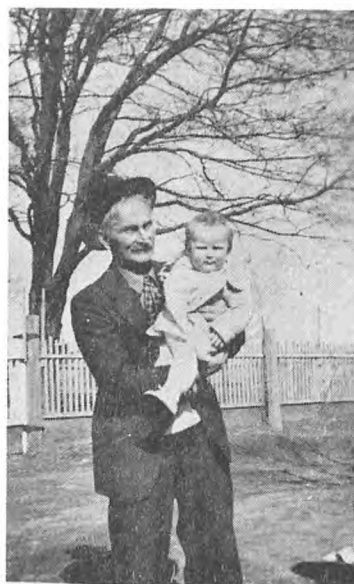
Front row: Carl Hayden, Ethel Hamon, Frank Hamon, Gladys Morgan, May Hamon, Maysel Parish, Elsie Butts and Clarence (Tick) Connell

Back row: Florence Morgan, Miss Mildred Pinkham, Dessie Morgan, Edna Connell, Laura Parish, and Pearl Hamon



Vivian McDougall, Dean, Kenneth,  
Patricia and Joan Sutherland

1940



Dad and Patsy



Andrew and Maybelle with  
Mickey Connell



Grandfather Morgan with David and Cheryl



Mombelle and Grandpa Morgan

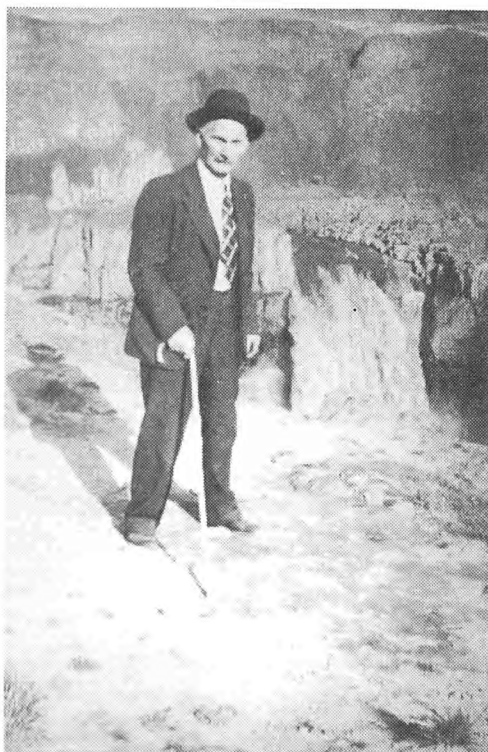


Margaret Parish, 84 and Maybelle Morgan, 80



Maybelle and Andrew Morgan

**ORIGINAL POEMS  
BY  
ANDREW MORGAN**





## LAURA PARISH'S DREAM

I dreamed I rode on a ship so grand,  
With flying sails unfurled,  
I visited many a wonderful land  
And sailed all over the world

From north to south, from east to west  
I anchored in every clime  
Wherever I liked to stay the best  
I anchored that ship of mine.

When I was weary of the sea  
I traveled over the land.  
I visited Kings and Emperors too,  
In their palaces grand.

O'er valleys and forests and hilltops  
Which ever I liked the best  
I climbed to the top of the mountain  
Where the Oriole had built its nest

And when at last I was homeward bound,  
My native land to see,  
To my astonishment I found  
'Twas nineteen thirty-three.

I landed at last in my western port  
Where all I saw was strange,  
I took the very first eastbound train  
And started at once for Benge.

I traveled all through the dreary night,  
Just at daybreak to land  
Where once a little village had stood  
Was now a city so grand.

I took a car for the grand hotel  
And got me a room so fine,  
The furnishings and all were swell;  
I tell you 'twas just sublime.

I went to the moving picture show,  
And then to the park so green.  
There were massive buildings standing  
But where was the village I'd seen?

I took a walk to the old school ground  
Where in girlhood I'd tread,  
But where the old wooden buildings had stood  
Was a massive brick instead.

I entered and spoke to the teachers there  
And when my name I'd told  
Nobody knew me anymore  
Than Rip Van Winkle of old.

Then one teacher came up to me  
And said to me, " 'Tis plain  
That you're Laura Parish whom I have seen  
Gladys Casselman is my name.

"You see the city has grown so large  
With many an elegant home;  
And taken a many great changes  
Since irrigation has come."

I asked her about the young people  
Who came here so long ago  
When Miss Costello was teaching  
You really do some of them know.

"Yes, I will tell you dear Laura,  
Most all have moved away,  
Myron is running for Congress  
And will be elected they say.

"Burton" is boss of the section  
Herbert<sup>☆</sup> is attorney at law,  
With an office here in the city,  
And married to Maggie Henshaw.

#Herbert Stephenson

☆ Burton Stephenson

★ Mary Kellenburger

"Dessie\*" is now a musician  
And travels most all of the time,  
Mary\* has married a mining man  
And moved away to the mine.

"Florence<sup>†</sup> and Gertrude<sup>‡</sup> are missionaries  
And gone to a heathen land.  
Charlie is master of music  
And is leader of a band.

\* Dessie Morgan

† Florence Morgan

‡ Gertrude Honn

"Lena Honn has married a farmer  
And is living not far from town,  
Elsie is also married  
And lives over on the sound.

"Lena Duncan is living in Ritzville  
And is County Treasurer there  
While Turner has married Marian Greene  
And is farming not far from here.

"Jerome Abbot is merchant here in town,  
Elsie Honn is running the hotel,  
But they have been married about five years,  
They're sure fixed up swell.

"Elsie Butts has married a banker  
And rides in a fine sedan  
Miss Costello has gone to Montana  
And married a railroad man."

Just then I awoke with a tap on my head  
By Miss Costello's rule

"Wake up there," she said to me  
"We will have no sleeping in school."

## TO MYSELF

The Scribbler

You dummy old scribbler  
Come down from the skies.  
What do you imagine?  
What do you surmise?  
Your prizes are booby  
Your fame is a dream  
Go jump in the river  
And float with the stream.

Now don't get excited  
And think you're a star,  
Your next coat may be made  
Of feathers and tar.  
Then think of yourself sir  
As others may think,  
And break all your pencils  
And pour out your ink.

You dummy old writer  
I'll wager a stake  
You'll balance your reason  
At Medical Lake.  
Such writers as you are  
I'll give you a hunch,  
Are sold by the dozen  
At two bits a bunch.

Go down by the river  
And climb up a tree  
And when you're so high up  
That no one can see,  
Then turn your self loose  
And come down with a thud  
And land in a quagmire  
And sink in the mud.

Go get in an airship,  
Or in a balloon  
And follow your compass  
And land on the moon,  
And when you arrive there  
And sit at your ease,  
Just scribble and scribble  
As long as you please.

### THE LEAP YEAR TRAIN

A letter has come over mountains and plains  
From the Mayor of Boston to the Mayor of Bengé.  
I bring good news and jolly good cheer,  
So boys pay attention and give me your ear.

*Boston*  
*February 14, 1912*

*Dear Mayor of Bengé,*  
*I have on hand*  
*The prettiest girls in all the land,*  
*A whole train load I am going to send*  
*To supply all the boys around there, my friend.*  
*So send in your orders for age and complexion*  
*And I am sure you will have no objection*  
*Each shall be suited, each will rejoice*  
*To meet at the train the sweet girl of his choice.*  
*I will await an answer from you*  
*Before I start my passengers through,*  
*Each wants a fellow, each wants a beau,*  
*They all are ready and anxious to go.*

*Resp. yours,*  
*The Mayor of Boston*

Benge, Washington  
February 16, 1912

Dear Sir,

*I received your letter with joy,  
And here is an order from each handsome young boy.  
Each is awaiting with high expectation  
For they are the handsomest boys of the nation.*

*Fred [Ellis] wants a short girl with light hair and complexion  
And if she has money he will have no objection,  
Her age must be just twenty-two and no older,  
Her head must come just up to his shoulder.*

*Ray [Dehart] must have one with black eyes and brown hair  
And it will be better if she is an heir,  
Of a few thousand dollars to buy them a farm  
Then off to the preacher they will go arm in arm.*

*Frank [Mitchell] wants a stout girl, a girl that can hoe,  
And carry the water and dabble the dough,  
She must split all the wood, cook potatoes and beans,  
Blue eyed, red headed, she must be in her teens.*

*Claud [Hatfield] wants a girl that will always say honey  
With sweet disposition and plenty of money.  
With dark curly hair, and eyes that's bewitching,  
And she must be handy in garden and kitchen.*

*Clarence [Ellis] must have one that can wash dishes and bake,  
For he can devour a whole lot of cake.  
Complexion, a blond, her eyes must be blue,  
Her hair must be of a light auburn hue.*

*There are the two Mr. Mitchells [Joe and Ed] on bachelor row,  
Each wants a woman to roll out his dough  
They must be little widows with plenty of cash,  
And sweet little children for papa to thrash.*

*There is Mr. [Fred] Johns, another old batch,  
If he finds the right one he will sure make a match.  
He is anxious to marry, he wants him a wife,  
He is tired of living a bachelor life.*



*There is Mr. [Alec] Bills, a widow will do,  
For his hair is all gone and his teeth are gone too.  
Send him a lady with plenty of dough,  
Then off on a honeymoon trip they will go.*

*There is Mr. [Floyd] Ratliff, I must not forget,  
Send him a little bright eyed brunette.  
Her age must be eighteen, her form must be plump,  
So send this young man a dear sugar lump.*

*Leonard [Chase] wants one that can drive mules and plow  
Slop hogs, feed chickens and milk the old cow.  
She must be tall, blue eyed, and good looking,  
And she must be very handy at cooking.*

*Then Mr. [John] Schroer is the next one that bids,  
Send a tall handsome widow without any kids.  
He makes a good judge of a baby show  
But doesn't want any of his own, you know.*

*Send Robert [Bob Blaze] one with dark curley tresses  
A handsome brunette with sweet smiles and caresses,  
Not very tall, with soft blue eyes,  
And she must be handy at making good pies.*

*Clark [Grogan] wants one that will stay on the farm,  
Keep the house tidy, sew on buttons, and darn,  
Dark complexion, tall and good looking  
And she must be handy at all kinds of cooking.*

*There's Walter Grogan with his razor and cream  
That makes him more lovely than a lady could dream.  
Wants a dark haired girl with a sweet rosy cheek,  
One that can keep him out of the creek.*

*Mr. [Don] De-Schon wants one eighteen years old,  
One that will never complain, boss or scold,  
So send this young man a dear little miss  
And he will meet her with a sweet hug and kiss.*

*Send one that will make a good preacher's wife,  
To Mr. Gardner to gladden his life.  
A good singing leader, a good music teacher.  
To be the wife of this talented preacher.*

*There is Mr. [Hugh] McFail who lives on a farm,  
He thinks to get married would do no harm,  
So send him a handsome little school teacher  
Then away they will go in search of a preacher.*

*There is Mr. [Dave] Coffey who ought to be wed,  
But he has taken it into his head  
To leave matters just as they stand  
And try for a young lady school teacher's hand.*

*Resp. yours,  
The Mayor of Benge.*

TELEGRAM :

DEAR SIR

OUR GIRLS ARE ALL READY TO START  
EACH ONE IS ANXIOUS TO MEET HER SWEETHEART,  
HAVE THE BOYS MEET THEM WITH BUGGIES AND SLEIGH  
THERE WILL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN THAT  
DAY.



When the girls around Benge heard of this plan  
They swore their revenge on our mayor man.  
They sent an infernal machine back to Boston,  
And wrote to those girls that their lives it would cost them  
And told them their faces they'd better turn back  
Or they'd throw their train right off the track.  
We will declare war with all its alarms,  
And if that does not stop you, we will rush unto arms.

THE POWER OF THE DEVIL  
Halloween Dust Storm

'Tis Halloween day and a storm cloud of sand,  
A shadow of darkness is over the land.  
A fierce wind is howling like imps overhead,  
It scatters the hay stacks, uncovers the shed.

It's scooping the dirt right up from the ground,  
And sending things flying and whipping around.  
The sky is as dark as a thunder storm raging,  
As if all nature in war was engaging.

The leaves are all pounded and whipped from the trees,  
And hurried to noplac before the fierce breeze.  
The Russian thistle is taking a hike,  
And chasing o'er pastures and fields like a bike.

The sand fills my nose, my mouth and my ears,  
It gets in my eyes and fills them with tears,  
For miles and for miles all over the land,  
The people are having their dinner of sand.

The souls of the doomed must be out and a-walking.  
I think I can hear them by hundreds a-talking.  
If the devil is the prince and the power of the air,  
I think of a truth all his imps must be here.

I will hang up a horseshoe to keep them away,  
I will go in my chamber and there I will stay,  
I will pull down the blinds and cover my head,  
And make old Beelzebub think I am D E A D.

Andrew Morgan wrote The Halloween Dust Storm in the barn by the light of a lantern during a fierce dust storm.

## THE LARK

Beautiful lark—first bird to sing,  
Awakes with the dawn, gladness to bring.  
Earliest bird catches the worm,  
Hear his sweet music over the farm.

Early in spring see how he flies,  
Singing his songs up in the skies,  
Perched on the barn as blossoming tree,  
Chirping so sweet, happy and free.

Sings to his mate over the lee,  
Where she has little ones—one, two, three.  
Bringing the food to his mate on the nest,  
And three downey nestlings under her breast.

Beautiful lark with his sweet song,  
Chanting his melodies all summer long,  
Cherries are ripe up in the tree,  
Plenty for all of the birdies and me.

Autumn has come, birdies have flown,  
Little ones gone, left him alone,  
Winter is coming, frost in the breeze,  
Yet he is singing up in the trees.

Winter has come, snow on the ground,  
Yet he's the happiest bird that is found,  
Singing so sweet, so loud and so clear,  
Never forsaking us all of the year.

## WHY I DON'T SHIP CREAM

Commercial friends, your letter came,  
And you will see I'm not to blame;  
With empty bin and empty mow,  
I can not get milk from a cow.

They come to their accustomed stalls,  
And Jersey moos and Brindy bawls;  
And all the cows and bulls and calves  
Get provender by thirds and halves.

I curry, brush and talk and sing,  
I tell them of approaching spring;  
But still without the feed they like,  
They simply will not break the strike.

The situation sure is sad,  
I tell you friends, it is too bad!  
Now, dear Commercial friends, good-bye.  
You'll get some cream before July.

Your friend,  
Andrew Morgan,  
Benge, Wash.

March 9th, 1923.

This poem was written in reply to a letter from the Commercial Creamery Co. of Spokane.

## THE PREACHER'S DREAM

A preacher went a dancing  
At Miller's Friday night  
'Twas rather up against his religion  
And he knew it was not right.  
He bought himself a pair of shoes  
And a very fine cigar  
Although his conscience bothered him  
Did not his pleasure mar.

He came there with the others  
And went into the hall,  
He brought with him a lady  
To frolic at the ball.  
He marched right out in the middle of the floor  
In every play they named,  
And how he cut the pigeon wing  
Made every one ashamed.

He stayed there till the morning  
Until the dance was o'er  
And danced with every lady  
And wished there were some more.  
He marched around the big ball room  
The best man in the hall  
Till everybody laughed and said,  
"See that preacher at the ball."

When he went home next morning  
He went right straight to bed,  
His conscience was not easy  
A pain was in his head,  
He dreamed the world had come to an end,  
And the judgment day had come,  
And there he stood before the Judge  
To account for what he'd done.



He stood before the Mighty Judge  
To account for what he'd done,  
Jehovah said, "Young preacher,  
Your doom in hell is won,  
You dishonored me before the world,  
And now it is too late  
So take that road right down the hill  
And go right through that gate."

And when the preacher heard these words  
The Judge said unto him,  
He raised his eyes to the Lord and cries  
And these words he said to him.  
"Lord, have mercy, don't send me there,  
For I should go up higher,  
But Lord if you can't save me now,  
For goodness' sake don't poke that fire."

## OUR STATE

I've reached a land far in the West,  
Of all the states this is the best,  
Of summer skies and sun and showers  
Of singing birds and blooming flowers.

### Chorus:

Oh Washington, sweet Washington  
The dear land of the setting sun,  
I look across the fertile plain,  
And view the fields of waving grain,  
And hear the sickle every year,  
That tells me that the harvest's here.

With British Columbia on the north,  
And Oregon upon the south,  
And Idaho with mountain crest,  
And the Pacific on the west.

I see the sheep upon the hills,  
The cattle drinking from the rills,  
The ripening fruits on tree and vine,  
The gold and silver in the wine.

And by the river bank I stand,  
And view the cateract so grand,  
And hear its mighty thunder roar,  
And watch the rainbow from the shore.

I look upon the mountains grand,  
And see the forest wide expand,  
And from the hilltops far and near,  
I view the beauties of Rainier.

The rolling hills, the level plain  
The rivers flowing to the main,  
I see the sun's last rays at night  
Shine on the green Olympic's height.

Such scenery was never found,  
Except on the shores of Puget Sound,  
With mountain tops and islands green,  
A fairer spot was never seen.

And where Columbia's waters flow,  
I see the vessels come and go,  
I see the ships at anchor lie,  
I see the trains go swiftly by.

I stand upon the rock-bound shore,  
And hear the mighty ocean roar,  
The breakers dash upon the sand,  
The works of God's almighty hand.

I look across the deep blue tide,  
And see the billows far and wide,  
The great sublime and mighty sea,  
The emblem of eternity.

## RUNAWAY WILLIE

Just before the train, dear mother,  
I am standing by the track,  
For I'm going to leave you mother,  
And I'm never coming back.  
Good bye mother, you shall never,  
Turn me across your knee again,  
For I'm going to be a hobo,  
And I'm going to Spokane.

Never more, shall I, dear mother,  
Take the pail and milk the cow,  
I never more shall bring the stove wood,  
For I'm going to leave you now.  
I will ride upon the railroad.  
Maybe I will go to sea,  
But remember this, dear mother,  
You have seen the last of me.

Now I hear the whistle's blowing,  
Now the engine is in sight,  
I will step upon the platform,  
And be in Spokane tonight.  
No, I haven't got a penny,  
But I guess they'll let me ride,  
I will go into the pullman,  
With the passengers inside.

Just behind the train, dear mother,  
I am lying on the ground,  
A policeman standing o'er me,  
With my hands and feet both bound.  
Oh, policeman, drop that billy,  
Do not take me to the pen,  
For I'm mother's little Willie,  
And I'm going home again.

Just before the judge, dear mother,  
I am standing here today,  
Now I hear him read my sentence,  
Six months I'm in jail to stay,  
Just behind the bars, dear mother,  
I am lying here alone,  
Wishing you were here, dear mother,  
To pay my bail and take me home.

Just before the jail, dear mother,  
I am going home today,  
I will stay with you, dear mother,  
Never more to run away.  
Dear, kind lady, will you give me,  
Just a piece of bread and meat?  
It has been just three days, madam,  
Since I've had a bite to eat.

Just before a bulldog mother,  
I am running down the road,  
Wishing that I had a shotgun,  
I would give him all the load.  
Mr. Farmer call your bulldog,  
See, he's going to eat me up,  
See him pulling at my trousers  
Mr. Farmer, call your pup.

I am going up the turnpike,  
Now I see my cottage home,  
Mother dear, I'm coming to you  
And I never more shall roam.  
Mother dear, is supper ready?  
Ain't you glad that I've got back?  
I have been so happy mother,  
Visiting with Uncle Jack.

## THE CALL OF MACEDONIA

'Twas the call of Macedonia,  
From the chiefs of the Nes Perces,  
From across the Rocky Mountains,  
Far beyond the west horizon,  
Where the troubled rivers ripple  
Onward to the mighty waters.

Many moons the chieftains traveled,  
Weary, footsore, cold and hungry.  
Through the forests, over deserts,  
Over mountains, through the valleys,  
Over rocks and lonely prairies,  
To the mighty Mississippi.

To the city of St. Louis,  
Seeking for the book of heaven,  
To the white man came inquiring,  
For the gift of the Great Spirit,  
Praying for the light to guide them,  
In the way of truth and wisdom.

To the white man hear them calling,  
Give to us the book of heaven,  
For our noble western tribesmen  
Far across the mighty desert,  
Far across the Rocky Mountains,  
In the far-off golden sunset.

Give to us the light of heaven,  
Teach us righteous ways to travel,  
Lead us to the white man's Savior  
That his love may light our pathway  
Onward, upward, unto heaven,  
From the ways of superstition.

We must turn our faces backward,  
Finding not the book of heaven,  
Finding only disappointment  
Finding not the white man's Savior.  
Lonely many moons to travel.  
To our waiting, watching tribesmen.

Only one to reach the river,  
And the tepees of their loved ones.  
Hungry, weary, lone and footsore.  
Two were buried at St. Louis,  
One was buried on the desert.  
But the Lord had not forgotten.

He who sees the falling sparrows  
Sent to them our noble Spalding,  
Sent to them our noble Whitman.  
With the white man's book of heaven,  
Led them from their superstition.  
Go the light of God's salvation.



## WASHINGTON

### STAR OF OUR STATE

What star is that whose splendor shines  
Down from that sky of blue?  
It shines so bright by day and night  
'Tis number forty-two.

The stars of heaven shine by night  
From heaven's azure true,  
Still brighter shines that glorious star  
Our number forty-two.

For fifty years its rays have beamed  
Upon our western shore  
By grace divine we hope 'twill shine  
Nine thousand years or more.

Young and old salute the flag  
Where shines that star of glory  
Our chosen state has grown so great  
Since 'twas a territory.

The pioneers through all these years  
Have loyal been and true,  
And now the star their children love  
Is number forty-two.

# "That Flag"

by ANDREW MORGAN, Bengé

They say our Betty made that flag  
And nailed it to the pole,  
The flag that is so dear to every patriotic soul.  
They say she made that square of blue  
And set those stars in place,  
And sewed those stripes together there,  
And gave it all its grace.  
Because our Betty made that flag  
With all her clever stitching,  
That we should call upon her head  
A holy benediction.

That flag was sent from Heaven,  
As was God's only son,  
No nation lives who now would dare  
That flag to tread upon.  
Almighty God those stars did stamp,  
And made that sky of blue,  
And put those stripes together there,  
A flag for me and you.  
And holy angels brought it there,  
And bearing it up on high,  
And now that flag forever more  
Must decorate the sky.

Of heaven's own azure firmament  
That sky of blue was made,  
Emblem of truth and truthfulness,  
Whose blue shall never fade.  
There in that sky of beauty,  
The Father with great care,  
Each one in its orbit  
Hung the stars of glory there.  
Those stars shall glitter from the sky  
Upon our peaceful shore,  
And they shall never cease to shine  
Til time shall be no more.

Those stripes of red are for the blood  
Shed to redeem our nation,  
For freedom too was bought with blood,  
As was our own salvation.  
For purity those white stripes show  
Our holy aspirations,  
To show our native land must be  
The holiest of nations.  
The sacrifice, the purity,  
The holy and the true,  
The azure sky, the stars, the stripes,  
The red, the white, the blue.

That flag has waved for ages there,  
In song, in rhyme, in story,  
Our soldiers have to battle gone  
And covered it with glory.  
That flag has gone across the sea  
To show to every nation,  
The time has come when there shall be  
A great emancipation.  
And in our own dear native land,  
A land of wealth and beauty,  
To guard that flag against the wrong  
Is every patriot's duty.

In Memory of Our Dear Eva — Written by her Father

A loved one has gone from our circle,  
There is sadness in our home,  
One more dear one in heaven,  
To welcome us when we come.

Father and Mother are weeping,  
For one they will see no more,  
Till God will call the sleeping,  
To awake on the other shore.

Loving sisters go sadly  
About their work and play,  
While the flowers they'll gather so gladly,  
Are shedding their blossoms away.

Earth's dearest jewels we've treasured,  
The dear ones we have loved,  
And earth's sweetest flowers are gathered,  
To deck the bright home above.

Father in heaven grant it,  
As through this world we roam,  
That she might be to our path a star,  
To lead us nearer home.

As the parents of Jesus found him,  
When wearily they had trod,  
So we will find our darling  
In the temple of God.

## LEAD ME DEAR SHEPHERD

Lead me Dear Shepherd beside the still river,  
To pastures of green lead thou me,  
Thy rod and thy staff be my comfort forever,  
Till mansions of glory I see.

Lead thou me not in the way of temptation,  
From evil deliver my soul,  
The hand that has led from the dawn of creation,  
Is leading me safe to the goal.

He leads through the valley of humiliation,  
He leads through the watery grave,  
Follow thou me, hear the great invitation,  
And I will abundantly save.

Yea, though I walk through the shadowy valley,  
And troubles and sorrows I see,  
I find there the footprints of Jesus, my savior,  
Leading through Gethsemane.

He'll lead over Jordan, through death's chilling waters,  
He'll lead in my flight to the sky,  
His promise is sure unto God's sons and daughters,  
I'll guide all the way with mine eye.

Then, when I enter the sweet land of Beulah,  
And take of the wine and the corn,  
I'll see there my King in his garments of beauty,  
And welcome the glorious morn.

To Him who was offered on Calvary's mountain,  
I'll offer my praises each day,  
In glory He'll lead to the pure living fountain,  
Where I will praise him for aye.

Written in 1917

## FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE

Under a blooming black locust tree,  
In a hammock swinging were children three,  
Two little sisters and one little brother,  
Each one helping to swing the other.

Singing and swinging from morning till night,  
Home's dearest treasures with faces so bright,  
Mother's own darlings and father's own joy,  
Two little girls and one little boy.

Gathering flowers that grow in the spring,  
Listening to the wild birds sing,  
Chasing the rabbits and shy little squirrels,  
One little boy and two little girls.

The roses were blooming white, yellow and red,  
When one little girl lay on her sickbed.  
All hopes had faded and loved ones drew nigh,  
To bid little Gracie their last goodbye.

Father and Mother don't weep over me,  
Jesus is waiting, bright angels I see,  
Loved ones are calling me over the tide,  
To give me a home by the dear Savior's side.

Dear little brother and sister don't cry,  
God has prepared me a home in the sky,  
You'll find me waiting when all life is o'er  
At the pearly gate on the beautiful shore.

Goodbye dear loved ones, I bid you adieu,  
Meet me above the heavens so blue,  
Jesus, who said, "Let the little ones come,"  
Will welcome me there in his heavenly home.

Two snowy white hands crossed over her breast,  
One little soul in heaven at rest,  
Loved ones are weeping for Gracie all day,  
The angels had bourne her spirit away.

Only two in the hammock to swing  
Two little children too sad to sing,  
One little sister and one little brother,  
Each one helping to swing the other.

Mother, we are lonely today,  
Do not send us out to play,  
Let us stay in, dear mother, with you,  
Oh, where is our sister so loving and true?

And now they gather the flowers that bloom,  
And scatter them over the little one's tomb,  
Trusting to Jesus who reigns all above,  
Ever to live in faith, hope and love.



## THE KAISER

Who is it has robbed the world  
Of the cream of its population?  
Who is it has won the hatred  
And contempt of every nation?  
Who is it has sunk his country  
To the depths of degredation?

The Kaiser

Who is it has wrecked the homes  
Of innocent ones and good?  
Who is it has killed the fathers and sons  
And trampled on womanhood?  
Who is it has wrought destruction  
In cities and towns and wood?

The Kaiser

Who is it has filled the earth  
With horrors no tongue can tell?  
Who is it fired no welcome shot  
On the face of the earth to dwell?  
Who is it has made for himself  
An eternal bed in hell?

The Kaiser

Who is it has filled the earth  
With wrangle and discontent?  
Who is it has wrought a blight on earth  
As a demon on earth was sent?  
Who is it has lost his throne and crown  
And his kingdom from him rent?

The Kaiser

Who is it filled earth, sea and sky  
With terror both day and night?  
Who is it we sent our men  
Across the pond to fight?  
Who is it skipped to save his life  
And has sunk clear out of sight?

The Kaiser

## OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

America, our native land,  
The home of heroes once so grand,  
On city streets, on range and farms,  
We hear the country's call to arms.

We raise Old Glory to the sky,  
We hear the eagle's piercing cry,  
Now duty calls to save our land,  
From cruelty of tyrant's hand.

Dear land where sleeps the noble brave,  
The land our fathers fought to save,  
And now we hasten one and all  
To answer to our country's call.

We who are too old to go  
Can fight at home with plow and hoe,  
To feed the ones who cross the sea,  
To fight for home and liberty.

Oh mothers, daughters, sisters true,  
The country now is calling you,  
If you can't go to be a nurse  
You can help with food and purse.

Our fathers wore the blue, the grey,  
The khaki we will wear today  
United brothers we will stand,  
And battle for our glorious land.

Our grandsires fought the British foe,  
Now with their grandsons we'll go  
To fight together in the cause  
Of liberty and righteous laws.

Oh, sons of heroes strong and brave,  
Your fathers fill an honored grave  
To give to you this land to be  
Forever and forever free.

Now will you heed the country's call?  
Now will you stand or will you fall?  
Now will you fight our land to save?  
Or will you be a vanquished slave?

No, we will heed the country's call  
We will fight or we will fall  
We'll put the brutal Kaiser down  
No more his head will wear a crown.

Johnie coming home from school  
 Climbed on his father's knee,  
 Oh, Daddie, did you buy a bond?  
 Said little Johnie Lee.  
 The schools are going to celebrate  
 All over this wide land  
 And children with the Stars and Stripes  
 Will march behind the band.

Oh, Daddie, did you go to war?  
 Or did you buy a bond?  
 Or did you help the soldier boys  
 Who went across the pond?  
 Have you no uniform to wear?  
 Or bonds laid by have you?  
 Shall I not march upon that day  
 And bear a banner too?

How happy will the children be  
 Upon that festal morn  
 To see their daddies marching there  
 In faded uniform.  
 How proud the children will all be  
 Whose daddies are alive,  
 To march on Armistice Day  
 Of nineteen twenty-five.

They would not let my Daddy go  
 Said little Willie Brown,  
 But he says he bought more bonds  
 Than any man in town.  
 And Katie Johnson's mother, too  
 A widow though she be,  
 Knit woolen socks and sweaters too  
 For men across the sea.

We'll all march to the city park  
Where speeches will be made,  
And music by the orchestra,  
And lunches in the shade,  
But the flags are only for the ones  
Whose daddies fought the Huns,  
Or bought the bonds that helped to put  
The powder in the guns.

### WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME

The cruel war is ended  
And the boys who crossed the foam  
With victory so splendid  
They are coming home.  
They whipped old Bill the Kaiser  
And drove him from his throne  
With laurels we will crown them  
When the boys come home.

Some will be in gladness  
When the boys are marching home,  
And some will be in sadness  
And for loved ones mourn  
For many a brave young hero  
Who fought our flag to save  
Whose bones have found a resting place  
Beneath the wave.

A patriotic father  
Said, "My brave boy, go  
And save your home and country  
From a foreign foe."  
Now that father is weeping  
For the one he freely gave.  
His brave boy now is sleeping  
In a foreign grave.

A mother's heart is yearning  
To see her soldier boy,  
She hails his glad returning  
With pride and joy.  
How well should he remember  
Wherever he may roam,  
He has a mother's blessing  
Till her boy comes home.

We'll give a hearty welcome  
To the boys who crossed the sea  
And carried dear Old Glory  
Through to victory  
To those who saved our nation  
And wrecked a tyrant's throne,  
We'll give a great ovation  
When the boys come home.

No more they hear the bugle,  
No more the shot and shell,  
They drove the haughty Germans  
To the gates of hell.  
They're on the ocean sailing,  
We welcome them to come,  
Back to their own America  
They're coming home.



## THE MODERN DAVID AND GOLIATH

Two armies met on the desert sand  
Where a battle now was raging,  
Two monarchs fought to own the land  
And in war were engaging.

For many days the battle raged  
And many were the slain,  
Who fought upon the battlefield  
The victory to gain.

King Jesus led his army on  
To charge against the foe,  
While Satan and his army stood  
To deal the deadly blow.

Forth from the devil's army came  
A champion each morn,  
Send ye a man to fight with me,  
My name is Barley Corn.

Within his gilded palaces  
Of silver and of gold,  
Men lay in wretched drunkenness  
And human lives were sold.

There beautiful women sang  
With pretended mirth and glee  
While aproned devils there to serve  
The accursed damnation tea.

Men fled in terror from the foe  
Of this great giant there,  
Whose voice was like the thunder,  
Whose curses filled the air.

From the army of King Jesus  
Stepped forth a soldier brave,  
Saluted his great captain,  
"I'll fight the mighty knave.

"Why stand this haughty champion  
With coat of mail and sword,  
With boastful curses to defy  
The army of the Lord?

"Put thy armour on me, Lord.  
My name is Prohibition,  
I'll fight the giant man to man  
With ballot amunition."

Clad in the armour of the Lord  
So early in the morn,  
Upon the stony plains of life,  
He met old Barley Corn.

"Who art thou Prohibition dwarf,  
To meet me in the fray?  
I'll feed thee to the beasts of earth,  
And to the birds of prey.

"I'll smite thee," said the soldier brave,  
"In King Emanuel's name."  
He hit the giant on his head  
With a sure and deadly aim.

The giant fell upon his face,  
Upon a stony bed.  
He's reaching for the giant's sword  
To sever off his head.

We'll dig his grave both long and deep  
And cover up the bier  
No one shall be there for to weep,  
Or shed for him a tear.

His requim shall be the cries  
Of ruined souls and homes,  
The monument that shall arise  
Shall be of human bones.

He epitath, as you will see  
The writing on the wall:  
Here lies old giant Barley Corn,  
The cursed alcohol.

His portion in eternity  
Shall be the depths of hell  
Where Satan and the beast shall be,  
With demons there to dwell.

We'll hold Emanuel's banner high  
In holy adoration.  
Shout, Hallelujah, praise the Lord,  
Hurrah for Prohibition.

## THE CURSE OF THE WINE CUP

The stars were out, the curfew ringing,  
And the nightingale was singing,  
When I saw two lovers clinging  
To each other by the sea,  
And I came up very near them,  
In the shadows for to hear them,  
Hearts so sad but hopes to cheer them,  
That a safe return might be.

"Darling, how I hate to grieve you,  
How it breaks my heart to leave you,  
But you know I'll not deceive you,  
I'll return to you again.  
In Alberta's western region,  
There I'll find a land of freedom,  
Make a home for us, my sweet one,  
Then return, my love, for you.

"The *Titanic* sails tomorrow,  
Sweetheart, do not weep for sorrow,  
Troubles we should never borrow,  
Only meet them when they come."  
She replied in fond devotion,  
"There is peril on the ocean,  
Rocks and storms and ice in motion,  
You may never more come home."

Then he took her hand and kissed her,  
As a brother would a sister,  
And he told her how he'd miss her,  
In that land 'ere he'd come back.  
Tears were shed, goodbye's were spoken,  
Vows that never should be broken,  
And he waved a last sad token,  
From *Titanic's* brilliant deck.

Men of many occupations,  
Men of high and low vocations,  
Men of many flags and nations,  
Went on board to cross the sea.  
The bells were rung, the lights were gleaming,  
The anchor raised, the flags were streaming,  
The whistle blew the vessel steaming,  
For the ports across the sea.

The *Titanic*, swift in motion,  
Gracefully she sailed the ocean,  
Queen of all the ships afloat,  
Built to float and dare the storm.  
Swiftly on through darkness steering,  
And the distant shore was nearing,  
Not a thought of danger fearing,  
With the wine cups reveling.

Then there came an awful shatter,  
Iron did break and glass did shatter,  
She is filling fast with water,  
Sinking, sinking, going down.  
As an imp, from some unseen land,  
Or a curse from some unseen hand,  
The iceberg from the coast of Greenland,  
Sent the noble vessel down.

While the band was sweetly playing,  
And for help good men were praying,  
Hundreds where no hand could save them.  
Crowded on that fated deck.  
Father, mother, sister, brother,  
Husband, wife, sweetheart, and lover,  
Friend and foe to sink together,  
With *Titanic's* fatal wreck.

Then this maiden in distresses,  
Wrung her hands and tore her tresses,  
Heeding not kind friends' caresses,  
As she wept her life away.  
Rocks shall rend and seas shall sever,  
'Ere I forget my dear, lost lover,  
I'll be true to him forever,  
Till we meet on that bright day.

A few short weeks and all was over,  
On the hillside sweet with clover,  
Where the willows wave above her,  
There she sleeps beneath the clay.  
Shall the sea part them forever?  
Or shall the grave eternally sever?  
Or shall they rise to meet each other  
On the realms of perfect day?

There's a hope for those that slumber,  
Neath the icebergs and the thunder,  
May their souls be resting yonder,  
Till the sea gives up its drowned.  
Oh good men of every nation,  
Send the temperance proclamation,  
Till the rising generation  
Puts the cursed wine cup down.



## THE TWO SOLDIERS

Two soldiers marched to the battle front  
Two soldiers, friends most true,  
Two noble hearts, two boys as brave  
As ever wore the blue.  
Eternal friendship they had pledged,  
Together they would fight  
Together they would wield the sword  
To battle for the right.

Many a weary day they'd marched,  
And many a battle fought,  
And many the bloody day they'd seen,  
And noble deeds had wrought.  
To rid our land of one dark curse,  
That wrong no more should be,  
To break the bonds of slavery  
And set the captive free.

So Charles and Robert, side by side,  
Fought till the war was done.  
Beneath the starry flag they stood  
When freedom's cause was won.  
Then with honors they marched home,  
For they had fought so well,  
And at the end of Robert's name  
Was written COL.

Our heroes drifted far apart  
And each has won a name,  
For both had entered public life  
And each had won new fame.  
Both were mighty men and great,  
As in wars long ago  
One led men's souls to heaven's gate  
The other unto woe.

Charles took up the gospel sword,  
Chose righteous ways to trod,  
While Robert was an infidel,  
And battled with his God.  
Robert traveled far and near  
And went from shore to shore,  
And led men in the paths of sin,  
Till death knocked at his door.

After many, many years,  
These heroes met again,  
And rode together side by side,  
Upon a railroad train.  
They talked together of old times,  
As they rode on together,  
And of the many, many years  
Since they had seen each other.

Now as they neared the station,  
Where Charles should leave the train  
These two old comrades soon must part,  
They ne'er should meet again.  
Dear Robert, you must answer me,  
While we are here together,  
Two questions, for we soon must part  
And it may be forever.

For I have labored long and hard,  
My master's work to do,  
And held the blood-stained banner high  
And wore the armour true,  
While you have labored just as hard,  
His gospel to destroy,  
And have no hope beyond this life,  
Of heaven to enjoy.

If after-life I've toiled in vain,  
And it should chance to be,  
There is no heaven, no home, no God,  
And no eternity  
If I have been mistaken here,  
And Christ is not our King,  
And you are right, and I am wrong,  
Have I lost anything?

If I am right and you are wrong,  
And God above is true,  
You've labored just as hard as I,  
What has it won for you?  
And when your work on earth is done,  
And the river you have crossed,  
And you must stand before the judge,  
Of heaven, what have you lost?

In a meeting in Montana,  
Charles laid his armour down  
And there laid down the gospel sword,  
To wear a victor's crown.  
And he heard the Master calling,  
"Well done, servant come up higher,"  
But Robert heard the awful words,  
"Depart to everlasting fire."

Kind friend, 'tis hard to break the tie,  
When love has bound our hearts together,  
But we shall meet above the sky  
To dwell at home with Christ forever.  
Blessed be the tie of Christian love,  
That binds as one our hearts together,  
And we shall know as we are known  
When we shall meet beyond the river.

We lay our loved ones down to rest  
With bitter tears and mortal sorrow,  
But we shall meet them with the blessed  
On that eternal bright tomorrow.  
Our souls are anchored to the rock  
Through faith in our divine redeemer  
Oh death, where is thy vital sting?  
The grave shall lose its power forever.

When we shall rise to meet our God,  
And hear the awful trumpet sounding  
We who have felt the chastening rod  
And been redeemed through love abounding.  
We'll arise to view the great unknown  
And there repeat the old, old story  
We'll gather round the great white throne  
And sing the great new song in glory.

\* The minister: Charles Wright  
The infidel: Robert Ingersoll

## SHASTA

Beautiful Shasta with snow-covered crest,  
In the Sacramentos, the pride of the West,  
Say why do you hold your proud head up so high  
Like a diamond adorning the face of the sky?

To look to the East over forests of green,  
To look to the West where the waters are seen,  
To look to the South where the oranges grow,  
To look to the North where the bright rivers flow.

You catch the first gleam of the morning so soon  
E're the sun in its zenith is reaching the noon.  
At evening the sunbeams with lingering ray,  
Leave a last goodnight kiss at the close of the day.

How long had you waited, oh mountain of fame  
For white men to come here and give you a name?  
For ages and ages no mortal had seen  
Your glittering dome and your forests of green.

The red men adored thee and sang at thy base.  
Through forests around thee the wild deer did chase.  
The mountain lion climbed on your beautiful slope,  
And preyed on the young of the wild antelope.

Where the cataract rumbles and sweet, balmy air  
The home of the eagle, the haunt of the bear.  
The hunters who love the great shadowy pines,  
The rocks and the cliffs where the gold seeker climbs.

How gracious, oh Shasta, doth nature bestow,  
Her bounty of wealth on your mantle of snow,  
Mid evergreen forests by sunshine caressed,  
The queen of California, the gem of the west.

## SISTER IDAHO

Beautiful Idaho mountains,  
With bountiful riches untold,  
With fairy land pleasures and deep hidden treasures  
Rich in silver and gold.  
With rippling streams surpassing all dreams,  
And cataracts that thunder,  
You think you stand in fairyland  
When you view this mighty wonder.

Beautiful Idaho forests,  
Of tamarac, cedar and pine,  
Where the fir tree grows and the wild mountain rose  
Is seen with the bright woodbine.  
They take the droves to the mountain coves,  
Where the hunters love to roam,  
Where the woodchoppers find a shade so kind,  
And the lumberman builds his home.

Beautiful Idaho rivers  
Fed by the melting snow  
Loudly they rumble as onward they tumble  
To water the valleys below.  
Now as I stand on the shining sand  
And look at the towering bluff,  
How often I think as I stand on the brink  
'Tis fairyland, sure enough.

Beautiful Idaho valleys  
With fields and meadows so green,  
Their cities are small, yet after all,  
Their greatness is yet to be seen.  
The products that grow are a wonder to show  
And many a luxurious home  
You plainly can see that a people more free  
Have never yet been known.

We see the trains  
And the airplanes  
In a region once lonely and drear  
With only the reds to make their beds  
Before the whites came here.  
We take a spin in our automobile  
Over valleys and hills and plains,  
And far and near the sickles we hear  
In the fields of golden grain.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-one  
By mother nature blest,  
Our beautiful sister state was born  
In the cradle of the West.  
None can outclass and none can surpass  
With land so fertile and great  
'Tis plain to foresee the destiny  
Of this wonderful sister state.



## WHERE ARE THEY\*

Gone are the days of the jolly harvest crew  
Gone are the days of the stationary too,  
Gone are the days when we heard the whistle blow,  
That called us in the early morning long ago.  
Where are they?  
Where are they?  
The boys we used to know  
Who went out in the header boxes long ago.

Gone are the days when we built those stacks of grain  
From the header boxes on the hills and plain.  
Gone are the headers from the fields away,  
We hear no more the music of the harvest day.  
Where are they?  
Where are they?  
The jolly harvest crew,  
The catapiller pulls, the plow and combine, too.

Out in the fields we hear the motor hum,  
Tractors have put boxes on the bum.  
Boys no longer learn to drive the mules,  
The farmers now are going to the tractor schools.  
Where are they?  
Where are they?  
The ways we used to know.  
We cherish pleasant memories of long ago.

Gone are the days when a girl came out to ride,  
In the header box, her true love by her side.  
Hugged and kissed as lovers will, you know,  
And whispered happy dreams of love so long ago.  
Where are they?  
Where are they?  
The maiden and her beau,  
Who courted in the header box so long ago.

\* sung to the tune of "Old Black Joe"

Gone is the boss with the checkbook in his hand,  
Gone is the cook house and the frying pan,  
Gone are the girls who rolled the pie crust dough,  
And rang the welcome dinner bells so long ago.  
Where are they?  
Where are they?  
The girls who rolled the dough  
And passed the hash around the table long ago.

Gone is the time when we slept upon the hay,  
Laughed and joked and sang the hours away,  
Went to sleep and heard the rooster crow  
And got up in the early morning long ago.  
Where are they?  
Where are they?  
The boys we used to love,  
Many now have reached the harvest home above.

Gone are the threshers to the piles of junk,  
Gone are the headers and the harvest bunk,  
Gone is the cook house, now no more we see,  
The pretty girls in aprons as they used to be.  
Where are they?  
Where are they?  
We all must surely go  
Where many have who worked with us so long ago.

Thomas and Rachel raised a family of eleven children. All became Christians at an early age.

Ida died at Bethel April 15th, 1882, aged seventeen years.

Mary was married at Pomeroy, Washington to Sanford Miller at the age of twenty-seven and only lived a few months.

Andrew was married at the age of thirty-two to Miss Maybelle May of Lind, Washington. She was born in Alabama. Her parents and grandparents were from Georgia. Her grandmother was a granddaughter of a soldier under General Washington. They were of the first families of Virginia. My wife's grandmother was a true Confederate, having lived in Georgia in the time of Sherman's drive through Georgia and the war never ended till her death in 1923. My wife's mother, Mrs. Betty May Connell died in 1940.

Albert Morgan was married to Mrs. Martha Hendricks. She had three children by a former marriage; Alice, Minnie and Otis. There was a son born to them, Floyd Morgan who lives at Potlatch, Idaho. He has a wife and two children.

Will Morgan was married to Luella Knepper. They had one child, Ora Morgan. They moved to California. He died in Pheonix, Arizona.

Lester Morgan remained a bachelor. He moved to Santa Cruz, California.

Rev. D. Lloyd Morgan became a Christian minister and preached over fifty years in California. He married Lora Yancey. Their children are David, Paul, Reva and Barbara.

Vernon Morgan married Laura Gaskil and had several children and moved to California.

Simon Morgan married Minnie Campbell and also had several children. They, too, moved to California.

The children of Charlie and Lena Morgan are: Forest, Gilbert, Harold and Donald.

The children of Vernie and Laura Morgan are: Rachel, Delbert, Oliver, Everett Oliver, Earl, Vida and Thomas

Children of Simon and Minnie Morgan: Edna and four sons.

Children of Andrew and Maybelle Morgan: Zona, Dessie, Eva, Florence and Gladys.

# **Benge**

## **The Garden Spot of Washington**

The town of Benge is situated in the heart of the wheat belt of Eastern Adams County only two hours ride from Spokane. The main line of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railroad passes through the center of the town with good passenger and freight service, both east and west, daily.

Benge has about 150,000 acres of fine agricultural land tributary to its door. The average wheat crop is from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. The future of the fruit-growing business in the Benge area is very bright. All the country needs is men that know how to put out orchards and take care of them rightly, to assure results.

Up to a few years ago the entire country was given to stock-raising. Now that the land has been found to be so much more valuable for the raising of wheat, the stockmen are fast passing into history. Land that is now selling at from \$10 to \$40 per acre could have been bought five years ago for \$1.00 per acre. So one can readily see the great strides that this part of the country has made in so short a time.

The soil is from 10 to 100 feet in depth. In the valleys the land is gravelly and under irrigation will produce any kind of crop desired.

Two years ago the present site of Benge was used by sheep men for grazing land, and since that time we have laid the foundation for one of the richest inland towns of the Pacific Coast. Plans are now being put in shape to install a city water works and an electric lighting plant, which will add to the many delights of the town. There will be at least 300,000 bushels of wheat shipped from Benge during the current year of 1911.

In addition to the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railroad passing through Benge, the North Coast is building within three miles of us. The Milwaukee is also close to Benge. With all of these railroads so near at hand, the wheat land cannot fail to advance in price very rapidly.

The country is offering better inducements for the homeseeker and men with capital than any other part of the West. The town has two General Merchandise stores, Drug Store, Barber Shop, Hotel, Lumber Yard, Restaurant, Billiard Hall, Livery Stable, Meat Market and Bank, and there is still room for other kinds of business.

We have 50,000 acres of fine wheat land listed with us now for sale, in tracts ranging from 40 acres to 5,000 acres, at very reasonable prices and easy payments. A few good homesteads are still open for entry. We will gladly answer any and all information desired, so don't be afraid to write and ask questions. Write

# **The Benge Land Company**

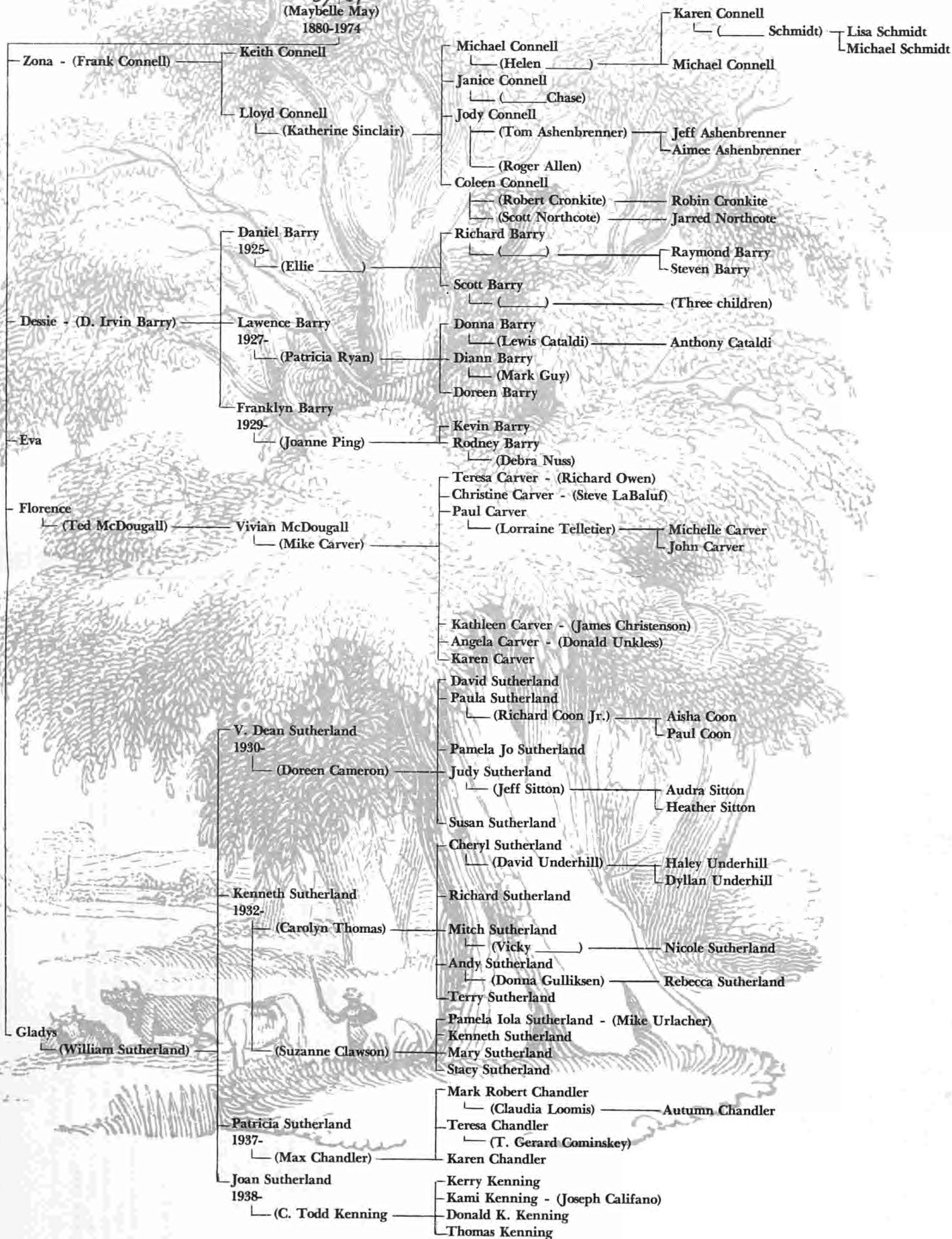
## **BENGE, WASHINGTON**

STERLING ANDREW MORGAN  
1799-1873

MARGARET McDANIELS  
1810-1879

Riley Merrian William James THOMAS  
1842-1908  
(Rachel Barnes)  
1844-1922

Ida Rosaline Mary Albert ANDREW William Simon Lester Vista A. Vernie D. Lloyd Charlie  
1842-1908  
(Maybelle May)  
1880-1974







Entered as second class mail matter at Pandora, Ohio, Act of Congress, Oct. 3, 1917  
Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized March 18, 1921

VOL. 63

PANDORA, OHIO, AUGUST 8, 1940

NO 44

## EDITORIAL BREVITIES

### WHEN SPEAKING OF OTHERS

When speaking of another's fault,  
Pray, don't forget your own;  
Remember, those with homes of glass  
Should never throw a stone.  
If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those who sin,  
"Tis better we commence at home,  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried;  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide.  
Some may have faults—and who has not—  
The old as well as young;  
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan;  
I know it works quite well—  
To try my own defects to cure  
Before of others' tell;  
And though I sometimes hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My own shortcomings bid me let  
The fault of others go.

Then let us all when we commence  
To slander foe or friend,  
Think of the harm one word may do  
And where it all may end.  
Remember, curses, sometimes like  
Our chickens "roost at home;"  
Don't tell the faults of others  
Till you have none of your own.

—Selected.

### PASS IT ON

Have you had a kindness shown?  
Pass it on;  
'Twas not given for thee alone,  
Pass it on;  
Let it travel down the years,

## ATTENTION PLEASE!

Special notice to Ministers, Camp Meeting Committees and Evangelists.  
Special prices on Gospel Banner Subscriptions. All new subscribers—16 months for \$1.50.

Trial subscriptions 12 weeks 25c.  
All renewals are at the regular yearly rates—\$1.50 per year.  
The above rates apply to all NEW subscriptions.

Be sure and send subscription and moneys to Bethel Publishing Company, Elkhart, Indiana.

A. B. YODER, Editor.

Let it wipe another's tears,  
'Till in Heav'n the deed appears—  
Pass it on.

Did you hear the loving word?  
Pass it on;  
Like the singing of a bird?  
Pass it on;  
Let his music live and grow,  
Let it cheer another's woe,  
You have reaped what others sow,  
Pass it on.

'Twas the sunshine of a smile,  
Pass it on;  
Staying but a little while!  
Pass it on;  
April beam, the little thing,  
Still it makes the flow'rs of spring,  
Makes the silent birds to sing—  
Pass it on.

Have you found the heavenly light?  
Pass it on;  
Souls are groping in the night,  
Daylight gone;  
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,  
Be a star to someone's sky,  
He may live who else would die;  
Pass it on.

Be not selfish in thy greed,  
Pass it on,  
Look upon thy brother's need,  
Pass it on,

Live for self, you live in vain;  
Live for Christ, you live again;  
Live for Him, with Him you reign—  
Pass it on.

—Way of Faith.

### THE VIRGIN BIRTH

JOHN 1:1-4; MATT. 1:18-25

In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Is it true? Is it possible? Is it necessary? What is its meaning?

The birth of Jesus was the same as the birth of other children. There was nothing supernatural about Isaac and John the Baptist were miracles in conception; but the conception of Jesus was a virgin conception, and the first and only one in history. Jesus was a supernatural being and proved his deity by life, death, resurrection and ascension.

I rejoice that in Luke we have a man of letters who records the facts and undoubtedly, as a physician believed it to be true. He was a man of culture and clearly states his faith in the Virgin birth in Luke 1:1-4. He is a man upon whom we can depend historically. He would not record this incident if he did not believe in its credibility.

A person like Jesus calls for such a birth. His life and works were not the life and works of an ordinary man. Such a man as Jesus without such a conception and birth would have been a greater problem than Jesus. There is no other such a man.

The world has had its great men of the past, but all are gone and their names are in history alone, but Jesus still lives on and on.

Some say that there is no other such an incident. True, neither another Jesus Christ.

If in the conception and birth of Jesus we stress the "whom," the "how" is easy.

"Before Abraham was I am."

"Great is the mystery of godliness."

Some failures are like the man who planted a garden, and expected nature to keep out the weeds.

## NEHEMIAH

## CHAPTER 4

## ACTIVE HOSTILITY FRUSTRATED

"The adversaries of the Lord shall be broken to pieces." It has been, always will be, that when a door of usefulness is opened there are many adversaries. Stand strong and fearless and in nothing be terrified by your adversaries. Remember the Lord God to whom His children are dearer than the apple of his eye. He knows all the details of your life, and knows the motives and intents of the heart.

All hostility to the work of God increases as the work of God progresses. Sanballat laughed; then mocked; became enraged; then called in Tobiah and conspired against Israel, but Nehemiah remained true.

Dr. Johnson, the great English writer, said, "When he wrote something that was not vilified, 'I did not strike hard enough, or the blow would rebound.'"

The body of the Lord fortifies itself against unexpected assaults. Nehemiah prayed, and the ground of his prayer was "thy people are despised and excited to fear." Prayer is a healing balm for soul and body, and in Nehemiah's case a hard, stony wall.

No remedy of man has yet been provided that heals all of man's woes; but this heavenly remedy of prayer in wealth or woe; in plenty or poverty; in prosperity and adversity; in sickness and health; in war and peace; in youth and old age; in life and death; in all things prayer is most necessary and helpful. Happy is that man who knew how to use it at all times.

Prayer was never intended to foster idleness or diminish responsibility. There is a time to pray and a time to fight. The farmer must sow his seed then pray for rain and sunshine. When hope dies, hands become idle. God will bring to naught the counsel of the wicked.

"Oft in danger, oft in woe.

Onward Christians, onward go;  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, then, to glory move,  
More than consequences ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go."

4:11

## SATANIC SUBTLETY

"And our adversaries said, they shall not know, neither see, till we come in the midst among them, and slay them, and cause the work to cease."

Satan's enmity against God's people and their work, that by all means, inward enemies and outward, fair words and foul, sword, fagot and fire, war and peace in

teaching or holding their tongue, knowledge or ignorance, and all other devices, whatsoever, they let none slip but try all that they may overthrow all; not for their personal benefit, as to hinder others.

Not open violence, but cunningly come upon them unawares.

In this serpentine dealing of these wicked men we see the serpentine dealing of the old serpent, that old enemy of God and man from the beginning.

Cruel and crafty men when they will work a mischief, go at it privily. God in the creation of man put in his face such a majesty, that all creatures did him reverence and feared him. Though man fell, some spark of this former majesty still remaineth to this day.

These crafty old foxes would not openly invade nor gather any great power of men against them, but unawares steal in upon them privily, before they could suspect any such thing.

Then the serpent appeared as a merciless murderer, and would carry out his murder when once within their border. Jesus said of Satan, "He was a murderer from the beginning. Do not marvel then if his children are blood-suckers like unto their father. He who would not spare the innocent Lamb of God, Jesus Christ, but most cruelly murdered him, what can we as the children of God expect from him.

Satan as "the prince of this world," and therefore can not have another king to reign, nor tolerate another kingdom to be set up but his own; and to maintain that he would starve the subject of the other kingdom unto submission.

"Satan goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour," therefore every man needs to walk circumspectly, lest he be suddenly overthrown; but let him watch and pray, having on "the whole armor of God."

He never attacks the church as a whole; but one by one his onslaught is on the saints.

## CONTRIBUTIONS



## THE TWO SOLDIERS

Andrew Morgan

Two soldiers marched to the battle front,  
Two soldiers, friends most true;  
Two noble hearts, two boys as brave  
As ever wore the blue.  
Eternal friendship they had pledged,  
Together they would fight;  
Together they would wield the sword  
To battle for the right.

Many weary days they marched,  
And many a battle fought;

Many bloody days they'd seen,  
And noble deeds had wrought;  
To rid our land of one dark curse  
That wrong no more should be,  
To break the bonds of slavery  
And set the captives free.

So Charles and Robert side by side  
Fought till the work was done;  
Beneath the starry flag they stood  
When freedom's cause was won.  
Then with honors they marched home,  
For they had fought so well;  
And at the end of Robert's name  
Was written: Col.

Our heroes drifted far apart,  
And each had won a name;  
For both had entered public life,  
And each had won new fame.  
Both were mighty men and great  
As in wars long ago;  
One led men's souls to Heaven's gate,  
The other into woe.

Charles took up the gospel sword,  
Chose ways the Master trod;  
While Robert was an infidel,  
And battled with his God.  
Robert traveled far and near  
And went from shore to shore,  
And led men in the paths of sin  
Till death knocked at his door.

After many, many years  
These heroes met again,  
And rode together side by side  
Upon a railroad train.  
They talked together of old times  
As they rode on together,  
And of the many, many years  
Since they had seen each other.

Now as they neared the station  
Where Charles should leave the train,  
Those two old comrades soon must part,  
Should never meet again.  
"Dear Robert, you must answer me  
While we are here together,  
Two questions, for we must part,  
And it may be forever.

"For I have labored long and hard  
My Master's work to do,  
And held the blood-stained banner high  
And wore the armor true;  
While you have labored full as hard  
His gospel to destroy,  
And have no hope beyond this life  
No Heaven to enjoy.

"If after life I've toiled in vain,  
And it should chance to be  
There is no Heaven, no home, no God,  
And no eternity;  
If I have been mistaken here  
And Christ is not our King,  
And you are right and I am wrong,  
Have I lost anything?

*The minister was Charles Wright  
the other Robert Ingersoll (an infidel)*





## A

Acre, Peter ..... 57  
Adams County Historical Society .. 8, 10  
Adams County, WA ..... 34, 35  
Alkali Flat ..... 32  
Allens, Sam ..... 37  
Allert, Lucille Kinch ..... 55  
Ankeny, Mr. .... 49

## B

Barry D. Irvin ..... 10, 45  
    wife: Dessie, 10, 21, 39, 45, 51, 52, 56,  
        61, 63  
Basset family ..... 43  
Baze brothers ..... 60  
Benge Community Church ..... 10  
Benge, Fred L. .... 59  
Benge Grange ..... 10  
Benge, WA ..... 8, 9, 10, 49,  
    50, 54, 56, 57, 59, 60, 63, 75, 78  
Bethel, Ore. .... 29  
Big Bend country ..... 38  
Bills, Alex ..... 59  
Blalock, Dr. .... 48  
Blunt, General ..... 14  
Bonneville Dam ..... 31  
Bowers family ..... 38, 39  
Brannon, Sarah Goggins .... 10, 49, 51,  
    53, 61, 63  
Brannon, Wilson ..... 10  
Brown, Dr. .... 59  
Bruhl, Billy & Charlie ..... 59, 63  
Butts, Fletcher ..... 50, 63  
    wife: Viola, 63  
Butts, Jim ..... 50, 63

## C

Calapooya Mountain ..... 27

Cameron, Mrs. Floyd ..... 63  
Cashup Davis ..... 8  
Chase, Art ..... 50  
Chase family ..... 63  
Clarkston, WA ..... 47  
Clinesmith, Elsie Honn ..... 55  
Clinesmith, Juanetta ..... 55  
Coffey, Lum & Dave ..... 59  
Coldwell, Brick ..... 57  
    wife: Jessie Reed, 57  
Cole Brothers' Circus ..... 34  
Colfax, WA ..... 22, 32, 34  
Collier, J.F. .... 34  
Columbia River ..... 31  
Colville Road ..... 63  
Connell, Frank ..... 10, 50  
    wife: Zona, 7, 10  
Connell, John ..... 10, 49, 51, 60, 61  
    wife: Betty May, 10, 49, 51  
    children: Maybelle (Morgan), 49;  
        Margaret, 49  
Connell, Lloyd ..... 45  
Connell, WA (Palouse Junction) .... 45  
Coos Bay ..... 20  
Coos County, Ore. .... 20  
Coquille City, Ore. .... 20, 23  
Coquille River ..... 24  
Cow Creek ..... 9, 44, 49, 59, 60, 61  
Crabb, Tom ..... 59  
Crompton family ..... 38

## D

Dashiel, A.G. .... 34  
Dachiel, R.Y. .... 38, 41, 43  
Dayton, WA ..... 27, 34, 37, 47  
De Hart, George ..... 63  
Delight Sandhills ..... 8  
Delight School ..... 39  
Delight, WA ..... 39  
Dirstine family ..... 38

# ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS

Dusty, WA ..... 32

## E

*Eastport* (ship) ..... 20  
 Eccles family ..... 27, 48  
 Ellis, Fred ..... 50, 63  
 Empire City, Ore. .... 20  
 Eugene, Ore. .... 27

## F

Farmington, WA ..... 29  
 Fisher, Sam ..... 43  
 Fulton, Orin ..... 59

## G

Gile's baby ..... 63  
 Goodnough, William ..... 38  
 Goodwin, Marion ..... 59  
 Graves, Ann ..... 29  
 Greene, Mr. .... 43  
 Gregg, Ernie ..... 59  
 Grogans, Monroe ..... 59  
 Guntersville, Ala. .... 10

## H

Hamon, Joe ..... 63  
 Harris, Lizzie ..... 63  
 Harter family ..... 38  
 Hatton, WA (cf Twin Falls) ..... 39, 43  
 Helme, Elmer & Molly ..... 48  
 Hiller family ..... 38  
 Hooper, WA ..... 57  
 Howerton, Mr. .... 63  
 Huffman, Johnny ..... 34  
 Hutchenson, Sam & Ben ..... 59

## I

Ingersoll, Robt. .... 110 n.

## J

Johns, Fred ..... 59

## K

Kahlotus Lake ..... 39  
 Kansas (state) ..... 13, 14, 15, 21  
 Kelly, Kate ..... 63  
 Kelsey, Al ..... 38  
 Kennedy, Jim ..... 60  
 Kent, Charlie ..... 59  
 Kentucky (state) ..... 13  
 Knepper, Sam ..... 60

## L

Lathrop, Cecil ..... 50  
 Lind, WA ..... 43, 47, 49, 60  
 Lonsberry, Murt ..... 59  
 Lookingglass, Ore. .... 23  
 Lucas, George ..... 59  
 Lyons Ferry ..... 34, 37, 43

## Mc

McClure, H.H. .... 31, 32  
 McDougall, Ted ..... 10  
     wife: Florence, 10, 21  
     child: Vivian, 11  
 McGraw, Pat ..... 43  
 McMannon baby ..... 63

## M

Maringo, WA (Giles) ..... 59  
 May, Maybelle (Morgan) ..... 49, 51,  
     64, 65, 69  
     daughters: Zona (Connell), 64; Dessie  
     (Barry), 64; Gladys (Sutherland), 64  
 Michigan Prairie ..... 38, 39  
 Milwaukee R.R. .... 49  
 Missouri (state) ..... 13  
 Mitchell, Frank & Edgar ..... 63, 59  
 Moleboard plow ..... 57  
 Moore, E.B. .... 47  
 Morgan, Andrew ..... 8, 9-11  
     wife: Maybelle May, 8, 11  
     children: Zona (Connell); Dessie  
     (Barry); Eva; Florence (McDougall);  
     Gladys (Sutherland)

# ANDREW MORGAN

Morgan, Rev. Tom	12
Morgan School District	9, 59
Morgan, Thomas McBride	13-14, 18, 30, 34, 38, 47, 48
wife: Rachel Barnes	14, 18, 25
children: Ida Rosaline	16, 21, 28, 29;
Mary	16, 25, 40, 47; Andrew, 18, 23, 39, 50, 51, 55, 61, 63, 68, 69, 70;
Albert	18, 37, 38, 47; William
Woodford	18, 36, 37; Charles, 18, 23, 32, 47, 49; Simon, 18, 23, 27, 33, 46;
Lester	18, 23, 44, 47; D. Lloyd, 18, 23, 33, 42, 47; Vernon, 18, 23, 33, 47;
Vista	28
Mullen Road	63

## N

Northern Pacific R.R.	41
-----------------------	----

## O

Oakland, Ore.	27
Old Bones, Chief	43
Oregon (state)	15-16, 20
Othello, WA	60
Owen, Teresa Carver	7
O.W.R. & N.R.R.	31

## P

Paha, WA	49
Palouse City, WA	33
Palouse Country	31-32, 33, 39
Palouse Indians	43
Palouse River	43
Panky, Emil	59
Parish, Dick	7, 50, 51, 61
Parish, Laura	61, 71
Parish, Maysel	9, 45, 51
Parish, Walter	10, 50, 51, 58, 60, 61
wife: Margaret May	10, 51
Pend Oreille Lake	48
Phillips, John	60
Pinkham, Mildred	63
Polk County, Ore.	29

Poole, Dr.	59
Price, General	13

## R

Ralston, WA	49
Rattlesnake Flat	34, 47
Richardson, Amos	38, 39, 47
Ritzville, WA	10, 43, 47, 57
Robinson, Otis	59
Russell, Elmer	49
Ryan, Pat	60

## S

Sandhills	37, 38, 43, 47, 57
San Francisco	17, 19
Santa Cruz, CA	49
Schroer, John	56, 59
Schuler, Albert	59
Seivers brothers	60
Shepley, Mr.	43, 47
Sherfey, Dr.	59
Snake River	31, 34, 43
Spalding, Rev. H.H.	41
S.P. & S.R.R.	60
Spokane Falls	41
Spokane, WA	33, 43
Sprague, WA	60, 63
Stephenson, Bill	59
Stephenson, Burton	50
Stephenson, Mrs. Elda	49
Steptoe Butte	8
Suez Canal	15
Sutherland, William	11, 45
wife: Gladys Morgan	7, 11, 21, 45, 62
children: Dean	45, 68; Kenneth, 68;
Patricia	68; Joan, 68
Sutton, Byron	38
Sutton, Senator William	38
Sutton, Dr.	38

## T

Telegraph Hill	19
Todd family	24
children: Mattie	34, 25; Nora; Levy

(Leroy); John Owen; Tommy  
*The Reed* (steamboat) ..... 31  
 Thomas, Sam ..... 38, 47  
 Thornberg, Bill ..... 50  
 Twin Wels (Hatton), WA ..... 38

## U

Umpqua River ..... 27  
 Union Pacific R.R. .... 16

## V

Vancouver, Captain ..... 8  
 Vancouver, W.T. .... 31  
 Victor, Dr. .... 59

## W

Walla Walla Valley ..... 31  
 Walla Walla, WA ..... 31, 34,

41, 48  
 Washtucna, WA ..... 34, 37,  
 43, 48, 63  
 Watson family ..... 38  
 Willamette River ..... 31  
 Williams, Riley ..... 38  
 Wilson, Mr. .... 59  
     son: Less, 59  
 Wolford, Mr. .... 22  
 Wright, Charles ..... 110 n.  
 Wright, S.P. .... 38

## Y

Yamhill County ..... 29  
 Yicley boys ..... 38  
 Young Bones, Chief ..... 43

## Z

Zornes, Hank ..... 59



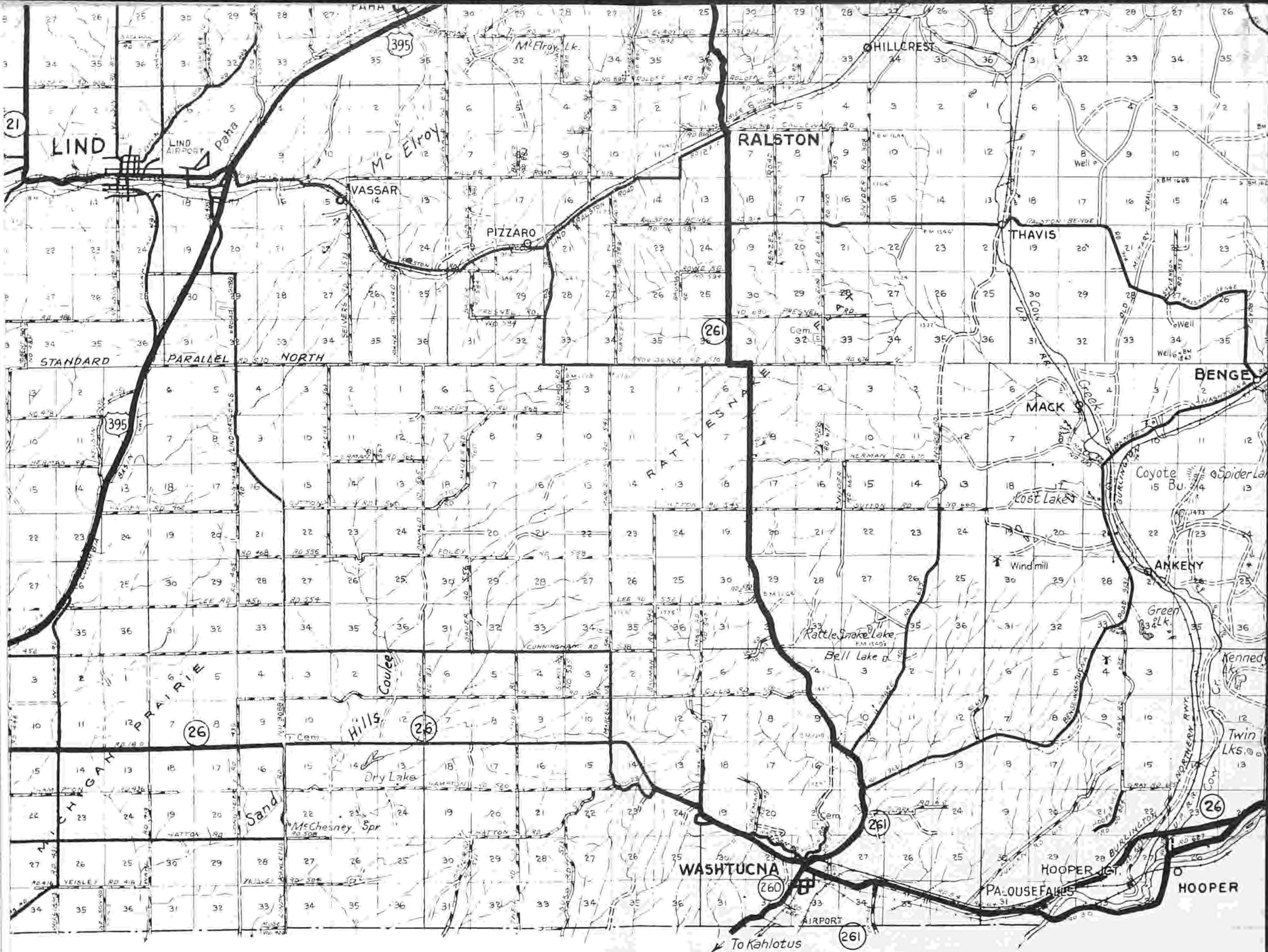
# COLOPHON



*The Andrew Morgan THE SCRIBBLER — ADAMS COUNTY PIONEER MEMOIRS, was printed in the workshop of Glen Adams, which is located in the sleepy country village of Fairfield, Washington, southern Spokane County of Washington State. The type was set by Dale La Tendresse, using a 7300 Editwriter computer photosetter. The text is set in twelve point Baskerville. Page numbers are twelve point Baskerville Bold and running heads are ten point Baskerville roman caps. The ornamental initials used for opening chapters came from an old book, SPECIMENS OF ELECTROTYPES by A. Zeese & Co. Camera-darkroom work was by Evelyn Foote Clausen. The film was stripped into flats by Dale La Tendresse, who also made the printing plates. The sheets were printed by Robert La Tendresse using a 28-inch Heidelberg offset press. Folding-assembly work was by Miller Ferger. The paper stock is sixty pound Simpson Opaque in a wove finish. Indexing was by Edward J. Kowrach. The books were bound by Willem Bosch of Oakesdale, Washington. This was a fun project. We had no special difficulty with the work.*







LIND

LIND AIRPORT

VASSAR

PIZZARO

RALSTON

HILLCREST

THAVIS

MACK

BENGE

ANKENY

WASHTUCNA

HOOPER

HOOPER

PA-OUSEFAHS

To Kahlotus

21

261

26

26

261

26

261