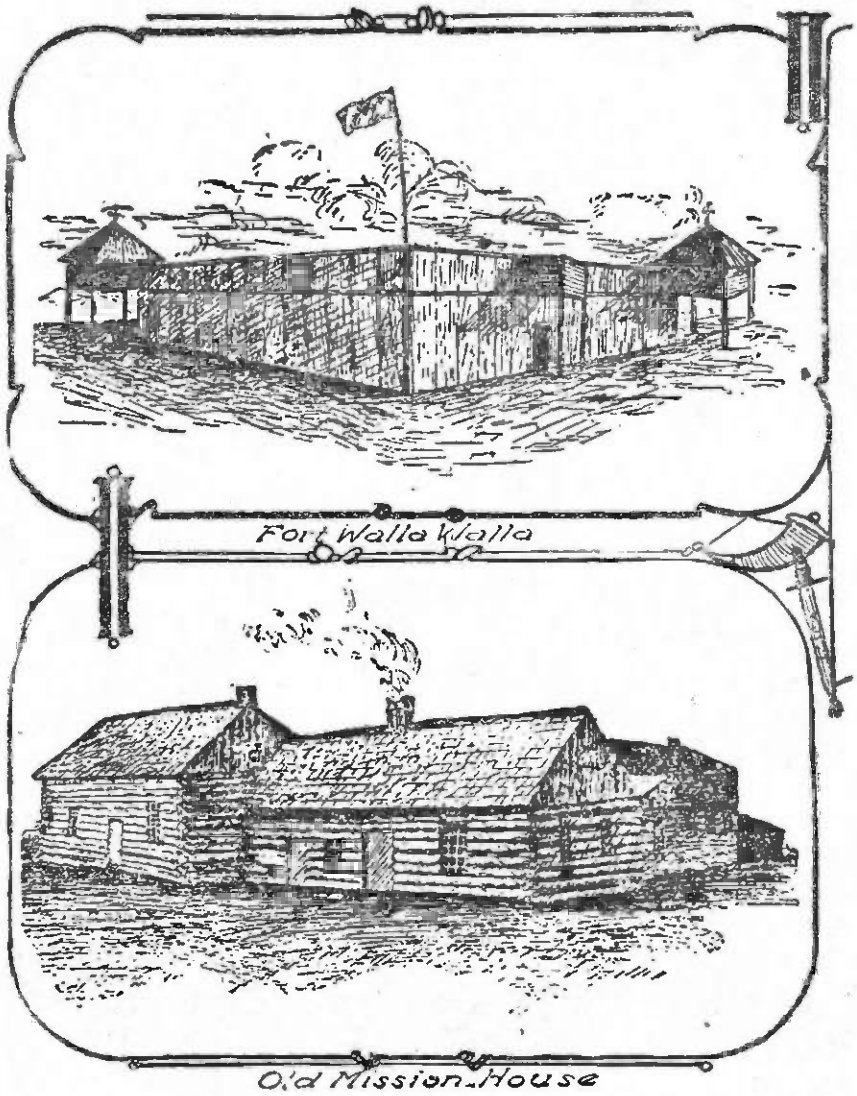
TOLD by the PIONEERS

Vol. II 1938



—Courtesy Walla Walla Union-Bulletin

Tales of Frontier Life As
Told by Those Who Remember
The Days of the Territory and
Early Statehood of Washington

WASHINGTON PIONEER PROJECT

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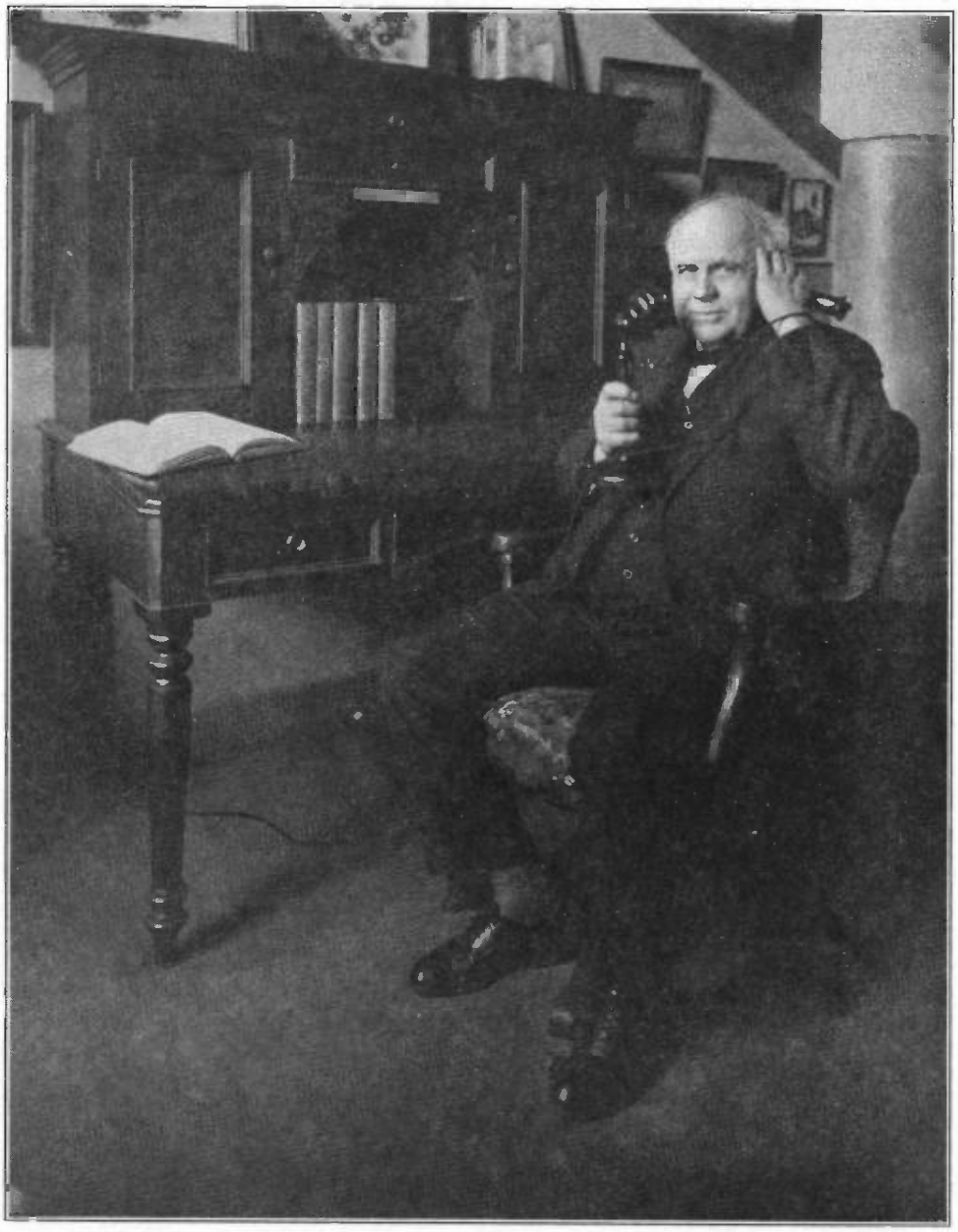

W. P. BONNEY

Pioneer of Pierce County. Now Secretary of the Washington State Historical Society and Curator of the Ferry Museum. Mr. Bonney is sitting at the desk used by Governor E. P. Ferry, first governor of the State of Washington, and in the chair made for and used by Governor Stevens, first governor of Washington Territory

FOREWORD

The contents of this book comes to the reader through the development, by the editor and publisher, of stories related mainly by pioneers of the second generation.

Being volume II, it reaches farther back into the realm of pioneer lore than volume number I. While it has been the editor's aim to continue the story intact as given by the relator, it has sometimes seemed expedient to modify sentences and paragraphs to render each story complete in itself.

The utmost care has been taken, however, to preserve each story in the original style and mode of expression, thus giving a clear insight into the pioneer history of this great West—The Old Oregon Country.

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TOLD BY THE PIONEERS

W. P. BONNEY

Pierce County

My father, Sherwood Bonney, was born in Cornwall, Litchfield County, (it was called Litchfield township at that time), Connecticut, the 28th day of February, 1812. He moved with his parents to Ohio when he was four years old. Shortly after arriving in Ohio his father died of pneumonia. Grandmother married again to a man named Streeter. Father started to make his own way when but 12 years old. He saved his money and acquired some land and a home and married Elizabeth Byrnes.

In 1852 they decided to come to Oregon Territory, so they sold their home and bought the equipment for the long trip. That was the year of the great cholera scourge among the emigrants, and Elizabeth died on the way. They had at that time six boys . One of them died on the trip. Timothy, my uncle, was in the same train, and succumbed to the same disease, leaving his wife and three children.

During 1853 my father married my mother, the widow of Timothy, who, before her marriage to Uncle Timothy, was Lydia Anne Wright. To this union were born five children, of whom I am one.

In 1854 my mother taught the first school in Pierce County. This was in Steilacoom in a house owned by Mr. Boatman. Mother at this time had a small baby, so she would assign the children, in turn, to care for the baby while she taught the rest of the pupils. She taught three months out of the year. The family moved to a donation claim on the north side of American lake. In 1855 the Indian war began. The Bonney family moved into a two story house at Steilacoom, owned by W. D. Vaughan. The house was surrounded by a palisade of logs and became the place of refuge for the town. One hundred people would sometimes assemble here.

Births and deaths occurred in this house during the year it was occupied by the Bonney family. The family lived at American lake several years, immediately following the Indian war period.

During the severe winter of 1861-62, father had 127 head of cattle. He lost all the cattle excepting the two old cows that had been his lead team on the ox cart. Their names were "Pied," a speckled cow, and "Nig," a black one.

After this loss father went to the Caribou mines. He was not successful as a miner and had to sell one horse to get money to come back.

Their next move was to the Puyallup valley where the land was more fertile. Here they rented where the Fleischmann Yeast plant is now located in Sumner.

Mother died in 1884 at the age of 62 and father died in 1908 at the age of 96 years. He was the first white Justice of the Peace in Pierce County.

Father liked to tell the story of the marriage of Ruth Kincaid and J. W. McCarty. They had asked father to perform the ceremony, so he rode eighteen miles on horseback to the Kincaid home. Kincaids lived east of the Puyallup river, which at that time was part of King County. Father realized his authority to perform marriages was restricted to Pierce County, so he called the bride and groom aside and told them so. It was 25 miles to Seattle where another justice of the peace, or minister, could be found. The bride said, "I have it. We will take the boat and row across to Mr. Moore's where you can marry us, then we will come back here for the wedding supper." So the three of them rowed across in the boat, and the wedding was solemnized.

Mother used to delight in telling this story. After she and father were married, they had father's five children, her three, and five from the second marriage. Once when father came home, he heard quite a commotion in the back yard. He asked the cause of the noise. Mother looked out and smilingly replied, "It is your children and my children teasing our children."

MRS. EMMA WARNECKE

Benton County

I first came to this territory in September, 1883, with my sister, Mrs. G. W. Wilgus, and her husband. There was just one white woman, Mrs. Prosser, when we came. I rode horseback into the valley, my sister and I taking turns driving the two cows which followed our prairie schooner.

There were so many people crossing at Wallula that we had a long wait. Our destination was Yakima City, as that was where we expected to get information regarding government land.

Col. Prosser had just finished a house on his homestead. His family had been here only three days when we arrived. One mile west of the Prosser home, Jim Kinney had a homestead and was building a

house. He was living in a dugout, and had been for some time. He kept the stage station and was building to accommodate the traveling public. The stage was bringing land hunters into the valley in great numbers. We camped that evening on the Kinney ranch. We heard plenty of talk about the Horse Heaven country. That night our horses strayed away and Mr. Wilgus traced them to the top of the hill. He came back with such a glowing account of the land in Horse Heaven as the slope to the Columbia River was, and still is called, that he decided to locate there.

Mr. Wilgus, Mr. Haines, a carpenter, and I, all went to Yakima City to file our homesteads. Mr. Wilgus filed on land near Prosser. Mr. Haines and I filed in Horse Heaven.

I stayed three weeks in the valley, then went back to Cold Spring Canyon in Oregon, where I had a winter school to teach. I came back the last of January and was surprised at the change. At Ainsworth where I got off the train, they were building a railroad bridge across the Snake River. The hotel where I stopped had 80 boarders from the bridge gang. In October there had been one lone tent where the stage crossed the Columbia. Now the railroad company had several large warehouses and sheds filled with machinery and other supplies; horses and men. They had been grading on the west side of the river. Snow was on the ground and work had stopped for better weather.

It was evening when we arrived at Prosser Falls, as it was then called. Near the Prosser home, about a dozen families were living in tents, shacks, and a house or two. There was a general store, two saloons, one restaurant, and the promise of a livery barn soon; the horses were there, but nothing with which to build the barn.

One mile west of Prosser Falls they were trying to start a town. They called it Kinneyville. They boasted a hotel, several saloons, two restaurants and one residence.

Our nearest postoffice was Yakima City. We could get letters by asking the mail carrier to call for them, but we paid ten cents on delivery. Sometime during that winter a petition was circulated, to get a postoffice and Mrs. Prosser's name was sent in for postmistress. The petition asked that the name Prosser Falls be given to the new postoffice.

In the spring, word was received that the petition was granted, insofar as the new postoffice and postmistress were concerned, but the name was to be Prosser; there were so many falls in Washington the name would be confusing. Gilbert Chamberlain was appointed deputy postmaster.

As soon as I arrived in the valley, in 1884, the people began to talk school. In those days, when a school was wanted, the community had to furnish a school house; then they could get money to run the school. Both Prosser Falls and Kinneyville wanted the school house. An election was held in Kinneyville March 17, 1884, to vote on the location of a school building. It was the first election in this part of the valley. I think the voters were 7 to 17 in favor of Prosser Falls. Mr. Rich, Mr. Radcliff and another man whose name I've forgotten, were appointed to locate a building site. They selected a place not far from where Riverview school now stands. All the people were squatters excepting Col. Prosser. Kinneyville, not to be outdone on the school question, decided to start a private school. They took the wheels from a covered wagon, and fixed it up for a school room. There were only five pupils and one of these, Edna Haines, 14 years old, was chosen for the teacher. She tried it for three days, then gave up; said the children would not mind her and kept running out and playing during school hours.

I was asked to start a private school in Prosser, having a little knowledge of such a school, but I refused.

The ladies of Prosser Falls took an active part in building the school house, especially Mrs. Rich and Mrs. Prosser. The ladies' committee canvassed the town for money to buy lumber. It was only 8 or 10 dollars a thousand, but the problem was to get it here. The saw mill was above Bickleton, a long haul over poor roads. Messrs. Rich, Wright and Warnecke donated the hauling and as soon as the mountain roads were passable, around the last of May, the lumber was brought in. By that time the same reliable committee had located several carpenters who would donate work, also Mr. Cohlman, a carpenter and architect, who was to superintend the work. He also donated several days' work and did the finishing on the building.

The ladies' committee was like the ladies' aid in the church. When they could get no more money donated, they gave a social; only this committee gave a dance. They took in enough money to finish and furnish the school house. It was not equipped as the schools are now.

About this time, Mrs. Wright and her two sons, Theodore and Grant, were putting up a building to be used as a hotel.

When the building of the school house was assured, Mr. Nelson Rich went to Yakima City to confer with Mrs. Stair, the county superintendent of schools. He was appointed school director with power to run the school until the next school election. We would then be an independent district and run our own school. Election would be the first Saturday in March, 1885.

I wrote to Mrs. Stair asking for a permit to teach and whether I should come to Yakima and take an examination. I received no answer. As soon as the school house was completed, the people wanted school to begin. Not hearing from the superintendent, I objected. Mr. Rich said he would guarantee my money. I asked about a contract; he vetoed that. Our verbal contract was that I should receive $40 a month and transportation across the river, as I lived on the north side, and Mr. Rich had a ferry boat for the benefit of the public.

On the south side of the landing was an old cottonwood tree which gave it the name of Lone Tree Landing, so the school was called "Lone Tree." School commenced about the 20th of June, 1884. Our furniture was very crude but no complaints were made. Mrs. Rich donated a chair for the teacher. We had a blackboard but no crayon. They sent to Yakima City for it. Word came back that they did not handle it, so they had to send to Portland and it took two weeks to get it. A carpenter sent us a piece of carpenter chalk to use until the crayon arrived.

I kept a record in my note book, but later that was destroyed. I was hired for a three months' term, as that was the usual term. I made no reports. There were twenty-one students enrolled; sixteen local and five came with the railroad workers. Some came three days, and others longer, then went to the next construction camp.

In August the county superintendent sent me a notice that examinations would be held on August 12, 13, 14, 1884. I attended them. During the examinations the county superintendent was assisted by Mr. Cook, a teacher from Moxee. The first morning there was quite an excitement at the school house where the examinations were being held.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook came to town on horseback and had to swim the Yakima River. Mrs. Cook's horse lost its footing and carried her down stream before her husband could rescue her. No one was hurt but everyone had a big scare.

During the summer and fall the Northern Pacific railroad was being built through this part of the country. It was a lively time for Prosser. It was presidential election year, too, and women were allowed to vote that year in Washington, the law being repealed soon after. The polling place was in the new school house. Grover Cleveland was elected, James G. Blaine defeated.

After summer school closed I was hired for a winter term of three months, with school to commence in December. Fifteen pupils en-

rolled; later two more came. I received $45.00 per month. We lived in town then.

The weather was fine until a week before Christmas. Then came the worst snow storm I had ever seen. I never saw so much snow fall in such a short time. It was so dark the pupils could not see to study. At three o'clock Theodore Wright came to the school house with a horse to take the children home. He put the little ones on the horse and led it. The others lined up and I fell in behind to see that none of them left the trail. He left all the children at the hotel, that being the first place we came to.

I lived across the railroad tracks and it was quite a grade. He said, "Get on the horse and I will take you over." I thought I could get through alone, but finally mounted and he took me home, then he called on all the neighbors and told them where their children were.

We had vacation for three weeks. The river was frozen over and the skating was fine, but very few had skates. Many sent for them but by the time the skates arrived the skating days were over.

The winter term would be out in the early part of March, but not before election time. The first Saturday in March, Mr. Van Antwerp, Mr. Rich and Mr. Chamberlain were elected school directors, and Mr. Van Antwerp was clerk of the election. He was also the first county commissioner from this part of the county. At that time this district took in the major part of what later became Benton County. It was called the Lone Tree district, whether officially or not, I cannot say.

The new directors found they had enough money to continue the school two months longer and I was hired for that length of time. That ended our first school year in Prosser.

During the winter of 1884-85 the town of Prosser was surveyed and platted. Miss Clara Ward was our next teacher. Some of the early-day houses are still standing but the Prosser home was torn down and part of the homestead is now Prosser Park.

JOSEPH SMITH FEA

Pend Oreille County

I was born in Scotland in 1850, and came to America with my parents in 1854. My family landed at New Orleans and later moved to St. Louis, where father operated a foundry and I grew to manhood.

While in St. Louis my father became intimately acquainted with

Abraham Lincoln, and Lincoln never missed visiting our home when in St. Louis on business. Father voted for Lincoln for president both times he was a candidate.

I distinctly remember one visit made to our home by President Lincoln. He took me up on his knee and placing his hand on my head, said, "Joe, you are a nice looking boy, but you will never become president of the United States," meaning, of course, that since I was of foreign birth I was not eligible.

Voted for Greeley

I cast my first vote for Horace Greeley for president and was well acquainted with him.I voted the democratic ticket except when I cast a ballot for my friend, James A .Garfield, with whom I resided at a boarding house for a year. Garfield was operating coal barges on the Mississippi, and made his headquarters at Columbia, Ky. Garfield was a good boxer and used to put on bouts for the amusement of his friends.

During the Civil war, my parents lived at Potosi, Missouri, where my father was an engineer for two years on one of the boats that ran the blockade at Vicksburg.

I will now tell you of one of my own Civil war pranks at Potosi, where the Third Iowa and the Thirteenth Missouri regiments were stationed. I procured black powder and placed a quantity in a beer keg, ignited a fuse and ran for cover. The explosion was terrific. It brought the infantry on the run, looking for rebels. They arrived in time to see me examining the result of my home-made keg bomb. I was marched ahead of bayonets to the provost marshal's office and given the third degree, and cautioned not to repeat my hair-raising prank.

Came to Spokane

About 1878 I migrated to Louisiana, going later to the Indian Territory, where I operated a saw mill and cotton gin. I left Indian Territory in 1887, and accompanied by my wife and two small boys, headed for Spokane Falls. We traveled by covered wagon drawn by a husky team of Missouri mules. It took us four months and 17 days to make the trip overland. We camped our first night in Spokane Falls in what is now Peaceful Valley.

I secured a contract to erect a saw mill for G. P. Dart. Later I took up a homestead on Half Moon Prairie, where I built and operated a general store, secured a postoffice and named it "Wayside", which name it still bears. My wife passed away on the homestead.

Built Newport Homes

Newport was then springing in existence, so I sold out at Wayside and brought my three boys to Newport, where my sister, Mrs. J. C. Scott, had taken a homestead where the town and the courthouse now stand. She opened the Cottage house, which she still operates. I built several houses for rental purposes, hauling the lumber by team from Hicks' saw mill on Half Moon prairie.

I have resided in the Pend Oreille valley for 40 years, with the exception of a few years spent in Spokane. I have three sons, Thomas S., a cedar dealer at Usk; James, a railroad conductor in Alberta, and Joseph, Jr., who operates a lunch room at Camp Diamond.

Just Found I Was Not a Citizen

It is a curious fact that I have voted for 66 years, yet the state now claims that I have not been a citizen. While I am sure my father, Thos. B. Fea, took his naturalization papers some 80 years ago, still no record of it shows in the immigration bureau at Washington, D. C. I have applied for papers.

ROBERT A. FARR

Ferry County

I came from Iron County, Missouri, to Washington Territory in 1877. I first came to Santa Cruz County, California, where I worked on a farm for about a year. My brother, who had been traveling through Washington Territory, looking for a suitable homestead location, wrote me to come to Lewiston, Idaho, as he had found what he wanted.

I took a boat for Portland, where I changed to a river boat and came to Lewiston. In the meantime my brother had gone to Colfax, Washington, and left word for me to come there. I walked to Colfax where we met, and together we located homesteads about seven miles west of where Pullman is now located. I took up a homestead of 160 acres, and also took a preemption claim of 160 acres. I proved up on both claims, and in the meantime was quite successful at raising wheat and livestock.

As Pullman was being organized as an important trading center, I moved to this town and started in the real estate business, buying and selling farm lands and town lots. I accumulated considerable wealth

which was invested in notes and second mortgages. During the panic of 1893 these mortgages were foreclosed by the first mortgage holders, and most of my fortune was wiped out.

When the boat which I boarded at Portland reached Vancouver, Washington, two companies of soldiers were taken aboard. These soldiers came to Lewiston, then marched to near where Grangeville, Idaho, is now located. A short time later, these soldiers were ambushed by the Indians near Whitebird, Idaho, and all of them, except one, were killed. This soldier's horse was killed and fell on him. The Indians thought he was dead, and left.

At the time I arrived in Whitman County, the people lived in or near government forts, as the Indians were hostile in these times. The forts were built of logs which stood close together on end twelve feet above the ground. Most of the ground on which Pullman is now located was a sheep corral, enclosing as many as 5,000 at one time. The town of Moscow had a small store owned by A. A. Lew Allen, and across the street was a blacksmith shop owned by Benjamin. These were all the buildings there were in Moscow. A government fort was situated near this settlement.

I have always been active politically, and spent considerable of my money and time in working to get the Washington State College located at Pullman.

When Ferry County was opened by the government to white settlers for mining in 1898, I moved to Kellar, Ferry County, where I assisted in staking out the township and opened a small tent store. Tents were the only shelter which the people had. They were looking for mining claims, and this work took them into the hills and so they were unable to make a permanent home, with the exception of those who had brought their families.

I took up a subscription to organize the first school in Kellar in 1899, which was one of the first schools for white children in Ferry County. We hired Miss Bessie Shell at $50.00 per month to teach this school. It was held in a tent located on the creek bottom in the brush. In 1900 they built a log school house which later burned down. We had three children who attended this school. This district has always allowed the Indians to attend their schools at no expense. There were more Indians and half breeds attending their schools than white children.

I was born June 26, 1856, in Iron County, Missouri, of English and Irish descent. I was married January 16, 1883, and am a widower, as my wife died July 30, 1894. I have two living children, Clyde C. Farr

and Mrs. Livd D. Bice, and three grandchildren. I have voted in Washington for fifty-seven years.

Early transportation through the San Poil Valley, which valley now constitutes most of the low lying land in the county, was by pack trains and later by wagon trains. Supplies were brought from Wilbur, which was the nearest railroad station. It was necessary to cross the Columbia river by ferry. Sometime later a wagon road was built up Curlew creek and down the San Poil river from Marcus and Colville, which gave them a nearer road to Colville, the county seat at that time. There were two railroads surveyed down the San Poil valley through Keller, but these railroads were never built.

I have been afflicted by sciatic rheumatism for a number of years. It was unusually bad during the past winter and it was necessary for me to live with my daughter in Wilbur.

JIM HUNTER

Neah Bay

Clallam County

I was born about 70 years ago near Lake Ozette. I am the son of an Ozette chief, but now consider myself a Makah, having been inducted into their tribe and made a chief many years ago, after the death of my father. Residents of the Makah reservation claim me to be the "last of the Ozettes."

The gradual extermination of the Ozette tribe, which at one time consisted of more than 700 families, illustrates well the unfortunate position sometimes held by an "innocent by-stander"—in this case, rather an innocent people unfortunately placed.

The Makah Indians, closely related to the Haidahs, a fierce tribe of the coastal country of British Columbia, established themselves on Cape Flattery and Tatoosh Island, some time prior to the first explorations of the Spanish. The Ozette tribe lived in comparative peace and comfort along the Ozette lake, some fifteen miles south of the Cape. Some twenty miles further south were the Quillayutes.

Nothing is remembered at this date about the cause of hatred which grew between the Quillayutes and the Makahs. But it is known that these two tribes were frequently at war, either one or the other raiding the villages of its enemy. The Makahs, for example, would plan a great raid on the Quillayutes, traveling south by canoe and at-

tacking them by surprise. In revenge, the Quillayutes would later raid the Makah villages, killing the men and grown women and stealing the young girls to be held as slaves.

The Ozettes, a peaceful tribe, attempted in all this warfare, to remain neutral; but their unwillingness to join either of the warring nations as an ally caused resentment on both sides. As a result, both the Makahs on their way to raid the Quillayutes and the latter on the way to fight the Makahs, would "whet their knives," so to say, on the Ozettes. Both warlike tribes, on their way to fight the real enemy, would attack the Ozettes. After a battle between the Makahs and the Quillayutes, on either battleground, the returning warrors would celebrate victory by killing a few Ozettes; or if their battle with the enemy had been lost, they would revenge themselves by raiding the more peaceful tribe.

Not always were the Quillayutes successful, however, in their wars with the Ozettes; and not forever could the Ozettes remain passive under this constant menace. On one occasion, an Ozette fisherman, seeking a catch half a mile offshore, was surrounded by a number of Quillayute canoes. The Quillayutes pretended to be there on a peaceful mission, but the Ozette's keen eyes noted that their spears and warclubs were lying in the bottoms of the canoes within easy reach, and his suspicious were aroused when the Quillayutes inquired if any others of the Ozettes were coming out to fish that day. The Ozette replied that all the men would be out in the water very soon.

The Quillayutes knew that if the entire Ozette tribe came out on the water, the former would be outnumbered, so they did not attack the lone fisherman, but turned their canoes southward to return to their own villages. The single Ozette quickly paddled to shore and reported what had occurred.

A sudden squall drove the Quillayutes back into the Ozette bay, where they were compelled to land to avoid being swamped. They were met on shore by a large body of Ozettes, who invited them to take shelter in the village. Here, they were fed a great feast, and the fires were built up so that the houses would be "nice and warm"—but really in order to induce the glutted men to fall asleep. In the meantime, a search had been made of their canoes, and weapons were found which indicated to the Ozettes that the Quillayutes had come prepared to do harm.

All of the Quillayutes were induced to remain in one house, but only the Ozette chief and a half dozen braves stayed with them. The other Ozettes wandered about the village in the open air so that they might

remain awake. When all of the Quillayutes were asleep, the Ozette warriors stole into the house and killed their enemies with war clubs. The heads of the dead Quillayutes were cut off, their bodies laid out in a long row (there were forty-seven in all) on the beach, and disemboweled. The heads were placed on tall poles along the beach and the bodies permitted to rot where they lay. For years, tall poles stood as a warning to all officious tribes that the Ozettes were not to be attacked with impunity. The warning served to prevent direct attacks, but both Quillayutes and Makahs, by sniping methods, continued their warfare against the Ozettes, until in the end none was left but the chief (my father) and a few members of the family.

By this time, however, the government had placed all Indians upon reservations, and in order that his children might go to school, the chief took up his residence in the Makah reservation. The government still holds a small area of land on the site of the old Ozette reservation, but none of the Ozettes remain.

Well within my lifetime, Indians were frequently employed in whaling. The killing of a whale meant a great celebration in the village at Neah Bay. The capture of these immense mammals was attended with great danger, and only the Indians skilled in casting the harpoon or in rowing the large canoes were permitted to engage in the hunt. One of the most successful hunters was "Lighthouse Jim," who at the end of his life had established the reputation of having killed fifty nine whales.

The method of killing whales, although primitive, was well worked out, and usually successful. Harpoons were made with a long lance of wood, tipped with a removable bone point, to which was attached a rope made of twisted kelp and about 300 feet long. Hides of hair seal, well tanned and with the fur inside, were made into balloons which were blown up and carried in the sealing canoe.

When a whale was sighted, the canoe was maneuvered into a position within six feet of the mammal, the harpooner cast his lance into the whale, and the oarsmen, with one strong sweep, carried their canoe out of danger of the whale's lashing tail. The whale immediately dived and then swam rapidly toward the open sea, dragging the canoe behind, sometimes at great speed. When the animal rose to spout, other lances were driven into its body, and these were attached to the balloons which made it impossible, or at least difficult, for the whale to dive. When enough of the balloons had been attached to prevent the animal from diving, its body was penetrated again and again with lances until it was dead. Cruel the method must have been, but the Indians had no method of killing their prey quickly—it was simply

stabbed again and again until it died from loss of blood. Its cries and moans of pain were almost like those of an agonized human being.

The dead animal was kept afloat by the balloons and towed by canoes as close as possible to shore, where it was carried by the incoming tide, assisted by the entire village, to a point on the beach where receding tides would permit the men and squaws to cut it up. Great strips of blubber were cut off, some to be rendered into oil, some to be smoked like bacon and preserved for winter use. The smoking method was evidently a thorough one, as this smoked blubber could be kept for years. Probably, only a people who had developed a taste for this food would find it palatable.

I am now one of the oldest Indians on the Makah reservation, and have adopted most of the white man's ways. I held the contract for carrying mail from Port Angeles to Pysht, Clallam Bay, Neah Bay, and Tatoosh Island for many years—using at first a canoe and later small steam vessels. My "Hunter No. 5" which lies today in the harbor at Neah Bay, is a Diesel-powered 70-foot vessel of the type used by salmon trollers; though seaworthy, it is seldom used now. I also operated a gasoline service station, a garage and a dance hall.

Although I do not remember it from actual knowledge, the present general store operated by Harry Washburn is the outgrowth of the original trading post operated in Neah Bay by Samuel Hancock, who later retired to Whidby Island and the quiet life of a farmer.

Hancock was succeeded by two or three traders whose names are not now remembered; then by one Gallick, who came in 1881. Gallick disposed of the store to Henry Lance, who operated it until the coming of the Washburns forty years ago.

Neah Bay was for many years accessible only by water, all supplies being carried there by boat. Mails were infrequent, and the arrival of a mail boat meant that every person in the community quit work at once and repaired to the post office, where they argued the questions of the day while awaiting the distribution of the mail.

ALEXANDER B. BRENDER

Chelan County

I was born in 1851 in Wurtenberg, East Prussia. I was apprenticed to a blacksmith and knew the trade when I was seventeen years old. At that time there was no future for me in Germany, so I came to Kansas to visit an uncle.

Some Pioneer Advice

In 1880 I came to Ellensburg up through Oregon and filed on a pre-emption and bought railroad land. I did not like the wind and sage brush, so sold out. Shoudy had the trading post and wanted me to go in business with him, but I had been to Chelan and the canyon named for me by the government surveyors looked good to me. I filed on the same homestead that is my home today. There were five white men before me in the valley. When I went back to Ellensburg to buy a shovel, nails and rope, Shoudy said, "Here is your rope, go hang yourself, here are your nails, make yourself a coffin, and here is your shovel, go dig your grave." I can see him now. Every word he said was accompained by a blink and squint. Shoudy was found dead in a prospect hole in the Swauk.

Settler Number Six

I was the sixth pioneer in the valley, and built myself a log house, cut wild hay, raised potatoes, onions and beets. I packed my vegetables into Blewett Pass and sold them to the miners there. The winter of 1881 was a cattle-killing year and everyone lost their stock. The 1889-90 freeze found people better prepared. The winter of 1881 had taught me a lesson. I raised corn and hay and was able to feed if I found it necessary.

Found Little Fun

There was no amusement, month in and month out. I would see no one. I spoke Chinook and an Indian was a welcome guest. There was game in the hills, dangerous wild animals, too, but they were so wild no one could get near enough to them to be hurt. Later there were fraternal organizations, but I thought I was too busy to do any "lodging."

My dissipation was newspapers. I received my mail at the Trading post and subscribed to the San Francisco Chronicle, the Denver Rocky Mountain News, the New York World, and a Chicago paper. I had lived in all these places and the papers were my contact with the world.

Batched for Six Years

For six years I had wrestled with the skillet and sour dough and did not realize I was tired of it until I met Mrs. Samantha Warren Trout. Samantha was born in Mississippi in 1854. When Jackson, Mississippi, was taken by the Yankees, she heard the reverberations of the cannon. Widowed and with three children, a son and two daughters, she received a letter from a friend in Ellensburg, telling

her of the thrifty bachelor. After introductions by mutual friends, we agreed on matrimony and were married in 1888. She bounced her three youngsters in my lap, giving me, as time went on, four sons of my own.

Loves the West

Samantha Trout thought a lot about the west, and wondered how people could live. She learned they lived by their own efforts on the food they raised and by the things they fashioned with their own hands. She got along with what there was in our cabin. A box nailed to a log was a cupboard. A bunk was a bed. She cooked in a fire place. She was not lonesome. Her three children were both care and company. The furniture made of split pine sufficed. As time passed the homestead took on the air of an estate. Seasons and crops and babies filled all her time and mind . .

Surrounded by Family

My four boys have grown and married. With twelve grandchildren I have my family about me. It will be a long time before the name of Brender will die out of the canyon. My sons live in houses of their own on the original homestead.

SAM J. SARGENT

Asotin County

Sam J. Sargent came to Washington Territory from Siskiyou County, California, in 1873. He came in a covered wagon with his parents, three sisters and three brothers, to Walla Walla County, where his father bought 160 acres of land on Dry Creek. After living there two years, he bought a homestead right, thirteen miles east of Dayton, which land he proved up on and farmed until he sold out in 1881.

During the time he was living on his homestead he bought 480 acres of land in the Cloverland country, twelve miles southeast of Asotin (which location at that time was in Garfield County), and started raising cattle and horses. He sold this ranch in 1892 and bought 160 acres of land in the Anatone country. He lived there until 1895 when he bought a cattle ranch on the Grande Ronde River near Wenatchee Creek, which ranch he operated until he retired in 1907.

Mr. Sargent, Sr., died in 1913 at 80 years. His wife died at the age

of 73. Mr. Sargent's father had come to Washington Territory and remained here during 1860, 1861, 1862 and part of 1863, and decided that some time he would make it his future home. He was a frontiersman and always wanted to pioneer in new country.

Mr. Sargent took up a homestead in the Grande Ronde Valley in 1897, on which he made final proof. He followed mining from 1904 until 1908, after which he moved to Asotin. He did not make or lose any money in this business.

This pioneer was in the grain warehouse business in Asotin for a number of years, under the trade name of Sargent and Bolick. He owned and operated the first abstract office in Asotin County under the name of the Asotin Abstract Co. He had also been a member of the school board and city council.

In 1928 he started the Beebe Cold Storage Co., in Lewiston, Idaho. This business has developed into a big industry.

Mr. Sargent is a member of the Elks Lodge in Lewiston. He was born in Linn County, Oregon, in 1868. He is of Scotch and English parentage. He is a widower, his wife having died in 1933. He has eight children and three grandchildren. The names of his children are: Mrs. Ruby Bolick, Mrs. Hazel Sargent, Miss Ruth Sargent, Mrs. Gladys Chose, Robert Sargent, Clifford Sargent, Richard Sargent and Miss Georgia Sargent. All of these eight children started and graduated from Asotin schools.

Mr. Sargent has voted in Washington for forty-seven years.

In 1880 Mr. Sargent's father took his entire family to their old home in California on a visit, remaining there a year. They made the trip both ways in a covered wagon. The father was a veteran of the Indian wars of 1856 in Oregon. That state gave him a permit to take up any 160 acres of land in the territory remaining vacant. He lost the permit and never used his homestead right there.

When Mr. Sargent's parents came to Walla Walla County, that region was well settled. There were quite a number of good houses, as the farmers were prosperous. They drove to Walla Walla for their supplies while living near that town. When they moved to the Dayton and Cloverland districts, they freighted their supplies from Dayton, which was the nearest trading point.

They raised all their provisions with the exception of tea, coffee, and sugar. They bought the green coffee beans, which they roasted in the oven at home.

Mr. Sargent attended his first school in Dixie. This school house was built of hewn logs and was taught by Mr. Cochrane. He attended this school during one three-months term. His next school was near their farm in the Dayton district and was taught by Ernest Hopkins and Mr. Livengood.

When the family moved to the Cloverland region, he attended the school near their home for about ten years. This school was conducted in a log cabin school house and was taught by Mr. Hurley and Miss Houghston. The principal games played were town ball, black man, hop scotch, pom-pom pull away and London bridge.

Sunday school and church services were held in the school houses. There were numerous dances, basket socials and singing classes which were held in the school houses and at various homes.

Mr. Sargent was well acquainted with former Governor Cosgrove of Pomeroy. His friends and neighbors nick-named him "Pa-ta-ha Bald Eagle" as he was bald-headed and had a ranch on Pa-ta-ha Creek.

OTTO STROM

Grays Harbor County

I was born in Sweden, and came to this territory in 1888 from Colorado where I had lived a year. My brother John and I came out together. He bought some lots in Grays Harbor, while we were in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. There was a boom at Grays Harbor City at that time and lots were being sold from maps and pictures all over the Northwest. A beautiful picture of a large saw mill was a part of the bait. The mill did not exist. The motive that impelled me to come was that I did not like the dry climate of Idaho, and wanted a change. We came by mail boat from Tacoma to Camilche, took a train to Montesano and then by boat again from Montesano to Aberdeen and Hoquiam. We had come to Tacoma on the Northern Pacific. I am well satisfied with Washington and have done well here from the time I came, and I like the climate.

I've spent several years on the Hoh River among the Indians. I did a lot of fishing for others, drove team, worked on the road and did a lot of blacksmithing. In 1897 I started for the Klondike, Alaska, to prospect for gold, but did not do well. I stayed two years there, then came back to the States. I settled in Grays Harbor County, first

on the Hoh River, and later on the Taholah Indian reservation. I was married (Indian marriage) during the summer of 1896, to Mary Fisher of Hoh, a widow. In 1900 we were legally married. I received land and a fishing allotment, as I was adopted into the Quinault tribe through marriage.

I helped develop what there is of Hoh River and Taholah communities. I blazed the first trail between Hoh and Bogachiel. The present bridge over the Hoh River is located on my trail. All of that was done before the Iron Man of Hoh came, who is credited with being the first white man to settle on the Hoh.

When I first came here I joined the Shakers, later the Presbyterian church. I think the Shakers did a lot. I know they have cured quite a number of sick people with their religion.

I was naturalized in Spokane and have voted since 1900 and have always been a republican.

My wife died in 1931, and I was left with three girls. I married Mrs. Pat Slade of Snohomish on October 2, 1935. She is the owner of the biggest parcel of land in that vicinity. We have three children. I served on the Taholah school board 13 years, or more, and up to seven years ago.

Most of the buildings on the reservation were of shake construction, with the exception of the government office and school, which were of logs. There was not much in the way of furniture in the homes in the early days, as we didn't need much. Canoes and small boats provided most of the transportation. In Taholah we had about 25 teams of horses. In Aberdeen, at the time I came, all I could find was one team. The buildings in Aberdeen were perched on cedar props about three to four feet from the ground.

I have had lots of experiences with Indians all through these parts, but all of them were pleasant. We got along so well that after I married one of their tribe, they worked hard to get Washington to recognize my adoption into their tribe. I really don't remember—I don't think I ever knew—when I was legally adopted, as the request had been made several times, before it was finally granted. I treated Indians well and they treated me good. They liked some of the things I would do for them, and I did a lot that made them happy.

Some time between Christmas and New Year of 1891 a French ship, Louis the XIIIth, was wrecked on the rocks, and washed ashore at the mouth of the river here. It was a new ship, only 14 months old when it sailed. A man named Rubenstein from Aberdeen bought the wreck

for salvage. Eight of us worked for this man, and one of us, John Shale, I believe, found a barrel of cognac in the sails. He tasted the liquor, and finding it to his liking, got the other seven interested. In the meantime, Judge Johnson Waukenas, of the reservation, came upon us, but said that it was perfectly all right for us to drink, as we were on the high seas. But he did not let it rest there, instead he ran into the agent's office and reported the find. Dr. Cox, then in charge of the reservation, caught us in the act, and decided that the dismantling of the ship must end immediately, and decided further, that each of us should cut four cords of wood as a fine. We cut the wood after some of us had slept off the after effects of the cognac. The man from Aberdeen lost, as a result of the agent's order, approximately $30,000 worth of sail canvas. There were about 30,000 yards of canvas worth $1.00 per yard, that had gone to waste, together with other salvagable materials. Barrels of cognac were ordered brought into the office of the reservation, but as the door of the office was too narrow to permit passage of a barrel, we were ordered to knock out the heads of the barrels, and dump the liquor into the streets. Some of the reservation old timers claim that there must have been more liquor in the ship's hold, but no one has undertaken to salvage it to this date.

We had a school on the reservation, but in the early days the children used to talk their native language on the streets, at play, and at home. Now a lot of them do not understand their mother tongue. I understand and talk their language, and like to talk it, but now there is little chance to do so, as the younger men and women would rather talk in the English tongue.

People used to spend a lot of time in church, and for entertainment they had a group of Indians come from up the river who would sing and dance for the local people. They would get paid for it and do very well.

MRS. HORATIO M. WILCOX (Eva Brown)

Douglas County

My father had come to Spokane Falls in 1883. In 1884 my mother, brother and I came to join him. We traveled by train to the end of the road, which was Rosebud, Montana. We had chartered a car and brought our stock, grain and furniture. We had three teams and wagons, but had to leave many things behind. My father and brother determined to bring their mower and rake. We packed what we could and started out. I was 24 years old at that time. I drove one team

west from the end of the rails. We left Missoula in April and arrived in Spokane Falls in July.

Incidents on the Way

I had bought what I thought was a reasonably heavy pair of shoes. They turned out to be kid and in going over the desert and mountains, many times I had to walk. The cactus stuck through the soles, and in going over the high plateau I walked barefoot through the snow. The soles were completely gone and until I reached Spokane there was no place for a girl to buy herself a pair of shoes.

Col. Nash and George Stevens

In Spokane Falls, my father met Col. Nash and George Stevens and helped them move saw mill machinery into the mountains in Douglas County. My father saw an ideal agricultural country and brought the family from Spokane to Waterville in 1884.

Although there were four families here, we saw but one person on our way in—Frank Alexander.

A Real House

We built a frame house, although lumber was hard to obtain. Our beds were home made, and we used straw ticks. Gooseberry and currant shrubs and also potatoes were brought with us from Wisconsin, and father had brought them to Waterville when he came with Nash and Stevens. These makings of a garden were stored in Hector Patterson's cellar, and most of them thrived when planted. Mother planted apple seeds which eventually grew into trees and bore fruit. My brother and I had filed on a preemption claim and all the family lived there together in the wilderness. There were plenty of wild flowers, but few tame ones for years, and rattlesnakes over ran the place. Reaching down in the dark to pick an old setting hen from a nest and finding a rattler coiled there in comfort, is to this day a horrible memory.

Food supplies for six months were bought in Spokane and we had brought plenty of clothes when we came, but eventually they wore out. This was more of a problem than food, for we raised cattle and pigs and had a garden.

Churches and Schools

A Catholic priest came through the country two or three times a year, but there were no services until Elder Corbaley came here. He officiated at the first wedding in Douglas County.

Later, at a pioneer gathering, Al Pierpont said they did not need

churches and lawyers, as the early folks were law abiding people.

Let Nature Take Its Course

To be sick was unfortunate for the patient. There was no doctor, and no chemist. The neighbors did what they could, and the patient either got well or died.

I remember the long illness of Mr. Wickson, who finally died. As was the custom in the country, I stayed with his wife and eight children for four weeks. The neighbors all helped.

Dr. Gilchrist was one of the first doctors to come to our community. He had a regular office and started a pharmacy. "Mountain fever" was raging when the doctor arrived. This fever was something like pneumonia and was usually fatal. The doctor was worked to death and would fall asleep on his horse. He did not know what caused it. I think we have it today, but under a different name, possibly influenza.

There were few books, and mail might come every three months and might not. Horseback riding in the summer and skiing in winter were the stand-by sports. I made my skiis from barrel staves. I got about all over the country on them. Later churches and lodges afforded social life.

I am a widow, and have lost one son, by drowning. My other two sons, who have never married, have helped me keep the ranch, and we raise cows, hogs, and beef cattle, just as in pioneer days. The boys cure the hams and bacon with apple wood and corn cobs. I make my own sausages, head cheese and lard. There is enough to last us over the summer. In winter we kill a beef and hang it up for our own use. I miss the steaks in the summer time. Our cows and chickens provide us with plenty to eat—regardless of the depression.

It seems only natural to me that both my boys should have stayed with me in this little village. They are farmer boys, and our farm is a good one, and provides a good living.

I have taken no active interest in politics, although I have voted. The local squabbles bring out memories.

In 1917 I took a motor trip to Montana and recognized the ferry and camping place where we had stopped in 1884. I went into a farm house to get some cream for strawberries I had bought on the way. Three white haired old men were there and verified the name of the ferry I had remembered. They refused to accept pay for the cream, saying, "If you crossed that ferry in 1884 and went over that trail so long ago, you should not have to pay for cream." I told them, if they were there fifty years ago and had stayed there ever since, they should be paid.

It gave me a queer feeling to retrace the journey of our discomforts.

SUE CLAYTON BYRNE

Kitsap County

I was born in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1848. At the age of 14 I was married to Mr. Davies, who was ten years older than myself. My grandmother was afraid that I would marry a Yankee. My first husband, Mr. Davies, was a lawyer. We had four children born to us, all of whom died. Shortly afterward my husband died and I was a widow for ten years when I married John F. Bryne, a contractor and builder.

Grandfather Killed at the Alamo

My grandfather, mother's father, was Captain Ticknor, and he wanted to go to Texas and take part in the Mexican war. My grandmother violently objected, and he at last promised to go only as far as New Orleans. He was captain of a military company in Montgomery. He went on to Texas, however, and lost his life in the battle of the Alamo. All his men were massacred. Only one man, Shackleford, came home. They had no water and were starved out, but Colonel Fanning begged them not to surrender. Shackleford was shot in the hip and took grandfather's watch and buried it in the field where he lay in the mesquite brush. It took him two weeks to get a stick big enough for a crutch, which he had to fashion with a pen knife.

My grandmother was given, by the Texas government, 9999 acres of land. This came to my grandmother and two daughters, one of whom was my mother.

My mother died in 1848 and my father went to California in 1849, and there became wealthy. When I went with my husband to Carson City, Nevada, my father gave me a home worth $10,000. It was the Governor's mansion later.

I brought my black "mammy" with me to the west to help me bring up my children. She is buried in Redlands. In that city my second husband built the first apartment house. My husband built me six fine homes during our married life. He has been dead sixteen years.

After we came to Washington I received $1500 from a settlement of my land title in the Texas land which was given to my grandmother. This was the land in one county.

I have one son living. He is 66 years old and lives with me. Recently all my jewelry and heirlooms in the form of jewelry, was stolen from my house.

PIONEER REMINISCENCES

As Told By

MRS. GEO. BIEREIS - CHEHALIS

(Formerly Miss Nettie Koontz)

Lewis County

My mother could speak "Chinook" as fluently as English, and there were more Indians than whites. Squaws wore only little cedar bark petti-skirts, and the bucks wore only a blanket. It was the custom of the Indians when they came to visit to just open the door and walk in. Sometimes they came in droves to fill the house. After a call of this magnitude it was necessary to open up the house and give it a good airing, especially if the weather was warm or damp.

A prominent gentleman told of court proceedings in those days when men were so scarce that in order to get a jury they often had to get some of the prisoners to try the others.

When the first court was held here the courthouse floor was of dirt and holes in the walls served for windows, only there were no window panes. The building was used before being completed, the judge having set the date and left it to the citizens to provide quarters.

I was born in Chehalis in 1873, near the present site of the courthouse, and attended school there. The teachers were hired by my father to provide training for his own children.

My grandfather, W. J. Jackson, obtained a claim of 640 acres, and acquired more until his holdings amounted to about 1,000 acres. This was divided at his death, and his heirs sold the land where part of the city now stands, to other parties, prior to the development of the city.

Being a very intelligent man, and eager to obtain news of the outside world, when prominent people visited our home, father would sit up all night with them talking and asking questions. He once traveled to Washington, D. C., to transact land business.

Guests were always cared for, and when one was taken ill, received every care possible, and in case of death, were assured of fitting burial. The father of S. S. Saunders rode to father's place, seriously ill, and was welcomed and cared for until his death. My folks buried him.

On one occasion Lena Gregg, a sister of the wife of John Alexander, was scalded so badly it caused her death. Mother found some white cloth for the homemade coffin, and trimmed the outside with black material. Fringe from an old dress was also used for trimming, and

artificial flowers from a hat made a bouquet, which I pinned on her breast. These things do not mean much to us today, but in the early days were appreciated as a real sacrifice because of their scarcity.

The pioneers did the best they could and displayed a generous and hospitable nature.

I will never forget how impressive the funerals seemed. There were no morticians and some of the neighbors, who were handy at such work, took care of the corpse. At the cemetery father would hitch his team and immediately set about removing the lines from the harness to use in lowering the casket into the grave.

Everyone learned to be practical and efficient. My grandfather, Michael T. Simmons, was Indian agent for years. The stories so often related about the wickedness of the Indians are ridiculous, for they were absolutely harmless and did not steal or molest anything.

We never locked our doors. The only times an Indian erred was when bad white men sold or gave him liquor. Most of the Indians were really more dependable than some of the whites.

Once, on a trip to Oregon City, father arrived at Cowlitz landing, one and one-half miles below Toledo and sought an Indian guide for the trip to Monticello (now Longview). He found an Indian guide but his offer of money for the trip was refused. Asked what he would accept in payment, the Indian replied, "I will take you for that shirt you have on." So father doffed his shirt, buttoned his English waistcoat tight and they were on their way, both satisfied with the deal.

The Indians did not seem to appreciate the value of money as did the white people.

EXTRACTS FROM A PRIZE ESSAY

Written by

J. B. LA DU

Wahkiakum County

My father, Crumline La Du, took up a donation claim near Mount Coffin in 1850.

Mount Coffin was formerly an Indian burying-ground, the remains of several canoes having survived the visit of the Wilkes Expedition to that spot in the 'forties. His crew had set fire to the timber, destroyed nearly all of it and made a clean sweep of the canoes.

The Abernathy sawmill at Oak Point did a big business in the '50s shipping timber to San Francisco, and was one of the few on the Columbia.

There was one steamer a month, the Columbia, in 1853, between Portland and San Francisco, carrying mail and passengers. Rates: $90 first cabin, $45 steerage. Flour was $15 a barrel, ham 40 cents a pound, pork $40 a barrel, butter 75 cents a pound; good cattle $200 a yoke, and cows $50 a head. All kinds of goods were high, as they were shipped around the horn as a rule.

In 1853 what was known as the military road was opened, an appropriation having been made by the government, and contributions from people of Pierce and Thurston Counties.

In the fall of 1854 a portion of the immigration passed over it though it was not much more than a trail. This was the main thoroughfare of the territory, over which the mail was carried.

The earliest settlers of Cowlitz settled in and around Monticello as early as 1848, coming from Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Missouri. The Huntingtons, Smiths, Catlins, Fowlers, Barlows, Wallaces and Ostranders were names well and favorably known throughout the territory in the early 'fifties.

We had to go to Milwaukie, Oregon, to mill, about 70 miles, in a small boat. We had to live on rather coarse fare now and then, as for instance, two weeks on bran bread. Pioneers traded and bartered with each other for food.

Many times, being short of tools, we could not get off big cottonwoods, and so dug trenches and tumbled them in and buried them.

A WALLA WALLA PIONEER

Ransom Clark crossed the plains in 1843 with the exploration party led by Lieutenant John C. Fremont, the pathfinder. During the same year Lettice Mellican made the crossing with her parents in the Whitman train. This train entered the Walla Walla valley and camped four miles below the Whitman mission for a few days, then moved down to the old Fort Nez Perce or Walla Walla, at Wallula, where the emigrants spent several days building boats and preparing for the trip down the river.

Mr. McKinley, the agent for the Hudson's Bay Company, suggested that they leave their cattle and horses for the winter in care of the

Walla Walla Indians. This they did and all were returned to them the following spring in good condition.

Fremont's party arrived in Oregon Territory about two weeks later. The next year young Clark was appointed with A. G. Hembree and Joel Palmer by the Provisional Government to survey a road from the falls of the Willamette at Oregon City to Yamhill Falls. A. G. Hembree was captain of the Yamhill troops in the Indian war in 1855, and was killed near the present site of Toppenish, where a marker has been erected in his memory. Joel Palmer joined Governor Stevens in making the treaty of Walla Walla the same year.

Young Clark and Lettice Millican were married in 1845 and commenced farming on the Yamhill river. He seems to have raised a surplus, for we find in the Oregon Spectator, the first newspaper published in Oregon Territory, that he advertises "for sale at his home on the Yamhill River, wheat, oats, corn, white beans and potatoes, also bacon, pork, salt pork, hogs and breeding sows." That was July 4, 1846. In March of 1847 he states he has "ten yoke of first rate work oxen for sale on his farm," and a little later, that he will hold an "auction sale at his home, of five yoke first rate American work oxen, two American cows, 30 head of hogs and four horses. Terms satisfactory, notes payable in wheat after harvest."

Young Clark tried his luck in the California gold mines for a while, then returned and went into the hotel business, first in Linn City, and then in Portland. The lure of gold again calling him, he left the business with his partner and joined the stampede to the Pend Oreille country.

There was little gold to be found, and the disappointed seekers turned back. Clark had passed through the Walla Walla valley with Fremont in 1843 and had never forgotten the stretch of rich land with its many streams. He now stopped to take a good look and the result was the establishing of his donation claim, a mile square of land two miles south of the present city of Walla Walla.

While he was in the mountains getting out logs for his house, Colonel Nathan Olney, government agent of the interior tribes, brought $500 in silver to the Hudson's Bay Company fort at Wallula to give to the Walla Walla chief, Peu-peu-mox-mox. The chief refused the money and refused to meet Colonel Olney. It was known by Governor Stevens and military officers at the various forts that trouble was brewing with the Indians of the upper country because the whites were beginning to occupy the land.

Colonel Olney ordered all settlers in the valley to leave at once for The Dalles and below. Word was carried to Ransom Clark, who has-

tened to draw up papers declaring that he had been ordered from his claim, together with a description of his land. One of the witnesses to this paper was James Sinclair, agent of the Hudson's Bay Company at Wallula.

When the country was opened to settlers and miners late in 1858, Mr. Clark returned to the valley and hired John Hely to live on the claim that winter and fence thirty acres of land between the creeks with a ditch fence between and brush fence along the streams. He returned to Portland for his supplies and on March 1, 1859, accompanied by his son Charles, 13 years old, left for their new home in the Walla Walla valley. At The Dalles they engaged Robert Horton, a Canadian, to drive their four-horse team. They were delayed several days at Pambrun on the Walla Walla river, because of high water, but arrived on March 29 at the claim. Mr. Clark brought the first nursery stock, apple, and peach trees, to be set out in the valley, excepting the Dr. Whitman orchard.

John W. Foster had a claim on the Touchet below the present site of Waitsburg. After bargaining with him for logs for his new house, Mr. Clark returned to Portland. He was taken sick on the way home and lived only a couple of weeks. Sixteen years before, Lettice Millican, as a girl of thirteen years, had passed through the Walla Walla valley; now she returned, the widow of Ransom Clark. At Celilo, she boarded the steamer Col. Wright, which was loaded with supplies for Lieutenant Mullan, who was in charge of the construction of the Mullen road between Fort Benton, Montana, and Walla Walla. Other passengers were Captain and Mrs. F. T. Dent, the commander of the post at Walla Walla, and wife, at whose quarters she spent the first night near her new home. Capt. Dent was a brother-in-law of President Grant.

Finding the log house finished and farm work progressing, Mrs. Clark returned to Portland, settled her affairs and later, with her two youngest children, one a baby girl six weeks old, left for her donation claim on the Yellowhawk to make final proof. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, who were on their way to establish the first stage line between Wallula and Walla Walla. Mail service for Montana was operated by pony express between Ft. Benton, Montana, and Wallula on the Columbia, these two points being reached by steamboats.

The town of Walla Walla was just starting. The camping place for teamsters packers and immigrants was naturally along Mill Creek, on one side of which the cantonment was built in 1856, so the town was started there by merchants, butchers and saloon-keepers. Split logs

were driven into the ground, poles were laid across the top, and canvas or clapboards laid for a roof.

There were only five donation claims in Walla Walla county. Three of these were taken by Hudson's Bay Company men, one by the American Foreign Missionary Society which included the Whitman site. The Ransom Clark claim was the fifth and was destined to become the scene of splendid endeavor and triumph by a brave young pioneer mother. Her deeds have since been commemorated in a bronze marker embedded in the fireplace of the local Y. M. C. A., also in a marker affixed to a large block of native granite brought from the hills and placed near the northwestern corner of the claim. The marker bears this inscription:

To mark the site of the Ransom Clark Donation Claim and to honor the memory of

LETTICE J. REYNOLDS

1830 — 1911

A pioneer of 1843 with Whitman's Train As widow of Ransom Clark this brave woman completed in 1859 under conditions calling for the greatest courage the claim to this land, initiated by him in 1855.

She married Almos H. Reynolds in 1861 and survived him 22 years. She was the ideal pioneer wife, mother, and generous Christian citizen.

This marker was placed by the Narcissa Prentiss Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, June, 1935.

Mrs. Clark had one neighbor in 1859. Sometimes she had to send her son to him when Indians annoyed her; but she kept her shotgun handy and the Indians respected her courage. She not only directed the work of the farm but took part in it herself, milking cows and attending to everything which her strength permitted. She made and sold butter and cheese, perhaps the first cheese to be made outside of the missions.

In 1861 Almos H. Reynolds came up from California, having crossed the plains in 1850. He was a mill wright and selected the Yellowhawk as a site for his mill. It was a mile from the Ransom Clark place and Mrs. Clark made sacks for the flour. She could do that at night after her day's work was finished.

In 1862 Mr. Reynolds sold his mill and built again, this time on the widow's claim and they were married. The log house which sheltered the family is still standing. It has two large rooms connected by a roofed gallery, open at both ends, constructed in that manner to give a view of the surrounding country and the approach of Indians. The windows are small, four-paned. The fir came from the Blue Mountains not many miles away, their tops still covered with fir, spruce and tamarack.

INTERVIEW OF SARAH CATHERINE KOONTZ

Franklin County

My parents both crossed the plains in wagon trains in 1852. My father was William Martin and mother's name was Ann Yantis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Scott Yantis.

Mother was 14 years old when she came. She rode a mule and helped herd the extra stock during most of the trip. My father and mother were married in 1854 and lived in Thurston County until 1872. We came directly from Thurston County to Walla Walla County.

One of the most tragic experiences of crossing the plains was that of the Ward families who were in the train which my father, Alexander Scott Yantis, commanded. When they reached what was called "the desert," the three Ward families chose a trail which would go through a little timber. It was not the main-traveled road and Captain Yantis, who had been over the road before, begged them to keep with the train as the Indians more frequently attacked from the cover of brush. The Wards rode on saying they would meet them where the trails crossed.

The main train reached the rendezvous, but there was no sign of the other wagons. A cow had strayed and father and another man rode back. They came to the spot where a terrible tragedy had been enacted. The men lay dead, wagons and equipment were in flames and the women were being driven away. Father sent for help while he looked for signs of life among them. One boy of 9 called to him, "Is that you, Mr. Yantis?" Father went over and the boy, whose name was Newton Ward, begged him to take him with him. By the time help arrived, the Indians had taken more lives. Newton's brother, William, made his escape with an arrow in his side. The two boys were the only survivors. William finally reached Boise, crawling on his hands and knees the last of the journey. The brothers did not find each other for thirty years.

A grave in the old cemetery at Touchet marks the spot where one of Washington's oldest settlers was laid at rest.

When William Martin was fifteen years old he hired out to work for a neighbor in Missouri. Covered wagons were continuously passing by and the talk was all of Oregon. William wanted to go west but his parents discouraged him on the occasions when he visited them and expressed his desires. In 1852, at the age of eighteen, he was employed to drive an ox-team in one of the westbound caravans.

When William went to say "goodbye" to his parents they begged and protested, but his mind was filled with tales he had heard and he remained obdurate. His father gave him $5.00. He was to receive $1.00 a month and board from his employer.

After the usual experiences and long toilsome journey, the party arrived at Oregon City, where William and another lad contracted to cut cord wood. After working three months each had 75 cents and his axe. William still had the $5.00 given him by his father, and each boy had a blanket brought from Missouri. They bought a little food and set out on foot for the country adjacent to Puget Sound. They came by way of Snoqualmie Pass, which was then little better than a deer trail; then down through the jungle on the west side until they came to the open country and the settlement near what is now Olympia. There they found work in a sawmill.

William later took up land near Tenino, building a log cabin of two rooms. A family named Yantis had meanwhile arrived in the neighborhood and William fell in love with Ann, the second daughter. During the Indian troubles, Will Martin became a lieutenant. In 1856 he and Ann were married at Fort Hennas on Mound Prairie, where the Yantis family had taken refuge.

The wedding of the dashing young soldier and his beautiful bride was one of the greatest events to take place at the fort.

Ann Yantis had spent four months in the saddle crossing the plains when she was fourteen years old. The older sister, whose duty it was to ride Jinny, the little mule, and herd the cattle along with the train, met with a serious accident, so Ann, despite her age and inexperience, assumed the task, driving the cattle nearly all the way across.

Amid the hardships of pioneer life in the little frontier settlement in Thurston county, the Martins struggled with the other settlers, cutting down forest trees and clearing the land, planting and harvesting. In all of the development the Martins took an active part. Their children were born in the little log cabin among the pines.

William Martin made the furniture for their home, and his daugh-

ter speaks lovingly today of his skillful work in fashioning chairs and tables, bedsteads, a clothes press and everything in use about the cabin. "How I wish I had one of those chairs," she said. "They are still in existence, and were beautifully made."

In 1872 the Martins, desiring to go into the stock business, loaded their possessions into a lumber wagon, the only way of freighting in those days, and with their family headed for Snoqualmie Pass and the country east of the mountains.

They drove through the Yakima Valley, reached the Columbia, and were ferried across. They camped at Old Fort Walla Walla, and there, on the banks of the Columbia, this pioneer family again set up the family alter and created another frontier home.

The old blockhouse at Fort Walla Walla was the children's playhouse. One of the old buildings inside the fort was used for church and Sunday school. General Howard, who was stationed near the old fort with his soldiers during an Indian outbreak when the Columbia river was patrolled, preached every Sunday and conducted the Sunday school.

The old wharf, which was really the hull of an old steamer, was commandeered in case the settlers would have to leave their homes in a hurry. Mothers and children slept on this wharf for ten successive nights, while the soldiers stood guard. One woman refused to leave her comfortable bed, but the soldiers went into her home and escorted her to the wharf. A wedding took place during the exciting period of waiting for an Indian attack.

The old steamer Frederick K. Billings plied up and down the Columbia and Mrs. Koontz recalls that she often rowed a boat out to the steamer, taking butter and eggs for shipment to the Portland market. The boat was run by Captain William Gray, son of the pioneer, Captain Gray.

The Baker railroad was built in 1872. The children of Wallula had many a free ride on the flat cars when this road was first built.

Six generations of this pioneer family have made their homes in the land chosen in the '50s by the stout-hearted men and loyal women who braved the dangers of the plains and the wilderness beyond the Rocky Mountains.

KELSEY CONGOR

Cowlitz County

1852

Ranges

My father brought the first herd of dairy cows to this valley in 1869. We had owned them in Oregon and had rented them out until he got a place ready for them here. Then he brought twelve cows up from Oregon. People here in the early days used poor sense in caring for their cattle. They let them all go dry at once, so there would be long stretches when they wouldn't have a drop of milk or cream. However, we were never without butter as we always kept that put down in brine and had enough ahead to last us until the cows freshened again.

I used to do my electioneering by horseback. I rode a young mare which always bucked at some time during the day. I was up in the Gardner settlement at Toutle, and having ridden her pretty hard that day, was feeling sorry for her, when I rode down by the outlet of the lake, sparking my first wife at Grandpa Rogers. It was in October and rain had been falling, so the sloughs were full of water. I had to cross one slough to a little island and then a slough on the other side to get to their place. Over the first slough the water was waist high so I had to hold my feet up to keep them dry. In this position the mare bucked me off into the sand and water of the second slough. I lost my hat and my temper too, and I wasn't sorry for the horse any more. Recovered my hat and rode on to see my girl. I sat by the fire to dry myself, and suddenly she came over to me and said, "Kelsey, you are getting gray!" I ran my hand through my hair and found it plastered with sand. You see, my hat had been full of sand and water when I found it and though I had shook it out, enough sand had stayed to make my hair look grey in the half light.

Another time when my horse bucked me over in a slough I lost $6.50 out of my pocket. A $5.00 gold piece and $1.50 in silver and for all I know, it is still there.

Churches

The first church services held in this community were conducted by Circuit Riders. The Missionary Baptists came here. Father Delane, a Baptist, was one of the early preachers. There were many ministers here before Tom Reese (Uncle Tom). I knew him well. In 1884 I was county assessor and Phil Reese, his nephew, was county auditor.

In those days everybody around here went to church—I mean everybody. People were glad to have the preachers come to their commun-

ity. At first they had services in the homes or groves. You'll wonder how they announced a church service without any newspapers or telephones. They used to send the boys and girls out on horseback to dispatch the word to the neighbors. This was a church minded community. We often had protracted meetings here and people came from Freeport to attend.

The first church here was organized about 1875 or 1876. It was the Christian church. Wm. Huntington was their local preacher, that is, he was a layman who preached when there was no ordained preacher here. Keatley Bailes was the first preacher who laid the foundations for that church organization. He was Josh Jackson's grandfather.

I recall the first election when women voted, in 1886. I was elected inspector for my precinct. There was an old lady came in to vote. Allot by name. She was a Woman's Suffrage fanatic. I reached out and took her ballot to put it in the box when she jerked it away from me and put it in the box, herself, with the attitude of "no man will touch my ballot!" In those days there was no privacy about your vote. You just voted out in the open and anyone could see how you voted if he wanted to.

Houses

There were some log houses when I came here and some sawed lumber houses. The lumber came from 'Darb' Huntington's sawmill at Monticello. Wm. Whittle and Jackson had good houses, painted, too—only ones I know of around here who had their houses painted. They were the two wealthiest men in this community. You see, those who came here early and cleared the land first made good money by selling produce to those who came later. They got good prices for what they shipped out, too. The early settlers were very kind and liberal to newcomers, however, sharing beef, pork, fruit, etc., until they got a start.

Food

We really had very good food in those early days. (Of course, many times we got out of things we couldn't buy.) We seldom had coffee—used browned peas instead. The first settler suffered from lack of food. I know, for I've often heard Wm. Whittle say that when he went to work, many times all he had in his lunch were some cold boiled potatoes and sometimes not even salt. He was doing hard work, too, grubbing out his land. In those days they had to go clear down the Cowlitz and across the Columbia to Rainier, (Oregon,) for salt or anything. Later our nearest stores were at Monticello and in case of real need, a boy could go by horseback for supplies, but it was a long trip.

About once a month we got a load of supplies from the store. China

matches, 1,200 in a bunch, sold for 25c, and there was 12c revenue tax on them. They always bore the stamp.

Our clothes were always well patched. Father's pants looked like Jacob's coat was said to look—of many colors. We wore what were called jeans-pants, of a heavy cotton cloth.

Roads

We traveled by horseback, by stage, or walked. The stage coach changed horses at Jackson's. They used four or six horses, depending on the condition of the roads. There were never any hold-up on this stage route. Sometimes the road was too bad for the stage coach to travel, so the passengers had to go by horseback. The roads were sometimes terrible. The military road sounds good, but it was an awful road really. Father said the men who built it looked for the highest hills and went over them. Pumphrey's mountain was an awful pull—only nine miles from Jackson's to Pumphrey's, but so steep a change of horses was needed at the top. There was a saloon and a hotel at Pumphrey's. Once a traveler going through stopped there and saw some apples on a tree. He was hungry for some fruit so asked to buy a dollar's worth of apples. Most apples were worth nothing then; everyone had trees and there was a big crop and people did not can fruit as they do now. So the hotel man got boxes and pails and started fixing up a dollar's worth for the fellow. When he saw all he was getting he was surprised and said, "Oh, I only want a few to eat."

Indian Stories

There were a good many Indians when we first came here. Indian camps all along the river. About 150 Indians, I should say, around here, and earlier there were more. They had split-cedar houses. The first year I was here I played all summer with an Indian boy, Si-wa-you, by name. I knew some of the older Plamondon boys. They used to work here in harvest time. Cheholz was another Indian who lived here. He took a homestead but when he signed up he found he would have to part with one of his two wives. He had added his brother's wife to his household after the brother's death, which was according to the Indian custom. He was very fond of both his wives and it was heartbreaking to witness their separation. He kept his own old wife and sent the younger woman to the reservation. She wept and carried on terribly. They were clean Indians and the squaws helped the white women with their housework. When we first came here the Indians were all filthy. You could smell them long before you could see them. They never bathed and so much smoke. After the whites came, they cleaned up.

Schools

The first school I went to was a log school. We had a three month's term. Our teachers were well educated. My brother-in-law, James Henderson, was my first teacher. He was educated in Scotland.

For games, we played marbles, blackman and ball, that is, when we had enough land cleared to play ball.

The Cowlitz river at this point, close to our school, has changed its course three times. Varying three-fourths of a mile each time.

Indian War

At the time of the Indian scare in 1855 and 1856, before we came to Cowlitz County, the Cable House near here was made into a fort with a stockade built around it. All the neighbors were told to go there and stay until danger was past. Mrs. Perkinson's grandfather, William Jackson, refused to go to the fort. He said he could keep the Indians off with his own shot-gun.

His wife was greatly perturbed because he wouldn't go and tried to persuade him. He said, "why should I be afraid of Indians? I can load this gun quicker than you can run around this cabin." Well, here she saw her chance. He was using an old muzzle loader, all they had in those days. The powder had to be tamped in with a piece of muslin. So she got the heaviest piece of cloth she could find and gave it to him for loading his gun. Well, he worked and worked and she ran round and round the cabin and finally he became convinced that they would be safest after all in the fort.

There was a lot of feeling in the county over buying the old Kazana house at Kalama for a county seat at $5,000. The price they paid for the building seemed like a lot of money to taxpayers in those days. Of course as usual, those who were not taxpayers were all for it.

Railroads

Here is something else to think about. There is a lot of criticism of our government for making such extensive land grants to the railroads in the old days. We should all remember that we early settlers did not value the timber at all. The pioneers were tickled to death to have the railroads come into the country and gave them all the land they needed because the land had no value whatsoever. Let us always remember that the presence of the railroad was what made the land valuable. Our only good market in those days was British Columbia, because that was the only place to which we had good transportation facilities.

Nigger Dick was a Kalama man. I've seen him many times. He was real black and married an Indian wife. His name was Dick Sanders.

Here is something good for people to think about now-a-days. There were no relief agencies and neighbors looked after neighbors when ever possible. In rare cases the county commissioners were called on for help. I recall once the commissioners gave a widow the lump sum of one hundred dollars. She went out and bought herself a very nice dress, nicer than any other woman in that community had and she paid five dollars for a hat, an unheard of price then. All the ladies in the neighborhood criticized her extravagance. But say, do you know that was the best investment the county ever made, for in just a few months she married a fine man and went to live in Clark County. In my opinion, that woman used good judgment.

FAMILY HISTORY OF MAUDE BURR BASSE

Thurston County

My grandfather, Capt. Nathaniel Crosby, Jr., arrived in Portland, Oregon, in 1847, on the brig O. C. Raymond, which he owned. He was sent out by the government with a cargo of supplies for emigrants who were making their way across the continent in covered wagons. He took a small boat and sounded over the Columbia River bar and up the river and his vessel followed. He took his crew ashore, had them fall trees, and built a log cabin in which to cache the supplies. This building was at First and Morrison Streets and was used for many years as post office. He was a senior partner of the firm of Crosby & Smith, between First and Second Streets. At the time he arrived in Portland, there were only a few log cabins there.

Capt. Crosby remained on the coast for three years, trading between San Francisco, Portland and the Sandwich Islands and he made at least one trip to China with a cargo of spars. He finally went into a general trading business at Portland, Oregon. His store was on Morrison Street between First and Second Streets. He built the second frame house in Portland on the corner of Second and Morrison Streets. It was a quaint structure one and one-half stories in height, with a wide veranda across the front and hard finish inside, which was unusual in those early days. It was still standing away in the suburbs of Portland a few years ago and was used as a Chinese laundry. (I believe now, though, in 1937, it has been torn down.)

Capt. Crosby had tried for some time to have his family, living in Wiscasset, Maine, join him. He finally sent to his brother, Capt. Clanrick Crosby, and together they purchased a small brig, 274 tons, called the Grecian. They sailed in September, 1849, from the East River,

New York, with Capt. Clanrick Crosby in command. On board were Capt. C. Crosby's wife, Phoebe, his three children, Clanrick, Jr., 12 years of age, Phoebe Louise, aged 7, Cecelia, aged 4, Mrs. Mary Crosby, wife of Capt. Nathaniel Crosby, Jr. (my grandparents), their three children, Nathaniel 3rd, aged 13 years, Mary L., aged 11 years and Martha Ruby, aged 9 years (my mother), First Officer Washington Hurd, his wife, Elizabeth (Capt. Crosby's sister, and daughter, Ella, aged 2 years, Second Officer Alfred Crosby, youngest brother, and his wife Clara (they settled in Astoria where one daughter still resides), Capt. Nathaniel Crosby, Sr., father of the Crosby brothers, Mrs. Holmes, companion, who went out to join her husband, and they settled in Portland, and Mr. Conners Lilly, a passenger. There were only four men forward: Richard Hartley, a Scotchman, Joseph Taylor and Foster and Nathaniel Lincoln, brothers of Mrs. Nathaniel Crosby. With the exception of the colored cook and steward, one passenger and two men, it was a family party. The Grecian arrived at Portland March, 1850.

In 1851 or 1852, the two Captains Crosby located in Tumwater, Oregon, (now Washington), where they built a general store and a flour mill. Capt. Clanrick remained in Tumwater, part of which was his donation claim, and Captain Nathaniel returned to Portland.

He took the first cargo of spars to China from Milton, Oregon, in 1852 and in the fall of the same year took a load of spars from Olympia (in 1852), the first spars taken from Puget Sound. They were cut at Butler's Cove. Capt. N. Crosby owned at one time the whole of that part of Portland called Albina (I think it was his donation claim). He sold it for what in those days would be considered a big price, but would be very little now. He had the money in a tin box such as they used in early days and that night someone entered the house and the money was stolen. In his office he had some fine elk horns which had been given him by an Indian. Ever afterwards, this Indian would come to him for all sorts of supplies, etc., expecting them gratis. One day my grandfather objected to giving him something he wanted and he said, "Captain Crosby, remember them elk horns I gave you." After that when any objection was made, the Indians always repeated this saying.

In 1853, Capt. Crosby gave up his business in Portland, having made his home there about six years, and taking his family with him sailed the seven seas, as the saying was, for several years. They visited many ports. They took a tutor along for the children. I remember my mother telling of quite a long stay in Hamburg, Germany, also of taking the passage north of Scotland coming home and of encountering a terrible storm there which her father never expected the ship to weather.

They returned to Wiscasset Maine, which had been their home before going to Portland, and remained for a short time, then sailed for China. Capt. Crosby gave up going to sea and went into the ship chandlery business in Hongkong, but he lived only a short time, as he died suddenly at the age of 46 in the year 1856 in Hongkong, where he is buried. His daughter, Mary, had married and gone to San Francisco some time before and his daughter, Martha, my mother, married Capt. Samuel C. Woodruff soon after her father's death and remained in Hongkong. His widow, my grandmother, and his son, Nathaniel, came to Tumwater in 1858, where Nathaniel was given employment by his uncle, Capt. Clanrick Crosby. Nathaniel, called by his friends "Nat", married Miss Cordelia Jane Smith, daughter of Jacob Smith, who had a prosperous farm a few miles south of Olympia on Chambers Prairie. They built what was considered quite a spacious house at that time, in the north end of Tumwater. I have always had a great affection for this house as it was my birthplace. My grandmother resided with them until her death in May of 1866. One son, Frank L. Crosby, for many years Clerk of the Court in Tacoma, was born in this house, and another son, Harry L. Crosby (father of Bing Crosby) was born after the family moved to Olympia several years later.

In 1864, Capt. Woodruff died in Hongkong, leaving my mother with two children, Samuel Crosby Woodruff, aged 6 years and Ada Augusta Woodruff, now Mrs. Oliver Phelps Anderson (whose pen name is "Ada Woodruff Anderson") aged 4 years. Mrs. Woodruff and her sister Mrs. Caleb Smith, also a widow, came to the United States on a sailing vessel with Capt. Williams in command. There was a thick fog when they reached Cape Flattery. The Captain knew they must be near shore as he could hear the breakers, so he cast anchor. The first one did not hold and the second one dragged, but the third one held, fortunately, for when the fog lifted they were right in among the rocks. They were lucky that there was no storm and lucky, too, that the ship was brought safely through. Mrs. Woodruff and Mrs. Smith resided in Tumwater with their brother and sister-in-law for a year or so, then Mrs. Smith married Mr. Platt Conklin of San Francisco and went there to live, and Mrs. Woodruff married Mr. Andrew Jackson Burr of Olympia August 6, 1865. I am their eldest child, born May 5, 1866 and my brother, Charles A. Burr was born May 6, 1869. In 1881 he carried the Seattle "Intelligencer" before it consolidated with the "Post". He and Ron Crawford carried the entire City of Seattle. Later he was with the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad Co., when they built their road along the north shore of Lake Washington. About 1890 he was in the Adjutant General's office under General R. G. O'Brien; was secretary of the State Board of Control for seven years; was employed by the Capital National Bank of

Olympia more than ten years; two terms auditor of Thurston County. At present (1937) he is connected with the Capital Savings & Loan Association of Olympia, where he has been the past seven years. My father, Andrew J. Burr, had come across the plains in 1848 when he was 21 years of age, with a covered wagon train, though he rode horseback, so was in California when gold was discovered. He, with a party of young men, rode back over the trail to meet some of the emigrants and guide them in 1849. I never heard him say much about prospecting, but he was a fine watchmaker and practiced this trade in the camps. He started in with a screw driver, file and small hammer and finally was considered one of the best watchmakers in the west, as he still plied this trade when he first came north to Olympia.

He knew the famous Lotta Crabtree and her mother and I have heard him speak often of Lotta and her dancing. Sometimes she danced in the hotels and all the miners adored her. She was just a little girl then. During his stay in California, he was a member of the Pony Express. The mail, etc., was placed in the saddle bags and the riders took the reins in their teeth, held a pistol in each hand and rode like the wind. He never spoke of having had any trouble with robbers. In the early fifties he came to Olympia, I don't know what year, but I think 1854. We saw an old Olympia paper dated 1857 which had his advertisement in it, so we know he was here before that. He went to the Frazer River when gold was discovered there, but I don't think he stayed long or was very successful. All I know of his having from this trip was a gold nugget which he made into a ring for me when I was a baby. My great niece has the ring now. He was appointed Postmaster of Olympia by President Grant, in 1871 or 1872, and was Postmaster for eight years. The Post Office was in a building he and my mother owned on Main Street, now Capitol Way, between Third and Fourth Streets, where the Woodruff Block now stands. I believe it is called the Labor Temple now.

My half-brother Sam Woodruff, and my father had a book and stationery store in the front part of the building, and the Post Office was in the back part. Later they put in toys, and then had the agency for pianos and organs. One day Sam, who could play almost any instrument by ear, was playing on a piano when a man dressed in overalls tucked in his boots and wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, came in and stood listening. When Sam finished, he said, "Play some more." Sam, thinking it was some farmer who might appreciate a lot of noise, proceeded to make a lot with many flourishes and runs, but as he said, little music. Then Sam said, "Do you play?" He said," Yes, a little." Sam waved him over to the piano and said, "Sit down and try something." In a few minutes Sam's hair was standing on end and he felt like crawling into a hole. The first selection was "Moses in

Egypt" and then followed many other fine selections. The man was Professor Nitschke, later on very well known on Puget Sound. He had come west with a party of emigrants and at that time they were camping near Olympia.

Mr. Blankenship, in his book, speaks of a circus that came to town in 1868 and of the seats falling down. I attended that circus in my father's arms, as I was two years old. Everyone went and took the babies in those days. When the seats fell, father jumped with me and reached back to help my mother, but her big hoops caught and she was dragged back. She was hurt, but not seriously, and soon recovered.

There was quite a lot of musical talent in Olympia in early days and sometimes the people gave "Old Folks Concerts" and dressed in costumes. My mother had three beautiful silk dresses she had brought from China, which always were borrowed. One was amber satin with large medalions scattered over it. This had been taken from the palace in Pekin by an English officer when Pekin was sacked in 1860 and presented to my mother when she lived in Hongkong. Soon after my mother and aunt came to Tumwater, there was a ball in Olympia. When my aunt, Mrs. Crosby, saw the dresses they were thinking of wearing, she said, "Why, girls, you can't wear those dresses here." So they bought some Swiss and made high-necked, long sleeved waists to wear with plain silk skirts. They were invited to go for wild blackberries and appeared dressed for the occasion in pretty, thin white dresses and slippers. Needless to say, they didn't go very far. But they soon learned and packed their pretty things away.

My first school teacher was Miss Mercy Slocum, later Mrs. W. E. Boone. I was four years old and insisted on going to visit the school so often with my sister, Ada Woodruff, that my father said he had better pay tuition and let me go. When I got sleepy, Miss Slocum made a bed on a bench for me, using the coats of some of the girls. Fine for the coats, wasn't it? The school was in the old Masonic building on Main and Eighth Streets where the fine new Masonic Temple now stands. Later Mrs. Houghton and Miss Cushman taught there and I attended. Then the Young Ladies Seminary was opened on Union and Washington Streets, where the Mowell home now stands. Mrs. Case, afterwards Mrs. P. C. Hale, and Miss Catlin, were the teachers, then Miss Churchhill, afterwards Mrs. Wingard. When I was nine years old the "Union Academy" was opened in Swantown, and my sister, Ada, and I attended for three years. The principal was Professor M. G. Royal. Miss Mary Connolly, now Mrs. A. H. Chambers, taught the little children and later Mrs. Walker and Miss Tirzah Bigelow, who later married Professor Royal. School was opened by singing songs from an old book called "Songs for Today". Miss Eva

Bigelow played for us on a melodeon which was very old and belonged to the Bigelow family. It is now in the museum in Tacoma.

By the time I was twelve years old, my parents decided to send me to the public school. Mr. Venen was principal and used a tuning fork to get the pitch. Schools always were opened with singing then. Later Mrs. P. C. Hale was principal. My first music teacher was Miss Emma L. Nickels. She moved to San Francisco to live and my next teacher was Mrs. Annie M. Shoecraft. I think the latter and Professor Roberts started most of the Olympia youth along the road to musical glory.

For several years in the seventies the coast survey schooner Fauntleroy wintered here in Olympia and was tied up down at Brown's Wharf, which was about two miles or so north of Olympia on the West Side. The young officers were quite an acquisition to Olympia society and I think they had a pretty good time too. On New Year's Day the young ladies always received callers and usually there were little groups who received together at different houses. One year Sam Woodruff and Lieutenant P. A. Walker called together. They had a big truck drawn by horses and a big barrel large enough for them to get into on the back. The driver drove up to one house and the two gentlemen stepped out carrying their calling cards, which were about a foot long, with their names in letters about an inch high, under their arms. Of course, the girls had to go out and inspect the equipage and when they were up on the truck, the young men gave the driver a sign and away he drove with the girls holding on to the posts and all calling for him to stop.

The young people decided to present the opera "Pinafore," one winter, and everyone who could carry a tune was pressed into service. Otto Ranke was the Captain; Miss Alice Warbass, now Mrs. A. W. Engle, was his daughter Josephine; Mr. R. G. O'Brien was Ralph; Miss Anna Knighton, afterwards Mrs. A. W. Harrington of Seattle, was Buttercup; Miss Georgie Percival, afterwards Mrs. T. N. Ford, was Cousin Hebe; Henry T. Mayo, who was then a young ensign in the navy, was Sir Joseph Porter (and we little thought that some day he would be a Rear Admiral in the navy, though that may have been his pet ambition, who knows?), and Sam Woodruff was Dick Deadeye. The chorus was made up of all young folks who could sing, and they gave a very good performance. The orchestra consisted of one piano, presided over by Miss Stella Galliher.

Ten years later the Olympia people gave the "Mikado" to raise money to buy the pipe organ for the new St. John's Episcopal Church. I was grown by that time and was in the chorus and it was great fun. Mrs. E. L. Carson was Yum Yum; Mrs. Sam Percival was Pitti Sing;

Mrs. J. P. Hoyt was Peepbo; Mrs. C. M. Bolton was Kattisha; Mr. John Y. Ostrander was the Mikado; Mr. R. G. O'Brien was Nankipo; Mr. Sam Woodruff was Poobah; Lieutenant H. T. Mayo was KoKo and Mr. L. P. Ouelette was Pish Tush. Of these, the only one now living is Sam Woodruff. I mention these names as the old timers will remember them all and the splendid work they did.

Butler's Cove was situated about 1½ or 2 miles north of Olympia about where the Olympia Golf Club is now. It was a famous picnic ground and almost the whole town would turn out to attend clam bakes presided over by "Uncle Bennie Morrell".

The big boats could not land at Percival's Dock, so they had to land at Brown's Wharf north of town. These boats were the Dakota and the Panama, making the run to San Francisco from Olympia every ten days. Later they came once a week. The Eliza Anderson (and later the North Pacific) was the Victoria boat and made the trip only once or twice a week. Round trip was $20.00.

When I was nine years old we moved to a house on Thirteenth and Main Streets called the P. D. Moore House; however, the house was built by Col. Cock, grandfather of Mrs. H. K. Owens of Seattle and of the late Capt. Reinhardt of Olympia. The stage, drawn by four horses, which met the Portland-Tacoma train at Tenino, came into Olympia over the "plank road" which extended for about a mile south on Main Street.

In the seventies, there were two boats running between Olympia and Seattle, the Messenger, owned and run by Capt. J. G. Parker and the Zephyr, run by Capt. W. R. Ballard. One boat left Olympia at 7:00 A. M. and the other left Seattle at the same time. It took all day to make the run. They stopped at Kanaka Jacks, Steilacoom and Tacoma for passengers and freight, also for wood and water. We always took a good book or some fancy work along to help pass the long hours, for the ladies did not play cards as they do now.

My father owned some property on Oyster Bay in Mason County near Kamilche. On the back of it, wild cranberries grew and he thought there was no reason why the Eastern cranberries would not grow there, so he sent for some plants and was quite successful, and so was the first one to bring the Eastern cranberry into Washington Territory. In 1878 he built a small steam boat and ran her between Shelton (then only a few houses) , Kamilche and Olympia. He named her The Old Settler. She had a big whistle that used so much steam that she had to slow up after blowing it until the pressure was up again. Capt. Chapman had an engine on a scow and called it The Capitol. When he wanted to pass The Old Settler he would blow the

whistle and, of course, The Old Settler had to answer and The Capitol would beat her into port.

In the very early days, they had their dances in Gallagher's Hotel on Second and Main Streets and the ladies took their babies and put them to sleep in the dressing room. When I read "The Virginian" many years afterward, I thought of the Olympia Pioneers, but fortunately, there was no "Virginian" to mix the babies up. My mother took me only once, for I was naughty and would not sleep as the other babies did.

I remember a building on Main Street with a green baize door with the name "Pray" in big letters made with brass headed nails. I used to wonder what was behind that pretty green door. I found out later that it was a saloon owned by a man named 'Jim Pray' and I thought how funny that a man with such a good name should keep a saloon. He really was a very good man, though, and did many kindnesses to poor people. Right next to the saloon was the bank, owned by George Barnes. The bank and the city jail were the only brick buildings in town. All of the stores were on Main Street between Fifth and First Streets and the people lived, for the most part, over the stores. There were a few one-story houses and now and then a palatial two-story one. The Indians came in to town on Saturdays and many a time I have seen them sitting on the sidewalk at Fourth and Main Streets for half a block on each street. A great many of them had huts or camps on the West Side across Marshville bridge and they brought oysters, clams, fish and blackberries in the summer and traded them to the women, for old clothes mostly. They would put on several dresses and even hats over each other if they were fortunate enough to get that many. "Old Betsy" was a familiar figure for many years and her daughter Julia was quite a character. She could speak some English and could swear with perfect ease, and I am sorry to say she imbibed quite freely. When the Salvation Army first came to Olympia, Julia followed them around and would stop every now and then and beckon to groups of men and call "Come all you pellas, come along to Jesus." I think the Salvation Army was glad when the novelty wore off.

Ten cents was the smallest coin we had here when I was a little girl. I don't remember when we first had nickels. One small orange was ten cents and we divided it among several children.

All the churches had (and still have) bells and when they rang Sunday morning and evening, they sounded so wonderful that it made us all want to go to church. You see, everyone went to church then. There were no automobiles, no golf or tennis, no theaters on Sundays, nor very often on other days, either, and no movies.

The beautiful little park between Main and Washington, Sixth and Seventh Streets was called the "Public Square", and was just a bare block with a fence around it with turnstiles at each corner. When a circus came to town, the Public Square did duty as circus grounds. When the young men played Townball, the game which later developed into the national game of Baseball, they played in the Public Square. On Fourth of July, when the little girls were so excited because we could ride in the 'Liberty Car' with white dresses, red sashes and blue crowns, the exercises for the day were held in the Public Square, so it was well named.

I remember that some of the men wore shawls with fringe around them. My father wore one and Mr. Huntington and Mr. Giddings wore them, maybe others, but I remember only these three.

The first dancing teacher I remember was Professor White and he played the violin for the parties for a long time. Miss Mary O'Neil was the real pioneer school teacher for younger children. She had a private school for years in a room in the Odd Fellows Building on Washington Street between Fourth and Fifth Streets.

When I was fifteen years old, in 1881, we moved to Seattle and remained there two years, when we went to Fort Steilacoom, where my brother, Sam Woodruff, had a position as accountant. The Superintendent and Accountant were the only officials there at that time and the buildings of the old Fort were used. During our residence there, six years altogether, the first unit of the present buildings was erected. While we were there, the "Annie Wright Seminary" was built in Tacoma and I attended there for the first year. When my mother went to make arrangements for my going, the principal, Mrs. Wells, said, "Mrs. Burr, your daughter will have the honor of being our first boarder," and I always have been proud of this fact. Now they have a beautiful new building and lovely grounds, and the "old girls" are always welcome there. Two years ago the school celebrated the "Golden Jubilee" and we had a wonderful pageant, etc. We wore costumes of the period when we attended, and there were five of us who went the first year, present.

I was married Sept. 19, 1892, in Olympia to Mr. Thomas Frederick Basse, by Rev. Lemuel H. Wells of Tacoma. He was Chaplain at the seminary when I attended, and our marriage was the last act he performed before he was made Bishop of Eastern Washington.

Mr. Basse and I resided in Seattle for 41 years and returned to Olympia in 1933. He was struck by an automobile and instantly killed December 5, 1935, on the Pacific Highway.

CHAS. H. ROSS

Pierce County

I have been requested to give a short account of my early experiences and what Pioneering meant to me.

I was told by my parents, D. M. Ross and Eliza J. Ross, that we started for Oregon from near Des Moines, Iowa, in the spring of 1851, making a 2,500 miles journey in less than six months, arriving in Portland late in September of that year. We made the trip through valley, over plain and mountain without serious accident. There were about 65 wagons in the train pulled by horses, cows and oxen.

Having first seen the light of day on top of the Blue Mountains near Walla Walla, enroute, my extreme youth will palliate for my inability to quote the market prices on any of the commodities other than Mellen's food.

For the first few years it was my mother's duty to keep me growing, pick splinters out of my feet and keep my ears clean. We spent one winter in Portland, then we moved down on the Columbia near the Cowlitz, where father took up his first claim. His first crop grown on between two and three acres consisted of potatoes and onions, which were sold at $3.00 per bushel, and shipped to California during the gold excitement and netted him about $1,500.00.

The following year more land was cleared, and a larger crop was planted but the June freshet, or high water, caused by the melting snow, covered the ground and destroyed the crop, hence father became discouraged and traded his place for one just across the river near Rainier in the Valley owned by our late and early beloved Calvin Barlow's father. This was about three miles back in the woods from Rainier, Oregon. On the new Beaver Valley place we had but one neighbor, no church, no school, no store, no doctor. No, not even a stove to cook on.

Pioneering here meant going out to live alone in the tall timber, in a log house, with a big open fireplace, where mother baked her "salt Risin' " bread before the fire in a deep Dutch oven or skillet. This skillet was heated by setting it in front of the fire on a bed of coals, also coals were put on top of the lid. Oh, what nice flavored bread it produced, rich, sweet and nutty.

Here is where father killed his first deer and elk; although but six years of age, I recall seeing father slipping up on that deer, which was feeding in the pasture not far from the house. By taking a cluster of leafy bushes about five feet tall and carrying them in front of him till he came within gunshot when he stepped behind a large stump, laid

down his bushes, and with the crack of the gun laid the deer low. Not long after this toward evening, father sent my oldest brother, Edward, and myself for the cows. When we got to the edge of the timber, we found the dog holding at bay what we supposed to be a large deer. When we came back and notified father he knew it was not a deer. He quickly took his gun and started for the spot, the animal had moved farther into the timber. Later father came back carrying a quarter of large elk, the carcass of which weighed between seven hundred and eight hundred pounds. Father became dissatisfied here and moved down on the Columbia, near Oak Point on the "Clatskanine Slough" where he could raise cattle.

The new field provided plenty of cattle range. Here, however, we were more isolated from society than ever. We had to go seven miles in one direction to Bryants and Conyers neighborhood for neighbors, and in the other direction we had to go ten miles, and always by water, no trails, wagon roads, and not even a Ford car to ride in. Here father chopped down a large white fir tree, cut it into eight foot lengths, which were split into thick boards which were used for the sides and floor of the new home. Every part of this building was constructed from this tree, except the floor joist and rafters, which were made from round poles cut from the forest. This building was provided with the usual large fireplace made with clay and sticks.

Pioneering here meant clearing, hunting, fishing, driving, and feeding cattle. In this little home our family spent the most strenuous winter of our existence. That was the terrible winter of 1861-62. That winter opened with the freezing over of the Columbia River and the Columbia slough, which cut us off from every avenue of intercourse with the outside world. Then on top of this the snow began to fall and fell to the depth of four feet, then it would settle and freeze, then thaw a little in the day time but freeze again at night till we children could walk on top and sometimes it was stiff enough so father could walk on the crust. For fear we would run out of matches we kept the fire burning all night or covered up a bed of coals.

We had plenty of potatoes and other vegetables, and as father and mother had returned in their boat with ground corn and flour from Oak Point just the evening before the Columbia froze over, we did not run out of flour. Father did grind some King Phillip corn grown on the place, in the old coffee mill for fear that we should run short of bread. Just before this we had killed a fat heifer for our winter's supply of meat, so we did not really suffer for food.

But, oh, the desolation that was being wrought on the outside! We had started into the winter with about fifty head of cattle and only three tons of wild marsh hay, as we figured that the cattle would win-

ter themselves on the range, while the hay was intended for the weak cows and calves. The hay was soon gone and father would go out and chop down maple trees so that the cattle could eat the buds and tender twigs, while we boys would take our little axes and go out and help by cutting vine-maple and willow and alder for the same purpose. When a tree would fall how the cattle would flounder through the snow for the fresh twigs. As this cold spell lasted for about three months the cattle soon began to die and nearly every morning a new victim would be found lying dead and cold from starvation. In many cases their stomachs were literally punctured by the woody parts they had been eating. This cold spell lasted so long that many of the cattle lay in their tracks frozen and in perfect shape for weeks. And while we started into the winter with fifty head of cattle, we came out with only twenty-three head. I remember that during that long cold winter we had four people call on us at one time, Ellen and Jane West, two girls and their escorts, who walked ten miles up the Columbia slough on the ice and snow to see if we were dead or alive. Also one man, by the name of Stout Bryant, walked seven miles from the upper Clatskamine over ice and snow to find out our condition. I remember hearing the latter say that he could walk on the crust of the snow for quite a distance then all at once the crust would give way and he would be dropped down in the brush and loose snow only to flounder out in order to pursue his course. It was certainly a relief to father and mother to see these faces after two months of absolute isolation.

There were plenty of elk, deer, coons and wildcats in this section and some cougar, the latter animal above all we dreaded to meet, as they were powerful and spry as cats. I can now more fully realize what that terrible winter meant to father and mother with a house full of little helpless children, the oldest eleven and the youngest a babe. It must have taken a great deal of courage to face and endure the conditions prevailing at that time.

This was the second winter we had spent in this isolated place and by far the worst we ever spent in the West. Disheartened at what we had been forced to endure through this dreadful winter, father and mother determined not to pass another such winter. So in the spring they planned to move to a farm near Portland. We were about ten days in making this trip from the Clatskamine slough to Portland, less than one hundred miles, and we made it with another family in a large flatboat or scow. As we started early in the spring, we encountered flood waters, from the melting snow, with scows, boats, logs, lumber, houses, parts of mills, flour and even dead animals floating down the river. We landed in Portland and had no trouble in disposing of the vegetables that we brought with us, such as potatoes and turnips, and soon moved to our new home near Portland, where for the first time

we enjoyed the privilege of church and school. Here is where we were permitted to attend our first school and were required to speak our first pieces before the school.

In the fall of 1863 we retraced our route down the Columbia en route for Washington Territory. This time we were accompanied by Rev. Weston and family. We were towed to Cowlitz landing by a tug boat, starting from Portland in a large flat boat or scow. We were met at the Cowlitz by extra teams, to help us across the country, furnished by Dr. Chas. H. Spinning and Uncle Stephen D. Ruddell. We were ten days coming across and landed near Steilacoom fifty-seven years ago this fall, a trip that now requires only five hours by train. This last move was perhaps the best we ever made. In 1865 we moved to the Puyallup Valley, surrounded by a vast wilderness, some eight hundred Indians and a few settlers having settled from one end of the Valley to the other, namely, the Bonneys, Wrights, Wollerys, Kincaids, McCartys McMillans, Millers, Thompsons, Meekers, Mores, Nixes, Lanes, Whitsells, Carsons and Walkers. We soon got acquainted and they made good neighbors.

At this time there was no Sumner, no Puyallup, no Tacoma. Steilacoom was the City of the Sound with only Olympia and Seattle as the possible rivals. The latter was then a small trading post, which received its weekly mail from Steilacoom via Puyallup Valley, delivered by a mailcarrier on horseback.

I want to say in closing that while we love to recall some of the scenes that our parents passed through, yet we prefer to look forward, as some one has said, "Our view is toward the sunrise of tomorrow with its progress and its eternal promise of better things."

The Pioneer has no time to sit in the shadow of the setting sun looking backwards. He must ever be in the vanguard, with a vision for the future, surrounded by the beauties of nature and nurtured under conditions of mind and body expansion incident to Pioneer life. I am sure that we have not fully appreciated our privileges.

We may not have had the advantages in the way of a scholastic education equal to our favored Eastern cousins, but to have been a pioneer; to have had these experiences; to have been the offspring of a vigorous parentage, to have lived and loved among the birds, trees, flowers, hills, valleys and mountains of the West, is a privilege that Princes and Kings might envy.

I recall reading an article by Roger W. Babson on the "Joy of Seeing." He says, "They who possess that sight are richer than millionaires—they who possess the ability to see the beauties around them are rich beyond the claims of avarice."

We are told by the traveler that the gardens of France; the mountains of the Alps and the waterfalls of Europe do not begin to compare in beauty and splendor with the scenery of the Great Northwest.

We have the trees of the forest, we have seen the beauty of the shore line, we have noted the delicate shellfish and the polished agate, we have been awed at the beauties of a golden sunset, and turn with a deeper love of God and an increased aspiration for higher and better things of life.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN ROGER JAMES

Thurston County — 1850

My earliest recollection carry me back to Caledonia, Racine County, Wisconsin. We were living in a log house on the banks of a little stream called "Root River", that flowed into Lake Michigan at the town of Racine, some eight miles south. For five miles to the east, between us and the lake, was a flat, densely wooded country, with numerous bog holes, marshes and swamps. The south and west were prairies with intervening strips of timber. My Uncle William Foxwell lived adjoining us, across the road; Uncle John and family next; Uncle Thomas (all Foxwells) still further north, where there was a little rise in the land which they called Mount Rose. Here my Grandmother Foxwell and my maiden Aunt Matilda lived. Twelve miles away to the westward, at Yorkville, my Uncle Thomas Moyle and family, with numerous other relatives and friends from Old England formed a settlement and the village of Yorkville.

Father went back to England in 1848 and took Brother Thomas with him. This was about five years after we settled in Wisconsin. Father had business to settle up, having sold his farm.

A letter from Father came asking Mother to pack up and come back to England. I remember Uncle William advised packing the twenty-six volumes of the encyclopedia in barrels as the best way to handle them. I do not know what occurred to change the plans, unless it was the great stir and much talked of Oregon and the discovery of gold in California in 1849. Anyway, Father returned and Brother Thomas about a year later. The summer of 1850 we were busy getting ready for the long journey to Oregon. Brother Samuel and William broke two yoke of steers to work. Father bought several pairs of oxen, so that we had three yoke of cattle to each of the three wagons when completely equipped.

A Mr. Lucas, a genuine old pioneer living in the woods between Caledonia and Milwaukee, heard of Father's intention of going to Oregon, sold his farm, fitted up two wagons, and had painted on the rear end-gates, the word "Oregon".

Daniel Lucas, Mrs. Lucas and their three boys, Dan, Sam and Johnnie, made quite a desirable addition to our party, as Mr. Lucas was quite familiar with frontier life, knowing all about camp and caring for the cattle. This was all new to our people, never having camped out a day in their lives.

Saturday, October 5th, 1850, we drove to Yorkville, twelve miles, and stayed over night with our Aunts, Uncles and Cousins.

Off For Oregon

Some of us younger ones ran off down the road. Looking back we saw the whole village of Yorkville walking along a little way, taking leave of Aunts, Uncles, Cousins and acquaintances. We boys shook hands with the cousins and boys that were with us and then went scampering off down the road.

First Camp

Our first stop was at a little town called Vienna, with a stream of water, a saw mill, and a big frame hotel. Everything was clean and nice about the camp—bedding fresh and clear. I remember when I first woke up in the morning everything seemed so strange, the morning so fresh and invigorating.

We passed through Darien, a good country. We will see now how it was twenty-five years ago in camp life. Why not call it "outing" or "picnicking".

It rained when we got to Allen's Grove. Rain makes camp life disagreeable unless you are prepared for it, and know how to fix camp.

Big hill near Turtle Creek. Very cold frosty night and hard to keep warm.

The town of Beloit seemed like a prosperous little place. I took particular notice of the neat cobblestone walls of some of the buildings. I wondered where these people's market was at that time, as there were no railroads. Crossed a broad prairie south of Beloit in Illinois. We came to the first wide plain that we could not see to the other side. Mr. Lucas said it was the thirty mile prairie.

The First Sunday

No travel. Was on Rock River, Illinois, at a Mrs. Moon's place. The shallow, wide river, with rapids falling over the limestone rocks, looking so clear, and the beautiful autumn leaves of the maple, butternut, walnut, and hickory trees, made a lasting impression on my mind.

Passed through Kishuwaukie, and had a beautiful view of the landscape. We found little stakes by the road with a small piece of red cloth flag. We were told it was a survey for a railroad to Chicago.

Passed Oregon City, Illinois. We thought it a long way from Oregon City on the Willamette River away out on the Pacific Coast.

We camped by a dilapidated old log house on a farm of rich prairie land. Some settler had abandoned it and gone to Oregon, no doubt.

I remember one day as we met the four-horse red mail coach, seeing a tall man with a stovepipe hat on, looking at us amused-like. Afterwards, I made up my mind it was Abraham Lincoln, when we first began to see his pictures in the papers ten years later.

Passed through the Mormon Prophet Town.

Fair Port ferry on Rock River. We could buy all kinds of provisions very cheap. Father would often stop at some little town and come into camp with a great big cheese, a ham or a basket full of eggs.

We camped at the town of Dickson and passed through a little log hut town called Indian Town.

The Second Sunday

We camped on the banks of the Mississippi River at Rock Island. It was a very interesting camp and a pretty place. Saw the first big river steamers; they looked different to those we had been accustomed to seeing on Lake Michigan.

We ferried across the Mississippi River on a boat with a tread power and two horses for engine power. Davenport was a snug little town on the Iowa side, at the foot of, to me, the highest hills I had ever seen. The country around the shores of Lake Michigan where we lived was of low elevation; the country was moderately level from Racine to Rock Island.

Climbing the breaks of the Mississippi, we passed many new settled places. It seemed as if all the settlers had to do was to build a cabin and break up the rich black prairie land and raise corn pumpkins and fatten hogs and were living very comfortably.

Iowa City struck me as a nice place to live. The people had a busy, industrious way about them. A lot of children came pell mell out of a big school house. They were well dressed and full of life.

Mother bought Tom and me a four bladed pocket knife each. I felt I was quite competent to defend myself when we should arrive in the Indian Country.

Another stormy night overtook us before we reached the DesMoines

River. Father took us to a tavern for breakfast. The weather was becoming uncertain and we commenced to look for a place to winter. Crossing the DesMoines River we came to a little log cabin town, one street of one story log cabins, built on a prairie near the DesMoines River. One store, general merchandise, one hotel, one log cabin saloon. Adjoining the hotel was a frame addition and this Father rented of Mr. Nidley, the landlord, for our quarters for the winter.

Mr. Lucas would have no city life in his, so he felled trees and built a cabin about a mile out of Dudley by the river.

There was an abundance of corn. Father would buy a field as it stood in the shock and we boys would go out and break off the ears and fill a wagon bed full and haul it home to feed the oxen.

The boys enjoyed the winter skating on the ice and visiting with the good natured pioneers. Sometimes they would gather in the little town and get pretty boisterous. I remember once or twice we all stayed inside the house out of the way. The men folks of our party being away, nobody got killed, but sometimes one or two of them would get badly bruised up.

This was a very rich, productive country, though the land was good everywhere, hills and valleys.

Father fixed up a place to mix up a lot of dough and knead it with a lever fastened to the wall. He would put a pile of dough into a kind of trough and would have us boys spend the evening kneading the dough thoroughly, then roll it out and cut it into cracker shape about four inches square and then bake them hard and fill them into seamless grain sacks. There would be no lard or butter used, as there would be danger of them spoiling (Microbes). This supply of hard bread was the emigrants' mainstay against starvation. The hard biscuit and a plentiful supply of bacon. The filling in could be made as circumstances permitted, such as buffalo meat, sage hens, jack rabbits, and occasional antelope and fish. Making ammunition with bullet molds out of bars of lead. This was the way we spent the winter in the little town of Dudley.

The people did most of their spinning and weaving and made their own clothing. There were but two colors, a kind of pale blue and a brownish brindle mixture, which was a complete change or variety from the blue. Two or three of these suits would last a long time, one for wedding and another for old age. Father thought the proper method was to cut out the middleman and manufacture everything possible within one's ability. Seems to me it was a little hard on the women, carding and spinning so many hours. They were certainly a good class of citizens.

Abe and Jack Shoemaker, the merchants, would give Tom and me work taking care of wagon loads of bacon that the farmers would bring to them to be strung up in the smoke-house and shipped away in the spring to market.

Burlington on the Mississippi River

It was a big proposition to get everything ready and in order for the long journey of five or six months in the wilderness, away from any chance to replenish or get supplies. What would our modern armies do two thousand miles from their base of supplies? Sausage was quite an important item. I had forgotten sausage. I think Father made a kind of sack resembling the common sausage gut, only larger. I got awfully tired of the sausage when it got kind of strong, but never got tired of the hard bread, provided I was good and hungry I could soften it up in a cup of coffee.

Left Dudley April 8th, 1851. Spring coming, hitched up the faithful oxen and started for Council Bluffs. Roads were very soft in places.

You see, Mr. Lucas was a valuable man to have with us, as he had most of the characteristics of a Daniel Boone. I don't remember of his killing any Indians. He could neither read nor write and was consequently very intelligent about all practical affairs and quite efficient. On the other hand, while Father was very practical, he was brought up in Old England, had good schooling, was well off in this world's goods and could say "go and come" to a numerous lot of servants and hired men. He was still in command, as it were, but in an entirely different sphere.

Crossing Skunk River, or Indian Creek, Jack crowded Dandy off the bridge. It was just getting dark. Mr. Lucas was equal to the occasion and jumping in cut Dandy's hickory bow with one lick, letting Dandy loose so that he fell into the stream below; otherwise, he would have choked to death. This was a great feat for Mr. Lucas. It gave him a chance to show his skill as a backwoodsman and a pioneer. He kept the hickory bow to show how he made that famous lick; cut the two inch bow and did not graze the oxen's neck, with but one lick.

Well, we will go on. The little towns of Wintersett, Newton and others we passed. The country was a vast prairie of black loam, interspersed with groves of timber such as we had in Wisconsin. Newly settled homes were scattered around with great tracts of vacant land. We boys walked all day, while in Dudley, to see some abandoned wigwams of Indians. Did not have to do so any more.

We arrived in Kainsville, about a mile from the Missouri River. It was to be our last stop in civilization for five months with two thou-

sand miles of travel ahead. Kainsville was situated on a little stream in a valley between high hills. (The bluffs along the Missouri River.) We camped there several days, along with hundreds of other emigrant outfits, among them a big Mormon train. We began to get a scent of the great plains. The stores were filled with Indian made goods; buckskin clothing, especially beaded moccasins and all kinds of goods for trading with the Indians.

We youngsters did delight to climb the high hills and look away off over boundless plains to the west. To the left we could get a glimpse of the Missouri, with an occasional smoke from a steamboat.

Just before coming into Kainsville we passed through a little valley where the Mormons wintered by digging out caves in the side of the hills. This was after they were driven out of Nauvoo, in Illinois. One of the leading bishops was camped near us, having in charge a lot of women, families, and a number of young women from the old countries, all journeying to the "promised land". The bishop was an Englishman. Mother and Father called on him one Sunday. Mother gave him a piece of her mind. The idea of an Englishman of intelligence becoming so depraved and misleading those poor, ignorant proselytes aroused all of her British ire.

We moved our camp down close to the banks of the Missouri River and camped under some very large cottonwood trees. I saw the picture of our camping place years afterward, with its grove of big cottonwood trees, and I wanted to keep the picture.

On Monday morning we commenced ferrying across the river, five or six men with big oars pulling the flat boat across the swift, muddy river. We took two wagons at a time, without any stock. They swam the stock across at another place. I know I crept under one of the wagons, the first to cross, in order to get ahead of Brother Thomas, as he had to herd the cattle while the men were preparing the wagons to cross. The next trip, as I was standing on the Nebraska side of the river, I saw Mother sitting in the front of one of the wagons and as she looked out over the border of the great plains we were about to embark upon, the tears were coming to her eyes. It kind of made me feel sober, after trying to outwit Brother Tom.

Here was a lone Indian of the tribe of Omahas, the first live Indian we had seen. We took quite an interest in him and finally he climbed up on the side of a bluff and sat there looking at us, like some of the scenes we see of an Indian watching the white people coming in to possess his hunting grounds.

Here again we found caves where the Mormons had wintered. At

this we camped, branded all of our oxen with Mr. Lucas' branding iron DL on the horns. The brand stayed for years afterward.

When about forty families and wagons had gathered together they organized and elected Mr. McCartney Captain of the train. Brother Samuel and "Gus", Mr. Lucas' hired man, took a can of coal tar and painted a number, one, two, three, etc., up to, I think is was, about twenty-six on the covers of each wagon. The plan was that one who should travel in the lead the first day should go the last the next day. By continuing this plan, no one would have to be in the rear all the time. The dust arising from the wagon train made this necessary.

Our course now lay over a rolling, grassy plain, with good looking soil. The only trees we would see were a fringe of cottonwoods along the stream.

The Pawnee Indians surrounded us one day before we came to the Elk Horn River and demanded pay for passing through their country. They all rode along by our train, double file, without saddles, using a hair lariat for halter and bridle. The old plainsmen with us said they had their bows and arrows and what guns they had, concealed under their blankets or buffalo robes. The big chief said if we would give them two cows they would not molest us. It was decided to do so. A second time they came again and made the same demand. After considerable debate, it was decided to let them have another animal. I remember we were not out of sight before they had the cow killed and cut in pieces. It was explained to us, that the Pawnees lived so near the border settlement, the buffalo were pretty much killed off. The third time they came, the Indians planted themselves between where we were going into camp and a spring of water, there being some brush and timber between us and the water. We hurriedly formed a circle for the protection of the women and children, and prepared for an attack. After a while Alanson Pomeroy took two buckets and marched right through the band of Indians. Pomeroy had crossed the plains some years before. He joined our party at Dudley, as a teamster.

At Loup Fork we overtook a large California train in camp, waiting for reinforcements, as it was not considered safe to travel except in large companies. The Pawnees and Sioux were fighting each other and might easily be induced to attack a small emigrant train. In this large camp we got acquainted with all kinds and classes of people going to California.

I remember when a lot of us boys were out in the middle of the river playing on a sand bar, we heard bullets ping, first one side, then on the

other. "There goes one right behind me," I said. "We'll get out of here," said Brother Thomas, and we did—on the double quick.

The trail up the Platte River, along the level bench land, was quite interesting. The bold bluffs to our right were a great attraction to us boys and we would climb up steep bluffs that we found more difficult to get down than to get up. I remember one instance Brother Tom went to the train and got Brother William to come and help me down off of a steep ledge. I have always been careful since to examine a possible retreat.

We began to see herds of buffalo coming down to the river to drink. The buffalo chips were quite an important feature of the landscape. The chips were so plentiful and dry we would use them to build the camp fires for cooking and they made good hot fires and did not need any chopping up.

The Platte River was a broad, shallow stream, full of sand bars and quick sands. The emigrant trains that started from St. Joseph, Missouri, traveled up the south side. As we neared Fort Laramie, these trains from the south side would come across and join ours on the north side. Fort Laramie was four miles away on the south side of the Laramie Fork. We camped right in the midst of a large camp of Sioux and Cheyennes. They would pat themselves on the chest and say, "Me good Indian" and gave us to understand that they were not like the Pawnees. They seemed to be altogether different and had an abundance of buffalo and antelope meat to live on.

Their big tanned buffalo skin tents or wigwams were stretched upon poles, fastened together at the top. I went around peeking in at the openings of the teepees and saw whole strings of buffalo meat hanging up, drying in the smoke of a fire built in the middle of the tent. A large, motherly-looking squaw, with great wide tanned leather skirts that spread away out, took me by the hand and was going to show me around. She looked so friendly I was marching right along when Mother chanced to see me from where she was busy over a fire getting supper. She came up hurriedly and grabbed me from the opposite side of the big skirts. Afterward I heard her telling Father that "A big squaw was leading Johnnie off".

These were the finest looking lot of Indians I ever saw, standing up tall and straight and manly looking; full of life and anxious to make trades, and Father bought two Indian ponies for Brother Tom and me. While on the road we put in part of our time riding the ponies and driving the loose stock, cows and extra oxen and an occasional lame animal.

At this camp Mr. Williams, one of our teamsters, brought a cousin

of his into camp, asking Father if he would not let him travel with us and help as a teamster and stand guard at night. He looked very very tough, with his long hair, and dressed in buckskin clothing he looked altogether more tough than the Indians. After consulting with Mother, Father concluded to let him go with us. His name was William Stone and he proved a good man for our party. He had had years of experience on the plains; had been out with Kit Carson and with Fremont on his exploring trips; was one of the party to bring General Fremont back from California when under arrest for insubordination, Commodore Stockton claiming to be ranking officer of the military contingent on the Pacific Coast when Mexico ceded California to the United States. Stone could tell many interesting experiences of plains life.

Chimney Rock, North Platte

Chimney Rock, North Platte, was a very interesting sight. The towering spire, as it were, standing alone in the clear atmosphere, did not look much larger than a large tree trunk above its base for hundreds of feet. Laramie Peak was the first lofty, snow capped mountain, looking so clear and distinct; a lone peak, miles away. I never got tired looking at it. I forget how far away it was, but one would think one could go across the country to it in a short time. Our scout said it would take all day, hard riding, to get there.

Scotts Bluff was quite a sight for us. I do not know how it would look after a trip through the Canadian Rockies; not so big as to a boy from the flat shores of Lake Michigan.

The clear dry atmosphere, bright starlight night and the dry roads and generally comfortable camping places were great things for the emigrant.

We camped one night not far from the Sweet Water River, a dry camp among the grease wood and sage brush. In the morning a lone traveler, leading a saddle pony, appeared in the road, coming from the west. He came into camp and made himself known as a sort of express rider, or volunteer mail carrier. He told Father of prominent men and army officers for whom he had carried letters out to the settlements on the Missouri River and have them forwarded to their destinations. He was part Indian, but spoke good English. Father wrote a letter, addressed to his folks in England, and gave the man fifty cents for forwarding same. Some of the teamsters predicted that was the last of Father's fifty cents. After arriving in Oregon Father received a reply to this letter.

Sweet Water, Wyoming — 1851

This man advised us not to camp among the thick grease wood and

sage brush, as he found us that morning, while talking. He tiptoed up on his moccasin feet and peered out among the sage brush as though he heard something. He said the Crow Indians were very treacherous and might give us trouble in a camp like that. We made many inquiries of him about different things we had seen: big pillars of smoke towering up to the clouds away off to the north. He said they were signal fires made by the Crow Indians, out on their buffalo hunting expeditions; also that they were away to the north, fighting against the Blackfoot Indians.

We passed Independence Rock, which stood lovely and grand on the plain. It looked to me like the biggest rock in existence; as big as a city block two or three stories high. Possibly it was much larger than this; only a boy's recollection, you know. It was literally covered with names and dates, some carved into the rock and some painted on. Brother Samuel took the bucket of tar used for wagon grease and marked some of our names on it.

We were now getting into the foothills of the Rockies. There were pretty groves of trees and grassy meadows. Father and Mother declared it resembled England and were much pleased with the scenery.

Devil's Gate on the Sweet Water

Devil's Gate on the Sweet Water was an interesting sight to us. We were following along in the bed of the Sweet Water, crossing and recrossing, as it was a shallow stream at this time of the year. It must be a wicked torrent in winter, as it was running swiftly over the rocks. We came to where it cut through the mountains, with perpendicular walls hundreds of feet high. We boys climbed up the mountain side to the top of this cliff until we could look down into the foaming, roaring stream below. The attraction of gravitation would draw the stone to the side of the wall, it would be so great. Tom climbed still higher up and found blood in a basin in the rocks. As he could not account for it, he hastily came down with the rest of the party. Occasionally we would see a mountain sheep perched high on a ledge of rocks.

East Slope of the Rockies

Our emigrant train had become scattered by this time, only five, six, eight and ten wagons camping together. Some wanted to drive farther in a day. Father had figured that twenty-five miles a day was about right and would always rest on Sundays, unless conditions were quite unfavorable. We did not see many Indians in the Crow territory.

Arriving at South Pass in the Rockies, we drank out of Pacific Streams, the first water flowing to the west. Near the end of our journey, Father got out his astronomical instruments from the wagon

and took an observation, determining the longitude of the spot. The figures are given in his diary of the Old Oregon Trail. (June 20th, 1851. Altitude 7850 feet, Longitude, 108 degrees, 40 minutes W., Latitude, 42 degrees, 18 minutes, 49 seconds north.)

The lay of the land would not make one think he was on the summit of the great continental divide. There were gentle rolling slopes, covered with grasses and some very pretty flowers which we had not seen before. I remember a very pretty sight as we were wending our way down the western slope; a mirage showing a river, and lake and trees.

After coming off the mountains we came to what was called the Great Desert, fifty-two miles of dry plains without water. We drove all night and until noon the next day, when we reached Green River. The night drive was not so bad, but the next day was distressing for man and beast. The poor oxen lunged and pulled when they scented water, long before we could see it. When about half a mile from the river the wagons were stopped and the cattle unyoked and left to run down the bluffs to the river. The poor things would stand in the water up to their knees, their sides swollen out after drinking. It looked as though they would kill themselves. Mr. Lucas said they would not harm themselves so long as they were standing with all four feet in the water. We people had to be more careful, and could be seen lying flat down on our stomachs along the river, necks stretched out like geese cooling our parched throats. Green River was a magnificent looking river; deep and swift, not fordable. On the other side was a small house or two and a camp of Indians. A rope was made of log chains which looked like it was gotten from the emigrants, welded together and bound with skins of some kind with hair on, mostly deer skins I think. This was done to make the pulleys run on the rope smoothly. A party of old countrymen had charge of the ferry.

This outfit of Mormons demanded ten dollars per wagon for ferrying across the river and had a big camp of Indians to enforce their demands. I think that they generally came to terms with the emigrant for something he had that he could spare, in the absence of any cash. Our people found a place where they could cross with the cattle. This crossing of Green River was in Utah, I think.

July 3rd. Soda Springs was a very cozy looking place after crossing the sage plains into Idaho on the Snake River at Fort Hall. We camped below the fort near the river by a thick border of willow trees. It was refreshing to us youngsters to go wading and swimming in the river. There was a lot of fine grass in the flat where we camped. I did not go to the Fort, as they called the Hudson's Bay trading post. The folks went, and Mother complained of having to pay fifty cents for a fine tooth comb. I thought it was a shame to waste money that

way, as I remembered Tom and I used to work pretty nearly all day sawing wood with a buck saw for 10 cents.

A son of Grant had charge of the post. He was a half-breed, anyway, the emigrants had no confidence in him. We had such a comfortable camp near the fort, it was thought safe not to put out a guard that night. Next morning it was found the cattle had been scattered and part of them driven off. A party was organized and followed their trail. Down the river near the crossing, they came across the body of one of our largest oxen, killed. "Old Dave" was a very independent kind of an ox and I suppose objected to being captured. Our party was small at this time and it was not thought advisable to follow the Indians any farther. We only lost one ox, but Mr. Robert Foster, traveling with one wagon, lost his entire team. There stood the wagon, wife and children, helpless in the wilderness, a lonely looking prospect. Our people contributed each what they could spare and fitted Mr. Foster out with a makeshift of a team. The Indians showed themselves on the bluffs on the other side of the river, chasing up and down and making all kinds of pranks to provoke us, but too far away for the range of the old muzzle loading rifles the emigrants had in 1851. Had we had a few of the Sharps rifles that came into use sometime after this, the old plainsmen would have accepted the challenges the savages were taunting us with by stooping over and offering their backs for targets. We did not swim any that day in Snake River.

After this occurrence, while traveling along down by the river, an Indian came into camp and stayed with our train one night and next day, then disappeared. William Stone, an old scout, told Father: "Now, be on your guard; likely we will be attacked in some place along the trail." As we were moving along by a little lower pass in the hills on our left, Stone saw the face of an Indian peering around a sage brush on the hill above and a little in front. I saw him the instant Stone spoke. We came to a halt, formed in line with our guns, and at Father's order charged up the slope of the hill. The Indians skidaddled from their ambush and mounting their ponies, commenced riding in circles, as I had seen pictures of them. Father could have shot one old big fellow without any trouble and when asked by the teamsters why he did not fire or let them shoot, he said: "I will never take the life of a human being unless compelled to." Their object in riding in circles was to prevent anyone getting a good aim at them, as they would offer a much better target when riding straight away.

Several of the other emigrant parties had trouble in this region. We came across some people camped by the road-side, waiting for some change to take place, with a man who was shot through the bowels lying on the bed of the wagon, his wife attending to him. He told us he

had gone to the river and an Indian had shot him from ambush on an island in the river. It was the first bullet wound I had seen. We were told by other emigrants later that he had died.

On Burnt River, where we halted for noon lunch, a big salmon was seen in the clear, shallow stream. There was a great scramble, unsuccessful, to catch the fish and as soon as the salmon got by the crowd of men and boys, Mr. Foster shot the fish, hitting it in the tail. It was soon captured. Mr. Foster, an old Englishman, would relate to anybody who would stop to listen to him how he made the proper calculation in aiming at the salmon and succeeded in hitting him in the tail. He was just as proud as Old Man Lucas was when he cut the two-inch hickory bow on the neck of the ox "Dandy" when hanging by the neck beside the bridge over Skunk River, Iowa.

Burnt, Powder and Malhure Rivers, coming into the Snake from the west had some attractive little valleys. The Indians we met occasionally were more friendly and wanted to trade lacamas and dried salmon. An Indian would appear on a pony and when a little way off would hold up both hands and cross his forefingers, the sign that he was friendly and wanted to trade. Stone would make signs and motions, mostly with his fingers, to find out and get information. He was quite expert at the sign language after his years of life on the plains from Missouri to California. The lacamas was quite a treat to us, the first we had ever seen. The bulbs look like an onion and were steam cooked over a bed of hot rocks. They were considered a rare delicacy by the Indians and quite a dessert, after eating the indigestible dried salmon for days at a time. After the coming of the emigrants the Indians seemed to have a craving for flour and bread of any kind, and we emigrants were anxious to get the lacamas in trade for our stale hard-tack and old strong sausage.

Coming to where the high lands overlook the Grand Ronde Valley, a most beautiful prospect came into view. Away across the broad valley to the Blue Mountain Range to west and northwest the tall grass waved in the afternoon breeze. There were trees along the margins of the streams. We camped right near where La Grande is built. This spot was an ideal place for emigrants to have settled; to have gone right to work plowing up the rich black soil. It was not considered safe to settle here, although there were no Indians in the valley at the time. It seemed to be a kind of neutral ground between the Cayuse on the west of the Blue Mountains, and the Shoshones or Snake River tribes to the east and south.

Crossing the Blue Mountains gave us a little impression of what was before us, with the tall pines and hemlocks, and some fir on the

summits. It was not a difficult pass, as there was no muddy or boggy ground and the time of year, in August, was favorable.

I thought I never saw so many horses at one time as the Indians had rounded up. This was near where Pendleton now stands.

The Cayuse Indians did not trouble us, they seemed to be kind of sullen and not so friendly as the Sioux. They had been at war with the whites three or four years before this at the time of the Whitman Massacre. The Oregon Volunteers had chastised them and had had some of the leaders tried, convicted and hung.

Our journey was becoming tedious; day by day constant watching, and guard duties every night were wearing on the men folks. I wondered how Mother stood so many camp duties. She was a little woman and not accustomed to doing all of her own housework before going on this trip, as she always had servants in the old country and a hired girl or two in Wisconsin. The American boys, the teamsters, were very good about making camp, building fires and lending a hand frying meat and cooking hoe cakes. The dough was placed in a frying pan until it became firm enough to cling to a board in front of the fire where it would be thoroughly cooked. Our experts liked to show off their skill by giving the frying pan a sudden lift, throwing the pancake into the air and catching it again, the other side up, as it came down. We all became experts in regard to packing up in the morning; some packing the bedding, some the cooking utensils, others rounding up the oxen and putting on the yokes, after driving the cattle up in a bunch near the camp. Two or three men would each take a yoke under his arm, or over his right shoulder, after taking the bow out of the end of the yoke for right or off ox, and walking up to Buck, slip the yoke under Buck's neck and up through the holes in the yoke and fasten it with a wooden bow key. Turning the key flat-wise, it would seldom work out. Then the man would take out the other bow and stand back a little with the end of the yoke in the left hand, call out "Come under, Bright," and if Bright was a well disposed or well disciplined ox he would leisurely walk up and let the bow be placed under his neck and up through the yoke and fastened with the key. The three yokes being ready, were driven up to a wagon, one yoke at the tongue, one pair in the swing, and another pair in the lead. The lead cattle were generally the best travelers and biddable. The wheelers, as we called the hindmost yoke on the tongue, were generally the heaviest cattle and were relied upon in difficult places and to hold back going down steep places. A chain lock fastened on the side of the wagon bed was used for ordinary breaking down hill. We would always have to stop to fasten the chain by giving it a turn around one of the spokes or felloe of the wheel. In very long steep hills we would

fasten a log chain from the fore axle back to the hind wheel. A rough lock would be to let the chain wrap around the rim and tire where it rests on the ground. This manner of locking was seldom used, as it was a pretty hard strain on the wheel. The driver would oftentimes have a whip lash and whip stock long enough to touch up the lead pair of cattle while walking beside the rear yoke or sitting in the front of the wagon. The boy drivers and younger men would take pride in swinging the long lash so as to make a report like a pistol shot. Sometimes an ox would get lame. We carried a half shoe made for the ox's foot and by nailing this on each side of the foot would cure the lameness.

The prickly pear or cactus through Wyoming was bad about making the cattle lame. The road was strewn with the remains of outfits that had come to grief. Wagon tires were very common. I suppose the Indians burned up and carried off the woodwork and other parts. All kinds of things would be found strewn by the wayside. I remember picking up a big iron fire shovel, small stoves, pots and kettles. At one place we found a turning spit like they used in England for roasting beef before the fire. The boys would roll the old tires to where great volcanic fissures broke the plains and hills of Wyoming, and dropping them in, would listen to hear when they would stop rolling, thinking we might determine in that way how deep the cracks were. Lonely graves were found by the road, sometimes with wearing apparel left swinging in the afternoon breeze from a stake driven in the ground. Some of our party knew of the circumstances of one young man's death. It was said the Indians would seldom molest anything left in that way.

The alkali was very plentiful in Wyoming and we used it for baking powder, as you use soda for bread making. For acres in extent we could shovel up barrels full. Mother would say, "Johnnie, go and get some soda."

The wide, dry plains, with no mud; the dry, clear, healthful air, with not very much bad roads or many difficult passes, made the trip quite feasible until we reached the Cascade Mountains.

Emigrant Springs

Fording the John Day River, we camped at what is known as Emigrant Springs, next day at Spanish Hollow, right on a river bar of the Columbia, now the city of Biggs and the junction of the Wascoe and Shamcoe railroad. The very high bluff and the strong westerly wind on the mighty Columbia make sleeping under old quilts anything but desirable. I do not remember a more uncomfortable night. I slept between Brother Samuel and Father, and I thought their clothing

smelled so strong. I found a big body louse crawling on my shirt when I stripped off to go swimming.

We got some Indians to swim the cattle across the mouth of the Des-Chutes River. They would hang on to the tail of an ox and keep him going across the river. We laughed and laughed at the way the ox would struggle to get across and away.

Coming up the hill between The Dalles and the DesChutes, we boys, in advance of the train, met two men on horse back with store clothing on, looking very clean and well fed, driving some very fat oxen, coming to meet friends from the east. This was a common occurrence. The fresh cattle from the pastures of the Willamette Valley were quite a help and the sight of these well dressed people encouraged us with the hope of some time being as fortunate ourselves.

One of the men, sitting on his horse and looking me over, said to the other man, "I looked just like that when I came over the trail years ago." I had on a portion of a pair of cotton pants and a cotton shirt; no hat or shoes and my hair was so tangled and matted. I felt something moving on top of my head and reaching up brushed off a green caterpillar. I guess he was trying to make a nest there. The strangers asked the names of all the people in our train and passed on.

Father and Brother Samuel drove the cart into The Dalles with six hundred pounds of freight. The books, and all heavy freight, to be shipped by flatboat down the river to Portland. We drove across the country to the entrance to Barlow Gate in the Cascade Mountains. Barlow trail was opened in 1845 by emigrants and settlers from Willamette Valley. Mr. J. P. Rector told me he helped make the road. There we waited until the train was united again.

On our first day's travel in the mountains we found lots of salal berries. We were careful to avoid eating them until some Indians came along and told us they were all right. At the foot of Mount Hood we floundered in Oregon mud. We came to a place where we remembered the old man in Iowa, who, on recovering from a spree, told us boys, 'And you are going to Oregon. I've been there," he said. "You will climb vinegar hills and wade through powerful muck before you get there." We had certainly struck the muck. The wagons would drop off a bed of roots down so deep as to throw the contents out of the front into the mire. I saw a man fishing a roll with a feather bed in it out of a mud hole.

Summit Prairie was a weird place; a damp springy soil near the foot of Mount Hood. It was hard to find pasturage for the cattle on a mountain range. The next day we crossed the "Devil's Backbone" and slid down Laurel Hill. It took eight yoke of oxen to pull a wagon

up the mountain and we fastened a tree behind the wagons to act as an anchor or brake to let them down the other side. We camped on the Big Sandy, the weather being wet and drizzly. I know it was September 1st, as it was my eleventh birthday.

While looking away off to the west from the summit I saw heavy clouds and mists roll and fill up the Willamette Valley. This was our long looked for destination. I felt a little bit lonesome. We were leaving the broad, dry plains and warm sands underfoot; the clear skies overhead, with the warm starlight nights. No hats or shoes were necessary at that time of year. Mother and I and brothers were following along slowly as we ascended a slippery mountain. A well dressed stranger who had come out to meet his folks was talking with us, when Brother Tom's pony's feet slipped out from under him and he came down on his side, pinning Brother Tom to the ground. Tom was exasperated and exclaimed, "Now, Mother, you would come to Oregon." I saw the stranger smiling.

We saw the stumps of some trees that the volunteers had shot into until they fell, while in camp on the "Sandy". We were greatly impressed with the very tall timber at the western foot of the mountains.

Our first sight of civilization since we crossed the Missouri River was the Foster farm, just as we came out of the timber. I don't see how Mr. Foster ever supplied the emigrants with as much produce as he did. I remember there was a great demand for potatoes and turnips. Everything looked so fresh and green and his little dwelling house looked so white and cozy.

We moved on a few miles through the level country. The rain was coming down very steadily. We came to a cabin in the woods with a big fireplace; no one at home and the door open. We could not resist the temptation, so we went in and built a big fire and turned the cattle loose to browse. After awhile, near dusk, a tall man came in with a rifle over his shoulder. He smiled good naturedly and made us welcome. He had been out hunting deer. He had a small pottery plant, that being his business in the east. His name was Richardson. We had a short visit from him afterwards, when we settled down on the Clackamas.

From Milwaukee, Wisconsin, to Milwaukie, Oregon

From Mr. Richardson's we traveled on into Milwaukie, on the Willamette River. We could not go any farther unless we turned to the left and went up the Willamette Valley, but our folks started to go to salt water, or the ocean, and were not going to be balked by lack of roads or any trifles like that. Milwaukie was a little saw mill town on the bank of the river, with sailing vessels loading lumber for San Francisco. The timber, a dense forest of fir, was as thick as I ever

saw it anywhere. Capt. Lot Whitcomb was the moving spirit of Milwaukie; in fact, he thought he could outrival Portland. He had a pretty even start and had launched the "Lot Whitcomb", the largest river steamer on the Milwaukie, but the Portland promoters were too much for him.

Well, it stood us in hand to find some place to keep our oxen. By going back four or five miles Father rented Dr. Welsh's farm in the Clackamas Valley and there was a chance for the teams to work pulling logs to a little mill on the Clackamas River. We smaller boys found we could pick up dollars easier than we could dimes in Iowa. Soon as the steamers "Lot Whitcomb" or "Eagle" would tie up to the wharf, we could carry wood aboard and the big, good natured mate of the "Lot Whitcomb" would give us half a dollar apiece and brag on what sailors he would make of us, when we would cast off the lines or catch them when landing.

The settlers from the upper Willamette Valley urged us to go up the valley, where there was plenty of vacant prairie land, and where they could grow good crops and have an abundance of range for the cattle.

There were rumors of fever and ague along the Willamette River and my people were determined to escape any more ague. Their experience in Wisconsin was all they could stand of that, after coming from one of the most healthful spots on earth, Old Cornwall, England. Mr. Foster, our emigrant traveling companion, went on the steamer "Lot Whitcomb" to Clatsop Beach and returned, reporting there was no good farming land there, too sandy. The only way to get there was by boat, so we gave that up as too expensive. Finally Father located a claim north of Dr. Welch's farm on the uplands, among the scattering fir timber. On a little spring branch there he built a log cabin of hewed logs and made rails for fencing. As it was near Dr. Welch's farm and not far from Portland and Milwaukie, Father thought it might become a good location. He planted out ten fruit trees that fall. We boys were not satisfied with the poor range for the stock and the hard labor of clearing the land of the scattering big trees. We had learned the plan of burning down the trees by boring two holes in an angle to meet and putting fire in and the same thing with logs, burning them into short pieces to be rolled together. The land did not seem to be very productive after it was cleared; not so good as the Clackamas River bottom where Dr. Welch's farm was located.

Mr. Lucas had settled in the Umqua Valley and sent word to Father to come, as he had found a good country, but Father always contended it was bad policy to get too far from market.

Joe White came along and told about the great opportunities on

Puget Sound. That sounded like salt water to our folks. In June, 1852, Father and Brother William started afoot to visit Puget Sound, proceeding up the Cowlitz River by trail to Mr. John R. Jackson's; on to Mr. Ford's, on the Skookumchuck; and the Chehalis River Valley and on to Olympia and then to Fort Nisqually. There was one store in Olympia, Mr. Geo. A. Barnes, and a butcher shop, James Hurd, and they were talking of publishing a newspaper. I think Mike Simmons had a little grist mill at Tumwater. Dr. Tolmie advised Father to settle on Grand Mound Prairie, where he could keep sheep and cattle. It was then known as Grand Mound. "The large prairie with the mound, on the Chehalis River," would designate it.

Father and Billy returned to our home on the Clackamas and we determined to go on to Puget Sound, after harvesting the crop on Dr. Welch's farm. The plan was for Brothers Samuel, William and Thomas to drive the cattle around by way of Tenolatin plains, crossing the Willamette River at Oregon City, and keeping back through the country until they reached the Columbia River at St. Helens and ferry the cattle across near the old Judge Lancaster Donation Claim on the Washington side; following up the trail on the left bank, as you go north, of the Cowlitz River to near Toledo, or where Toledo is now; and wait at Mr. John R. Jackson's until the family arrived by boat.

The Trip from Milwaukie to Puget Sound

Father made arrangements with Dr. McLaughlin at Oregon City for the use of one of the Hudson's Bay trading boats, a "batteaux". I should judge it to be of seven or eight ton capacity. I took my first lessons in calking as we repaired the old boat on the shore of the Willamette opposite the town of Oswego.

Launching the boat, we pulled down to Milwaukie and loaded all our camp outfit, provisions, bedding, etc., together with the wagon wheels and all other parts and the yokes and chains belonging to the cattle, into the boat. Two men came and asked the privilege of working their passage to Puget Sound, a Mr. Walker and a Mr. Hughes. Now I got my first lesson on handling an oar.

We landed at Portland. There was one street of wooden buildings, some of them two stories high, the street following along the river and just back of it a big forest of timber. It did not look as if there was anything there to support a town. There were quite a number of sailing vessels in the harbor, English and American, to load lumber and piling for the San Francisco market.

Rowing down the Columbia, we arrived at the Cowlitz the third day. Father hired six Indians to use poles and paddle us up to the Cowlitz

Landing. When Father went to get these Indians to pull and push and pole the big batteaux up the swift current, Mr. Catlin, an old settler, advised him to give the Indians a bottle of whiskey; otherwise he would not get them to make the trip. The morning we started Father handed them a bottle. After they had passed it around, they became somewhat boisterous and were disputing about some matter, when the man steering dropped his paddle and commenced loading a gun. The big Indian with a pole in the bow of the boat came rushing back over the baggage to where the children were seated, grabbed the shot pouch and powder horn and threw them overboard. Grabbing the other Indian by the throat, Father and the men with us parted them and restored order. Another Indian rowing beside me saved the shot pouch and powder horn by reaching for it with a pole, at the same time laughing and saying, "He Ne, He Ne". The shot pouch was made of deer skin and was very fine. Father stood up in the boat and said, "I intend to make my home in this country and no Indian will ever get any more whiskey from me". No Indian ever did.

The Indians understood handling the unwieldy boat in the swift water to perfection. The second day on the Cowlitz we arrived at the landing and were met there by the three brothers with the cattle. The wagons were unloaded from the boat, put together and reloaded and we moved on to Mr. John R. Jackson's farm, where we were welcomed as though we were relatives newly arrived. Mr. Jackson had a well equipped farm, with plenty of all kinds of farm products and stock. We occupied the first cabin Mr. Jackson had built some years before, as he had built a more pretentious cabin, which was afterward christened as the first courthouse in the Territory of Washington.

Mr. Geo. Roberts was living on New Waukim Prairie; also Marcel Bernier.

After recruiting up, we moved on to Skookumchuck Crossing, near the mouth of the river, and camped at Mr. Joe Borst's place. The next day, October 12th, 1852, we unyoked the faithful old emigrant cattle at the last stopping place, the last camp; two years and seven days since we had started from Caledonia, Racine County, Wisconsin. I am the only one of the ten in the family left as I pen these lines on the identical spot, August 8th, 1915. (Center of Section 9, Range 15, N. Township 3 West.)

Grand Mound Prairie, October 12th, 1852

We came to anchor here. Yoking up the cattle this morning at Mr. Joe Borst's place, we leisurely drove through two miles of wood separating Ford's Prairie from the big prairie that had the big mound upon it. Turning off to the left of the road, two and a half miles to the west, there was a little log cabin, looking lonely and forsaken on

the big prairie, with big tall timbers, two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet high on the river bottom. Just below the bank, about thirty feet of an elevation, were two large springs of good water; also quite a body of open land in the river bottom from the bank where the cabin stood, one mile and a half west of the mound itself, in the middle of Section 9, Township 15 North, Range 3 West. An Indian village was on the bank of the river where it washes right up to the prairie. Near the mound and a half a mile east of the cabin, were two families of Indians, the Hatstute and the We-i-We families. We-i-We had a wife and three sons, Tesian, Colallowan and Heom.

We made camp as usual. Mother spread our quilts down at the end of the cabin for us boys on the outside, just the same as the first camp at Vienna in Wisconsin two years before. I am not sure but it was the same red quilt that made the bed look so inviting and cozy.

Next day Father sent one of the boys to bring Brother Samuel and Thomas and one of the teams and wagon back from up at what is known as the Tilley Donation Claim, as he had concluded this was a more desirable spot and was anxious to get settled, as winter was not far off.

With the big ox teams, a plow and something of an outfit to work with and four boys to help, he commenced breaking the prairie and fencing, so that the place soon looked as if somebody were living there. Strangers would remark to Father how well he was getting along with improvements. Father got a little steel burr of a grist mill, bigger than a coffee mill, of Mr. George Bush, and had the mill fastened to a post on the porch of the cabin and it was a chore for us younger ones to grind enough meal for breakfast. We ground boiled wheat or peas. I used to feel a delicacy about turning the crank, (just like an automobile), in the morning when strangers would be staying all night, as the jar and noise of the little old mill would disturb a deaf man in the quiet early morning hours. The guests would come out and examine the machinery and comment on its work. Many travelers would come to our cabin for a night's lodging on their way to Puget Sound.

Father bought a few sheep of Mr. Bush, seven head at seven dollars a head, I know it was only a few. We children or younger ones were to keep watch on them, but we allowed them to stray off and they were not found until the next day. Most of them had been killed by the coyotes. I remember of only one ewe coming back from over by Scatter Creek. Afterwards Father and Brother Samuel went to Nisqually and bought forty-one head of Mr. James McAllister. I think this was in the summer of 1853. I had gathered up seven dollars and fifty cents and sent it along to buy one sheep.

In the winter of '52 and '53 there was about two feet of snow for about one month and we had quite a time cutting trees for the cattle to browse on. One day two men came wading through the snow. One of them was leaning on the arm of the taller man. When the tall man, Mr. Chapman, asked Father (as we crowded out of the cabin door) for accommodations, Father replied that we were in very poor shape to care for anyone. "Well, my dear sir," said the tall man, "this man is perishing." "Oh, well," said Father, "come right in." At first sight he thought by the manner of the man that he was drunk. They were Dr. J. H. Roundtree and Mr. Chapman. I think Enoch Chapman afterward settled on the Cowlitz. They had gone down the Columbia to Astoria and up the beach to Shoalwater Bay and across to Gray's Harbor and were making their way up the Chehalis River in a canoe when they upset at the mouth of Black River. They managed to find the trail to our cabin. The Doctor's feet were badly frozen and he was laid up in our cabin nearly all winter, Mr. Chapman going on to the Cowlitz.

When Father and Brother Samuel were gone on a three day trip to Tumwater and Olympia for supplies, Brother Allen, five years old, took sick with the croup and died before Father got home. It seemed no death occurring in the family, distressed us any more than this, as we had come so far into the wilderness. We had a very strong attachment for each other. I remember Father after this would take up the Bible and read and conduct family worship, as a consolation for our bereavement. The two Indian brothers, Tesian and Collalowan, dug the grave and brought two wide cedar boards from the roof of their house to make the coffin. It was the custom of the Indians to take the cry boards from the top of the houses for this purpose.
The roof boards already given were generally eighteen to twenty inches wide and sixteen to twenty feet long.

We made a lonely little procession to the grave by some little fir trees to the west of the cabin on the bank of the prairie or river bottom below. Dr. Roundtree hobbled out on crutches and some Indians stood around the grave with us as Father read the burial service.

That winter Mr. Durgan came and located his donation claim, building a house the next year on top of the mound. Mr. Gangloff and Mr. Durgan started a nursery of apple, pear and plum trees near the mound. Spring coming, we were all busy planting, making garden, and building fences and out-buildings. We received seeds from the older settlers, Bush, Ford, Borst, and we brought many seeds with us.

Three men, a Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Strahill and Mr. Cox had cut a trail from Scatter Creek to below Oakville, Cedar Creek, preparing to build a saw mill. They had been working on the trail since 1852. Their

plan was to saw the timber into heavy three by twelve plank and raft it to Grays Harbor and ship it to San Francisco. This was the first enterprise undertaken on the Chehalis River, for docks.

In the summer of 1853 the Indians were camped in considerable numbers near our cabin, when the small-pox broke out among them. This was at blackberry picking time. Father was always immune from small-pox and Mother had had a siege of it before she left England, and Brother Thomas had it when on the trip across the Atlantic to England with Father three or four years before. The rest of us were all taken down. Father had a good method of taking care of small-pox patients, and Mother and Brother Thomas were good nurses, so we all pulled through. Father worked with the Indians and advised them as to the best way to care for themselves and brought most of them through, though some died.

In the fall of 1853 a good many emigrants settled all along the prairies and the valley of Scatter Creek, from the Chehalis River to beyond Scatter Creek and to the Skookumchuck Valley above Bucoda. The prairies afforded pasturage for their stock and an opportunity to get crops of grain and vegetables growing and cows to milking. Many doubtless would have secured much more valuable claims by going back in the valley. The immediate neighborhood of Grand Mound became a good neighborhood, with church and school and Sunday school. We had the name of being a well organized little settlement.

Brothers Samuel, William and I made a trip to Mr. Armstrong's mill down at Cedar Creek and brought home the first load of lumber for the new house Father was building.

Mr. Durgan came with some visitors one Sunday morning to consult with Father as to what name we should give the mound and our locality. Mt. Vernon was not thought quite appropriate. Finally Mr. Durgan thought Grand Mound would be suitable, so they agreed upon that and adjourned the meeting. Mr. Durgan used to keep a small stock of goods in the front room of the house he built on the mound. As Mrs. Durgan was a newly married bride and was timid about being alone, especially when Indians were about, Mr. Durgan used to keep me employed considerable of the time. In this way I used to meet a number of the people from Olympia and the surrounding country, as Mr. Durgan was something of a society man and quite a politician, a Vermonter. He was a member of the first legislature, a clever man and a good home-keeper.

When we first arrived on the prairie there was a band of Indian ponies roaming over it, but no other stock. Our cattle would wander four or five miles away, so we would go after the cows on horseback, if we could get the horse.

Mr. Shazer of Olympia bought a pair of oxen and paid Father in fifty dollar slugs (eight corners). Mr. Logan Hays traded Elaborate slugs and a lot in Olympia as part payment for Jack and Dandy. They were a prize winning pair of cattle. They were twins, of a strawberry roan color and were almost identically alike, Dandy being a little darker color than Jack. They would walk up briskly together and we always kept them on the lead. We boys did not like to see Jack and Dandy go. Frank Stocking afterward owned the lot. I think it is not far from the new post office in Olympia.

Capt. Crosby came to see Father one day and heard Tom and me pounding out wheat with flails in the old barn. After getting all the information he could on that process of threshing, he called on Father at the house and sold him two lots in Tumwater at fifty dollars per lot. We could have bought lots near Pioneer Square in Seattle for the same money. (Our lots are there yet and still worth fifty dollars.) Brothers Thomas and William built a little house on the lots and went to school at Olympia to Mr. Cornelius' Select School.

Mr. Goodell and family had settled at what was known as Goodell Point. He got six hundred and forty acres of land; Mr. Axtell a little further up the road; Bill Cooper where the road first reaches the prairie coming from the south; Mr. Durgan on the Mound. Mr. Augustus Gangeloff got three hundred acres adjoining on the east and Mr. James Biles right opposite our place on Scatter Creek; Mr. Austin Young joining Mr. Biles on the west on Scatter Creek; Mr. Nelson Sargent beyond Mr. Biles on Scatter Creek. Mr. Bartholemew Baker took his donation claim to the west of Sargent; Mr. Henry Hale and the Canby Brothers where Rochester is located. Farther up Scatter Creek, Mr. David Blyes located next to Nelson Sargent. Across the creek Mr. Asher Sargent, the elder. Further up the creek, Rev Charles Byles located across the prairie as you go to Olympia on the middle road further up along the famous creek. Mr. William Mills, Mr. Abraham Tilley, Ignatius Colvin, Aaron Webster, Reuben Crowder, Oliver Sheal, William and Phillip Northcraft, Hiram Mize, Alex Yantis, was off Scatter Creek on the valley of Skookumchuck, together with Ticknor further to the east, but on the same plain as Scatter Creek settlements. Hodgen and Davenport were on Scatter Creek at the east crossing as you go to Olympia. Capt. Henness was where the Eureka Quarry now stands. Samuel Coulter took his donation opposite Mr. Colvin's. To the north Mr. Kirtly was between Tilley's and Case's. To the south, as you journey from Grand Mound, were the Davies at Claquato; south and west the Roundtrees, Whites, Buchanans, Newtons, Hoagnes, and many others were on the Boistfort Prairie. As you come this way the Mills, Saunders, George Washington, George Wunch, Remleys, Joe Borst, the Ford family, the first

family in what is now Lewis County. A few settlers began to go down the Chehalis River. The Metcalf family took up a donation claim near Wynoochie, also Jos. Mace and Walter King. Mr. Porter and John Brady settled on Satsop. Sam Williams on Williams Creek, James Smith at Cedarville. I. L. Scammon at Montesano, Mr. Brun at Cosmopolis. William O'Leary on the south side of Grays Harbor opposite Hoquiam. Alfred Haggerty on the Chehalis River somewhere. Mr. Leavitt and Webster on what is now Black River Reservation. Uncle John Hale located on John's River, (afterward at Oakville), Grays Harbor. On Mima Prairie, Uncle Johnny Laws and numerous connections, sons and sons-in-laws, settled; also Bruce Dodge and brother Marion. The Rutledges, Thomas and Wash, on Black River. Jake Crall, Nat Thallhimer, Samuel French, on Black Lake, W. O. Thompson held imperial sway on Black Lake, together with a Mr. Hart, Parson Quinn, also of Black River and Mr. Edgar Bryan.

The foregoing are the names of most of the settlers that were settled on their donation claims. The act giving donation claims expired in 1854. These were the people who collected principally the following year at Grand Mound to organize for defense against the Indian outbreak. Governor Stevens commenced having talks with the Indians, in order to settle with them and have an understanding about the right of the settlers occupying their lands. The Indians were very persistent in declaring the land was *theirs*. At the same time they liked to have people settling among them and improving the country, as they fared better and had a chance to improve their own condition. At the same time, they were entitled to pay for their lands. The Chehalis Indians refused to accede to Governor Stevens' terms of treaty and continued to do so. A delegation came to our cabin one Sunday morning in 1853 after the scourge of smallpox had passed away, and calling Father out, told him that this (land, country), was his, at the same time motioning out across the prairie; that they would not trouble him anymore about it, as he had been good to them, giving them "Lemichine", (medicine) and saving many of their lives. Then they marched away without any more ceremony.

It seems it was the intention to make a reservation of this place. Col. Simmons called with several others on horse back to advise us to give up our location and not locate at this place, as the Indians wanted it for a reservation, and he would not consider it a safe thing to stay here. Father not being at the house at the time, Mother gave him a piece of her mind. She said they had journeyed a long way to find a place to make a home and this suited them and we intended staying here, had found the Indians friendly and no objections made. The Colonel made the most sweeping bow we boys had ever seen from a man on horseback and as he turned in the saddle, he said, "Good day,

Madam; I have advised you." Father, when he came home, hardly knew what to think of the bluff Mother gave the Colonel; he being a man in authority. Anyway, it passed off, and the settlement filled up with families rapidly. There was no more talk of a reservation on Grand Mound Prairie.

There was some notable old Indians among the tribe. Old Suwalaupop, as near as we could learn, was at Chehalis Point at the time Captain Gray came into the Harbor, which was not quite sixty years before that. Now, it is sixty-two years since I talked with this old Indian. He related how the "Bostons" gave them muskets to shoot, but "Halo Coliaten," "No shot or bullets." Only blank cartridge and loose powder, and that they had a great time firing off the muskets and making so much noise. He said the Captain said they were from Boston and from this the Americans have always been distinguished from "King George," or the English.

1854-'55 *Grand Mound*

The first preaching we attended on Grand Mound was at the house of Reverend Charles Byles on Scatter Creek, about half a mile above the crossing of Scatter Creek at old man, or Asher Sargent's place, quite a number assembled with ox teams. Soon after this Rev. J. F. Devore appeared among us and tried to stir up some interest in religious organization. He called the settlers together for a camp-meeting on Scatter Creek. It gave the people a chance to get together; such pillars in the church as Mr. Littlejohn, Mr. Rutledge, Mr. Ruddle, Mr. James Byles and several others. There was quite an interest taken in the meetings and we had some very able ministers. Mr. Roberts of the Oregon conference was a very able man. Later we had Mr. Harvey K. Hines, Joseph Pearre, Rev. Geo. Whitworth, Sloan, McAllister, and many others. By their preaching and organization they got the people together and did not let them forget the duties they owed to their Creator and consequently to their fellow men. We had a very civilly behaved community.

Many exciting discussions would arise at this period with regard to slavery and as our settlement was made up of quite a number of settlers from all parts of the United States and a sprinkling from the old countries, frequent arguments took place. We kept up quite a debating club, as well as spelling matches. The church-going element predominating, public dances, card playing and drinking were pretty much kept down.

Mr. James Biles installed the first tanyard for making leather, on Scatter Creek and made quite a success of it. This gave employment to men, getting tan bark for the plant, and furnished leather for shoes and boots, harness and saddles. The leather was rather inclined to get

hard for shoes, but made fine harness and saddle material.

Mr. Jack Quinnup and Bill Cooper built the first brick kiln, east of Grand Mound Station, near the hill.

I believe I have already mentioned that Durgan and Gangeloff started a fruit tree nursery. Together with Brother Thomas, I learned the trade of grafting nursery stock. Afterwards Father had us do all our own grafting for our use and for many of the neighbors.

Our sheep had done well and we soon had four or five hundred head. When we wanted mutton we killed a fat weather, shearing, washing and selling the wool. Often we would take a fat mutton to Olympia to market and the Government officials would declare it was the best mutton they had ever tasted. The prairie bunch grass was very nutritious and certainly did produce good beef and mutton.

It was quite common to have a cabin full of travelers and home seekers staying all night with us. I remember a little Frenchman named Brunn came to our house with pack-horses loaded with provisions and utensils for farming and had two little pigs lashed by their feet, balanced across the horse's back like saddle bags. He was on his way to Grays Harbor. The next morning as we were eating salmon for breakfast, Mr. Brun asked Father: "What is that name that means the city of the whole world?" "That is Cosmo, the world, and Polis, city," Father said. "Ah, yes, that is it," Mr. Brun cried, "Cosmopolis, the City of the whole world. That is to be the name of my townsite on Grays Harbor."

Robert Barge, a young man who came to the Coast with Dr. Roundtree's father, took a donation claim on Scatter Creek adjoining us in Section 4. He did not want to stay and be a bachelor, as he did not get the girl that he had left behind him, as another suitor with lots of cows won and came with her to the Coast. He sold his relinquishment right to Brother Samuel, taking a very large gold watch Father had taken in part payment for his old relinquishment at Clackamas. Brother Samuel would not batch and be called a bachelor so he did not live on his new place. It seemed to be considered a sort of disgrace to be a bachelor, kind of a lower caste. I don't see why it was so, as there were very few young ladies and lots of single men. Seems to be a failing with the more favored in all conditions; a baby finds himself born black and has to suffer for the misfortune. The same way with the poor bachelors.

The Indians used to get quite boisterous when they would get whiskey and it was a common thing for some people in some localities to sell them a quart bottle of whiskey for one dollar. The Indians would ride all day to get whiskey. I was never afraid meeting Indians out

on the prairies or roads unless they were under the influence of whiskey; then they would become quite saucy and quarrelsome. One had only to bluff them out and threaten them with punishment. They never liked the idea of being hung by the neck with a rope. They would cut and stab each other, but the idea of being hung was disgusting to them. They had quite a wholesome respect for a soldier or some one with a good strong nerve and a show of authority.

Our first political convention was held on the Mound at Mr. Durgan's house. Those of the different political faiths were requested to stand in separate groups. The Democrats one place and the Whigs another. Father stood all alone as an Abolitionist, or "Free Soiler." Mr. Andrew McCormack, seeing Father standing all alone, walked over and stood by him. He was a big hearty Scotchman and would laugh and say, "I did not want to see Mr. James standing there all alone."

Our first Fourth of July (celebration) was held at Goodell's Point in the grove. We had speaking and firing of guns. Mr. J. K. Lum played the clarinet and Mr. Robert Brown the fiddle. The first time I saw Mr. Lum he came to the Mound with a neat little wheelbarrow to get some supplies from Mr. Durgan's store on top of the Mound. He had wheeled it from his donation claim near Centralia on the Skookumchuck. Mr. Lum was an exceptional man, a sort of genius. He stuffed all the different varieties of birds and animals he could get and had them in his cabin. Mr. Lum was a very quiet, inoffensive man and one of good sound principal and highly respected by all the old settlers. He was always a bachelor. He went back to his Pennsylvania home afterwards and I think he had some kind of an invention patented. Spent much time on inventions. I think perpetual motion was one of his fancies.

"Chickaman George," (metal) the Indians called Mr. George Wanch. As he was a very expert gunsmith, the Indians would bring their guns from all over the valley from as far west as the Quinault; old flintlocks, many of them traded to the Indians by the Hudson's Bay Company. They would bring these guns and leave them to be fixed. I don't know what became of any of them. He certainly never could have fixed them all and most of them were not worth fixing. Mr. Wanch could not confine himself to gun work, as the settlers wanted blacksmith work done.

Lenn Whitaker took a lot of beef cattle away up a trail this year of 1854 to a winter range we had seen in what is now known as the "Big Bottom". He went to Oregon and bought the cattle in the fall and drove them into this part of the country.

Joe Maurman settled away in the wilderness, at the most out of the way place any settler had gone to at that time, away off from any roads on the Upper Chehalis. Being a big, powerful man, he packed his provisions and utensils in over a bad trail for miles. A settlement had been started on the Willapa River by come Germans. The Crellans had developed the oyster business on Shoalwater Bay. The old settlers at this time were John R. Jackson, of Jackson Prairie; the Huntingtons at the mouth of the Cowlitz, also the Catlins, Joe Borst, George Wauch and the Sidney Ford, Sr., family on Ford's Prairie on the Chehalis and at the mouth of the Skookumchuck. A gap north several miles without any one until you came to George Bush on Bush Prairie, together with Gabe Jones, Kindred, Ferguson; at Tumwater, Col. Simmons; at Olympia, Edmund Sylvester; at Chamber's Prairie, the Chambers family, Charles Eaton and others I cannot designate; at Nisqually, Mr. Neah Packwood, Sr. With Mr. Packwood at the mouth of the Nisqually, or near there, was Captain Terrill, who used to claim that he came around the Horn, "Cape Horn," with six yoke of cattle. His contention was that, as he had floated his cattle down the Columbia River in a flatboat, around what is known as "Cape Horn," he was correct in his statement.

Others were Benjamin F. Shaw, Ignatius Colvin. These are a few of the names of those I knew who had crossed the plains in 1845 to 1849. Mr. Sargent, our next door neighbor, settled at Grand Mound in 1853, crossed the plains in 1849, and sailed into Puget Sound in December of the same year and landed in Olympia on the 28th day of January, 1850. These were some of the old settlers when we arrived in 1852.

The Chinook jargon is entitled to space in the reminiscences of "Ye Olden Times."

John Welch, the son of Dr. Welch, of Clackamas, Oregon, where Father rented the farm, gave us our first lessons in Chinook the winter of 1851-52. Brother Tom and I had lost our ponies, the ponies we got while crossing the plains. One a roan and one a bright bay. I used to think so much of the bay pony. I claimed it as mine. His back was so warm and soft to my tired legs when I had been trudging along after the wagons, trying to keep the lame ox or wandering cow from straying too far off the trail. I became quite attached to the ponies. When they strayed off while we were camped and living in Milwaukie, I learned to inquire of every Indian I would meet, "Mica manich cewtant?" (Did you see my horse?) From one phrase to another, we had been in the country hardly over a year before we could converse quite freely with the Indians of any of the tribes of the Coast. It has always been a great advantage to be able to talk in the

Chinook language, as it would have been quite a difficult matter to have acquired the original Indian language. The languages of the Indians change within a short distance, so that it would have been difficult for one who might have learned to speak the dialect of the Chehalis Indians to understand inhabitants of Hood's Canal at all. As it was, with the intermediary language, the Chinook, with a vocabulary of two or three hundred words, we could converse, trade and traffic with the Indians from California to British Columbia and Alaska, without any inconvenience. There was no racking of the brains to acquire proper grammatical expressions; at the same time, a proficient would pride himself on knowing when to use "Claxto" (who), instead of "Icta" (what or that).

It has always seemed to me that a simple language of a few words like the Chinook, would be a great benefit to people of all countries in these present times of such great facilities for travel and intercourse and mingling of the peoples of all nations on the face of the earth. Supposing my soldier boy, Bert, when returning from the Philippines, when taking an outing in a jinrickshaw with a comrade in Yokohama, wanted the man to take them to a drug store to get some medicine, could have said to the 'rickshaw man, "lemochine," and at the same time placed his fingers to his mouth and along down his throat and strained his neck like one swallowing pills, the 'rickshaw man would have understood at once. As it was, he ran them into eating places and other resorts, until they met a foreign resident who inquired what was wanted and directed the 'rickshaw man to a drug store. "Cumtux," (understand), "tickey mucka muck", (I want something to eat). "Ca mika clatawa?" (Where are you going)? "Icta mika tickey" (What do you want?) "Clahoua, six?" (How do you do, sir.) These were as common phrases used among the old settlers as between the settlers and the Indians. We just picked up the language without very much effort, like a boy learning to eat peanuts. I used to be called upon to explain and interpret the Sunday School lessons to the Indians. While staying in Victoria the winter of 1870-71, the Indians said "I mika clauck nesika calon," (You opened our ears.) So it was possible to do much good with the poor little language.

About this time I attended the funeral of my Brother Thomas At an evening meeting in the basement of the Pandora St. Church a young Indian from Nanaimo arose and paid him tribute, "I followed my good friend James to the graveyard today. He taught us good lessons in the Sunday school," and quoted the scripture saying, "I am the resurrection and the life. Whosoever believeth in me shall not perish but have everlasting life." I thought after hearing this Indian boy talk that way, my brother's mission on earth was for good.

The Rookery

There were some very tall trees, fir of old growth, close by, about forty rods from the bank the house stood on. They must have been nearly three hundred feet high. Every evening a great multitude of crows would fly, generally from the north, and light in the tops of two or three of these trees with a great cawing. Mother said that was considered a good omen in England. And for the crows to forsake the place was considered an ill omen. Reckless boy that I was, I had these rookery trees burned down and the crows sought another roost. On one of the last visits to the old home, I remember Mother asking, "Why Johnnie, where are the crows? What has become of the rookery?"

I see now that the crows are roosting in trees that were just little trees when we came here. I have not determined yet whether they have made it a permanent rookery.

The settlers had been getting their homes pretty well established, fields fenced, and were raising wheat, oats and potato crops sufficient to make a living, when there came rumors of Indians likely to make trouble. The first intimation came from away off in the Colville country. Some miners were reported as surrounded by hostile Indians and that Governor Stevens was having difficulty in getting the Yakima and some other tribes to agree to the terms of a treaty. A company of volunteers were enlisted under Captain Gilmore Hays and started, together with a company of regular troops, for the other side. They had got as far as the summit of the Cascade Mountains when express messengers overtook them with orders to return, as the Indians had commenced committing depredations on the settlers in the White River Valley, having killed the Brannon family and several others and were assembling in hostile bands for continuing the depredations. Word came to our prairie people and they appointed to meet at a point near Mr. David Byles' place, and an elevated spot out in the open was selected to build a stockade upon. The settlers came from miles around and cut and hauled timbers from the woods just across Scatter Creek from Mr. R. A. Brewer's house. They dug a trench and planted the logs on end about twelve feet high, and hewed logs and built bastions, or block houses, on two corners of the stockade, diagonally across, with loop holes for the guards to shoot from either the upper or lower floor of the bastion and sweep two sides of the stockade from each of the block houses. Two wide plank doors for exit and entrance were made from the three inch plank Father had hauled from the Armstrong mill for barn floors. The families were allotted space for their little lean-to shacks by the inside wall. In one corner a well was dug. On the center of the enclosure a guardhouse was built, a general rendezvous or meeting place for all going and coming. We moved into this stockade in the fall of 1855.

Before moving in, a call was made one day at noon hour for volunteers to organize a company. The candidates for Captain were told to stand out in front and the men walked over to the one they chose. Mr. B. L. Henness was chosen Captain, E. N. Sargent, first lieutenant, Samuel Coulter, second lieutenant; David Byles, orderly sergeant; and George Biles, corporal. Brothers Samuel, William and Thomas enlisted. I wanted to enlist, too, but Father held me back, saying he wanted to keep one boy at home. I was enrolled with the home guard, as we had to leave someone to protect the women and children when the company was away scouting.

Acting Governor Mason of Olympia had a supply of army muskets for distribution to the militia. Father drew five of them. I was a militiaman and very proud of my musket, with its long bayonet. I would often leave the fort after standing my four hours night guard duty and walk across the prairie three miles to the home place, in order to be on hand to get the sheep out to pasture early in the morning, as we had to keep them coralled from the coyotes at night.

For some time the families of the Indians that always lived on the up-river side of our place were allowed to remain in their camp by the river where we now have a boat landing, consequently strange Indians among the hostiles would often come after dark on to the prairie and getting near the Mound, would shout and holler, "Who, ho, Who ho," until they would find the prairies pretty well populated. A call was made for the settlers to assemble at a point on the prairie near Mr. David Byles' place on a rising piece of ground. Mr. Nelson Sargent stood with his heavy black beard blowing with the wind and motioning out over the plain, said, "This is an ideal spot for the fort, as we can guard it from all directions." After considerable talk it was decided to build a stockade. The settlers came from eight and ten miles around with their ox teams. Men went into the woods across Scatter Creek and cut down trees about twelve to sixteen inches in diameter, cut them sixteen feet long, loaded them on the wagons, and hauled them out to the site for the fort. A trench was dug about four feet deep around the square. The logs were stood on end as closely as they could be fitted without hewing; at two corners diagonally opposite each other bastions were built of hewed timbers two stories in height. The second story floor was made of hewed logs projected over the lower story of the building three or four feet, making it difficult for an attacking party to gain entrance.

These block houses or bastions stood out so that the guard could fire at the enemy along the wall of the fort on the outside. Entrance to the bastions was from within the fort. Loop holes about four feet from the floor were made for firing through.

The families had space allotted them by the wall on the inside where they constructed little lean-to shacks of split cedar boards. In the center of the open court was a log cabin used as a general rendezvous and guard house. A fire built of logs on the ground in the middle. Around this would assemble all the extra men and boys and visitors.

A guard was stationed, one and two men at each of the four sides of the fort on the outside. About four hours was a shift. As danger became less imminent the guard would be thought sufficient merely sitting around the fire in the guard house.

The boys and men folks that were not in the volunteer service constituted the home guard. We would go and come from the home ranches looking after the stock and get produce from the gardens and fields. We took some chances of being waylaid by the "Salix tillicum," (the fighting Indian), as the peaceable Indians called them. These hostiles would often come from the hostile camps to try and induce the Chehalis tribes to join with them. I remember several times hearing the hostile scouts hallooing after dark away out on the prairie, trying to locate some lodges by our boat landing on the river, as I have already given account.

At the outbreak of the hostilities, the old settlers and some of the government officials got the Chehalis Indians together at Judge Ford's and had them give up their guns. The locks were taken off so they could not be used. A small guard of volunteers was stationed at Judge Ford's. The government furnished a supply of beef and some other provisions for the Indians. A permit would be given to those that were known to be all right, when they wanted to go to see their friends at a distance, like at Oakville or "Block House" Smith's. They were required to carry a flag of truce on a stick about seven or eight feet long above their heads. I have seen them riding on the run across the field from the big road to Scatter Creek. I was amused to hear some of the guards at the fort breath out threats when a red handkerchief was tied to the top of a stick. I knew the Indians quite well and excused their ignorance in flaunting a red flag instead of white in these warlike times.

One night at home, after my usual four-hour guard duty, I heard more than the usual calling from different directions. I began to think it might not be safe to sleep in the house while guarding the sheep, and reasoned, boy-like, that a bunch of hogs that were sleeping in the open shed of the barn, would scent the Indians and make a stampede if they came near and that would give me warning. The pigs would usually rush and snort when Indians would come near. I wrapped my overcoat around me and clasped my faithful old army

musket in my arms. I remained near the pigs but did not need a stampede to keep me awake, the groans and grunts and occasional squeals, together with the disagreeable scent was enough. Never tried that kind of protection any more. What I should have done would have been to go away from the buildings and wrap up in a blanket on the prairie or in a fence corner. I would get some of my chums to go home with me sometimes. We had a lot of wool stored in the loft of the house. The boys argued that we would be safer sleeping on the wool as bullets could not penetrate through the wool. The scent of the wool was so strong it made me sick. I never could endure the smell of raw wool afterward.

One night I was sitting in front of the fire by the big fireplace on a bench. Two big Indians came and sat one on each side of me. I was acquainted with them. They entered into quite a discussion about the war and how they were not treated right, suddenly they jumped up each one with a big club which they brandished over my head and at the same time singing a war song. I sat still looking into the fire and let on as though I thought nothing of it. If I batted an eye I don't remember. Finally the one on my left threw down his club with a crash on the floor and said, "Cult-a-mana. Halo mika quass?" (Indian oath. Were you not afraid?) "No, I replied, "I was not afraid, (Socligh tyee) God would protect me." The did not make any more threats after that.

My three older brothers, Samuel, William and Thomas, were regularly enlisted in Captain Henness' company of volunteers and served the term out. When it came time to reenlist, for the second term, Father objected to his boys serving any longer, as he thought the regular army troops were sufficient to quell any further disturbance and that we should not have to fight the Indians east of the mountains, as there were no settlements over there at this time, with the exception of one or two army posts. This created considerable feeling among the families that wanted to prosecute the war. We moved back in the spring of 1856 to the farm. Hostilities breaking out afresh, we moved into the house on top of the Mound with the Metcalf family until the scare subsided. From my recollections of the incidents of this period I am satisfied it takes just as much nerve and courage to oppose the war of military enthusiasm, as actual participation in the fighting.

Our people were English and abolitionists, Independent Methodists, (not Episcopal), without race prejudice, leaning to free trade principals and opposed to secret organizations. Now, maybe you don't think we had some very unpleasant meetings. I remember when we were living at the home place, we were coming from the fort one Sun-

day afternoon after attending Sunday school. We saw two men of the baser sort riding away up the river from our place. When we came to what we called the green gate we found a bottle with some whiskey in it and an Indian's riding whip by the gate. We picked them up and carried them into the house and showed them to Father and Brother Samuel. They were sitting there reading.

That evening we heard an Indian had been killed about three-quarters of a mile from our house. The Indians identified the whip as belonging to the dead Indian. At once we could see into the whole plot. These men were seen at different times with a camp of Indians that had assembled to fish and gather berries. The young Indian came from another camp trying to find his wife who had been enticed away. He was soon under the influence of liquor and told to walk out on a log that extended out over the bank. The assassins pushed him along until he got to the end and then pushed him off. In falling he broke his neck. This was on the Gangloff place.

The scheme was to fasten the murder on the James and get us into trouble with the Indians. Mr. James Biles came to our place and questioned me. After having related what we saw, we were assured by Mr. Biles there was no doubt as to who were the guilty parties. He then returned home.

It was considered proper to forage on the James place whenever an opportunity offered, and we lost a few sheep. Occasionally something really amusing would occur. A party of our brave volunteers overtook a wagon going to market. Someone said "Old Man" James' butter was on the load. Another said if that's the case he was going to have some of it. Butter was butter, and it was discovered afterward that it was his own folks' butter. These things get funny with age.

While meeting together for mutual protection and to form intimate acquaintances, it was thought time to organize for school purposes. Mr. Joseph Hubbard was hired to teach. The upper room of the northwest bastion of the fort was fitted with benches and desks. Being rather crowded, Mrs. James (Blockhouse) Smith taught the primary grades in another vacant building. So we combined soldiering with education. It was five years since I left school at Caledonia in Wisconsin. I was proud of the fact that I could read in McGuffy's fifth reader and could figure in compound quantities before leaving Wisconsin.

Mr. Hubbard had some knowledge of theatrical matters and was ambitious to give a school exhibition at the close of the term. He was something of a phrenologist and picked on me to take the leading part

in all the nonsense. He made such a success of it he wanted us to exhibit at other places. When it came to attending another term of school we were forted up on the Mound. Father put his foot down and said he would look after my schooling after this.

At a meeting of the heads of the families it was determined to build a school house near the fort. The nearest saw mill was at Claquato. The young men offered to raft the lumber down the river to the prairie landing at Grand Mound. I was there when they landed. Bill Cooper got such a scare when coming through the rapids at the mouth of Lincoln Creek, that he had hard work to shake it off. The rafts were in two cribs fastened together when the forward raft grounded in the rapids. The crib following raised right up and came over onto the front crib the men were standing on. Now, it did not kill Cooper or he would not have been there to tell the story. I never heard of his driving any more rafts on the Chehalis River.

The advantages of school associations caused several of the families to remain in the fort after danger of hostilities in our neighborhood had passed. Mr. James Byles continued to operate his tannery on Scatter Creek, furnishing employment to several men, cutting timber and getting tan bark from the medium sized fir trees. The leather was not equal to oak tan. It did not have the firmness. It made good harness leather and saddle stock. I wore the first pair of shoes made in this part of the country of home manufacture. Mr. Byles made them. He got the measurements of my feet as I stood on the ground. Having gone bare-foot most of the time, I had the finest pair of feet in the family. I dressed up one evening to attend a spelling match in the fort. I put on a clean hickory shirt. My home-made coat with sleeves rather small made the shoes look all out of proportion. As I walked into the open space with the spellers all ranged around the walls of the building, Jim Frame saw my brick-colored tanned cowhides. He started snickering, saying, "Boys, boys, don't you smell leather?" A tee-he, tee-he, started all around the room. George Biles said, "That is the same kind of shoe my Father made for the Niggers in Kentucky." Rather humiliating, but as we were nearly all on the same level, we could soon make merry and pass it along.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

P. H. ROUNDTREE

Lewis County

1852

As I remember it today, my father's folks were reared in Kentucky, my mother's folks in Ohio. They came to Illinois and settled in Knox County in 1835. In 1852 and '53 all of father's family crossed the plains and settled on the Chehalis River at Boistfort. In the fall of 1858 Andrew Roundtree, father's brother, came back to Illinois by way of the Isthmus, then father concluded to come to Washington by crossing the plains, and we began to get ready for the trip.

On the 4th day of April, 1859, we started on our journey across the plains. Our outfit consisted of one carriage, one wagon with one yoke of oxen and three (3) yoke of cows, and two-horse teams, and about forty head of horses and cattle to drive loose, and in our mess were seventeen souls consisting of father's family, and A. J. Roundtree, T. J. Spooner, and mother and two sisters, J. N. Reynolds and family and Ben Benson.

The first night out the ground froze so hard we laid up four days until a thaw came. We traveled north and crossed the Mississippi River at Rock Island and Davenport in Iowa. We then traveled west through Iowa to Council Bluffs, and camped one mile west of Council Bluffs in the Missouri River bottom. There A. J. Roundtree and Susan Spooner were married and we organized a company of one hundred and five wagons, all bound for Oregon and Washington. Dan Sheets was elected captain and A. J. Roundtree was elected lieutenant.

We broke camp and crossed the Missouri River at Omaha. Omaha at that time contained about fifteen houses. After we left Omaha, there were no more settlers until we got to Walla Walla, except two or three trading posts. We started to guard our stock as soon as we crossed the Missouri River. About six men were detailed each night as guards. Each night we would drive our wagons in a circle so as to form a corral for our stock and our camp was in the corral. The Indians were supposed to be hostile and we were always on the lookout.

When we got up along the Platte River we came to a lot of discouraged Pikes Peak miners waiting for one of the men that discovered the gold at Pike's Peak to come along. They had a gallows built and said they were going to hang him. His name was Curtiss. We camped and waited about three hours. Curtiss came along and got up on a

goods box and talked about one and one-half hours and they let him go on. So we hitched up and drove on.

Our average day's drive was about twelve (12) miles, where water and grass were to be had.

When we got to where the Oregon and California roads fork about three miles west of Steamboat Springs, there had been no wagons over the road since 1853 or 1854. So the road was very dim. We followed if for two or three days and lost it altogether. Our captain and lieutenant had both been over the road; also some other men that called themselves the "Red Rovers", and who had their wagons marked, "The Red Rovers". Our captain wanted to take a course a little south of west. After a good deal of jangling our captain told them they could go their course. So five wagons took their course to the southwest. We continued our course a little north of west. The first night our camps were three or four miles apart, with a low ridge between us.

The second morning we had just broken camp and started when I saw our captain turning our front wagons back to camp. He hurried us to corral and took fifty men and went to the rescue of the five wagons that had left us the morning before. By the time we got coralled and the fifty men mounted and ready to ride, we could see the five wagons coming over the ridge, one hundred and fifty Indians circling them on ponies and firing at them. The men were spread out all around their wagons on foot keeping the Indians from killing their teams. When our captain and his men got within about half a mile, the Indians turned their ponies and rode off. Our men did not fire a shot at the Indians. Three of the Red Rovers were wounded by the Indians, but all got well. Well, the Red Rovers were willing to stay with the big train. Our captain was right on the course. In a day or two we found the old road.

A day or two later the Indians raided our stock at night, and ran off about twenty-five head of horses. Twenty-five men followed the runaway horses and came up with them the first night out, in camp, surrounded the hostiles and killed all but five; one white man and four Indians, and got all the horses and were back with our train in forty-eight hours.

We had no more serious trouble with the Indians. They would come around our camps begging, but I think their real business was to see how strong we were, and see how well we were armed, for they always wanted to trade for guns. They would offer us horses for guns, but our officers would not allow anyone to trade an Indian a gun.

Most every family or mess in our train had a tent and sheet iron

cook stove. Father's tent was 14 by 16 with four-foot walls. We would set up our tent every night, cook and eat in the tent and sleep in the tent and wagons.

I will now tell how the men in our mess were employed while traveling. A. J. Roundtree, our lieutenant, drove the carriage; my father drove one four-horse team and Ben Benson drove the other four-horse team; J. A. Reynolds, T. J. Spooner and myself, P. H. Roundtree, drove the ox team one-half day each, and drove the loose stock when not driving our team. T. J. Spooner and I would get someone to drive the loose stock and we put in a good deal of the time hunting on the plains. We killed a good many sage hens and jackrabbits, and a few antelopes. Buffaloes were very few along the road the year we crossed. Only saw two or three small bands. We did not kill any. Seven or eight buffalo almost ran through our camp one morning just at daylight. No one shot at them, but our captain, Dan Sheets, jumped on his horse and ran alongside of one and shot it six times with his Navy six shooter, but it kept on running as far as we could see it.

We fell in with Major Reynolds with a company of artillery on Snake River, they having been sent out on the plains to look out for the emigrants. He was going to Fort Walla Walla. We traveled close together as far as Grande Ronde Valley. We camped close to where La Grande now stands. The government train camped farther to the east, west of the valley. The Indians had built breastworks out of stone across the road in three places and felled trees across the road until it was impossible for wagons to travel. That was done in 1856, at the time the Indians fortified in the Grande Ronde Valley and sent word to the volunteers to come on, they were ready.

An Indian by the name of Sam told the volunteers he knew of an old trail that went up Wild Horse Creek and came into Grande Ronde from the north that had not been used for twenty years, so they tied Sam on a horse and he led them into an ambush. When they sighted the Indian camp about ten miles off, they stopped and rested their horses and ate a lunch; then mounted and started for camp. There were about fifteen hundred warriors, besides their squaws and papooses.

They were taken completely by surprise, but they came out and met the whites and put up a hard fight. The whites charged the Indians until they were all mixed up and the whites had emptied their revolvers, then they were ordered to retreat and reload their rifles and revolvers. The Indians followed them until the whites turned and charged the Indians again, and came to a hand-to-hand fight. Again the whites retreated to load their guns. When they got a little ways from the Indians, Sam's horse fell, shot dead, and caught Sam's leg

under it. When they stopped to rest before going into the fight, Sam took off all his clothes but his shirt. Two men rode back to Sam, rolled the dead horse off his leg. There was a little knoll close by. Sam got on that, lifted his shirt and patted his belly at the Indians. My uncle told me that he thought more than forty shots were fired at Sam on that knoll, and none touched him.

My uncle was lieutenant in the company of volunteers that drove the Indians out of Grande Ronde Valley in 1856. He was our lieutenant crossing the plains. While we were camped in Grande Ronde Valley, my uncle took a lot of us and showed us over the battle field and where the Indians were camped and where they drove them out of the valley. We could stand at the Indian camp and see where the volunteers came into the valley and see all over the battle field and where the Indians went out. The volunteers came in from the north, and the Indians went out east from their last camp on the north of Grande Ronde River. The battle began early in the morning and lasted until after one o'clock, the same day. Five whites were killed and seven wounded. Over thirty dead Indians were left on the field and their skeletons were still there when we rode over the ground in 1859.

From our camp we would go out and work over the road, opening it up so we could get over it with our wagons. It took about a week to open the road. Our supply of provisions gave out, so three men went on to Walla Walla to have someone bring out a load of provisions and meet us; but they got to Walla Walla and they went to work. Mr. Joe Lane of the Umpqua Valley came and met us as we came down the Blue Mountains with a wagon load of flour and bacon. Oh, weren't we a happy bunch! Some of us had not tasted bread for three days. Our principal diet while crossing the Blue Mountains was huckleberries and milk. We milked our cows all the way across the plains. Some of our milk cows we worked all the way across.

At Walla Walla our train broke up. It stopped at Walla Walla. At The Dalles we shipped our wagons on a scow from The Dalles to the Cascades and drove our stock down the river bank. Ben Benson, John Reynolds, Tom Spooner, and myself drove the stock down the Cascades. A. J. Roundtree went on down to Portland to get a steamer to come to the Cascades after us to take us to the mouth of the Cowlitz. When he got to Portland, they told him his brother, Perry, had passed through Portland that day going to meet us by the Barlow route. So A. J. Roundtree got a horse and started after him. Late in the evening, at one o'clock at night, he came up to his brother's camp fire. They returned to Portland, chartered a steamer and large scow that took us to the Cowlitz River. It then took us four days to drive to Bawfaw.

We arrived at Bawfaw Sept. 25, 1859. My grandfather, T. R. Roundtree, was living there. He had twenty-eight acres of wheat yet to cut, so we all went to work and soon had it in the shock. The fall of '59 grandfather butchered and baconed sixty head of hogs. When the bacon was ready he had two big wagon loads. One four-horse wagon Uncle Mart Roundtree drove, and one three-yoke ox wagon I drove, and grandfather went along on horseback to Olympia. It took us five days to make the trip. Bacon was then worth twenty-eight cents.

Uncle Mart Roundtree was then sheriff of Lewis County. Lewis County went to Olympia to hold court.

In the spring of 1860 I started to school in Bawfaw to a teacher by the name of Taylor. Meanwhile, Mr. John Hogue wanted me to go to work for him on his farm. So I quit school and went to work for $1.50 per day and board and bed. The work was hard, but the grub was extra fine. When harvest started, Hogue gave me $2 per day to the end of threshing. Hogue had a reaper and thresher. He cut and threshed three or four crops besides his own, so it was a long job.

When we finished threshing, I and George Hogue's brother got a canoe and went down the Chehalis River to Grays Harbor. Hogue was going on a business trip, and I went along to see the country. For fun I took a shotgun and plenty of shot and powder. I manned the bow of the canoe, Hogue the stern. We had our camp kit along. Every time I saw something to shoot at I would grab my gun and shoot. Soon Hogue began to growl and the longer, the worse. He got still madder at me, and when we got down to Red Rock on the Harbor, where the James boys were living with their two sisters, who were keeping house for them, Hogue got stuck on the eldest one and stayed there for three and one-half days. That morning he told me we would start about ten o'clock when the tide went out.

I told him I would stay in sight of the front gate, when he was ready to start, to wave his hat and I would come. He waved for me, so I came up and asked him if he had settled our bill, we had stayed there all the time. He answered me, "I have settled my own bill." The girls were standing on the porch. I walked to the porch and asked them how much I owed them. The oldest one said "Young men and married men, we don't charge anything, but bachelors and widowers we make them pay." Hogue was a widower and they charged him $7. He was close enough to hear what they said to me, so he growled at me all the way up to the mouth of the Yeaucha River.

We stayed overnight there and in the morning I took my blankets and gun and struck out a-foot for Bawfaw. Part of the way there was no trail. Hogue couldn't manage the canoe alone, so he left it and

came on and overtook me at Waldrups. He wanted us to wait till the next day and he and Mr. Parmenter would come with us over the part where there was no trail; about twenty-five miles. Mr. Waldrup had been over the route once and partly blazed out a trail, but it was hard to follow. We lost it twice, but we made it through to the road and to Mr. Johnson's by nine o'clock the next night, all of us about to give out.

In the spring of 1861 my father took up a claim and built a house and barn and fenced forty acres on Tenalcut Prairie. I started to school to Miss Guthrie. The school closed in six weeks for lack of money. At that time schools were run by subscription. Some of the subscribers failed to pay so that school closed. That was my last schooling. Father did not like his claim. He heard of some prairie on the headwaters of the Satsap, so he and I started to look at them. We took three horses, two to ride and one to pack. We followed an old Indian trail down to the west side of the Sound to the head of Big Skookum Bay, then we went west without any trail. At Skookum Bay we found Mike Simmons living. He sent his oldest boys to show us the Satsup prairies. From the head of the Skookum we traveled west through open timber and almost level country to the Satsup. Deer and bear were in sight often. As high as seven or eight deer at a time could be seen, and they seemed gentle. When we were going to camp we saw three deer standing and looking at us. George Simmons, the oldest boy, said, "I will kill one of them to have to eat tonight." So he shot one, and we roasted and ate venison most of the night.

The prairies were small and gravelly and a long way to make a road. As we went back home we camped on the head of Mud Bay. While father cooked supper, I went to shoot a bear. I saw five or six but did not get a shot. When I got back close to camp, in a bunch of salmon berry bushes, I saw something picking berries. I thought it was father. I spoke to him, saying, "Are you getting many berries?" He stood still so I repeated my question. He went out the other way. It was a bear. He seemed to knock half the brush down getting away. I saw where the bear had come from toward the bay, so I back tracked him and found a pond of water behind a log, full of fish, where he had eaten all he wanted and left some half eaten. So I took off my boots, waded in and caught thirteen nice fish. When we dressed them they filled a fifty pound flour sack. The tide came in over this log, and when it went out left the fish behind it.

When we got home, a man was buying up a drove of cattle to go to the Walla Walla country. He hired me to help him. When we were all ready to start, Mother told the man she did not want me to go, so he told me he was sorry, he could not take me.

I then made up my mind to run away. So I got permission to go to Bawfaw to work. I went to Bawfaw horseback, stayed over night at grandfather's. Uncle Mart had just begun to cut hay. He wanted me to go to work. I told him I was going to run away from home. He tried to coax me to stay; but I was determined to go, so I left my horse and saddle for him to send home, and I struck out across the old Cowlitz trail with one dollar and fifty cents in my pocket. I footed it to Monticello on the Cowlitz River.

There I got a job sawing wood. I worked a few days, then I got a job as deck hand on the Steamer Multnomah, running between Portland and Astoria. I worked there long enough to get money to take me to The Dalles, Oregon. There I found Henry Blodgett. He and I went to work digging wells. We worked in The Dalles until October, then we started down the Columbia River looking for a place to hunt through the winter. We located fifteen miles above the Cascades on the Oregon side of the river, at Moffatt's wood yard.

Moffat wanted us to work a while. We did some carpenter work for him, and then cut wood a while, before we went hunting. I went to The Dalles between Christmas and New Year. The steamer froze in at The Dalles and the snow was so deep I could not get back. Board got up to $14 per week. Joe Guthrie and I got some grub and went out to Glaze's mill, twenty-five miles south of The Dalles, and fed his oxen for the use of his house. The snow got to about four feet deep on the level and then crusted almost hard enough to hold a man's weight.

In March I went to Mud Spring, between the DesChutes and John Day Rivers to hold down a location for a hotel for Masker and Glass. At that time the Indians were hostile in that section. Some miners started from the John Day mines to The Dalles. The Indians attacked them and killed six or seven of the miners. When a company of volunteers went out from The Dalles the flesh had been cut off the bodies as though it had been eaten. I stayed in my little 6x8 foot tent, all alone for six weeks. Several times I could hear the Indians drumming.

As soon as the snow went off, Masker and Glass hauled out lumber and we put up a house and Masker's family moved out there. I and Mrs. Masker and two girls ran the hotel all summer. It was a good stand. We fed as many as eighty-two in one day. Masker went to Caraboo and Glass ran his sawmill and I ran the twenty-mile house till fall, then I came home and visited my folks after having been gone eighteen months.

I had six hundred dollars in gold when I got home. I was very

proud of what I had done, and my parents seemed well pleased. I remained at home till February 18th, that being my 20th birthday. They gave me a dinner, and this time I did not run away, but bid them all goodbye and went away happy. I went to The Dalles and went to work for Robert Earl driving team on the portage between The Dalles and DesChutes. Stayed on Portages till June, then loaded five wagons for Boise mines. We got from twenty to twenty-eight cents a pound for hauling freight to the Boise mines.

Part of our load was for a little Jew in Bannock City. He became uneasy about his goods and started out to meet us on horseback. About four miles out of town, two highwaymen stopped him and asked him for his money. He only had $7 with him, so they gave it back to him, and told him to ride on and not look back. He met us at noon and he was so scared he could scarcely eat dinner.

We delivered our goods in Bannock City and Placerville. The freight on our five loads came to over $7,000. Our little Jew sold out his store and came with us down to Umatilla; also a man and family of seven by the name of Bevus. We came west over the mountains until we struck the Piute (Payette) River. There was no road till we came to this river.

The second morning out from Bannock City we met five men on horseback. Our little Jew recognized two of them as the men that had held him up as he came to meet us. I was sure I saw some of these men where we had unloaded our goods. They knew we had a good bunch of money, and they wanted it. We were all armed and on the lookout.

The first morning we started down the Piute we came across a man sitting by the road with his head all bloody. He told us he had started home to the Grande Ronde Valley, to his family. He had been to the mines, had two horses and camp outfit and $1545. He came to this cabin and there were four or five men camped there, so he had stopped also. After dark he went down the road to look after his horses. He put his big purse with $1500 under a flat rock and went back to camp near the cabin. Next morning his horses were gone. He went to the cabin to ask about them, and while talking, one of the men struck him from behind over the head. When he revived, his $45 saddle and blanket were also gone, and the cabin deserted.

So he sat down by the road to wait for someone to come along. We were the first to come, so he told us his story and asked Bob Earl if he would bring him to LaGrande. Bob told him "yes". He and Bob went in search of the purse and found it and the money he had hidden. He accompanied us to LaGrande.

We met our supposed highwaymen every morning for eight or ten days, always going toward the mines, never going our way, and we assumed they were following us at a distance waiting for an opportunity to catch us off guard, but I suppose we were too strong for them, there being five men in our party. They finally gave us up on Burnt River. We continued on to the Umatilla River, where I surrendered my team and returned to my home at Chehalis.

One little incident happened on Powder River I must write about. We had camped on the Powder River slough to clean up and rest our teams and in the afternoon I looked in my carpet sack and found a large buckskin sack of gold dust. My first thought was that someone had stolen it and put it there and was going to accuse me of its theft. I decided to hide it and taking the purse and my gun I started down the slough. I had to pass close to the camp fire where the men were sitting around, and I noticed they were watching me, so I turned right around and went back to my wagon and replaced the purse in my carpet bag with the determination to kill the man who accuses me of stealing it. I put all fresh caps on my revolver and gun and kept close watch until morning. When Bob started out to look for the horses the next morning, I followed him about two hundred yards from camp and asked him if he had lost any money. He said he had lost none that he knew of, so I told him of my find as well as my suspicions. Asking me to wait, he returned to camp and searched his belongings, and on his return said one of his purses was missing. He described it as containing $2800, tied up with about one yard of red silk ribbon, one inch wide. I told him this fitted the description of the purse I had, and he was mad and thought the same as I. "Keep the purse," he said, "don't say a word and when he accuses you, we will hang the ————." I carried the purse to the Umatilla and there gave it to Bob, and I don't know to this day who put it in my carpet sack.

I went home to Chehalis for the winter. At this time all kinds of wild animals were plentiful in Lewis County. One day my brother, Turner, who lives at Winlock, and I went hunting near where Newaukum station now stands. We had a fine hunting dog, which caught a half-grown cougar. We heard them fighting and when we reached the scene they were tumbling around so much we were afraid to shoot as we did not want to hurt the dog. We dropped our guns and caught the cougar by each front paw and pulled each way with all our might. When the cougar would turn his head to bite at Turner's hand, I would stick my butcher knife in his mouth, and when it would reach for me, Turner would jerk it. We hung on until I stabbed it to death. My knife had an eight inch blade. Neither were hurt much, but our dog was injured to such an extent we had to carry him home, and it was several weeks before he could go hunting again.

In the spring I went sea otter hunting north of Grays Harbor. My hunting partner was Henry Blodget. We each had a cabin, mine being at Moclips, and his at Copalis Rocks. Part of the time we stayed at one cabin and then at the other, just as the otter shift their feeding grounds.

While hunting sea otter, I concluded to build a stationary derrick from which to shoot them. I built my derrick 22 feet high, with four sides, and got John Thompson to help me set it up. We put it out too far and the tides upset it, so Thompson built one and tied its legs to stakes driven in the sand. He killed three otter off his derrick the first day. This started all the other hunters building derricks and improving on them. The last derrick I built was 65 feet high. They would stand until drift logs would knock them down in winter. Sea otter were plentiful when I first started hunting them, the winter of 1863-'64. Almost any day we could see from one hundred to one thousand. They stayed between Grays Harbor and Point Granville, a distance of thirty-five miles. They eat mostly clams. However, they sometimes varied their diet with crabs.

Sea otters are very affectionate and loving. When they were not feeding they would collect in schools from half a mile to a mile offshore and sit up like little men, two and two, with their paws an one another's shoulders. About half their body would be out of water, and they would be hugging like young lovers. They would come in to feed about high tide and dive down where the water was shallow and dig clams; come to the surface with the clams in their paws, lie on their backs with heads to the wind and swim along as they ate, then dive again. They will go several miles while feeding. Then is when the hunter gets his shooting.

While I was staying at the Moclips cabin, and the otter hunting was poor on account of the weather, I thought I would go out to the Quinault Prairie and look for elk. It was about seven miles away. Elk tracks were everywhere on the prairie, and were fresh, where the elk had been playing. However, I did not see one, so remained over that night to watch for elk, and hoped to bag a pheasant to eat. In the swamp, 100 yards away, I saw a sandhill crane, so I shot it, and on going to pick it up, found its nest containing two eggs. I broke one, and finding it good, had both meat and eggs to camp with, so I picked out a nice tree to camp under, dressed my crane and hung it up, then went to look for a place to watch for elk.

I had not gone far when I saw thirty elk standing in a bunch looking toward me, about 600 yards distant. They were northeast of me and started running in a northwest direction. I ran through the burnt woods to head them off, and after running a half mile they went

around a spruce thicket one way and I the other. We met on the far side. At a distance of twenty yards the foremost elk stopped and turned broadside as he looked me over. When I raised my gun to shoot I could not get a head sight, so turned my gun on his shoulder and fired. The elk dropped. I reloaded my gun and walked to the elk and sat down on it. The elk struggled and threw me about six feet. I landed running and headed for a big snag about thirty feet away. As I went around the snag I looked back and saw the elk was down. I thought it had jumped to its feet when it flounced. I turned and shot him in the head to make sure of him this time, then loaded my gun, went back and sat down on him again.

By this time the other elk had surrounded me and began to show signs of fight, stamping their feet, setting their hair up the wrong way, shaking their heads and snorting. They came so close, I stood up and swung my gun around me. I could feel their breath strike me when they snorted. They would come up within six or eight feet of me, shake their heads and snort, then back off a few steps, then come up again. They kept this up for several minutes, and I think that at times there were ten or twelve elk within ten feet of me, with their heads toward me. You may think I will say I wasn't scared. I will not, for I aim this to be a true story all the way through. As I remember it to this day, I was scared and would have given all I had at that time to have been safe on the outside of that ring of elk; but they did not jump on me, but began to back up farther and farther, so I went to work and and removed the intestines, which took me about twenty minutes. The elk were still within gunshot.

I went back to the beach to get help to pack out my elk meat. When I got back to the beach my partner had come up from our lower cabin and found me gone, so he had started out to hunt me. He had just passed the mouth of the trail that I came out on. I saw his track and knew it, so I looked back up the beach about half a mile and saw him. I fired my gun and he heard it and came back. When I told him where I had been he gave me a hard scolding for going out alone without telling anybody I was going. As good luck comes my way, an Indian came along, going down the beach, so I sent word to two other hunters to come up early next morning and get some elk meat and help pack it out. Close to my cabin was a little prairie and two Indian ponies were staying there, so we took the two ponies out to where I had killed the elk, quartered it, cut wide strips of elk hide, tied two quarters together and hung them across the ponies' backs and packed our elk in to my cabin and there cut it up, and took care of the meat. We gave the other hunters a quarter apiece for helping get it out of the woods. We had elk meat to last us a year.

In the fall of 1865 a man by the name of John Miller wanted me to go with him to the mouth of the Colorado River, where the sea otter were more plentiful and the water was smoother to shoot on. Miller wanted to start a little store and have me hunt sea otter. He thought we could make a fortune in a few years, so I concluded to go. We were to meet in Portland in three weeks. I wanted to visit my folks in Oregon and he to get ready to go. I went to Portland to meet Miller. I got a letter from him saying he had been disappointed in not getting his money and could not go, so I gave up going and went back up to Salem to the Oregon State Fair.

While at the fair I concluded to rent a farm and try farming. So I rented the Widow Cooper's farm and stock, four miles west of Monmouth in Polk County, Oregon, and on December 24th, 1865, I married Minervia Jane Cooper. In the spring of 1867 we moved to Jackson County, Oregon, and located on the desert, twelve miles east of Jacksonville, and went to work to make a home. I built a house and barn and fenced in forty acres in the mountains.

East of Jacksonville is where the Lost Cabin Gold mines were located, so it was believed by many. In the winter of 1868 a miner by the name of Ike Skeaters thought he had found the Lost Cabin mines, so he came down to the valley to the home of his brother-in-law, took him and two other friends and went back. I and my two brothers, Turner and Hugh, concluded we would trail them and find the mine. So we took our guns and packs and struck out southeast until we got into the foothills, then we circled to the northeast to find their trail. It was snowing when we left home, and by the time we got ten miles in the foothills the snow was ten inches deep.

We came to a place among the chaparral thickets where cougar tracks were so thick we could not track them, so we scattered out to look for the cougar. I had not gone far till I saw one coming toward me. He stopped, looking at me, and when about sixty yards away I shot at it. The ball struck a bush and missed the cougar. At the crack of the gun the cougar commenced to wave his tail and walk toward me. I loaded my gun in a hurry. Just as I was putting on a cap, the cougar had come half way to me. My brother, Turn, had come up behind me and asked what I had shot at. Immediately my brother looked back and a cougar was following him. He turned and fired at it just as it jumped, and missed it. We looked around some more, but not wanting to lose too much time, we went on looking for the trail.

About three o'clock we struck their trail on the north side of Antelope Creek going east. By this time the snow was over our knees. Before dark we came to their camp. We all went to work to build a five-cornered cabin. We built it sixteen by eighteen feet with a good shake

roof. The evening we got there I killed two deer close to camp. By the time we got our cabin built the snow was three or four feet deep and still falling, so we stayed there seven days and went home to wait for the snow to go off.

In the summer of 1868, five of us went up in the Butte mountains bear hunting. We took along a wagon, two horses and saddles. While we were all out hunting, fire ran through our camp and burned up our harness and saddles, so two of the boys had to ride thirty-five miles bareback to get harness to haul our wagon home.

When we got home we found a grizzly had killed fourteen pigs for me and one hog for my brother, Turn. A few days later I was out looking after my hogs and ran onto a grizzly bear. I ran home to get my gun and dogs. My brother, Turn, and John Cooper went back with me. When we got to where I had left the bear, Jim Matney had come out looking for his hogs. He had two good dogs and his gun, I had four good hounds and a cur dog. We started the dogs after the bear. They stopped the bear in about half a mile. I was on my little mare and the other boys were afoot. When the dogs stopped the bear, I rode up within forty feet, dropped the bridle reins over the horn of my saddle and raised my rifle to shoot. The bear made a charge at the dogs, toward me, and the mare wheeled so quickly I almost fell off. She jumped over chaparral four feet high, and me hanging on. She ran two hundred yards before I could get straightened in the saddle and stop her. I could not make her go back toward the bear, so I led her to a tree and went on foot.

By the time I got back Jim Matney had gotten one shot in the bear, and I got the second shot. Every time he saw one of us he would make a charge and we would have to climb a tree. At one time my brother climbed a tree ten inches in diameter. The bear rose up on the tree and struck it with his paw such a lick it almost jarred Turn down. Every time it would see the smoke of a gun it would run and look for the man. We shot him thirteen (13) times before we killed him. The fight lasted about three hours. He traveled about half a mile during the fight through scattering oak timber and chaparral brush.

Now I will tell you how big he was. He measured sixteen (16) inches across from one eye to the other, the bottom of his front foot was 11 to 13 inches, his toe nails were four and five inches long. We rolled him up skids into a common wagon bed on his back, his nose touching the front endgate, and his hamstrings laid on the rear endgate, with his feet sticking over. He filled the wagon bed tight. We guessed he would weigh over 2,000 pounds.

In the fall of 1868 my brother, Hugh, and I went out one morning before breakfast, still hunting, to get a deer. We ran across a grizzly

bear trail. We trailed it into a chaparral thicket, in a hollow. The thicket covered about an acre. The bear was in the thicket and we had no dog to drive him out, so I told Hugh to watch and I would go in and drive it out. The brush was so thick I had to crawl on my hands and knees. I jumped it about the middle of the patch, and when within about thirty feet, it snorted at me and ran out. Hugh shot it and then hollered for me to hurry out. It was up and going again when I got out where I could see it. It was going up the hill over a hundred yards away. I fired and it rolled quite a way down the hill, then got up and started toward us. We got to two trees we could climb safely and reloaded our guns. By that time the bear had gotten into a ditch the water had made, two feet deep, and four feet wide with a chaparral bunch hanging over the ditch. Here he made his stand, ready to fight. We walked down toward it with a tree picked for each of us if it charged. We walked within forty feet. I shot it in the ear. It whirled clear around and stood in the same place, popping its teeth together and growling. We shot it by turns, four shots in the ear, and the fifth shot I tried for the neck bone. Then it went down. The four shots in the ear could be covered with a half dollar and passed under the brain. We dissected its head to find where the bullets went. This was a two or three year old grizzly.

One day we were out hunting for deer and came on to two cougars where they had killed a deer and almost eaten it. Our dogs put them up trees and we shot them in the head, so they would not cripple our dogs when they came down. Deer were so plentiful in the Rogue River country at that time we could kill all we wanted without going very far in the hills.

In the spring of 1869 I sold out my improvements and moved back to Bawfaw in Lewis County, Washington, to the place I am now living on. I rented the Decker place one year. By that time I had cleared enough ground to get along without renting. For a good many years I had to work out in the summer time and trapped and hunted in the winter. So the clearing of my farm went slowly. I had quite a family and it kept me hustling to feed and clothe them.

I had a dog I took with me trapping and hunting. His name was Frank and he deserves a place in this book. I had a string of traps that took me three days to make the round of them all. I was trapping principally for beaver, mink and fresh water otter. My dog, Frank, would go with me and stand and watch me set my traps and bait them with meat. He never got in a trap or bothered the bait. If he came across a fresh cougar or wildcat track, he would put it up a tree, and I would shoot it. Some days he would tree three cougars. I had him trained to slow-track deer, if I were with him. A deer might

jump up within twenty feet of him and he would stand until I told him to go.

About the year 1873 Mr. W. E. Brit came to Bawfaw to teach school. He was very fond of hunting, having come from New York state. He had read stories about the ferocious animals of the Northwest. At that time it was the custom for the teachers to board around with the scholars, so he made arrangements to board at my home Saturday and Sunday, so he could go hunting with me. Brit came to my house first. One Sunday he and I walked out in the woods pasture, three hundred yards from the house, and my dog treed a wildcat. I told Brit to go to an Indian wigwam one hundred yards away and I would stay and watch the cat. He started, then came back and said he could not make the Indian understand him. So I went and got a gun and let him shoot the cat. He was proud of his first kill. Afterwards he told me while I was gone after the gun he was afraid the cat would come down out of the tree and tear him to pieces. That was the first wild cat he had seen.

A little later Brit and I went out on the hill west of my place deer hunting. I saw a big buck standing in a brush thicket. I started to show it to Brit, but he could not see it. So I shot it and broke one front leg. We started to follow it, my dog trailing it slowly. Pretty soon we came to a big brushy hollow, more than a quarter of a mile across, and we thought the deer would surely be in there. I told Brit we would go around on the hill above the brush so we could see the deer when the dog drove it out. He thought the dog would run the deer out before we could get around. I told him I would make the dog go slowly. I told Frank to go slow and we went around and took our stand where we thought the deer would come and pretty soon we saw the dog, coming in a walk, up to within twenty steps of where we had stopped. The deer had passed through the hollow without stopping and gone into the green timber. Brit said, "you have a wonderful dog." I told Brit we would go back to the river near home and let the dog run the deer to the river. I started the dog after the deer. He ran about a quarter of a mile, and started barking. We went to him, and found the deer had stopped to fight. I told Brit to shoot it in the head. He shot the deer, and as it fell I set my gun against a tree and walked up to cut its throat. I had got within ten feet of it when it jumped to its feet and lunged at me. I caught it by one horn with my right hand and by the underjaw with my left, with my thumb in its mouth. We had quite a tussle. I fell with my back against a log, with the deer across my legs, with its feet away from me. It did some lively kicking, but I held it and Brit came and cut its throat. We held it until it was dead. Brit's bullet had struck its horn and shipped out

a piece two inches above the head. It was a five-point buck and would weigh about 180 pounds.

My brother, Hugh, had two good bear dogs and I had one. We generally went bear hunting together. We would lead his dogs and let my dog go loose. We could tell by his bark when he found a bear, cougar or wildcat track, then we would let his dogs loose. They would go to my dog. If it was a cat or cougar, it soon treed; but a bear would run an hour or more if we did not head if off and shoot it on the ground. Once we went bear hunting and hunted every day for eight days. We killed fourteen bear and two deer. One of the eight days we started out, it had been raining all night and still was raining and kept it up all day. We took a big circle, west and south. We had given up finding bear tracks. We let all the dogs go and they soon started a deer, and ran it to the river. Father and Hugh followed the dogs to the river. I started down another ridge and came across a fresh bear track. I tracked it a little way and heard it growling. The brush was so thick I could not see, but a few steps at a time I kept slipping up on it, and pretty soon I saw the cubs climbing two fir trees about ten feet apart, two up one and one up the other. Pretty soon I saw the old one coming for me. I let her come within thirty feet. She was coming slowly with her head down and her back humped up. I raised my gun to shoot her brains out. My gun snapped and the bear sprang with a roar. I turned to run, caught my foot in blackberry vines and fell on my hands. As I raised up, I looked over my shoulder, and the bear was within six or eight feet of me. I ran up a tree where the top lay on the ground and the butt still hung where it had broken, over twelve feet above the ground. The bear followed me up the tree about ten or twelve feet. I jumped across to a stump of another tree. The bear stopped and popped her teeth at me, but would not try to jump, then turned and galloped down the log and to the foot of the tree where her cubs were. I had hung onto my gun, so I put in some powder, put on a new cap and went back to try her again.

I went back after her. She came for me again. This time I did not let her get so close. My gun missed fire and away we went up the same tree, I jumped across on the stump, and the bear went back. I hollered two or three times when I could not get my gun to fire, but I kept right on trying. The bear had run me on that stump four or five times before my gun fired and I shot the old bear through the body. She ran off in the brush, so I thought I would shoot the cubs. It was very brushy around the trees where the cubs were. I aimed to shoot the cub through the head, but I just struck the skull enough to knock it out. It fell and began to holler. I ran and got on my stump to load my gun as I expected the old bear to come back. As soon as

I reloaded my gun, I got down and knocked the cub in the head. It was still hollering. The other two had come down and ran away.

Just then Father came with my dog and I started the dog the way the old bear had gone. He ran about two hundred yards and caught one of the cubs. We could hear them fighting a while, then all was quiet. Just then Hugh came with his dogs and we started them. They went almost the same way my dog started. They ran about a half mile and stopped. We went to where my dog was. He had killed his bear and stayed by it. Hugh said his dogs had found the old bear, so we would go home and come back in the morning.

Next morning we found Hugh's dogs lying beside a spotted fawn deer. They had caught and killed it and stayed with it all night. They were hungry but were too well trained to eat it. Rain was still falling. The dogs could not track my old bear, so we took our deer and went home. Father had killed the deer that the dogs ran to the river, so we had two to pack in.

Another time my brother, Hugh, and I had run a deer in the river close to my house. We were following down the river in the vine maple bottom. All at once our dogs broke and ran about ten steps and caught a cougar. We ran to them as quickly as we could. It was a regular tumble fight. We had three good dogs, but that cougar was making the dogs yelp lively. We watched for a chance to shoot without endangering the dogs, when it got loose and started to jump for me. It laid its ears back, opened its mouth, bared its claws, put its paws up level with its head and started to spring. The muzzle of my gun was about two feet from its mouth when I shot, and broke its neck. It was about eight feet long.

When we first came to Bawfaw, Lewis County, cougars were very plentiful and very destructive. They would come into our corrals and kill colts and sheep and pack them off. I lost a good many sheep by cougars. I have killed a great many cougars, perhaps more than a hundred.

After planting my crops in the spring I would go to Grays Harbor to hunt sea otter until harvest time. I kept this up for eight or ten years until the otter became too scarce to be profitable hunting. So I gave up otter hunting. About the year 1891, my wife had been sick three or four years with neuralgia of the stomach. The doctor advised me to take her on the Ocean beach, so I rented my farm and went to Grays Harbor. Blodget was then living on his homestead, on the present site of Pacific Beach. He gave me an acre where the Pacific Beach hotel now stands if I would build a $500 house. I accepted the offer and built a house that cost me about $800. That was the first painted house north of Grays Harbor. I got my lumber for my

house and barn at Hoquiam, shipped on a scow to Oyehut and hauled from there up the beach on my wagon, which I had brought down with me. I had to ship my horses and wagon from Montesano on a scow to Oyehut, which cost me $40.00 each way. My wife got well and we have lived about half the time on the beach. Later on I bought half of Blodget's homestead and when the railroad was built in here, I platted Pacific Beach and sold a few lots. Then I sold all I had platted, except one hundred feet across the east end of block five, where I built a summer house, and we are still spending our summers there.

I will now go back to 1869 when I moved back from Rogue River, and tell you some of our hard times and struggles to make a living. I built a log house on the west edge of Hogue's Prairie, where I now live. My claim was in the heavy timber and brush, except two and one-half acres of prairie. We started clearing ground for garden south of our house. The clearing was heavy. My wife and I would start a fire, cut brush and pile it on the fire. It rained and snowed most of the time we were clearing our garden ground. The roots were so thick in the ground I could not plow. We dug it up with hoes, planted our garden among the roots and cultivated with hoes. We raised enough garden truck to do us. In a few years I had slashed, burned over, and seeded to grass so I could cut all the hay I needed. I made a trade with my neighbor, Henry Buchanan, to furnish him garden stuff for wheat. For several years we traded that way until I got land enough to raise wheat. I had been living on my place ten or twelve years. Joe Mouerman lived fifteen miles up the river, and had to travel a trail that distance to get out to go to town. Portland or Olympia were our nearest towns. Mouerman came to my house one day on his way to Portland. He had one day to spare. He wanted me to show him all my fencing, all my slashing, all my clearing and my rails that I had made. I had hired a good lot of the work done. He was very particular to know if I had paid for each job I told him I had hired done.

When we had got back to the house he said, "Now I will tell you why I wanted to see what you had gotten done on your place. Some of your neighbors told me you did not do anything but run in the woods with your gun on your shoulder, but I know now they are jealous. You have done more than than they have." After my oldest boy got big enough to make a hand helping thresh, my neighbor, Sam Adams, came and wanted Johnny and I to help him thresh. Next morning we went by Mr. Adam's place. The threshers were out in the yard waiting for breakfast. I asked Mr. Adams if he had hands enough. He said he thought he could get along. So I and John went on hunting. A few days later I saw Mr. Adams. He told me I got a good tongue lashing for leaving a job I could make three dollars at

and go off in the woods. He said he guessed Pat knew what he was doing.

We made twenty-five dollars, instead of three. I had been to Portland and Tacoma and made arrangements to ship deer and birds both ways. John and I made $255 the first thirty-five days we shipped to Portland and Tacoma, and had to quit hunting on account of the market being blocked.

I trapped for animals and worked out for wages to get things necessary for my family. We worked hard and economized, going scantily clad, and often hungry for want of food. We had quite a lot of sickness in our family. We lost four of our children, and had big doctor bills to pay, besides losing lots of stock. I lost eight head of horses in six years after we were married, and of cattle, I don't know how many. The first sheep I bought were six ewes, and a cougar killed four in one night. Later I traded a mule for thirty-five head of sheep. In a short time the wolves killed twenty-eight of them. Mr. Domp Newland told me if some of my neighbors had the stock I had lost they would think they were rich.

Now, this all happened in the first fifteen or twenty years after we were married, and we were working like two beavers to get a start. The hardest times we had were when I paid less than $10 in taxes. After I got to paying $100 and more, it was much easier getting along.

While I was in hops I did well. When Lewis County was almost bankrupt on hops, Mr. W. B. Coffman of Coffman-Dobson Company, Chehalis, told me I was the only man in Lewis County that was ahead on hops. I let my hops rot on the poles four years when the price was low. I put in the first hops and built the firt kiln in Lewis County, and cultivated them fifteen years. Then I quit hops and went into cattle. I bought and sold cattle, and fattened beef. I wintered as many as 97 head. I would put up about 140 tons of hay and feed it out by hay time next year; together with a big lot of roots, carrots, 20 tons; beets, 30 tons; turnips, 25 tons.

After I got my place opened up I kept about 130 head of sheep, 15 to 40 head of hogs. I have fattened 35 head of hogs at one time, shipped bacon to Portland, Oregon. I would fatten eight or ten beefs in the fall. This was after I began to prosper.

I will now go back to when I was losing horses. I was proud of my team. One laid down and died. I would work around and get a nice team again, and one of them would die. I finally got me a nice matched team. An Englishman came along and wanted one of my mares to match one he had. He offered me five head of horses for my mare. It was twice what my mare was worth. I would not trade. In less

than three months my mare died and I traded the other for a yoke of oxen and used oxen for fifteen years. I then bought a cayuse pony for $25. I then traded a cow and calf for a pony mare and rigged me up a team. I raised and sold $2200 worth of horses from that little mare and her descendants. Right then my luck changed.

When I got the cayuse team, everything I went into made money. In a little while I was buying real estate. I bought places for less than half what the improvements were worth. I bought and sold several places without having the deed in my name. I gave each of my six children two farms each, and fifteen lots each in Port Angeles and two each in Pacific Beach, and we have enough left to keep us, by economizing.

I must write something more about my dog, Frank. If I did not go hunting with him for several days he would go out alone and tree a wild cat or cougar. After barking a while he would go to the nearest house, jump up and bark. When someone took a gun and went with him, he would go to the tree. If the animal had come down while he was gone he would take the track and soon tree it again. He would do the same with a deer. He would locate the deer, and after he had run it to the creek then he would go after someone to shoot it. He would kill a wild cat in five minutes, if he could get hold of it. I saw him kill a half grown cougar one day that was not hurt. The cougar started to climb a tree, the dog caught it before it got out of reach and had it dead in less than five minutes.

That dog knew more about hunting and trapping than half the hunters in the country. I have owned a good many dogs, but he was the most sensible dog I ever owned. He was half hound and half cur.

The first school in this part of the state was organized on Bawfaw Prairie in 1854 and the first term of school was taught in Domp Newland's house, Mrs. Mary Newland, Domp's wife, teaching. The first school house was built on Mr. Stillman's place about three hundred yards west of the Mound, now owned by Mr. Corbin. It was built of lumber riven out of cedar timber.

I will now go back to the early history of father's folks. T. R. Roundtree was my father's father. He came from Kentucky with his family and settled in Knox County, Illinois, in 1835. T. R. Roundtree served in the war of 1812 and was in the battle in which the famous Indian Chief Tecumseh was killed. Three of T. R. Roundtree's boys and two girls crossed the plains in 1852, and settled on the Chehalis River. Dr. J. H. Roundtree, Perry O. Roundtree, A. J. Roundtree, Mrs. Betsy Murphy and Miss Polly Roundtree. In 1853, T. R. Roundtree and his youngest son, Martin D. Rounctree, crossed over the

plains and settled on the Bawfaw Prairie. P. O. and A. J. Roundtree took up donation claims on the Pe Ell Prairie.

Before the white people came to this country, a big Skookum, or hairy man, came and drove all the Indians away that were living on the Pe Ell Prairie and the Indians never went back there to live until after the Roundtree boys took up claims there, and went there to live.

I will now write about some of the queer things that happened here in an early day.

Pershell was a Frenchman living on Bawfaw on a donation land claim. His wife was a squaw. Their son was named "Pe Ell". After the Roundtree boys had lived out their time on their donation land claims, on what is now called Pe Ell, at that time known as Roundtree Prairie, Pe Ell, the son of Pershell, later called Peter Charles, took a claim on the north end of Pe Ell Prairie, and sold out to Elibe Hariford, and Hariford sold to Mouerman, and later it was called Pe Ell Prairie.

The first school house built at Claquato was built on the L. A. Davis D. L. C. (donation land claim) north of the wagon road built from Bawfaw northwest from L. A. Davis' dwelling house. It was built out of logs with the bark on them with one log cut in each side for windows. The county elections were held in that house. Mr. Henry Tucker told me later on they weather-boarded over the logs and painted it red. The fort and stockade were built on the south side of the road about the middle of the prairie.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL EBEY

By Robert C. Hill

Island County

In 1857, Colonel Isaac N. Ebey was collector of customs for the Puget Sound district by appointment of President Buchanan. At that early date, Whidby Island was but sparsely settled, even where now are prosperous cities and villages. There were a few mill towns, among which Port Gamble was the largest and most important.

Indians greatly outnumbered the white settlers and to some extent had things their own way; partly for the reason that the settlers wished to keep on good terms with them, in order to get favors when they wanted them. Many also were greatly afraid the red tribesmen might do them or their families some injury unless their desires—and demands—were satisfied by the whites. White women—nearly all

of them—were timid when Indians were near; and for that reason husbands and friends humored the Indians in order to remain on friendly terms with them.

The Haidahs, northern Indians from Alaska and the northern shores of British Columbia, were more troublesome than the natives of the Sound country, and were humored so much by the white settlers that eventually they began to think they could do pretty much as they pleased when in the white settlements—and they acted accordingly. Large numbers of these northern tribesmen spent their summers on Puget Sound, camping along the shores and devoting their time to hunting, fishing, trapping—and stealing from the whites. Often a party of these Indians would stop at one of the mill towns. The bucks would hire out their squaws for housework or any other employment, and the men themselves would go to work in the mills, remaining throughout the summer. Before leaving for their homes in the fall they would lie around town for a week or two, stealing everything they could lay their hands on and carrying away their plunder.

The first serious trouble between the Indians and whites occurred at Fort Gamble in the fall of 1855. On this occasion the pilferings of the Indians, and their arrogant attitude became unbearable to the people of the town and they demanded that the mill owners drive the Indians away. Accordingly, they were ordered away from the town; but instead of leaving the vicinity, the Indians went into camp opposite Port Gamble on the other side of the narrow entrance to the bay. Here they were more troublesome than ever, stealing into town at night and pilfering everything that was not locked up. They boasted, too, that they could not—and would not—be driven away.

The U. S. warship Massachusetts was then in these waters, however, and the people of Port Gamble called on her for assistance. The Massachusetts anchored offshore near the Indian encampment, and ordered the tribesmen to leave. They sent back a defiant refusal, threatening not only to fight the white settlers but the warship as well. The man-o'-war then opened fire on the camp, and with their first volley killed the big chief, who was a great favorite among the savages. It was not necessary to fire again. The natives were completely cowed and surrendered at once. They obeyed an order to tear down their tents and to pile all their effects in their canoes. They were then towed by the Massachusetts out to the Sound and started north to their homes.

The Indians had no intention of allowing the matter to drop at that stage, and those who were familiar with their treacherous character were aware that the trouble had not ended. Dr. George Kellogg, who was at Port Gamble at the time of this trouble, was looked upon by

the Indians as the one whose life should pay forfeit for the loss of their chief. They had seen Dr. Kellogg in Port Gamble, and his well-dressed appearance and the respect with which he was treated by his friends gave them the impression that he was a big chief among the whites; and they decided to secure his scalp as a fitting revenge for the death of their own favorite leader. They knew, however, it would be wise to postpone until their next visit the vengeance they had sworn to have.

They came back to Puget Sound the next year, according to their custom, carrying in their bosoms an undying hatred of the people who had killed their tyee. Dr. Kellogg at that time owned the land at Admiralty Head, opposite Port Townsend, and here the Indians who sought his scalp landed from their canoes and pitched their camp, hoping to put a bullet through the doctor within a short time. They were disappointed in this, however, for the doctor was not at that time on the island. The Indians were determined to get revenge, however, without further delay; and determined to take the life of someone else who was held in as high esteem among the whites as their chief had been held in their tribe. They were camped at the Head for several days, but were driven away by a number of us settlers on account of the fear among our families; and their tents then were pitched at a little lake some distance from their first camp.

The Indians kept well filled with whiskey in order to be ready to commit any crime, and began to look about for some one worth killing. They seldom talked to the whites, and were surly even when we tried to make friends with them. One day a couple of Indians met Tom Hastie, and pointing out Colonel Ebey, who was at work in a field a short distance away, they asked if he were a "tyee." Mr. Hastie thoughtlessly replied: "Yes, he is a hyas tyee." (Big chief.)

About 11 o'clock that night, the Indians left one squaw to look after the canoes and to have everything in readiness for a quick flight. The warriors took positions along the trail leading to Col. Ebey's house, and those nearest began making a great disturbance. This was continued until Col. Ebey came out of the house, to quell the disturbance. A shot was fired at him, and he seized an axe-handle and undertook to drive the Indians away. Another shot took off the fingers from his right hand and he called out: "What do you want?" "We want your head!" came the answer in jargon (this was afterward related by Mrs. Ebey), and the colonel rushed back to the window of his house to say something to his wife. As he leaned against the window pane, a bullet struck him in the side and he had just time to rush around to the front porch where he fell, dead, at his own door.

United States Marshal George A. Corliss and his wife were stop-

ping at Col. Ebey's house that night; and before the colonel fell on the porch they had rushed out the back door and came to my place, adjoining the Ebey farm. A shot was fired at Mrs. Corliss as she was climbing over the fence. Corliss had come to the island to pay off the jurors, and the money he had brought for that purpose was hidden in the bed in which he had been sleeping.

My brother, Humphrey, William B. Engle and Judge Crosby were stopping at my house, and within a few moments all of us, armed with guns, were headed for the beach where the canoes were tied up. We had a short cut and would have reached the beach in time to hide where we could have picked off every Indian as he came down the hill. But Mrs. Corliss insisted on going with us, which so delayed us that by the time we reached the beach the Indians were aboard their canoes and so far out in the fog we could not see them.

None of us at that time knew what had been Colonel Ebey's fate. While I was passing the house I heard someone hammering and thought it was some member of the household nailing up the door. Mrs. Corliss insisted, however, that she had heard the colonel fall just as she left the house. When we returned there we found it was as she had said. The colonel had been decapitated in a manner that would have done credit to a skilled surgeon, and the house had been ransacked. The money Mr. Crosby had hidden in the bed was not found by the Indians, although they had torn the mattress to pieces.

Two years later the colonel's head was restored to the family by Judge Swan to whom this office had been entrusted by the Hudson's Bay Company. It was obtained from the Indians, and was interred with his body in the cemetery near the Ebey home.

For several years thereafter, no northern Indian ever set foot on Whidby Island and lived to return to his native northern home.

PIONEER PRIVATIONS AND PLEASURES

By Flora A. P. Engle

Island County

(Whidby Island)

The earliest settlers of Whidby Island, arriving about 1851, were called upon to endure what persons of the present generation would consider hardships. Much of the low land on Ebey's Prairie was quite wet and grown up to tules and fern, with some light brush. In some of the clear spots the Indians had raised a few potatoes and the

first white men adopted the same practice, so that this vegetable soon became the principal article of vegetable diet.

In 1852-53 there was a scarcity of food supplies: flour was $40 a barrel and scarce at that; salt pork was $20 a barrel. There were no stores, other than a very small affair at Port Townsend, nearer than Victoria; no grist mill nearer than Tumwater, just above Olympia. Cows had been brought to the island, so there were milk and butter; but there was little of fresh meat except for venison, which, happily was to be had for the shooting. Salmon, too, was plentiful and formed a staple article of food.

In 1853 a settler went from Ebey's Landing to the present site of Oak Harbor and remained there at work for a week. Upon his return he was asked about conditions on the other side of the island. "I don't see much difference," he replied. "Over there they have salmon and potatoes, while here we have venison and potatoes."

As late as 1866, pork—fresh, salted or smoked—was about the only meat other than venison that was obtainable, except that occasionally a farmer would kill a beef and share the meat with his neighbors, who later, in their turn, would return an equal quantity of beef after butchering their cattle. Flour, for years, was almost unobtainable. At a barn-raising in the fifties, of all the men who attended and carried their dinners, only one had bread and that was in the shape of a biscuit.

Clothing was bought for service, regardless of the dictates of fashion. One pioneer, who later became a man of means, told of going for more than a year without a coat. Linsey-woolsey was a common rough material used for children's dresses. In the late sixties the writer saw a woman and her four girls, ranging in ages from six to twelve, all dressed alike in calico which the mother had bought in Victoria and smuggled through by fastening it to her clothing under her hoop skirt.

Styles were often as odd as the material used for clothing. One old bachelor, on his semi-occasional visits to Port Townsend, wore a bell-crowned hat and a short blue cloak, to the never-ending amusement of the populace.

Homes were scantily furnished, as nearly all furniture had to be shipped around the Horn, transferred to a sailing vessel at San Francisco and brought to the island. The sailing vessels made only irregular voyages, and were always welcomed; for most of them carried supplies of many sorts which were sold or traded to settlers.

Farming methods during the first few years were primitive. Hay was mowed with a scythe and grain cut with a cradle and bound by

hand. Threshing was done with a flail or by tramping the grain out with horses. Oxen were used in the fields to pull plows.

Transportation by land was by means of big farm wagons—some of these being the "prairie schooners" in which settlers had crossed the plains. Buggies were not thought of in those days, though by 1866 there were two or three of the latter on the island. One was a two-seated, open affair similar to the express wagons of the East; it was owned by John Crockett. The second was a two-wheeled cart known as the "Bluejay", the property of Captain Coupe, who later sold it to the writer for sixty dollars, to be paid in "four quarters of music lessons". The third was a one-horse "shay" belonging to Thomas Nesbitt of Crescent Harbor.

Roads were little more than trails through the woods. The first road passable to wheeled vehicles ran from Ebey's to Day's Landing, and this road later was extended to Coveland, now San de Fuca. A road was opened in 1858 or 1859 to Coupeville.

When work was done, the settlers of the early fifties enjoyed a social life which would scarcely satisfy the people of today, but appeared eminently satisfactory to the pioneers. Father, mother and the children would get into the big wagon and jog and bump over the rough roads after the farm horses six or seven miles—a long way then—to spend the day and possibly the night with a neighbor. Hospitality was unbounded and every man was the close friend and comrade of his neighbor. Sunday was the day for "visiting out" and it was no uncommon thing for a family to entertain a dozen guests over the week-end. Picnics were popular, and to these lunches were taken —usually in clothes baskets or trunks. Games were played in the woods and the forest rang with shouts of good-natured raillery. How they did eat—those stalwart men! They had good times in spite of their hardships and they were happy and healthy.

The people of the settlement were like one large family and a spirit of kindliness and neighborliness pervaded the atmosphere from one end of the island to the other. What was of interest to one was of equal interest to all. The afflictions of one household became a common cause of sorrow and the good fortune of a neighbor brought rejoicing to all.

On those rare occasions when people gathered together, whether at Quarterly Meeting or at a dance in a new barn or at the county hall, everybody danced, from gray-haired men to little girls of six. Other entertainments were virtually unknown, though there were occasional Christmas and Fourth of July celebrations. When a candidate for office came to the island to speak, everybody attended to hear him exalt his own party and abuse the opposing party.

Horses were imported early, and horseback riding was popular—but more as a matter of comfort and convenience in travel by the older folk. As the roads gradually were opened, however, the maidens and youths of the island took many romantic rides through the woods.

Hunting was a popular and profitable sport, though the shooting of deer was scarcely considered sport, for the deer were so tame they often strayed into the back yards of the farm homes. But there was large game in the forest, and wild fowl were plentiful. Great forest wolves were occasionally heard as late as 1858, and many sheep, pigs and calves were devoured by these fierce predators. The practice of spreading strychnine on the carcasses of deer finally resulted in complete extermination of the wolves. Bear are still (1936) seen on the island.

Very few disputes marred the pioneer lives and in the early days these were settled by arbitration. Prior to the nineties, when the island's first lawyer settled in Coupeville, there was virtually no litigation. It is notable, however, that resort to the courts grew more popular with the coming of a lawyer; and it is often remarked that had no lawyer ever settled on the island, disputes would even up to the present have been settled with less expense and ill feeling.

OLD FORT TOWNSEND

By James G. McCurdy

Jefferson County

In the fall of 1856, Major Granville O. Haller was sent to Port Townsend bay with orders to lay out and build a fort. Enforcement of the Indian treaties of 1854 had caused savage uprisings throughout the Northwest, and Port Townsend pioneers, feeling the need of protection, had appealed to the government for assistance. Port Townsend was subject not only to possible attack from the local Indians, but also to the savagery of the more ferocious Haidahs from Queen Charlotte Island, who spurred the upper Sound Indians on to even more treachery.

It is believed in Port Townsend that this small settlement would have been wiped out before the fort was established had it not been for Chetzemoka, better known as the Duke of York, chief of the Clallams, who had become a friend of the white men and did much to keep his people from massacring the whites.

Major Haller had much difficulty in building Fort Townsend. At

that time the Caribou gold excitement was at its height and his soldiers, paid only a dollar a day to work as carpenters, deserted to seek their fortunes at prospecting. The major solved the labor problem by importing discouraged miners from Victoria—men who had gone through the hardships of prospecting in the Caribou country without success. These men were glad to get work on the fort, and convinced the soldiers of the inadvisability of going into the Caribou.

The fort was built in primitive style. Timbers were hewed from logs, laths cut in the forests, and clam shells were burned and ground for plaster. The fort was ready for occupancy in the summer of 1857, and then was manned by Company I of the U. S. Infantry.

Two years later, in 1859, the San Juan boundary dispute caused the settlers of San Juan to appeal to General William Harney, commander of the headquarters of the Columbia, for protection. He inspected Fort Townsend, immediately ordered its evacuation and sent the company to Fort Steilacoom; and later, with other troops of the Puget Sound area, to the San Juan islands. Captain George Edward Pickett, later famous for "Pickett's charge," in the Civil war, was taken from Fort Bellingham and placed in command at San Juan.

Fort Townsend was then left in the hands of caretakers until the close of the Civil war. Being virtually abandoned, it fell into ruins, its buildings ransacked by vandals.

But its idleness was not permanent. By special orders of July 1, 1874, from Headquarters of the Columbia, Fort Townsend was ordered rehabilitated and its buildings placed in first-class condition. Much new work was done, including the laying out of a fine parade ground and the erection of an enormous flagpole, towering 130 feet above the ground. Brick walks were laid and a row of new houses, designated "Officer's Row," was constructed.

Later, however, water became scarce, due to the cutting off of timber on adjacent lands, and the supply was found to be insufficient to satisfy the needs of the post. To top matters, in January, 1895, a kerosene lamp explosion started a fire which destroyed the barracks. Orders then came from General Gibbons to decommission the fort. Caretakers were kept on the premises until 1927. William Brinsmead, last to serve in that capacity, died in Seattle March 22, 1936.

Two years ago, most of the buildings having fallen to ruin, those remaining, considered a menace to life and limb, were torn down. Nothing remained to mark the site of the old fort but the flagpole; and this ancient landmark became the target for many civilian marksmen who peppered it with bullets and shot, with little thought for its historic significance.

In order that it might be preserved, since its fine red cedar was yet in excellent condition, the old flag pole was taken down in the autumn of 1935 and moved to CCC Camp Cape George. Several months were spent in removing the leaden pellets, plugging the holes with putty, and finishing it as of old. On May 3, with fitting military ceremonies participated in by a Coast Guard battery from Fort Worden, the old flag pole, re-erected with its butt in ten feet of solid concrete, was re-dedicated. And after 41 years of idleness, it again flaunted the Stars and Stripes to the breeze.

LOREN BINGHAM HASTINGS

Son of the First White Woman to Settle at Port Townsend

Jefferson County

Loren Bingham Hastings, president of the American Tugboat Company of Port Townsend, is a representative of one of the oldest families of this city, where his birth occurred on July 18, 1853. His father, Loren Brown Hastings, born in Waterford, Vermont, removed at the age of 21 to southern Illinois, teaching school at LaHarpe. He afterward engaged in merchandising and in the operation of woolen mills. In the spring of 1847, he left Illinois and crossed the plains with ox teams to Oregon, where he arrived after six months of travel. Many hardships were endured on this journey, but no difficulties were had with hostile Indians.

The elder Hastings first located at Portland and was one of the first members of the city council there. In 1849 he engaged in merchandising and mining in California, where he prospered. In the fall of 1851, after having spent some time again in Portland, accompanied by F. W. Pettygrove, he came to the Puget Sound country, on a tour of inspection. He stopped at Port Townsend and at the site of the present town he met two young men—Charles Batchelder and A. A. Plummer. He afterward made an overland trip to Portland, bought the schooner Mary Taylor, shipped a crew and brought a number of families, including his own, to Port Townsend. Others in the passenger list were the Sheltons, Tallentyres and Pettygroves. Mr. Hastings thus became the principal founder of the town, where he arrived with his schooner on February 21, 1852. The families accompanying him established homes here and thus began the little settlement that has developed into a thriving small city.

Mr. Hastings engaged in merchandising, and later served as county commissioner, county treasurer, judge, mayor of the city and also as a member of the territorial legislature.

Loren Bingham Hastings, the son, began his education in the common schools of Port Townsend. At the completion of his common schooling, having become enamored of the sea, he wished to join the crew of some one of the many sailing vessels continually entering and leaving the port. But his father had other plans and Loren was sent east to attend St. Johnsbury Academy in Vermont for two and one-half years, and then spent a few months at the Eastman Business College in New York. He then returned to Washington and engaged in the grain business in Seattle as a member of the firm of Craig & Hastings.

At the end of eighteen months this partnership was dissolved and Loren returned to the town of his birth and joined with his brother in farming, teaming and contracting. They hauled wood to the steamers and also hauled the first charcoal to the old Irondale smelter when that industry was established.

In 1881 he made his first bold stroke in business. The carrying of mail between Puget Sound points and Neah Bay was a very profitable business. Hastings had no way of carrying the mail—he owned no boat—but put in a bid for the contract. His bid was slightly under that of the former contractor and the job was awarded to Hastings by the government. He then offered to buy the loser's schooner for $5,000, and the offer was accepted. Hastings scraped together $2,500, gave his notes for the remainder and within a few months had paid off his debt with the earnings of the boat.

He then organized the Hastings Steamboat Company, bought another vessel, the steam Garland, and won contracts to carry mail to other Puget Sound points—contracts which were held with only occasional lapses until 1916. In 1902 the American Tugboat Company was organized, with Mr. Hastings as president. This company today is a large operator of tugboats, pile drivers and other equipment on the Sound; Mr. Hastings is also a director of the Hastings estate and prominently connected with a number of important Port Townsend corporations.

Mr. Hastings was married October 21, 1878, to Miss Emma Littlefield, of Dexter, Maine, who died December 2, 1910. They had one daughter, Francel, now the wife of Rear-Admiral Harry G. Hamlet of the U. S. Coast Guard, stationed at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Hastings has represented his district in the state legislature, and for four terms was a member of the Port Townsend city council. He is a Mason and an Elk. He was the first president of the Commercial Club, and a member of the Episcopal church. He was the first white boy born and reared in Port Townsend.

His first recollection, he says, was the day an older brother came home to announce the murder and beheading of Colonel Ebey of Whidby Island. He couldn't understand it all, but the thought of a man's head being cut off frightened him. And his mother must have been equally terrified, for she made preparations at once to take her children to Seattle for protection. Word was received shortly after, however, that the murderers had gone back to their homes in British Columbia but it was a long time before the four-year-old boy could avoid shuddering at sight of an Indian.

His next thrill was on May Day, in 1861, at a picnic held in Kuhn's grove on the outskirts of Port Townsend, when the Steamer Anderson came into the harbor bringing news of the Confederate bombardment of Fort Sumpter. There had been a great deal of war talk in Port Townsend for months previously and when it actually began there was considerable tension. But Port Townsend at that time was strongly "Copperhead," with only three Republicans in the whole settlement; so there was no trouble. The Republicans remained quiet and cautious.

As a boy, his amusements consisted of the usual games, bow-and-arrow hunting with other lads and some Indian children, picnics in the woods (not too far from home), blackberrying, fishing and swimming. Very early he began to plan to go to sea, and badgered many a sailor to explain to him the various rigs that gave to ships the names of schooner, sloop, bark, etc. There were occasional traveling shows appearing at the I. O. O. F. hall, and in 1868 he heard what he still thinks was the finest singing in all his experience—that of ten negroes billed here as "The Songbirds of the South—But Recently Released from Slavery." When his father consented to his having a shotgun, he found much enjoyment in hunting for blue grouse, ducks and geese, which were very plentiful.

From his early boyhood until the middle eighties Port Townsend was a town of wooden buildings, with only a few exceptions. But it grew steadily and by the end of the Civil war, the town boasted representation of virtually every needed business and profession. The town's rise, he says, dates from about 1858, when, added to the growing importance of its port's regular business, there came many vessels outfitting for a run to the Caribou gold fields.

More and more ships entered and cleared from the port as Port Townsend and other cities on the Sound grew. Port Townsend had been named the port of entry, with a customs house; and sailing vessels entering for the Sound all stopped here, paid off their crews and were towed to the other Sound ports. After discharging their cargoes and lading for coastal or foreign ports, they were towed back to

Port Townsend, where they signed new crews before departure. The result of this practice was that the town was always full of seafaring men, all of whom had been paid off on arrival—and who spent their money, most of them, very freely. Better still, when they were resigned for another voyage they were given advances on their wages so that they might pay any bills, incurred during their stay, before leaving town. It was "all cash and no bad bills."

In addition to the coming of sawmills, fish canneries, foundries, and the Irondale smelter, large mercantile establishments, ship chandlers, etc., located in Port Townsend, and the latter found excellent profits in outfitting not only the commercial ships leaving the harbor, but in filling the needs of dozens of smaller vessels engaged in fishing and sealing.

The importance of the port for the fiscal year ending June 1, 1888—at the beginning of Port Townsend's "boom"—are shown by the following figures:

Number of vessels entering the port, 971. Number clearing, 954. Total tonnage entering, 834,104; leaving, 804,853. Trade brought to the city by vessels and sailors estimated at $4,000,000 annually. Much of the Alaska trade centered in Port Townsend, which at that time boasted a population of more than 5,000, with a large floating population in addition.

Gradual encroachment of the steam ship somewhat reduced the floating population of sailors, and consequent profit to hotels, restaurants, saloons, gambling houses, and outfitters. But this was offset in the late eighties by a great building boom growing out of the prospect of a railroad entering the town from Portland, a prospect which did not materialize, however. A streetcar line was built and electric cars ran for a short time; and from a dozen real estate offices lots were sold at prices probably never again to be attained.

The collapse of the boom heralded a number of years of hard times for Port Townsend. These were overcome, however, as quickly here as elsewhere in the nation.

One of Mr. Hastings' favorite stories concerns the experience of his parents when they halted at The Dalles, Oregon, for rest on their journey from Illinois to Portland. While the train was encamped there, the Hastings wagon was visited one day by an Indian, his squaw and their little thirteen-year-old daughter. Loren's older brother was then about a year and a half old, and had thick red hair. He had been named Oregon by his parents. The little Indian girl was greatly attracted to the red-haired baby and begged to hold it, which

was permitted until the child fell asleep, when he was laid on a pillow in the covered wagon.

The Indians remained all day, and were given some small trinkets by Mrs. Hastings. When at last they departed, the small Indian maid begged to be permitted again to see the baby. She measured his tiny feet with her finger and went away. Next morning she returned with her parents and asked again for the red-haired boy. He was brought out and the little Indian girl drew from her dress a pair of very fine buckskin moccasins trimmed with beads which she fitted lovingly on the barefoot child. Loren Hastings holds even today that there never would have been trouble between Indians and whites if the whites had treated them as brothers.

CAPTAIN JAMES HENRY SWIFT AND FAMILY

Whidby Island Pioneers

From the Records of the Daughters of Pioneers of Washington

Hattie Wilson Meader Swift, now Mrs. Francis Puget Race of Coupeville, is the eldest daughter from the union of James Henry Swift of Fairhaven, Mass., and Emily Calpernia Wilson Swift of Vallejo, California. Both parents were direct descendants of early New England colonists. Mrs. Race was born on the Swift ranch on Penn's Cove, Whidby Island in 1872. Her early education was at the little public school at Coveland, supplemented by private tutelage part of each year.

In 1886 the Swift family moved from the farm across the cove to Coupeville, where Mrs. Race still resides. The family attended the old Puget Sound Academy, as did many of the pioneers of the Puget Sound region. In 1890 Hattie was married to Francis Puget Race, son of Henry and Frances Race, who were pioneers of Port Gamble, having arrived there in 1858. Mr. Race was employed in the office of the Puget Mill Co., for twenty years. The Races moved to their farm on Whidby Island in 1876. Puget Race was a pioneer druggist, retiring in 1931 after having been in the drug business for more than forty years. They have two sons: Harry Race, druggist of Ketchikan and Juneau, Alaska, and Dr. William P. Race, a dentist.

Captain Swift's interest in the Northwest was concurrent with the arrival by wagon trail of many of Whidby Island's pioneers. In 1852, according to Starbuck's "History of American Whaling," Captain Swift was in command of the 615-ton bark "Anadir," of which he

was part owner with Swift & Perry, extensive shipowners of New Bedford, Mass. The "Anadir" had once been the supply ship "Erie" of the American navy when the Constitution ("Old Ironsides") was young in service. The "Erie" was bought by the New Bedford interests, made over into a whaler, renamed "Anadir" and put in commission for a North Pacific Ocean voyage in 1852. The voyage lasted three years, much of which time Captain Swift spent off the coast of what is now Washington and Oregon and in the Bering Sea. He returned to New Bedford in 1854 with a full cargo—2,500 barrels of whale oil and 1,500 pounds of whalebone, having sent home 1,000 barrels of whale oil on another ship. This was a record catch, according to whaling statistics of New Bedford. Captain Swift is quoted in Starbuck's history as an authority on whaling. It is undoubtedly due to his familiarity with these waters that he was sent back to Puget Sound in 1854 where his bark "Anadir" was to play an important part in the establishment of foreign commerce from this country.

U. S. customs records show that the Anadir cleared from Port Townsend in 1855 with a cargo of spars from McDonald's Island (now Camano) for the shipyards at Brest, France. The spars were cut at Utsalady by Indian labor. Captain Swift held a power of attorney to sell the ship in London, but this was not done after the first voyage; for we find the Anadir clearing again from Port Townsend with spars for the British navy at Falmouth, England. Some of these spars were exhibited at the exposition at Paris and attracted worldwide attention. It is believed Capt. Swift's first cargo of spars was the first foreign consignment from Puget Sound.

While sailing his bark through the Straits, around Skagit Head and into Penn's Cove on this voyage for spars the captain become so impressed with the beauty and possibilities of this island that he decided it was the most attractive place he had ever seen, and that he would retire from the sea and settle on Whidby. He bought the Jacob Smith donation claim in 1857, paying for it $3,000 in gold sovereigns. His choice of Whidby Island as a permanent home shows clearly how greatly he admired the island; for he had sailed the seas since he was fourteen years of age, starting as a cabin boy and becoming master at the age of twenty-one. He had touched at almost every port in the world, and at almost every season, in following the schools of whales from ocean to ocean. He boasted that he had circumnavigated the globe seven times and had been as far north and south as any navigator of his day.

His choice was the choice of others of his profession, also. Among the sea captains who settled in this beautiful cove were: Captain Thomas Coupe, for whom Coupeville was named; Captains Robert

Fay, Lovejoy, Barrington, Robertson, Rhoder (who later removed to Bellingham), Holbrook and many others.

Captain Swift returned to the East to prepare for removal to Whidby Island, but found that his wife's frail health would not permit her coming to a pioneer land. He therefore continued sailing on other ships, having sold the Anadir on his last voyage to England. In 1860 his wife, Lucinda, died, leaving two children; Hattie Meader Swift and Henry Arthur Swift. In 1862 Capt. Swift married Louise P. Butler, a girl of eighteen. They sailed for Puget Sound on their wedding trip and arrived at Penn's Cove in 1863, accompanied by the captain's son, Arthur, then 16 years old, and Lizzie, a negro servant who had long been in the service of the family. Hattie, the daughter, remained in the East to complete her education. She came out later with Annie Butler, sister of the second Mrs. Swift.

Captain Swift, together with a Captain Fowler and Judge James G. Swan, was appointed on the first Pilot Commission for this territory, serving from its inception in 1878 until its discontinuance in 1886. He was a staunch Democrat and served as a member of the Territorial legislature in 1869. His daughter Hattie, by his first wife, was married to Sam D. Howe, a prominent pioneer. Both Louise and Hattie died of diphtheria in the epidemic of 1869. Louise left two sons: Captain Edward A. Swift of Seattle and Charles B. Swift of Fort Worth, Texas. Arthur Swift died in 1922 in Seattle.

In 1870 Captain Swift married Emily Calpernia Wilson, who became the mother of Mrs. Hattie (Francis Puget) Race, of Mrs. Maude Maria (Harry) Fullington, of Mary Elizabeth Swift (Mrs. Bouchard, deceased), and of Dr. George W. Swift, a surgeon of Seattle. Hattie, the eldest, was favored by being allowed to accompany her father on his many trips around the Sound and on his visits to captain friends around the Cove. Thus to her came opportunity to hear many a glamorous tale of the sea, of whales like Moby Dick, of cannibals such as those who once in the Fiji Islands prepared to roast Captain Swift and his friend Captain Brown, and who only were prevented from doing so because the astute masters had taken the precaution of holding the cannibal king's sons as hostages on their ships before going ashore.

The Swift children grew up among the Indians, the chief of the Skagits living and working on their farm. Their greatest pastime was horseback riding.

HUGH ELDRIDGE

Whatcom County

My Father

Edward Eldridge was a most conspicuous character in the pioneering and development of Whatcom County, Bellingham Bay region. He was born in Scotland, December 7, 1792. From the age of eleven he followed the sea, becoming a licensed navigator. His first trip to America was made in 1846, when he was a member of a crew of a vessel carrying mahogany from Honduras. Later, he was a sailor on the Great Lakes for a time, then went back to ocean-plying vessels. In 1849 the vessel on which he worked put in at the port of San Francisco. Edward Eldridge signed off and joined the gold seekers in the Yuba fields. After a year in the gold fields he returned to sea, signing on as second mate of the Tennessee of the Pacific mail line in coastwise service between San Francisco and Panama.

On one of these trips, Mr. Eldridge met Miss Teresa Lappin. They were married not long after their arrival in port. Father resigned as mate and with his bride again visited the gold fields of California. Not finding the wealth they sought, father returned to sea with the intention of trying mining in Australia. While waiting in San Francisco for a vessel, he met his old friend, Captain Roeder, a former captain on the Great Lakes.

Captain H. Roeder and Mr. R. V. Peabody had come to Whatcom County in search of a water power site for a lumber mill, and were the first settlers on Bellingham Bay. Captain Roeder persuaded my father to join him in his plan of development and as a result, Edward Eldridge, his wife and baby daughter, age 3 years, arrived in 1853 and were also among the first settlers here. Mother was the first white woman in this new country. She had come to this country in 1850 from Ireland and the next year joined a group of young women who were answering a call sent east from California. This party had organized in response to a plea for young women to come west and help people the new coast state. They had taken passage by way of the Isthmus of Panama.

There were three of us children, Isabella, the eldest, was born at Yureka, California, and in the course of time was married to G. G. Edens, prominent Skagit County pioneer. Edward was the second child, and was born at Whatcom, August, 1855, being one of the first white children born in the Bellingham settlement. Edward died at the age of 13 years. Alice was the next child. She was married to J. Gilligan of Skagit County, and died while still a young woman, in

February, 1886. Hugh Eldridge (myself), is the only surviving member of this pioneer family.

Upon coming to Bellingham Bay, father took up a donation claim, 320 acres of land, adjoining the claim of Captain Roeder and fronting on the bay. In addition to helping erect and operate the Roeder and Peabody mill, father developed his property, which, as the community grew, became part of the town's site. Mother passed away on May 10, 1911, and father died October 12, 1892.

HUGH ELDRIDGE

I was born December 14, 1860, in Bellingham, when the place was but a saw mill site and logging camp on the bay. I was educated in the local schools and when 18 years old became actively associated with father's business. On February 23, 1893, I married Miss Delisca J. Bowers, who died in 1910. On June 22, 1922, I again married, this time to Mrs. Clara Burleigh, widow of Walter A. Burleigh of Seattle. I have resided in Bellingham all my life and am the oldest native son.

Bellingham was named for Sir William Bellingham, by Joseph Whidby. The name was first given to Bellingham Bay. Sir Bellingham was chief accountant or storekeeper of the British Admiralty who had personally checked over Captain Vancouver's equipment and supplies when he sailed from England on the ship Discovery, accompanied by the brig Chatham. Whidby explored the bay on June 11, 1792, and upon receiving Captain Whidby's report aboard the ship Discovery, charted it as Bellingham Bay.

Originally four small towns fronted on Bellingham Bay, namely: Whatcom, Sehome, Bellingham and Fairhaven. In 1889, Fairhaven and Whatcom were incorporated under the name of Fairhaven, and at about the same time Sehome was incorporated under the name of New Whatcom. In 1901 the State Legislature passed an act eliminating the prefix "New." On December 28, 1903, Whatcom and Fairhaven were united under the name of Bellingham.

Whatcom was named for the Indian Chief Whatcom. Early settlers remembered this chief as a friend of the whites, protecting them from warring tribes of Indians.

Dan Harris, who arrived in 1853, was the founder of Fairhaven. He was delighted with the location and conceived the idea for the name from the coziness of the harbor and the stillness of the water.

Although Captain Henry Roeder and R. V. Peabody were the first

white settlers, a Captain Palto had been there previously to get piles for San Francisco. He returned later to settle and was the first to take a donation claim.

The first notable immigration to Bellingham was in the fall of 1852, and, I believe, Captain Wm. R. Pattle was among the first of these to take a donation claim, his land extending along the waterfront from and including the Bloedel-Donovan mill site to the E. K. Wood mill. Another was E. C. Fitzburgh, whose claim covered the business district on what is now Belingham's north side. Then came the claims of Roeder and Peabody, where Old Whatcom was located. Next was the claim of Charlie Vail, between the Fitzburgh and Pattle claims. Then Edward and Teresa Eldridge, each of whom took a donation claim. The other claims were taken out by Captain Wm. Utter-Morrison and Dan Harris.

Dan Harris was one of the most picturesque of the early settlers. In 1858 he went to the Caribou country. Returning here, he engaged in smuggling between Victoria and Bellingham Bay for a good many years. After smuggling ceased bringing him a good living he worked around in the logging camps and mills.

In 1879 there was a gold stampede on Ruby Creek, headwaters of the Skagit River. Harris bought a couple of head of cattle and drove them around by Fort Hope in British Columbia, and through to Ruby Creek, believing that the miners would be in need of meat and that he would do well on his trip. When he got there he learned the miners had found but little gold, but they forced him to kill one of the animals and give them the meat, for which Harris received nothing. The other animal was driven back to Bellingham Bay. You know, there's not one man in a thousand that would have the patience and endurance to take an animal over the trails through the mountains that he traveled to reach Ruby Creek.

A coal mine was located on the Pattle claim, a short distance south of where the Hotel Leopold now stands. That was in the fall of 1853 or spring of 1854, and its operation continued until 1877. Considerable coal was shipped from the mine to San Francisco. It was this mine that promoted the town of Sehome and it became as important as any other place on the Sound.

Indian Stories

The Northern Indians prepared to attack the people who were working in the mines. In fact, one night they killed two men who were asleep in a canoe anchored near the shore. Dick Williams, who was one of the early settlers, had been trying to get the load out of an old flint-lock musket. Just after dark he succeeded in touching the mus-

ket off with a hot wire. At the report of the musket the Northern Indians, who were in their canoes and expecting to take the settlers by surprise, thought they had been discovered and returned the fire. The white people immediately ran for the woods and two Lummi Indians, Davy Crockett, and his brother, Yellow Kanim, grabbed their guns and hid in the woods near the bluff overlooking Bellingham Bay. They started shooting at the hostiles and prevented them from landing. Davy Crockett was then chief of the Lummi.

I have heard my father and other early settlers tell that Bellingham Bay was the starting place for people going to the Frazer River and Caribou mines. There were about 11,000 people on Bellingham Bay by this time, more people than in all the rest of the territory of Washington.

When the coal mine was closed down in 1877 there were not more than twelve families living on Bellingham Bay. Three of these were in what was known as the Happy Valley country, the Connelly, Padden and Clarke families. Ferndale became a much more important place and remained so until in the fall of '82 when the Washington, or Kansas, colony announced that they were going to settle in Whatcom. The town then began to pick up and in the spring of 1883 there was a boom and many buildings were erected.

My father was the first legislator elected from Whatcom County to the territorial legislature.

Mother was carried ashore to be the first and only white woman in the new settlement. Upon her arrival she lived in a tiny log cabin near the falls. Close by was the mess house, and here she provided the plain but bounteous and well cooked food for the hungry workers of the Roeder and Peabody mill, the second on Puget Sound. Later we moved to a new cabin built on the donation claims in Squallicum Creek district, and still later to Sehome, but as late as 1860 mother still continued with her boarding house.

There was a small school house near the Bay. It stood where the B. B. machine shops are now located and was built of rough lumber.

The first school was taught at night, by father, and was attended by coal miners who were employed at the mine then being developed at Sehome. Later on, a school term of three months a year was usually taught with eight or ten pupils in attendance. We walked to school two months over a narrow trail, where the branches of the trees met over our heads.

There were no churches or Sunday schools or societies of any kind, therefore very little in those days to break the dull monotony of our everyday life, except some trouble or scare caused by the Indians of

British Columbia, who visited us frequently. On one occasion, Davy Crockett, chief of the Lummi Indians, who was always friendly to the whites, informed us that the northern hostile tribes were on their way to attack the settlers here. He volunteered to defend and protect us with his braves. Near where Bellingham mill now stands they were preparing their firearms in readiness for attack. Two white men were placed off shore in a boat as sentinels. Dick Williams had been trying to discharge an old flintlock musket all afternoon, and succeeded at last with a hot wire. All that was ever seen or heard of that gun was the report, which was evidently heard by the hostiles, as it was immediately answered by a shrill war whoop and a volley of shots from two northern canoes. Whereupon Dick Williams, his companion, and the settlers took to their heels and fled to the woods. Davy Crockett and his brother, Yellow Kanin, by their incessant firing all night, prevented the landing and massacreing of the whites. When morning dawned the enemy had gone but the two white sentinels had been killed in their boat.

An Indian girl once came to our house, greatly excited, and begged for protection from some northern Indians who were closely pursuing her. My mother being alone at the time with two small children, was loath to take her in, but finally consented. The girl secreted herself under a bed. Soon the house was surrounded by Indians, demanding the girl or admittance. This was refused, and they forced an entrance at the back door, and soon the room was full of angry Indians searching every nook and corner until they found her. Seizing her by the hair, they dragged the poor girl out of the house and embarked in their canoes and disappeared. We learned, later, that the unfortunate girl was a Kanaka, brought to the Pacific coast by one of the trading vessels from Honolulu.

SOME EARLY HISTORY OF THE TOUCHET VALLEY

Read by Judge C. F. Miller

At a meeting of the Dayton Commercial Club, April 8, 1916

Columbia County

When this subject was first suggested to me by a member of your club, I thought it might be a difficult matter to make it interesting, but I have often found that people of education and extensive reading on almost every subject, are far better acquainted with the history of ancient Greece and Rome, than with the early history of their immediate section of country. As I was not here during the greater part of the time covered by this paper, much of it has been taken from early

histories and descriptions, from Indian traditions and stories, and from accounts handed down from mouth to ear by the pioneers and first settlers.

It might not be necessary to say to you gentlemen, that when I speak of Dayton, Waitsburg or Bolles, I am not referring to these towns, but simply to the location where they were built many years afterwards, and the places where the events mentioned took place will be better understood and remembered by calling them by their present names.

A short time ago I mentioned the fact to a prominent attorney that before passing through Dayton, Lewis and Clark had camped at Bolles Junction, and he immediately inquired, "did they name it Bolles?"

The scope of this paper will not permit me to go back to the time when Balboa crossed the Isthmus, perhaps swimming Gatun Lake on the way, and first beheld the mighty Pacific, and I shall commence with the advent of the first white man in the Touchet valley.

It might be well to say, in a general way, that the first explorers were sent out to search for gold and treasure and to add to the possessions and commerce of their native countries. They were followed by others sent out to establish trading posts and secure a monopoly of the valuable fur trade with the Indians. In this class were Lewis and Clark, sent out by President Jefferson; John Jacob Astor, who established a fort and trading post at Astoria, Oregon; Captain Bonneville, who came in the interests of the American fur traders, and the Hudson's Bay Company, operating under a charter from the British government. As is usual in the discovery and settlement of all new countries, the treasure seekers and traders were next followed by representatives of the different churches, seeking to establish missions and extend their religion among the natives.

Parker, Whitman, Spaulding and others came first, sent out by the American Board of Missions, and were soon followed by the Jesuit priests, who usually settled around the Hudson's Bay trading posts and cast their influence with them. There was a great deal of jealousy engendered and some of the early Indian wars were caused thereby. During these times there was much contention between the American and British traders, the British usually being successful. In 1842 it was reported that Great Britain was about to send a large colony to Oregon, and at this time congress was wavering. Daniel Webster was in favor of trading the Oregon country for some fishing privileges. This caused great excitement among the few American settlers then in the valley, and Dr. Whitman made his memorable ride from Whitman mission to St. Louis, and then to Washington, to place the question before President Tyler. He aroused the people of the east

to the importance of the far west, and in the spring of 1843 led a large party of emigrants across the plains to this country. This event was followed by the American trappers and the few settlers then in the valley who organized and secured a pledge from the priests and Hudson's Bay people to leave the question of forming a provisional government to a vote. The British subjects, under the leadership of Father Blanchet, after satisfying themselves that they had a majority, agreed to this plan, and on May 2, 1843, they met at Champoeg.

Old Joe Meek drew a line with a stick and cried, "all who are in favor of the provisional government follow me," and stepped across the line. There was an even vote, but F. M. Mattieu, then a young trapper, and afterwards prominent in Oregon politics, wavered for a moment and then stepped over to the Americans, the vote then being fifty-two to fifty. Joe Meek threw his hat in the air, and shouted, "Hurrah for our side." The provisional government was decided on, and Oregon was saved for the United States.

England claimed all north of the 42nd parallel; President Polk made his campaign with the slogan, "fifty-four-forty, or fight," but the matter was finally compromised on the 49th parallel, by the treaty of 1846.

Oregon Territory was created in 1848, and Washington Territory carved therefrom in 1853. But coming down to our subject, we find that on Friday, the second day of May, 1806, the soil of Columbia County was first profaned by the foot of a white man.

A careful search of the early histories of the coast, and even Indian traditions indicate that prior to that date, this was Indian country, pure and simple, settled by no particular tribe, but claimed jointly by the Walla Wallas, Cayuses and Umatillas, the Tucanon being the dividing line between them and the Nez Perces. This was the summer meeting place of the different tribes surrounding us. Here the old Indian trails, or the Nez Perce trails, as they are usually called, cross the Touchet, leading from the Nez Perces on the east, the Palouses on the north, the Yakimas on the west, and the Umatillas, Walla Walla and Cayuse Indians on the southwest. They met here on common ground, pastured their horses on the grassy hillsides and in the fertile valleys of the Touchet and the Patit, raced their ponies during the day, and gambled at the stick game by the light of the campfire during the evening hours.

Years afterwards when the first white settlers arrived, they found the present site of Dayton was still the pleasure ground of the Indians. The trails leading from the crossing of the creek near the present malt house to the foot of the Pringle hill was their race track, and

as the Indian is a natural gambler, the possession of the cayuse ponies passed from one tribe to another, the result depending on the tribe which had, during the year, developed the fleetest race pony. Some of those present have seen the stick game as played by the Indians, along the banks of Dutch creek, during the early days. This was the original Indian gambling game, on which they bet their ponies, their blankets and sometimes their squaws, before the white man introduced the games of poker and piute.

Many of these Indian gamblers would have made good sleight-of-hand men, singing their "hi-ya" song to confuse their opponents, and passing the stick from one hand to the other, they demonstrated the fact that the hand is quicker than the eye.

During the fall of 1805, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark passed down the Snake River in rudely constructed boats, touching at Alpowai on their way. On the night of May 1st, 1806, in their return from the mouth of the Columbia, where they had passed the winter, they camped for the night near where Bolles Junction is now located, and on the morning of the second they traveled, as they describe it in their diary, for about three miles on a hilly road along the north bank of the creek, with a wide bottom on the south side, to where a creek comes in from the mountains to the south. This was undoubtedly the Coppei, which they named Gambler's creek, and is the present site of the City of Waitsburg. There they entered a wide valley on the north side of the creek, containing about fifty acres of pine timber; four miles further on they crossed to the south side, evidently at Shiloh, and then traveled seven miles further on the south side to the next crossing, where a small stream came in from the northeast, and the main stream bore to the south towards the mountains where it had its source. This is easily recognized as Dayton, where the Touchet from the south and the Patit from the northeast have their junction. They gave the name of White Stallion to the main Touchet at this point, because they had, a few days before, been presented with a beautiful white stallion, by the chief of the Walla Wallas. They then say that they traveled up the small stream, north 45 degrees east, eight and three-quarter miles and camped in the bottom on the north side of the creek, at a point where the trail, or road as they call it, left the stream and turned into the high open plains. The entire distance traveled during the day was nineteen miles. The next day they traveled over the hills, north 15 degrees east, twelve miles to the Kinnooenim, or Tucanon, where they camped for dinner. After dinner they crossed over the hills for three miles to a small stream, evidently the Pataha, and up that stream eleven miles to a cottonwood grove where they camped, having made twenty-eight miles during the day. This was without question the Rigsby grove, just above Patah City. They say

that this was a cold day, and that it hailed and rained and snowed, and was very disagreeable. In passing up the Touchet, they describe the soil as improving and the hills more fertile and less sandy than those below. On May 2nd they saw two deer, many birds and evidence of beaver and otter along the streams, and say that the valley were covered with camas, then in bloom. I am inclined to take issue with the explorers on one point, and that is the distance traveled up the Patit. All the old settlers know that the Indian trails left the Patit at the present Broughton place, above Ingram's, where the road now leaves going toward Ronan. When a boy, I rode over the trails and know where they left the Patit, and I have just examined an old map made by Dan Miner in 1878, which shows the Nez Perce trails. They leave the Patit at the place where the road now leaves, but climb the hill and come into Johnson Hollow just below the Johnson residence, and then cross over the hills through the Eager place to Whetstone near the warehouses, and then run up Whetstone to Turner, then pass between the Vannice and Anderson places and down the gulch to the Allen Howard place on Tucanon, a mile below Marengo. Besides this proof, the explorers say that they traveled up the Patit north 45 degrees east. This would be the proper direction up to the Broughton place, but from that on, the creek comes from a little south of east and the trails formerly leading from the Broughton place run north about 15 degrees east, which would be the direction traveled the next day toward the Tucanon.

The distance traveled, the direction, the remembrance of the old settlers, and the first map made, all go to show Lewis and Clark made a clerical error in recording this distance, and that their one camp made in Columbia County was at the old crossing of the Patit on the east end of the Broughton place. It is rather unfortunate that the original Indian name, Kinnooenim, was not retained instead of the rather harsh sounding name of Tucanon. Many people have the idea that Tucanon derived its name from the tradition that some early expedition buried two canon on its banks when pressed by the Indians, but the early expeditions, both explorers and Indian fighters, did not carry cannon. They did well if they got over the country with their muskets. The first cannon in this section, that we read about, were at Fort Taylor at the mouth of the Tucanon, built by Colonel Wright in 1858, which was some time after the creek had received its present name. I am inclined to adopt the theory that the name is derived from "tukanin" Nez Perce name for cowse of Indian bread root, which was generally used by the Indians in making bread. I have some early recollections of trying to eat some Indian bread made from crushed cowse, flavored with grasshopper legs.

The name Patit, called by the Indians Pat-ti-ta is somewhat in

doubt, one Indian having told me that it was a Nez Perce word meaning bark creek and another that it was from the French and meant a small creek. The word Touchet has never been properly identified, but Ed Raboin thought it was from the French, and came from the exclamation "touche" used in fencing with foils, when one of the fencers touched the other over a vital spot.

In 1811, John Jacob Astor, in an effort to control the fur trade of the Pacific northwest, established a fort at the mouth of the Columbia, and in October of that year, David Stewart, with a small party journeyed up the Columbia and established a small trading post at the mouth of the Okanogan, this being the first white settlement within the present limits of the State of Washington, but these things are beyond the scope of this paper and are given only passing notice.

After the Lewis and Clark party, the next white men to travel through Columbia County was the noted Captain Bonneville, whose adventures are described in the works of Washington Irving. Bonneville made several efforts to establish a trading station in the Oregon country, but was discouraged by the hostility of the Hudson's Bay people. On his second trip he came down the Snake River to the mouth of the Alpowai, and from there took the old Nez Perce trails to old Fort Walla Walla, which was located where Wallula now stands. He passed through the present site of Dayton on March 1st, 1834, and describes this section as a beautiful and fertile region, better wooded than most of the tracts through which they had passed.

To impress the Indians with the power of the whites, when he was asked how many people there were in the United States, he replied that "they were as countless as the blades of grass in the prairies, and that great as Snake River was, if they were all camped upon its banks they would drink it dry in a single day."

In 1835 Rev. Parker and Dr. Marcus Whitman were sent out by the Board of Foreign Missions to look for a favorable point to establish a Presbyterian mission in the Oregon country. On their arrival at the trappers' rendezvous on the Green River in Wyoming, they met a young Nez Perce chief, there on a trading expedition, who, on account of his natural wit and fluent speech was called "Lawyer" by the white trappers.

After talking with Lawyer, they decided to establish their mission with his people, and Dr. Whitman returned to the east, while Parker came to the Nez Perce country with Chief Lawyer, where he was treated with great kindness by the Indians. He then started to Fort Walla Walla, passing through the present location of Dayton on October 3rd, 1835, and continued down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver.

In this connection it might be well to say, that of all the western Indians, the Nez Perce alone remained friendly to the whites until 1877, when a portion of the tribe led by Chief Joseph revolted against the attempt of the white settlers to expel them from their favorite hunting grounds in the valley of the Wallowa.

All the old settlers of this country remember Chief Lawyer, who nearly every summer for many years, during the corn cutting season, established his camp on the Touchet, in the vicinity of the city park. He was always a good friend of the white people, and rendered great assistance in keeping the larger part of his people out of the Joseph war. His name is perpetuated in Lawyer's Canyon, crossed by one of the highest railroad bridges in the world, on the Grangeville branch.

In 1836, Dr. Whitman and Rev. Henry H. Spaulding, with their young wives, and Mr. W. H. Gray, afterwards a prominent resident of Astoria, left their homes in the east for the purpose of establishing two missions in the far west. After journeying across the plains and the Rockies, they arrived in September at Fort Walla Walla, then in charge of P. C. Pambrun, a British agent. They then continued on down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver, where they left the ladies. The men returned to Fort Walla Walla, and a few days later built their first house at the old Whitman Mission. It is curious to read their impression of the qualities of the soil at that time. Mr. Pambrun thought it would raise corn, some potatoes and possibly wheat, although he had not tried it. Dr. Whitman concluded that there was about ten acres around the mission acceptable for cultivation, and a few spots of from two to six acres each along the streams and foothills, that might be cultivated for the use of the natives. They certainly made a poor estimate of the producing qualities of what is now the greatest wheat belt in the world. Shortly afterward, leaving Mr. Gray in charge of the Whitman mission, Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spaulding took the old trails for the Nez Perce country and passed through the present site of Dayton. They located the second mission for Mr. Spaulding on the Lapwai creek, two miles above its mouth. They then returned to the Whitman mission and Mr. Spaulding went down to Vancouver for the ladies.

In the latter part of November, 1836, Dr. Whitman and Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding again journeyed through this county to Lapwai, where they built a house and established the Spaulding mission. Thus Mrs. Spaulding enjoyed the distinction of being the first white woman to set foot on the soil of Columbia County.

On this trip they visited with Red Wolf, a chief of the Alpowai branch of the Nez Perces, who lived near the mouth of the Alpowai

creek, and Mr. Spaulding gave the chief some apple seeds that he had brought from the east. They were planted the following spring, and the first orchard of southeastern Washington came into existence. Some of you have seen this orchard, of which only one tree now remains, a branch of which, with the apples on the limb, was shown in the Asotin exhibit at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition in 1909. In 1838 Rev. Cushing Eells, the founder of Whitman College, passed through this county to visit Mr. Spaulding at Lapwai, and then proceeded to the Colville country where he established a mission. In 1839 a small printing press was brought from the Sandwich Islands and set up at Lapwai and some books were printed in the Nez Perce language by Dr. Spaulding and Cornelius Rogers, a young man who had come west with Mr. Eells. This was the first printing press in the northwest.

On November 29th, 1847, occurred the Whitman massacre and soon afterwards Mr. Spaulding and the few remaining whites connected with him at the Lapwai mission, were escorted to Fort Walla Walla by friendly Nez Perces, and left this part of the country. At this time William Craig, who had long lived with the Nez Perces, and William McBean, with a few assistants at the Hudson's Bay fort, were the only white people in this section of the country. On receipt of the news of the massacre at Whitman mission, the settlers of the Willamette valley organized and the Cayuse war began. Cornelius Gilliam, grandfather of Mrs. Nellie Gilliam Day, was elected colonel. On March 12th, 1848, Colonel Gilliam was camped on the Tucanon at the crossing of the Nez Perce trails, and was informed that the Cayuse Indians, and among them the murderers of Whitman, were encamped near the mouth of that stream; he at once made a night march and arrived at their camp in the early morning, only to find that the Indians had forded the Snake and escaped to the other side. Gilliam gathered up their stock and started back for the crossing of the Touchet at Dayton, but after marching for a short distance, was attacked by some 300 Palouse warriors, left behind by the Cayuses, to make the attack. The Indians were at first repulsed but continued to follow up and a running fight lasted until Dayton was reached, where a real battle took place. Here the Indians were stopped and did not cross to the west side of the Touchet. A few days later Colonel Gilliam was accidentally killed while drawing his stake rope from a wagon, the rope catching on the trigger of a gun and discharging it.

The murderers of Whitman having made their escape, and scattered among the Indian tribes in different places, the Cayuse war came to an end and the volunteers returned to the valley.

In 1850 most of the Indians engaged in the massacre were captured and brought in by friendly Umatillas. The leader who boasted of the

fact that he had scalped Mrs. Whitman, was killed while resisting capture, but five of the other leaders were taken to Oregon City and hanged.

After the Cayuse war this section of the country remained unsettled until 1853, when Louis Raboin settled on the Tucanon, just above the crossing of the trails, where Marengo is now located. Henry M. Chase located on the Mustard place, now a part of Dayton, and P. M. LaFontain on the Day place at the crossing of the Touchet river near the present malt house. Lloyd Brooke, Geo. C. Bumford and John F. Noble, partners in the stock business, took possession of the old Whitman mission about 1852, after the Cayuse war, and engaged in stock raising, but soon afterwards located claims on the Touchet between the present Waitsburg and Huntsville, and in addition to their stock raising opened a small trading store for the Indians. Louis Raboin was from Illinois, of French descent, married to a Flathead woman and had six children. He was a small, active man, of lively disposition and called by the Indians, "Maringouin," the French for mosquito, and was generally known among the pioneers as Louis Marengo, hence the name of the town later established on his place. His son, Ed. Raboin, from whom I have obtained a great deal of information in regard to the Indians, was for several years my court interpreter in the trial of Indian cases and was accidentally killed last year at Lapwai.

Henry M. Chase was a Massachusetts Yankee who came west in 1851, and two years later settled at the present site of Dayton. He married the daughter of Raboin, and was a very bright, intelligent man, afterwards being a member of the legislature in 1852 and '53, from Clark County, of which this section was then at part, and his partner, John F. Noble, was the treasurer of the county. They will be mentioned later in speaking of the organization of Walla Walla County.

In the summer of 1855, Governor Isaac I. Stevens, who had been appointed governor of the new Territory of Washington, while on a tour of inspection, passed through the present site of Dayton and camped the night of June 17th on the Patit. He describes the country as beautiful and inviting, and that the whole country in view was well adapted to agriculture and stock raising. He visited Raboin on the Tucanon, describing him as a kind hearted mountaineer, who with his Flathead wife and children, had gathered about him the comforts of a home, owning about fifty head of horses and many cattle; that he had some four acres in cultivation, with an excellent crop of potatoes and wheat, and that he was also succeeding well in raising poultry.

On this trip of the governor, on June 9th, the first treaty with the

Indians was signed at Camp Stevens, now the city of Walla Walla. All of the tribes of western Washington sold a large portion of their lands to the government; the Cayuses, Walla Wallas and Umatillas were to receive $100,000.00 for that portion of their lands lying between the Tucanon and the Alpowai. This treaty was afterwards repudiated by all the Indians except the Nez Perces. In the fall of 1855, Kamaiakin, head chief of the Yakimas, being dissatisfied with the treaty, declared war against the white people, and drove the soldiers from the Yakima country. This aroused the Cayuses and the Walla Wallas, and Peu-peu-mox-mox was soon engaged in the war. Nathan Olney, the Indian agent at The Dalles, made a trip to the Walla Walla country seeking to pacify Peu-peu-mox-mox, but this chief refused the presents offered and repudiated the treaty. Mr. Olney at once ordered all settlers to leave the country. At this time Chase, LaFontain and Brooke left their cabins on the Touchet in Columbia County on their way to The Dalles for supplies; and on arriving at the mouth of the Umatilla, they were informed of the Indian uprising, and returned to Whitman mission, where a conference was held, and all the whites agreed to convert the house of Mr. Brooke, just below the present Huntsville, into a fort and stay with the country. Chase and LaFontain returned to their ranches at Dayton and on the day agreed upon for the meeting at the Brooke cabin, LaFontain went to confer with them, and learned that all the others, who had agreed to stay and fight it out, had concluded to abandon their places and leave the country. Chase and LaFontain concluded to stay, and commenced to fortify the Chase house, which was located in the vicinity of the present Pietrzyski residence. They had three transient hired men, who at first agreed to stay, but on the following day the hired men concluded that they had not lost any Indians, and took their departure. Chase and LaFontain completed their stockade, ran a bucketful of bullets, stocked the cabin with provisions, and dug a tunnel to the banks of the Touchet for water in case of siege, and waited for the Indians.

They remained for ten days longer, when the constant standing guard and waiting for the Indians, who had not appeared, began to wear on their nerves, and they started for the country of the friendly Nez Perces, picking up Louis Raboin on the Tucanon, and at that time not another white man remained in southeastern Washington. On the next day, after they had gone, the Indians came and burned the Brooke and Chase houses.

During this Indian war no fighting was done in Columbia County, and I will not mention it further than to say that on December 9th, 1855, the battle of the Walla Walla was fought, in which Peu-peu-mox-

mox was killed by his guards while held as a hostage. Some 1,500 Indians were engaged in this battle against 350 volunteers.

Some writers, particularly Col. Gilbert, claim that this chief was murdered, and his body mutilated by the guards, but I don't believe it. My father was one of the guards, and he has told me that when the battle commenced this chief began waving his hands and shouting to his warriors, giving them directions in regard to the battle, and that Col. Kelley rode up and said, "Tie them or kill them, I don't give a damn which," and that when the guards proceeded to tie them, the Indians began to struggle, and one by the name of Wolfskin broke away and stabbed Sergeant Major Isaac Miller in the arm, and that the guards then began to see red, and the whole thing was off.

After the battle the Indians retreated and were followed by the volunteers as far as the Brooke cabin on the Touchet, and then they returned to their camp on Mill creek. The volunteers remained in the Walla Walla country until the next spring. When the war ended they returned to their homes in the valley. During this winter the principal diet of the soldiers was horse meat, with a coyote thrown in occasionally as a delicacy.

In 1858, the Colville Indians became troublesome, and on May 9th of that year, the soldiers under command of Col. Steptoe, passed through the present Dayton, guided by Timothy, the good old preacher chief of the Alpowais. Timothy's people crossed the soldiers over the Snake, at the mouth of the Alpowai, in their canoes, and Steptoe then marched to the north until he was surrounded by a large force of Indians near Steptoe Butte, and badly defeated. Guided by Timothy, he retreated to the Snake, where he was assisted in recrossing by the friendly Alpowais, and he then returned to Fort Walla Walla. On returning, they camped for the night on the Pataha, at the present Owsley place, and were overtaken by Lawyer, the friendly chief, who had with him a large body of Nez Perce warriors. Lawyer offered to join forces with Steptoe, and return and try it out again with the northern Indians, but Steptoe would not chance it. Too much praise cannot be given to these two Indians, Timothy and Lawyer; they were always friendly to the whites. Lawyer made the principal speech at the time the treaty was concluded by Governor Stevens with the Indians, and and was the first to sign. He and Timothy always recognized and kept the treaty, which was repudiated by the other tribes. They offset the bad influence of the treacherous Looking-glass, and kept the Nez Perces out of the early wars.

Timothy was especially active later in the year, after the Indians had been defeated by Col. Wright, in bringing in the different tribes and concluding a lasting peace. At the trial of a case in Asotin county

to quiet the title to the Timothy homestead, much of the early history of the Alpowai Indians was put in evidence, and it was related by Ed Raboin that the Cayuse Indians felt very revengeful towards Timothy for his activity in bringing about the treaties, and that in the fall of 1859, one of the Cayuses, for the purpose of revenge, left the home of his tribe near Heppner, came to where Dayton is now located, and procured a keg of whiskey from the Indian traders, carried it on his horse to the Alpowai, and then enticed Edward, the favorite son of Timothy, away from his home, and induced him to drink. While he was in a helpless condition from the effects of the liquor, he was brutally murdered by the treacherous Cayuse, who then fled to his home.

The memory of most of the characters taking part in the early history of this section of the country has been perpetuated in some manner. Monuments have been erected to Meriwether Lewis and William Clark. Sacajawea, the Flathead woman who piloted them from Montana to the sea, has a statue in Portland. A monument has been erected to Whitman at the old mission, and he has a still more lasting monument in Whitman college, dedicated to his memory. Bonneville has been made famous by Washington Irving; but good old Timothy, who always remained true to the faith taught him by the missionary, Spaulding, and who, while the other nations were engaged in war, directed his people in the ways of peace and Christianity, lies buried in the shifting sands of the Snake river, and not even a wooden slab marks his grave which cannot, even now, be definitely located. Something should be done in this way. The people whose ancestors he befriended owe it to him.

After the defeat of Steptoe, Col. Wright organized the expedition that was destined to forever end the Indian wars in Eastern Washington. Leaving Fort Walla Walla, he marched through Columbia county and on August 7th, 1858, established Fort Taylor at the mouth of the Tucanon. He then marched north to Four lakes in the vicinity of Cheney, where, after a hard fought battle, he defeated the Indians. For the purpose of making them good, he killed most of their horses, hanged several of their leaders, and forced them to recognize their previous treaty. On his return trip towards Walla Walla, he had several of the leaders of the Palouse tribe hanged, and then abandoned Fort Taylor, and marched to Fort Walla Walla, assembled the Indians of that section and ordered all who had taken part in the Steptoe battle to step out. From these he selected four of the leaders and had them hanged, and compelled these tribes to promise to remain true to their former agreements. This determined action on the part of Col. Wright put the fear of God in the hearts of the Indians, and brought

a lasting peace to this section of the country, and the following year it opened for settlement and the pioneer settlers began to arrive.

At this time it might be well to mention an Indian skirmish which took place on the flat just north of the mouth of the Patit during the summer of 1858. William J. Linsay, whom some of you will remember as a settler on the Tucanon during the eighties, was in the office one day, and told Mr. Edmiston and myself that he came west as a lieutenant in the regular army, with Fremont on his pathfinding expedition, and was at one time in command of the government post at Monterey, California. After leaving the army, he came north, and afterwards engaged in packing for the government. He said that once, while in charge of some packers, escorted by a squad of the Ninth Infantry, packing supplies from Fort Walla Walla to Col. Wright north of Snake river, they camped on the Touchet at the mouth of the Patit; that on the next morning about seventy Indians appeared on horseback and repeatedly charged their camp, some of them being armed with muskets and some with bows and arrows. The soldiers were unable to do much execution, but the packers crawled along under the banks of the Patit to a place where the Indians rode near in making their charge, and gave them an experience in volley firing from their six shooters, which finally stopped them. The result was eleven "good" Indians and thirteen dead ponies left on the banks of the Patit.

In 1859, the Indian troubles having ended, the Touchet country was declared safe for settlers. The first to arrive were Indian traders, usually squaw-men, who settled at the different crossing of the old Indian trails and engaged in the business of trading bad whiskey to the Indians for their cayuse ponies. Some of these probably slipped in during the fall of '58, as they were here in the spring of '59 when the first homesteaders arrived looking for locations. Bill Bunton, George Ives, and Clubfoot George were at the crossing of Whiskey creek; Freelon Schnebley, known as "Stubbs," and Richard Learn, known as "Big Red," at the crossing of the Touchet, where Dayton is located; Bill Rexford was at the crossing of the Patit, and John Turner at Pataha City. These were all bad citizens and all squaw-men excepting Rexford, and it was generally said among the Indians that he was too mean for a squaw to live with. In addition to these, the following squaw-men, who were much better citizens, were here at that time: Louis Raboin, who lived where the trails crossed the Tucanon, having returned to his old place after the Indian troubles; William and Martin Bailey, who lived with their squaws on what is known as the Rainwater place at the upper end of town, and Joe Ruark, known as "Kentuck," who lived with his squaw near the Star school house. The first real settlers to arrive came in the spring of

1859, most of them from the Willamette valley, many of them having seen the country while serving as volunteers in the Indian wars. They located claims along the Touchet, laid a foundation of four logs, and posted notices that they had taken the claims, and gone to the valley for their stock, and would return in three months.

As near as I can learn, the only one who remained at that time was Israel Davis, usually known as "Hogeye" Davis, who settled where the trails left the Hogeye creek, and raised a small crop that year. This is conceded to be the first crop raised and harvested in the county. Davis was a bachelor, and two years later was killed by the jealous husband of the woman who was cooking for him. The next who came to stay were Sam Gilbreath and his young wife, and John Wells and Tom Davis, both bachelors, who came in August, 1859. Gilbreath took up a homestead and built his first cabin where the trails entered the valley, this would be where the Smith orchard is now located. Tom Davis bought a location from Stubbs and built a cabin in the vicinity of the railroad primary. Wells also bought a location from Stubbs and built across the Touchet from the mouth of the Patit. Lambert Hearn and wife came in October, first locating where the Columbia school house now stands, but afterwards selling out to the Paynes and moving to the Hearn homestead across the Touchet from Dayton.

Jesse N. Day was among those who located their claims and returned to the valley for his family. He did not return until the fall of 1860. His claim was where the Chandler slaughter house is now located. He looked over the present site of Dayton, but was afraid Chase and LaFontain might return and make him trouble, and located further down. Many of those who made their locations in the spring came back in the fall, and built cabins. The settlers of 1859, traveling from the crossing down the Touchet were as follows: Wells, Davis, Hearn, Gilbreath, John Forsythe at the Angell place, James Dill at Pomona, James Bennett at the Bateman place, Joe Starr at the Starr bridge, Dave Fudge at the Blize place, George Pollard at his present place, John Fudge at Huntsville, and the Whittaker brothers just below, and James Fudge on Whiskey creek below Bunton's, and Israel Davis on the Hogeye.

They were all bachelors except Gilbreath and Hearn, so that we had two white women in Columbia county at that time, although Dill was a widower and had one boy with him. Those arriving in 1860 were Elish Ping and family, G. W. Miller and family, my mother and I being the family, Jesse N. Day and family, and three bachelors, Henry B. Day, and Jack and Newt Forrest. The Forrests had located the Richardson place the year before and settled there, selling out to R. G. Newland in 1861. Henry Day, having 320 acres in the valley, was not eligible for a homestead but engaged in the cattle business.

The immigration of 1861 was as follows: William Sherry settled on the Patit above Miller; Alexander Montgomery, Albert Woodward and Cyrus Armstrong on the Patit above Rexford, Johathan Buzzard on the old Cross place in Johnson Hollow near Dayton, Ambrose Johnson where the trails crossed Johnson Hollow; Tom Whetstone in the Hollow, Amasa West between Stubbs and the Baileys, Uncle Zeke Hobbs between the Baileys and "Kentuck," John Winnett and Henry Owsley further up the Touchet, and Uncle Tom Winnett and his sons, Bill, Dock, Bob and Lew, on Whiskey creek and the Hogeye. There were three young fellows with the Winnetts, who do not seem to have taken up land at that time. They were Simon Critchfield, Cy Mathew and Fred Kenney. This year the Paynes bought out Hearn at Columbia school house, and the Forrests sold to R. G. Newland. During this year my father rented the Stubbs place, broke up a portion of the land and fenced it with cottonwood rails made where the Main street bridge now crosses the stream.

The settlers up to this time were stock men, settling along the streams and grazing their stock on the hills in every direction. They raised a little hay and some oats on the fertile bottom lands, the hills were considered of no value except for grazing. Wheat was not grown because there was no available market. Surplus oats were hauled to Fort Lapwai, but on account of the distance and crude roads this was not very profitable. When the valleys were taken up, the growth of the country stopped and the increase in population was very slow. The winter of 1861 and '62 was undoubtedly the most severe winter in the history of this valley so far as the memory of the white man goes. The snow came in December and lasted until the first of April. It would snow, then thaw a little, which would settle the snow and form a crust, then snow again, keeping an average depth of about five feet. The small gulches and hollows drifted full, and the hillsides seemed to present almost an even surface. There was snow in some of these hollows on the following Fourth of July. The thermometer dropped down to 37 degrees below zero, and many of those in use at that time froze. The settlers lost most of their cattle and returned to the Willamette valley in the spring for new stock. Henry Day had a bunch of steers that escaped during the early winter and strayed up the Touchet, where some fifty head wintered through on the natural pasture. In the spring of 1862 most of the squaw-men sold out and went to Montana, where Ives, the Buntons and Clubfoot George were hanged by the vigilantes. Ives was caught red-handed and his fearless prosecution by Col. Saunders, before the miners' court, while surrounded by the road agents ready to take him away, was a notable occurrence in the early history of Montana. When the gang was finally rounded up, it was found that the sheriff of the county was the ringleader and he was taken care of by the vigilantes also. Rexford could

not sell, and remained here, undoubtedly saving his neck. He was considered the most quarrelsome and disagreeable man in the community, and when the first school tax was levied in this district in 1866, he refused to pay his tax of seven dollars. When the directors proceeded to sell a cow for its payment, he appeared on the scene with a six shooter and took the cow away. This cost him several hundred dollars in fines and costs, before the law was satisfied. In 1862 "Stubbs" left his little half-breed daughter with my father and he and "Big Red" stole some government mules and ran them out of the country, but they were overtaken at the mouth of the Okanogan and shot by the soldiers. This little half-breed girl afterwards lived with the Indians and married a man named Fogarty in the Asotin country. The early settlers always thought that she would have some claim to her father's ranch, which is the present site of Dayton, which would cast a cloud on the title. This fear was unfounded, as the filing on the place was made by a brother, F. D. Schnebley, who afterwards proved up and sold to Jesse Day in 1865. There were few additions to the settlement in 1862. "Pap" Messenger, John Abel, Bob Elwell, Andrew White and Alex Montgomery, Sr., came and settled in Johnson Hollow, between Buzzard and Johnson.

In 1863 Mark Baker and Newt Curl settled on the Whetstone, and in 1864 Charley Abraham and the Bentons settled in that hollow.

In 1864 the first postoffice was established in the county, with G. W. Miller as the postmaster, and Bill and Tom King as stage drivers, the stage line running from Walla Walla to Lewiston. Bill King had been driving for two years previous, and had some thrilling experiences carrying the valuable express down to Walla Walla. These were the days when the rich placers in Florence and Orofino were discovered and thousands of dollars in gold dust were taken out and much of it sent by express to Walla Walla. I can personally remember the long lines of miners and prospectors passing by the house in the spring of 1862, dragging their hand sleds along the trail, the sleds loaded with a side of bacon and a sack of flour.

In 1865 school district No. 15 of Walla Walla county was organized and the first school was taught of W. H. Elliott. Twenty-four children, ranging in age from five to twenty-three years, were in attendance. Janie May, afterward Mrs. Jennie McClary, was the youngest and Anderson Messenger the oldest; but two of these pupils are now in Columbia county, John Messenger and myself, although the Ping boys, Loren and Joe Day and Caroline Messenger, now Mrs. Deck Smith, have lived here in recent years. The second term was taught by J. A. Starner, and Mary Woodward, now Mrs. Nichols, was enrolled. I notice from the records that the first teacher was to receive

$55 per month in coin, or its equivalent in legal tender. The first school house was on the Lewiston road where the John Rowe residence recently burned. It was built of logs, with a rock fire-place in one end, oiled paper for windows, and logs hewed flat on one side and with pegs driven in the other side for legs, were the seats and writing desks. Curious though it seems, the children appeared to learn about as much as they do now under more favorable circumstances.

In 1865 and '66 the real farmers and wheat growers began coming. The Bundys, McCauleys, Bramletts, Woods, Livingoods, Baldwins, and Stovall came here and settled in the Bundy district between Hog-eye and Whiskey creek, a section thereafter known as the solid south. These people began to raise wheat, which they hauled to Wallula for shipment down the river, and although prices were not high, they seemed to prosper. Fifty cents per bushel was a good price in those days after hauling it to Wallula.

The first saw mill in the country was built by Mark Baker in 1864 on the Eckler mountain near the present VanLew house, and known as the Baker & Bailey saw mill. It was operated by Simon Critchfield, and the houses began to change from the log cabin to the frame and box house. The first lumber building, however, in the country, was a barn built on my father's place in 1862, from whipsawed lumber. After standing for 53 years it was torn down about a year ago. From 1865 to 1871 the settlement of the foot-hills was quite rapid. The hills were not then considered as first-class land, but would with proper care produce wheat.

Dennis Guernsey, Matt Riggs, Dan Kimball and others came in the fall of 1871; O. C. White took charge of the district school, which had been removed to the vicinity of the present warehouses, and in the spring of 1872 the Waits, Matzgers, the elder Dr. Day and others began to come in, and Dayton sprung into existence. There the history of the Touchet valley ends and that of Dayton should begin.

The early settlers were a very hospitable, friendly people, assisting each other in every way, never letting a traveler go through without entertaining him, and usually refusing any compensation. They visited with each other, taking the whole family and staying for two or three days at a time. The whole country from Coppei to the Tucanon was one neighborhood. Country dances, usually held at the Buzzard place, were very popular. Bill Montgomery sawed the fiddle and Jonathan Buzzard hallooed "alamen left, and swing on the corner."

I can remember one dance in 1865, when some of the boys ribbed up a fight between Frank Thompson and a man named Slocum, who was running a small store and saloon at Milton Mills, now Longs Station.

They were not allowed to fight at the dance, but in a few days the crowd gathered at the saloon. Frank Thompson came in, and after the proper amount of red-eye had been imbibed, Slocum threw off his coat, jumped over the bar and said that "he was the big bomboo, chief of the Touchet valley; that he could whip his weight in wild cats and Frank Thompson thrown in." Frank opened his knife in his pocket, when he began to see red, and proceeded to trim Slocum down to his size. It took Slocum about three months to recover and he then left the country. Frank died about a year ago in Pomeroy, and shortly before his last sickness he described this occurrence to me in a very vivid way. A few days after the fight, Frank was riding down the Touchet with his rifle on his saddle in front of him, when he met Seitel, sheriff of the county at that time. The sheriff was on his way to place Frank under arrest but when he saw the gun he nodded and rode on, without making known his business. Frank afterward went down and stood trial but was acquitted.

I can remember my first meeting with a member of this Inquiry club. It was in 1868, I think, that we were going to the fair at Walla Walla, then just established, to show one of the first short-horn bulls brought to the country. He was some bull and we were proud of him. We camped on Mill creek at the edge of town and in the morning while I was grazing the bull on the banks of the creek, I noticed a long, gangling young fellow, with some books under his arm, approaching. He stopped and admired the bull, and informed me that his name was Bill Matzger, and that he was attending Whitman Seminary, then in its infancy. He did not tell me so at the time, but it is to be presumed that he was then fitting his mind for future membership in his club.

While we were a part of Oregon, the present state of Washington was divided into two counties, Lewis, west of the Chehalis river and Clark, east.

The first legislature of the Territory first created Skamania county, by dividing Clark, and afterward, at the same session, set off Walla Walla county from Skamania. This was in the spring of 1854. The boundaries of the county were as follows: Commencing at a point on the Columbia river opposite the mouth of the DesChutes river; thence running north to the British possessions; thence east to the summit of the Rocky Mountains; thence south along the summit to the 46th parallel; thence down the river to the place of beginning.

Quite a large county, including all of eastern Washington, northern Idaho and western Montana. The first country commissioners were, Dominie Pambrun residing at Wallula, Geo. C. Bumford, residing at his ranch between Waitsburg and Huntsville, and John Owens, residing at Missoula, now in Montana.

The land claim of Lloyd Brooke was made the county seat and Brooke was named as the first probate judge. There has been some question in regard to the location of this county seat. Col. Gilbert, in his history of Washington, says that it was located at Whitman Mission, but A. G. Lloyd, who was here soon afterward in the Indian war, always told me that the first county seat was at Huntsville. I am inclined to think that Mr. Lloyd was right; the records show that the lands at Whitman Mission were entered as the Whitman Mission donation claim; the transcript and copies of maps at the Walla Walla land office, which was established many years later, and were sent from the land office at Vancouver, show only matters alive at that time, and abandoned donation claims are not shown, although a memorandum does show a donation claim taken by Geo. C. Bumford just below the county line on the Touchet, marked abandoned.

We know that Brooke, Bumford and Noble were at Whitman Mission in 1852 and 1853, Brooke being a member of the Oregon legislature during these years, and we also know that they were on the Touchet in 1854, where they started a small store. Bumford, according to the records, took a donation claim, and I believe Brooke did the same, as all of the accounts speak of the Brooke claim on the Touchet, but I am not able to prove this at this time. Possibly the records at Vancouver might show the facts. It is quite evident that he did not have claim at Whitman Mission, as the title runs to the mission, itself.

Mr. Lloyd says that Brooke had influential connections in Washington, D. C., and that through his legislative experience he secured the county seat and expected to secure the location of a government post on his land through his eastern connections, intending to build up the city of this valley at that place. As we have before described, the Indians burned his cabin in 1855 and drove him from the country, and he never returned, and when Col. Wright made his final roundup of the Indians, he established Fort Walla Walla and that became the location of the future city. Thus Huntsville had a narrow escape from being the principal city of this section of the country.

The county was not organized under the first act, owing to the Indian troubles that started soon after, and a subsequent act in 1859 appointed new commissioners and left the county seat to be determined by a vote of the people. It was located at Steptoeville, the name being changed in a short time to Waiilatpu, and again it was changed a short time later to Walla Walla.

A PIONEER WRITES TO HIS MOTHER

(This letter was written by E. Holbrook, brother of Captain Robert Holbrook, who was one of the first pioneers on Whidby Island)

Penn's Cove, W. T., Jan. 26, 1854

Dear Mother:

I now sit down to write you again, to let you know that I am stopping yet with Richard on this cove. That we are all well and have a plenty to eat and drink and have a good comfortable log house to live in. We have had no news since I have been up here and we have some trouble to get letters to and from the postoffice, which is near one hundred miles from here, and letters are brought down by private conveyance. This spring or summer there will be one in this place.

Letters and papers are now brought up the Columbia River and over the Cascade Mountains, which makes them so long on their way home or out here. It is thought too that the mail will be brought by steamer from San Francisco this summer. If it is, we shall get letters only a day or two later than if we were in the mines of California.

Governor Stevens visited this place last week in company with Judge Lancaster, the democratic candidate for delegate to Congress. The Judge, of course, made a political speech; but the Governor barely touched on politics—just enough to let us know which side of the fence he is on. A greater part of his speech was respecting his survey of the route for the Pacific Railroad, his view of the road, etc. Also his opinion of this territory, its manifest destiny, necessary appropriations by Congress for roads, etc. He said it was only 700 miles from Puget Sound to the falls of the Missouri; and that the country from the Mississippi to the Sound, for the greater part, had a fertile soil and a healthy climate, and was capable of supporting a large population..... Governor Stevens is a very small man in stature, but in mind appears to be above the common run.

....When there will be a railroad to Puget Sound is rather rough guessing; however, there will be a road terminating here in course of time; for a more magnificent sheet of water, a more noble roadstead, is nowhere to be found. From Olympia at the head of the Sound to Cape Flattery at the mouth of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, through which the waters of the Sound pass to the Pacific, it is about 200 miles. Through the whole length, the Indians can pass in canoes any month in the year. There are a number of harbors as good as anyone could ask for.

The land along the Sound is heavily timbered with fir, cedar, and occasionally yew, oak and white pine. The soil is rather poor, not much if any better than in New England. The best soil I have seen

is on this (Whidby) Island; it is considered the best in the Territory.

Richard has a good farm, all good soil, nearly all cleared land, and one side of it is on the cove, which is a large and beautiful harbor.

The climate here is much milder than in Massachusetts, nearly all December the weather was very like that of May at home, and I could pick as many blackberries as I wanted from the bushes. Grass too was green, and cattle get their living. Since this month came in it has been colder—some frost and snow and one night the temperature fell to two degrees below zero—which was a great deal colder than last winter. Many people think this will be the last cold spell of the winter. If it proves so, it will be a remarkably mild winter compared to winters at home. The last of February is the time for planting.

There are 31 sawmills in the Territory, and a number building. There are about 30 vessels running between here and San Francisco. Most of them are barks and ships.

Give my best respects to Luther, Aunt Lucy and to all hands.

Most affectionately, your son,
E. Holbrook.

A PIONEER PEDESTRIAN

Robert Hamilton Espy

Pacific County

Robert Hamilton Espy was born February 10, 1826, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He was of Irish and Scotch descent. Mr. Espy walked across the plains in 1852, with his brother, Thomas. They were not connected with any caravan, but as there was a great pioneer migration that year, they intercepted different caravans along the way and never had to camp alone.

Mr. Espy was a silent man. He came to Oysterville in 1854 from The Dalles, Oregon. He had moved from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin, home of his sister, and from there started to California, turning off at the Platte river, and drifted further north with other pioneers. He was attracted by the timber at The Dalles, where he worked during the year 1852. He spent the winter in Milwaukie, a small town near Portland, working in a mill and in 1853 came to Astoria by boat, there being no roads. While searching near Hawks Point for piling for a San Francisco concern, he heard of the oysters as a marketable commodity in talking with Chief Nacotti, and his interest in this subject was increased when he became acquainted with the Bruce boys.

At this time San Francisco was a large consumer of shell fish and by 1850 had almost entirely exhausted their native supply, while the bay was full of deserted boats, abandoned by their owners, who had gone to the mines in search of work. A number of eastern fishermen came back, however, after failing to find wealth in the mines, and began to explore the coast for oysters. The bi-valves were found in four different places, Yaquina bay, Netarts bay, Willapa Harbor and in Puget Sound. Willapa bay had the largest supply, and the oysters were quite large and appeared of excellent quality. The Yaquina bay oysters ranked second and the Netarts bay and Puget Sound oysters were rated lowest because of their small size. A Mr. Doane was sent to explore Puget Sound, but the oysters he sent back were not enjoyed by the San Franciscans, because of their coppery taste. In the meantime, oysters were being taken from Willapa Bay, Indians being hired for the work.

In 1851 a schooner came from San Francisco, carrying seven partners and a cook. Five of the seven partners were former New England sea captains, operators of small boats. Pete Wynant was chosen captain, and a few days later struck the cook for refusing to perform work outside of his line of duty. Landing at Hawks Point, the party prepared to celebrate their successful trip, and arranged a banquet with plenty of liquor.

A Mr. McCarty, working on pilings at the Point, had watched the strange boat enter the harbor and anchor, and finally saw a small boat put over the side and leave hurriedly in the direction of North Cove where it disappeared.

Seeing flames suddenly burst from the schooner, McCarty leaped into his own small boat and rowed over, finding the fire had already spread. He found seven men aboard and his first concern was to get them out of danger. He removed the unconscious men from the table and barely got the last one ashore when the boat foundered.

A few days later Captain Wynant left for San Francisco to obtain another boat. His crew remained and established the town of Bruceport and spent their time until the captain's return, picking oysters.

The crew became known as the "Bruce boys" and, due to their generosity and kindness in sharing their provisions, were general favorites in this region, where they remained to harvest oysters, while the captain journeyed to San Francisco to market. Naturally, they had plenty of provisions, through their access to the California markets, and were enabled to entertain all newcomers. While friendly to new arrivals, the Bruce boys did not appreciate potential competition, and persons who were inclined to enter the oyster business were firmly urged to leave.

Mr. Espy became acquainted with the Bruce boys in 1853, and he called them "very clever" because of their hospitality and generosity. But when Mr. Espy began talking of going into the oyster business, and was asked to leave, he became persistent and decided it would be profitable for himself, so he learned all he could before leaving, then went west to the Palix river, seeking a new location. He landed at the first point above Bay Center, which is now incorporated by the Rose Brothers' ranch. Here he met Chief Nacotti, who had a lodge at each of his various stopping places. The chief informed Mr.Espy where oysters could be found, and before leaving for Astoria to spend the winter the latter arranged with Chief Nacotti to guide him to the oyster beds on his return in April, 1854.

Mr. Espy spent the winter logging at Point Ellis, sawing logs and kedging them across the bay. This method was simply attaching a heavy line to the booms, with one end anchored out in the bay. As the tide ebbed the boom rode out to the limit of the line, where it remained until the next high tide, when the process was repeated. Each move would carry the boom further toward the opposite shore, and the flow of the incoming tide would often enable the men to at last moor their logs nearly opposite the take-off.

Late in the winter of 1854, Mr. Espy met I. A. Clark in Astoria. Mr. Clark was a recent arrival from Wisconsin, and while they had many mutual acquaintances and had even visited the same scenes in Wisconsin, they had never previously met. They became partners, and in April obtained a boat and set out for Bear river. There they were forced to abandon the boat, and packed their belonging to an old Indian burial ground, where they found a damaged canoe. A few hours of work patching their find and they again took to the water. They encountered heavy fog and but for an Indian signaling them with a native drum, made with a spruce stump and a club, would have passed the meeting place specified by Chief Nacotti. They were shown the oysters and found them all the chief had promised. They built a cabin of alder poles in what is now Oysterville. Here they lived for about two years, while harvesting oysters. Mr. Clark eventually erected a store, known as the "Sperry store", which was used for various other purposes.

Espy and Clark tried to sell oysters to arriving boats—customers of the Bruce boys. Their oysters were thrown overboard, and their boats set adrift. At last Mr. Espy went to "Dad" Simmons, saw mill man and boat builder of Montesano, and hired him to make a klinker-built boat, with overlaping weatherboards. When finished, the boat was taken around through the breakers to Oysterville. Here the partners' impressive showing gained them more consideration from the

Bruce boys, and they were told they would have to join the organization or it would be a fight to the finish. Espy and Clark joined and pledged themselves to help keep out newcomers.

"Oysterville" according to Mr. Wirt, who arrived there in 1855, "was a town of five hundred persons, few of them married. It had two hotels, and lumber for buildings was brought by independent boats from San Francisco."

There was no mail connection by land, and travel from Oysterville to Willapa Harbor or Grays Harbor was by boat and portage. In 1855 the taxpayers sponsored a road across the peninsula to Oysterville, and travel from here to Olympia was by way of North Cove, by wagon to Westport and boat to Black Lake. The road was passable in summer but too muddy for wagons in winter. The Cowlitz river offered much faster transportation.

In 1857 Mr. Clark married Miss Lucy Brisco of Long Beach.

Many settlers from the prairies located on open ground and raised oats for the stage teams. About two years after Clark's marriage, the Crellin family cultured and educated people from England, arrived and located a claim near Osyterville. The family included the parents and nine children, four daughters and five sons, some of them nearly grown. They had come west hoping to establish a titled estate based on the English system. They took four claims and the boys established a store. Morgan, a "Bruce boy," who was considered a good "catch", wed Luvara Crellin.

There were now six different oyster companies, none of them very prosperous, and soon failed. Morgan and Tom Crellin became partners. Tom was unusually tall and broad-shouldered and very strong. With his long reach he soon won fame as a tonger, and he and Morgan would help tong and left the culling to the hired help.

The Crellin-Morgan company prospered after the failure of the other oyster companies. The Swanberg-West Company was formed, and later another company was organized by six persons, including Isaac and "Bishop" Doane, Frank Warren, H. S. Gille, John Hunter, and R. H. Espy, and was named Espy and Company. Morgan having gone to San Francisco to establish market connections, for his firm, the new company sent Frank Warren to represent them. He was recalled when he encountered difficulties and John Hunter was sent. He also met with trouble, so they bought him out also, and sent Bishop Doane. Isaacs ran the Oysterville store, trading goods for oysters, and while their business was not large, they offered competition to other concerns. The rivals eventually consolidated, forming the largest oyster concern on the coast. H. S. Gille and Isaac Doane married

two of the Crellin girls, and this was believed to have been an important factor in the oyster consolidation.

Mr. Espy was elected school director and was sent to Salem University to employ a teacher, returning with Miss Julia Ann Jefferson who resigned after teaching one term, and became the bride of Mr. Espy on August 7, 1870.

After having lived for a time in what was then known as the Turner house, he built a house near Mrs. Wilson's home in Oysterville. All their seven children were born in this home.

J. L. Espy died at birth. Dora, now Mrs. Wilson, was born May 28, 1872, and resides here in summer and spends her winters in Portland, Oregon. Robert H. Edward Espy, now deceased, was born in January, 1874. Harry Albert Espy, who resides in Oysterville, was born November 5, 1876. Susie May, who now resides in North Bend, was born May 2, 1878. Thomas Willard was born March 27, 1883. He lives in San Francisco. Cecil Jefferson was born November 28, 1887. He lives in Portland. Laura I. R. Espy, now deceased, was born June 7, 1889. It is so unusual as to be worthy of comment that all seven children were born in the same northwest bedroom of one house.

EDSON SAVAGE

Franklin County

I was born June 17, 1856. My father crossed the plains in 1845 and settled in Polk county, Oregon, where I was raised. I was married in 1880 to Miss Mary Chapman and we spent our honeymoon driving cattle from Oregon to Whitman county, now named "Franklin."

This was the best grazing country we had ever seen. On this trip we drove seven hundred head of cattle, ferrying them across the Snake river. I ran my stock on the Koontz Flat, which has since been named Ringgold.

My wife's mother was the former Esther Lorinda Bewley, a friend of the Marcus Whitman family, and was living with them at the time of the massacre. In 1854 her father, John Bewley, started a long journey across the plains. They stopped at Whitman station to leave one of their sons, who was ill, that he might receive treatment from Dr. Whitman. Lorinda remained with her brother.

Mrs. Whitman presented Lorinda Bewley with a Bible as a token of her affection. Lorenda was taken captive by an Indian chief during

the massacre, and after being held at Umatilla for a time, was ransomed at The Dalles. Through all her experiences she kept her cherished Bible, which Mrs. Whitman had autographed. The Bible was given to the daughter (Mrs. Savage), who kept it until recently, when she presented it to the Whitman College museum.

MAY SQUIRES

Whitman County

I was ten years old when my father decided that the grasshoppers were making more headway in Kansas than the farmers could ever hope to make. Some of our neighbors had come to Washington Territory and had written back such glowing accounts that a group of us loaded up the prairie schooners and set out across the plains in 1877, leaving there on the 9th of May.

We drove mules and had no feed for them, so it was necessary to leave the main trail and follow the grass. Father seldom laid down his rifle. I remember that a child from the Missouri train died, and the other men stood guard while father made the coffin. Then the grave was dug and only the women and children stood by the grave, the men standing guard at a little distance.

We saw several herds of buffalo, but the men never left the train. Antelopes were near enough to be brought down by our hunters, so we had plenty of fresh meat, prairie chickens and other wild fowl.

We reached the Blue Mountains in August, and on arriving at Walla Walla were out of provisions and money, so we stopped there and father worked in the harvest fields. Mother dried berries and fruit. Then we came on to Whitman county, where our neighbors had located. Father homesteaded here. There were claim shacks scattered here and there, little one-room affairs. Single men got pretty homesick and my mother made it as pleasant for them as she possibly could.

We located in the district called "Thousand Springs Taylor," so named for the owner of the farm with the many springs. In 1878 we attended school in an old log house, then were transferred to the Holbrook district, walking three and one-half miles over the bunch grass hills morning and evening. Hattie Taylor was our first teacher, and Sandusky Collins taught us the following year.

In 1880 we had a school at what is now Pullman, then called Three Forks. This school was in a log house. Bessie Fullerton was our

teacher here. Our fuel supply failed, so the school was moved to my father's house the last three weeks of the term.

A little frame school house was built in 1880 where the Pullman high school now stands. There were no desks, only benches. We made snow forts in winter and had snow battles. One of the entertainments we had in those days was the old spelling bee. It was held in the evenings. I remember "spelling down" the whole gathering, including a Harvard graduate.

We had a Sunday school, which was held in our home, but we had no church services excepting when the circuit rider came through. Our first mail came to Colfax by way of Almota and Moscow. Our first Christmas tree was in the little frame school house in 1881. School started January 9, and revival services were conducted in the school house for three weeks. Then the Methodist church was organized by Rev. Bryan.

In 1879 we had our first Fourth of July celebration in a grove. In 1881 the first store building in Pullman was finished and the Fourth of July dance was given there.

The new church was built in 1882 and a big Christmas tree was set up.

My brother and I roamed these hills nearly sixty years ago—happy and contented. If we were missing life, we didn't realize it. Many changes have now taken place. Now an automobile skims along over paved roads to Spokane in less than two hours. It took my father three days to drive there when he took me up there to attend school.

Theatrical companies went through here in their own conveyances, stopping off in these little bunch grass towns for "one-night stands."

Nothing very eventful happened. The college was established here. It is now a marvelous school and keeps Pullman going where other towns are slipping.

C. O. RHODES

Pacific County

I was born in the town of Bay Center, Pacific county, State of Washington in 1875. My parents were pioneers and I was the seventh child in a family of twelve. I have resided within two miles of my birthplace for sixty-one years, which is my age at this time. All of we children with one exception were born in this same county and

have lived here continuously, with the exception of two, one of whom lives in Salt Lake City, Utah, and the other in Seattle.

My father, L. H. Rhodes, was born in Illinois in 1844, and crossed the plains with his parents by ox team in 1848, their destination being the town of Champoeg, Marion county, Oregon. My mother, Miss Catherine Parrott, was born in the County of Kent, England, and sailed with her parents and other relatives for the United States in 1852 in a small two-masted schooner, a very hazardous voyage of seven months around Cape Horn. They were nearly shipwrecked off the coast of Patagonia. They landed at, or near, St. Helens on the Columbia river, after their long trip, then went to Champoeg, where she and father became acquainted and eventually married. Father was 16 years old and mother but 15 when they were married. Two years later, in 1862, they moved by boat down the Willamette and Columbia rivers, landing at what is now Chinook, Washington. From this place they came by pack and canoe to Shoalwater Bay and on to the little town of Bruceport, where father began his career as an oysterman, oyster gathering being the chief industry of the bay at that time. They were among the early pioneers to locate here. The Indians outnumbered the whites at that time ten to one. Most of the Indians were of the Chinook tribe and peaceable.

In 1866 father filed on a homestead in Section 17, Township 13, Range 10, and after having lived on this land until within six months of his residence requirements, walked to Olympia, capitol of the Territory of Washington, and paid the full amount of $1.25 per acre, which was the price for government land at that time, thereby purchasing his land instead of acquiring by homestead right. This he did on account of the two children born in Bay Center. In later years father improved the homestead and stocked it with cattle and during the summer months moved to the home on the ranch, where, as a boy, I spent the happiest days of my life. About October father would move the family back to the little town of Bay Center where we children could get to school for from four to six months during the winter months. A six months term of school is the longest I ever attended. Then we would go back to the ranch in the spring, to milk fifty or more cows during the summer months, making butter, packing it in what we called butter tubs and shipping it as far as Portland, Oregon, which was a considerable distance at that time, considering the mode of transportation. Mother's reputation as a butter maker was unexcelled. My job as a boy was rounding up cows and calves at milking time and many an old black bear did I see. They were harmless unless accompanied by their cubs, then they were not to be fooled with. Now we seldom see a bear, but at that time there were no

"sports" with their high-powered repeating rifles to kill so many of them. The same is true of the ducks and geese.

When I was a boy, there were thousands of these birds, but as soon as the white man, or "paleface" as the Indians called us, came with their breech-loading shot guns, they lessened their numbers very rapidly. Now on the same feeding grounds where we used to see thousands of birds, we see very few. The state is trying to protect what are left, but with little success. It really is too bad the children of today can never hope to see such flocks of these beautiful birds.

We will now consider the religious side of pioneering. In the year 1873 the first Sunday school was organized in Bay Center, with a class of nine. Mattie Goodpasture was the leader until July, 1874 at which time the class had increased to twenty-one. L. H. Rhodes then became leader until 1877, the class increasing to thirty. Up until this time there had been no regular place for worship and the class would meet at the homes of the various neighbors. In July, 1874, the first camp meeting was held in Bay Center, and as the woods were God's first temples, a camp meeting was prepared in the grove where the Pacific County pioneers now hold their annual picnic. I wonder sometimes if people are as conscientious today in their religious professions as they were in those days. If enthusiasm is an indication, I am somewhat skeptical. Father and mother were of the Methodist Episcopal faith and were very active in church work. Father filled the pulpit as an ordained deacon for thirty years in the Methodist Episcopal church which was built in 1891 by donations secured by members of the Epworth League. The church is yet used for all religious purposes. I want to add here that the organ which has been used continuously since the building of the church in 1891 was donated by Sears, Roebuck & Company of Chicago. There were other churches built later, the Free Methodist in 1895 and the Shaker church in 1900, the latter being built by and for the Indians, but the Methodist church has always had the largest membership. Many fires have I kindled, and times have I tolled the bell for worship in the little church.

In 1888 Joseph and Caroline Gracey and their family of seven children, assembled their personal belongings and boarded the Northern Pacific train at Kansas City, Missouri, for Pacific County, Washington. They landed in Portland, Oregon, and from there came down the Columbia river by boat to Ilwaco, then by stage a distance of twenty miles along the shore of the Pacific ocean to the village of Oysterville, from there to Bay Center and the farm of L. H. Rhodes.

At this time I first became acquainted with this family and these seven children. Among the five girls was one that to my notion was

the prettiest I had ever seen (I think so yet). Of course, we were only a couple of kids then, but as time passed and we grew older and became better acquainted, I told her one day that she was the prettiest girl I had ever met. She said in reply, "You haven't any the best of me. I've thought the same of you all the time." (This is the one time that I questioned her judgment.)

From that time on we understood each other, and in 1895 we were married. To us were born five children, of whom three are still living, are married and have families. In order of their ages they are Mrs. Carol Wilson, with three children, L. R. Rhodes, with two children and Mrs. Laurel Stearns with two children, all living in Bay Center.

My first recollection dates back to to 1878 when I was three years old. In the yard in front of father's house were gathered several of the neighbor men. As a bunch of men will, they were trying out their athletic abilities. One act was to stand of one's head, and what the men did I tried to do. I could get on my head with one foot in the air, then I would go on over. I kept failing, and finally backed up to a stump and pushed myself upright until I stood on my head.

Another experience never to be forgotten was my first swimming lesson. My uncle was swimming along the Bay shore, while I was paddling in shallow water. He came in close and said to get on his back and he would give me a ride. I put my arms around his neck, he waded out to where the water was over my head and suddenly dived. Of course, I let go, and he came up immediately and told me to swim or I'd drown. It was then that I learned to swim at the age of six years.

Another time, I fell head first into a partly filled barrel of sugar while trying to get a lump. Mother happened to be out of doors at the time and after a search of what seemed to me a long time, I was removed, but not until after she had taken advantage of my position to remind me not to do it again.

When twelve years old I had an exciting experience on a fishing trip with my uncle on the North Palix river. This occurred in October, when the salmon ascend the rivers from the tide waters to the fresh waters to spawn on the gravel bars. In those days, 1887, there would be tens of thousands of these fish in these shallow streams. Well, it was then and there that a fish got me. It was this way—instead of having a spear, my uncle had a pole with a large hook fastened just solidly enough on the end of it and a cord fastened on the hook. The other end was attached to the pole about four feet up, so

that after hooking the fish, the hook would slip off the end of the pole and the pull of the fish would not break the pole. Anyway, it was with this tackle that the fish caught me. We would stand on the bank and as the fish would be milling around, watch for a fish we wanted, hook him and the fun would begin. There would be plenty of commotion among the thousands of fish and you had to be pretty husky to land one. I begged my uncle to let me hook one, so he handed me the pole, knowing full well what would happen. Not being content to stand on the bank, I crawled out on an old slippery log that projected out into the creek some ten feet, right among the fish. I picked out a good, big one, and did I hook him! He landed me right off that log among all those fish. The water was only about two feet deep, and there were fish over me, under me, and on all sides of me, and as fast as I would gain a footing, down I'd go again with fish splashing salmon eggs in my ears, eyes, and mouth.

I'm now going to tell you a little story of my first wild duck hunt. I was twelve years old when my father consented to let me go out duck hunting alone. I had as a gun an old Lulu single barrel shot gun with a hammer so big I'd just take hold of it with my whole hand to cock it, and kick! I'll say it did, but shoot, say, the ducks and geese I brought down in later years with that old gun! Across the Palix river and just above and in front of the town of Bay Center there is a mud flat of probably three or four thousand acres and a natural feeding ground for the wild ducks. In those days it was nothing unusual to see acres and acres of ducks feeding there. It was out on that mud flat along the banks of the Palix that I made my first kill. I landed my boat on the bank and was in easy shooting distance of the ducks but, boy like, I wanted to get a little closer so began walking toward them. I wasn't within forty yards of them at any time, so kept trying to get closer. Those nearest me would fly, always alighting just a little further out. I kept on chasing them through the mud which was about knee deep, when at last I heard some one yelling at me from across the river, telling me to shoot or they'd all fly. I learned later this was an aunt of mine who had been watching me from the opposite side of the river. Well, I banged away, killing three, and then the chase was on, after one crippled duck, through the soft mud. I was just about tired out, but I got my duck.

Now, we'll take you from the rivers and mud flats to the jungles of logged-off land and tell you of an experience with old Bruin. As I previously mentioned, the black bear were formerly numerous in this vicinity, so I will relate only one experience of the many I've had with them. On July 3rd, 1902, Frank Goodpasture and I took our 30-30 and 38-56 rifles and hiked along an old cow trail for a half mile or so,

to a thicket of salmon berries and salal, the rendezvous of the black bear at that time of year. Knowing the country well, we took our stand on the leaward side of the thicket, so our scent would not warn the bears of our presence. A bear depends more upon scent than eyesight to warn them of danger. We hadn't been there long when Frank asked, "what is that black spot I see through those ferns? I believe it's a bear." Approaching the place cautiously, we soon learned that it was a bear, standing on an old half-rotten log, digging out ants, of which they are very fond. We could not see all of the bear's body, owing to the brush, yet he was sufficiently visible to permit us to be sure of his identity, so we shot. He disappeared in the thicket. It is always dangerous to followed a crippled bear into brush, so we cautiously went to the place we had last seen him, and found evidence of our marksmanship. The bear was making his way to a little bunch of dense brush, probably 100 feet in diameter, and about 100 yards distant. We didn't follow him, but went round, watching his course by the motion of the brush. We were traveling probably five or six feet above the ground on windfall timber. Mr. Bear made it to the clump and left us puzzled as to how to get him out, as we didn't know just how badly he was injured. We cautiously advanced, Frank on one side, and myself on the other. Finally I came to an old log about five feet in diameter and 150 feet long, which had stood nearly in the center of the clump of brush. Seeing the log led directly to the stump, near which we had last seen indications of the bear, I called to Frank and informed him I was going up the log and try to locate the bear, I proceeded toward the stump. I couldn't see any sign of the bear, so I jumped back on the log and pulled loose some pieces of bark, then, climbing the stump again, I began throwing the bark at likely places in which the bear might be hiding. Sure enough, out he came to the stump, and as I had to hang onto the stump with one hand, it left me in an awkward position, trying to handle the gun wtih the other, so my marksmanship was faulty. By this time it looked as though the bear would succeed in trying to climb up, so I hopped back on the log and to my surprise found that in tearing loose the bark to throw at the bear, I had uncovered a yellow jacket's nest, and it was up to me to decide immediately which was worse, a wounded bear or these vicious little insects. My call for help was answered by Frank, who had worked up a hemlock tree to a position to get a shot at the bear. I still don't know what I should have done had I been alone.

MRS. W. C. GRAY

From Her Autobiography and Other Papers, Written By Her During Her Long Residence in Spokane.

Spokane County

My maiden name was Clara Foster Smiley. My parents were Johnson Foster Smiley and Sarah Ann Smiley. I was born at Benton, Maine, January 20 1854. On September 20, of that year, father sailed from New York for California via the isthmus, which he crossed on mule back. Father remained in California and engaged in a general merchandising business at Indian Valley in Sierra County in partnership with George Dinsmore of China, Maine.

In September, 1862, my mother, with my older brother and myself, sailed from New York to join father in that little Yuba river mining town. We crossed the isthmus by the narrow guage railroad that had just been completed. About a year after we arrived father sold out his store and we moved to Marysville, where he again engaged in business.

I grew up at Marysville and on October 23, 1872 married W. C. Gray. We immediately went to Redding, where Mr. Gray had the previous year built and was then operating the Redding hotel. In 1874, Mr. Gray sold the hotel and entered the service of the Southern Pacific railroad as a construction superintendent on the line between Oakland and Martinez. I was with him on all this work and was employed by the company as his clerk and telegraph operator.

Visited Falls in 1878

We had heard a great deal about Washington territory from friends who had gone there, and in August, 1878, Mr. Gray decided to go and see for himself what this country looked like. While he was gone, I stayed in Oakland. Mr. Gray, after making two trips to Spokane Falls, finally decided to buy a lot and build a hotel here. Returning to Walla Walla, he telegraphed for me to come and on the last day of September I arrived at Walla Walla with my two brothers, whom we had taken into our home when mother died.

From Wallula to Walla Walla we traveled by Dr. Baker's strap-iron railroad. The passenger car was a sort of box car with benches along the side and was a tough-looking outfit.

A couple of days were spent in purchasing supplies at Walla Walla and on the morning of October 2, 1878, we set out for Spokane Falls with two covered wagons, a light one carrying the family and a big

schooner filled with supplies. En route we encountered an occasional settler who had taken up land on the creeks and watering places. On the way up, near a settler's little cabin in the vicinity of Pine Creek, our prairie schooner tipped over and everything spilled out.

Rum Helped Settler's Wife

The settler came out and offered his assistance, but noticing among our supplies a small keg of rum, he hastened back to his little shack and returned with a bottle and a heart-breaking tale that his wife had nearly killed herself doing the family washing that day and that he had to have some rum to revive her. Mr. Gray good naturedly supplied him with some rum, but we never believed that the wife drank any of it.

We finally arrived at the small settlement of Spokane Falls late in the afternoon of October 8, 1878, and drove up before the door of the only store in town, that of Cannon and Warner. The first person to greet us was that dear old man, Frederick Post, for whom Post Street and Post Falls, Idaho, were named. At that time the only accommodations for travelers in this little settlement were such as were afforded by James Masterson's house at the southwest corner of Front (Trent) Avenue and Stevens Street.

Masterson was Democratic

Masterson was a horse doctor and was generally known as "Doc", and his small house was open as a sort of boarding house. Masterson was a good-natured, easy-going man of democratic manners. It was his custom, after eating with his guests, to place his feet upon the table, tilt back in his chair and enjoy a smoke while entertaining the more leisurely eating guests still at the table. The accommodations were somewhat crude and it was a rather rough place to stay.

Mr. Post would not consent to our stopping at Masterson's, and insisted on taking us to his own comfortable home until we could get settled in two vacant log cabins. They had been built and occupied by the soldiers during the previous winter and spring before they moved on to establish Fort Sherman on Coeur d'Alene lake.

Within two days we were settled in the cabins and began pioneering in earnest.

The first week here I had to cook for my family and two workmen, as Mr. Gray had immediately started work on our hotel building. Our dining quarters were so small that I could seat but three at a time. One day, after Mr. Gray and the men had gone, and just as my brothers and I were about to sit down to eat, an Indian squaw came in, looked about without saying anything, and then gathered all the food

off the table into her shawl and started to walk out. Just then Mr. Gray returned for something and I told him what had occurred and he immediately seized and then shook the squaw until she dropped our dinner on the floor. The dinner was spoiled for us.

Big Dance for School

That winter Mr. Gray and I moved into our unfinished hotel building. Early in 1879 a dance was given in Glover's hall, over Warner & Cannon's store, which was located in the building which Jim Glover built on the southwest corner of Howard and Trent, where the Producers' market is now. This dance was given for the benefit of the first public school building then being erected in a little grove of pine trees north of the Northern Pacific right of way, near the corner of Post street and First avenue. Not everyone attended this dance, as some of our neighbors were strict in such matters. The music was furnished by two fiddlers. In those days few people here danced anything but the old-fashioned country square dances.

When I started to dress for the dance I found that the dress I wanted to wear was frozen fast to the side of the house, and it took me quite a while to thaw it loose with a hot iron. In moving into the hotel I had hung my spare clothing on nails against the rough board sheeting and moisture gathering on the boards had frozen them tight to the side of the house. Many of the dancers that night were from the frontier army posts, others came from Deep Creek, Medical Lake, Four Lakes, Spangle and the "lower country."

Dance First Waltz Here

One of the soldiers asked me if I would dance a waltz. I consented, so he went to the fiddlers and persuaded them to play a waltz tune, and we started dancing. After waltzing twice around the hall we noticed no one else was dancing. I was satisfied that this soldier and I danced the first waltz ever danced in Spokane.

Our dance netted quite a neat sum for the public school building. Anna Waterhouse was the first teacher and taught about six months. She was succeeded by Mr. Chapman, whom J. J. Browne had brought up from Portland. My youngest brother, "Billy" Smiley, and Jerome Drumheller were, I believe, among the first scholars.

Shortly after this, the Rev. Dr. Nevins, the Episcopal Missionary clergyman, who did so much constructive work in this section, induced Bishop Morris of Portland to establish the Rodney Morris school, in memory of his deceased son, in the little church that stood where the Empire State building is now located. Charles A. Absolom, a talented English wanderer of unusual education and once a famous athlete,

was induced to come up from Lewiston and open the school in the spring of 1879. Among his pupils were Lute Nash, Jerome Drumheller, my brother, Billy, Jennie Ziegler, sister of the late W .H. Ziegler; Guy Haines' sons, Johnnie Hoffstetter and others from the Colville valley.

Imported Negro Cook

Early in the spring of 1878 Mrs. Alexander Warner, an older sister of Mrs. A. M. Cannon, told me that she was tired of housekeeping and that if we didn't open up our hotel immediately she would open it herself. I told her that the house was unfinished and we had no cook. She replied that she would see to that and immediately borrowed a horse and buggy and drove up to Westwood (now Rathdrum) and engaged the services of an old darky named "Duke" as our cook.

We were thus forced to open the hotel the last of February, 1879. Our first hotel dinner guests were Mr. and Mrs. Warner, Captain Pease and son, Archie, and George Slivers, clerk for Warner & Cannon. Before this I had taken in Dr. Hornberger, a consumptive from California, who had been at Doc Masterson's, and I cared for him until just before he died.

Corral was in Attic

Our hotel was built on the northeast corner of Trent and Howard streets, directly north of the present Coeur d'Alene hotel. The site was later occupied by the old city hall. Coming from California, we named our place the California House. The original building had but eight rooms on the second floor, and a big, undivided loft or attic upstairs, known as "the corral", with a double bed in each corner. Here men could bunk down with their blankets when the other rooms were full. Mr. Gray and I ran the hotel for nine years, improving and enlarging it from time to time until it had a total of 102 rooms.

For years the hotel was considered the only first-class hotel in Spokane Falls. It was the headquarters for the army men from all the three posts: Fort Colville, Fort Spokane, and Fort Sherman. Among noted military men we entertained there were Generals W. T. Sherman, O. O. Howard, General Nelson A. Miles, Henry C. Merriman and W. D. Wheaton, together with many of lesser rank, including Captain Hunter and our present esteemed citizen, Colonel W. B. Abercrombie, who, even as a young man, was a dashing officer and liked by everyone.

Actors Patronize House

Among other celebrities entertained at the California House were Jana Scheck, the German artist; Denman Thompson of "The Old Homestead;" Frederick Ward, Emma Abbott, Clara Louise Kellogg

and Robert Ingersoll. The hotel was also headquarters for the railroad men.

In 1881, when General Sprague, general manager of the Northern Pacific railroad, visited us, he told Mr. Gray that the hotel was too small, and when my husband replied that he did not have money sufficient to enlarge it, General Sprague voluntarily loaned us the money for the improvements. The town of Sprague was later named for this general, who was widely known at that time.

Other early railroad men entertained by us included D. D. McBean, who built the road from Cheney to Spokane Falls; J. B. Harris, superintendent, who had been an early associate of Mr. Gray in the construction of the Summit tunnel on the Union Pacific above Sacramento; Harry McCartney, civil engineer; Henry Fairweather and Paul Schultz, land agent.

Planning New Hospital

Among clergymen we entertained were Bishop Paddock, the Episcopal clergyman from Tacoma. Fathers Cataldo and Jossette were often with us when planning their first Catholic church and laying the foundations for Gonzaga University, or College, as it was first called. Mother Joseph, the vicar general, and Sister Joseph both lived with us while Mother Joseph drew the plans and built the first Sacred Heart hospital. The plans for this building were drawn on our dining room table.

The colored cook, Duke, only stayed with us six months, and I then engaged a Chinaman who had come here intending to start a laundry, but had been prevented from engaging in business on account of the bitter prejudice against his race at that time. Why he should have been permitted to cook for us, and not allowed to run a laundry was beyond my understanding.

Chinese Cook Tipples

One of my chief troubles in those days was that my Chinese cook occasionally got drunk. On such occasions, the women of the little town would volunteer to help me out. Mrs. Brandt and Mrs. Gilbert, wife of the blacksmith, often assisted me in such emergencies.

Among our later-day guests were many men from the newly discovered Coeur d'Alene mines, George McCauley, Van De Lashmutt, father of Ernest De Lashmutt; Harry Baer and Jacob Goetz, or "Dutch Jake," as he was popularly known to old timers; Frank Culbertson, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Glidden and their family and the present Mrs. A. W. Perkins, who was then a small child and is remembered as an unusually attractive little girl.

On the night of the big wind, when a fierce gale from the Oregon coast swept through the country, and laid down the timber in a strip at least twenty miles wide, extending well into Idaho, we had to pile trunks against the doors of the hotel to keep them from being blown open. After running the hotel for nine years, Mr. Gray leased it to S. S. Bailey and Mr. Frees in 1887.

Hotel was Burned Twice

The following year it was partly destroyed by fire and L. B. Whitten, owner of the Whitten block, was our contractor in rebuilding it. The hotel was enlarged and renamed the Windsor and again leased to Bailey and Frees, who were again burned out in the great fire of August 4, 1889.

After we left the hotel, Mr. Gray bought a large farm in Stevens County at what is known as Gray's station on the Spokane Falls & Northern railroad, between Springdale and Valley. Mr. Gray and I met so many interesting people and had so many interesting experiences in running the hotel in early days that to tell all would fill a book.

Baking Powder Bread

I'm ashamed to tell about this, but while cooking for the men who were building the California House, just a young bride and inexperienced in making bread, I mixed up baking powder biscuit dough, put it in pans and cooked it in loaves like bread.

I am afraid the result was disappointing and the men must have talked; because one day Mrs. Susan Glover called on me and asked me what I knew about bread baking.

I told her what I'd been doing and she told me how to make yeast, but before I got around to following her directions Mrs. Warner, wife of the storekeeper, paid me a visit. She, too, was inquiring about my baking.

I told her the same story and what Mrs. Glover had told me to do. Mrs. Warner told me not to worry about it. I'm teaching the Indian women how to make bread, she said, and I'll furnish you with all the yeast you need.

Floor Was Luxury

The soldiers had just been moved out of Spokane to Fort Sherman, and in leaving they had only taken the roofs from the buildings they had occupied. Mr. Gray put a roof over one of these cottages and it was our home.

But it was so cold that winter that the steam which came from the

tea kettle would condense into water and when it fell to the floor it formed ice about the stove.

One morning I decided I would clear the ice away, so I heated a kettle of water, and poured it over the ice, but before I could get the mess cleaned up the entire floor was coated with ice and I had a regular skating rink. Mr. Gray came in and learning of my predicament, got a shovel and scraped it all off.

Opened First Hotel

I wanted the opening of our new hotel to be a well-remembered event, and I well recall the night I set our first table, even to putting the pitchers of cream on it for breakfast. This was a mistake, for the next morning the cream was frozen and the pitchers were broken into little pieces.

WRECKERS TURN PAGES OF SPOKANE HISTORY

Tearing down of the Old W. C. Gray Home at Fifth and Washington Recalls Pioneer Days of Spokane

Another of the pretentious homes of the close-in South Hill district is being wrecked (June 1, 1931), by the present owners, the Endelmen brothers, at the southwest corner of Fifth and Washington streets, to make way for a modern apartment house. The house being razed is a two and one-half story frame building of 16 rooms, erected in 1892 as his home by the late W. C. Gray,one of the pioneers of the city and the owner of the California House which flourished in the 80's.

The materials and labor entering into the construction cost $20,000 at the comparatively low prices prevailing 39 years ago. Several thousand more was spent in blasting the high rock pile that originally occupied the site and hauling earth to the spot to build the terraces that surround the place to the east and north.

Especially Well Built

H. R. Childs, who was the wrecking contractor, says it was one of the best built houses that he has wrecked in the city in recent years. Immense heavy timbers were used, and the studding and joists were all oversize as compared with dimension lumber of today. Square nails were used and five kinds of brick were torn out of the big chimneys that adorned the place. The finishing materials came from Minneapolis, all cut to measure. There were four fireplaces lined with imported marble. One cherry, one white oak, and two mahogany mantels surmounted the fireplaces. Heavy panel work of cherry and

mahogany were used in parts of the building, and California redwood was imported for finishing some of the upper rooms.

Wall Paper Over Art Work

According to Mrs. W. C. Gray, W. 414 Sixth, for whom the house was built, Charles Wilbert, still a resident of Spokane, was the contractor, and the late H. Pereusse was the architect. Terms rarely heard now were used by Mrs. Gray in telling what the mansion contained. There was a drawing room, a butler's pantry, alcove suites and other features which are noticeable by their absence in homes in modern times.

Quarters for servants were finished on the third floor. There was a carriage entrance approaching a high step at the west side of the house, where the ladies entered their carriages or mounted horses, in the days before automobiles.

One of the rooms was frescoed by an artist from Germany but in the ill luck which befell the place in later years someone covered the frescoing with cheap wall paper.

Builder Well-to-do

"When my husband built the house he was considered one of the well-to-do men of the city. We had sold the site of the California House at Front and Howard the year before as a site for the city hall for $67,000, and Mr. Gray had been successful in a number of railway construction contracts, a business that he followed before coming to Spokane in 1878.

"We had a ranch of 700 acres in Stevens county, which we operated with a number of men, but Mr. Gray wanted a nice house in Spokane that we could call home. He built that house to please me, but to tell the truth, we lived in it but one year, and I afterward used to joke him by calling it "Gray's folly."

"During our first winter in the house, 1892-1893, it was very cold, and Mr. Gray estimated that it cost him $100 a month to heat it. About that time my health was poor and I found that life on the farm in Stevens county was more beneficial, so most of my time in the next few years was passed on the farm.

Ownership Becomes Burden

"Mr. Gray and myself were pals and business partners. We had no children. While he consulted me about everything that he did, he was the business head of the house and I usually concurred in everything as being for the best. While I did not encourage his building such a fine home, still it was all for me and I acquiesced.

"He deeded the place to me as my personal property, and I held it for 20 or 25 years, until it became quite a burden to look after. It was owned by Mrs. Wilcox after it passed out of our hands, then by Mrs. Jesse Bucholtz and finally by Mr. Summers, who sold it to the Engelman brothers.

"We originally owned the east half of the block on which the house stood, bounded by Washington, Stevens, Fifth and Sixth. Mr. Gray bought it from Dennis & Bradley for $13,000, and the large grounds around the house were utilized to set it off to good advantage. Two of the lots in the plot that belonged to the house were sold two years ago to the Standard Oil Company for $26,500.

Brother Looked After It

"In the earlier years when we still at times occupied the house but lived on the Stevens county ranch, my brother, Will Smiley, then a paying teller in the Traders' National bank, lived there and looked after it. He is now in the federal service at Hoquiam, Washington.

" 'Gray's Folly,' as I called it, more by way of affection than reproach, had among its occupants many families whose names stood high in Spokane in their day. One of the first families we leased it to was J. N. Glover, father of Spokane, who lived there while his own mansion was under construction. Then Mrs. James Clark lived there while her house was being built. Eugene B. Braden, a big smelting man, lived and entertained there. Then there was Dr. George W. Libby, Dr. Armstrong and many others in later years. Dr. F. W. Hilscher operated it as a sanitarium for a while and so did Dr. O. B. Setters. In the last few years it became somewhat dilapidated and shifted tenants frequently.

Money No Concern

"I am now 77 years old and still take a keen interest in life. Money no longer concerns me, as I need but little to live in quiet comfort and let others fuss about money.

"I look over the last fifty-three years of Spokane's history pretty much as one would a pleasing motion picture. Faces that I knew so well have passed on, but the incidents of the early days still live. There were big men and loyal women helpmates in those days. That may account for so many fine mansions that men built to house their families 40 to 50 years ago, now being torn down in the onward march of progress."

A PAPER READ BY MRS. GRAY BEFORE A SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSEMBLY IN SPOKANE

Sept. 1, 1931

"I have been asked by Mr. Knapp to tell you briefly what Spokane was like when Mr. Gray and I and my two little brothers Charles and William Smiley arrived here.

"It was on the eighth day of October, 1878, just 53 years and seven months and seven days ago today since I first caught sight of the little town of Spokane Falls, as it was then called. We had been six days on the road coming from Walla Walla.

"The family traveling in a covered wagon drawn by two horses, was accompanied by a large schooner wagon drawn by six horses and heavily loaded with all kinds of things to use in the building of a small country hotel.

"The site for a town was magnificent to look at as we approached the business part of town. But in that day it had only one store, a small flour mill, a saw mill and a blacksmith shop.

"There were nine families here and we made the tenth.

"The names of these men who were here with their families were the Rev. H. T. Cowley, J. N. Glover, Frederick Post, J. J. Brown, Alexander Warner, Dr. Masterson, Sam Arthur, Mr. Lowery, Mr. Downer and Mr. W. C. Gray.

"Besides the families there were a few unmarried men. I remember well the Dart brothers, the Percival brothers, Platt Carboley, Mr. Grant and Mr. Tervin, but I feel sure that there were two or three other men whose names I fail to recall.

"Altogether, we then numbered about forty people, but by the last of November the number of persons had increased to 90 by the addition of eight more families.

"They were the families of Mr. Wood, Mr. Polk, Mr. Ellis, Dr. Waterhouse, Captain Nosler, Mr. Cannon and two families named Oliver, who were not related. Nearly all of us lived on Front Street, now known as Trent Avenue. This was in order that we might obtain our water from the adjacent river.

"Mr. Cowley's home was on a tract of land which he owned, and his house stood on the south end of what is known as Cowley Park. A lovely stream of water flowed through his place. He was a missionary to the Indians and the result of his work has made real Chris-

tians of many of them. They were honest and very capable in doing most all kinds of work. I don't know how we would have gotten along without their help.

"There were no bridges across the river nearer than the K. M. Cowley bridge about 15 miles up the river and the Lapwai bridge 20 miles down the river. There were no churches and no schools at that time. This church was organized by a handful of Christians the next year, 1879.

"When the winter set in about the middle of December, the thermometer registered about 20 degrees below zero for quite a while and the snow fell until it measured five feet on the level in front of our unfinished hotel. We were entirely cut off from the outside world and for six months we received no mail. The winter finally passed and the year of 1879 brought new hopes and sanguine expectations. This was caused by the re-survey of the Northern Pacific Railroad with prospects of speedy construction. The realization of long-expected prosperity seemed near at hand, and here I must leave you."

OLIVE BLANCHE (BENSON) MUNKS

Skagit County

Mrs. Munks (Olive Benson) came to the State of Washington from Conway, Taylor County, Iowa, in 1888 .

Years before this, Mrs. Munks, then Miss Benson, had met Mr. Munks, in Creston, Iowa, where she was visiting with an intimate friend of his sisters.

Mrs. Munks came west on a through train from Minneapolis to Seattle, where she was met by Mr. William Munks and Mr. A. A. Denny. Mr. Denny had just bought a new buggy and pair of black horses and insisted that Mr. Munks take them and show his intended bride the city. They were married the next day after her arrival in Seattle, her twentieth birthday anniversary.

A few days later the newlyweds moved to Anacortes, Fidalgo island on the steamer Washington. Here Mrs. Munks found her new home a big house in the midst of towering trees, three children of the first marriage of her husband.

Mr. William Munks first came to the Bellingham Bay conntry in 1857 and visited Fidalgo Island as early as 1859. At that time he was employed as a scout by the State of Oregon.

He was the first permanent white settler on Fidalgo Island, having bought a squatter's right of the first homestead on January 14, 1861, from William Bonner, the consideration being $60.00 and a silver watch. Bonner, who came from Utsaladdy, Camano Island, had been occupying the cabin which had been built on the place in the spring of 1859 by Lieutenant Robert H. Davis, nephew of the celebrated President of the Southern Confederacy, who, with several other white wanderers, had come over from the San Juan country on a hunting trip.

After hunting on Guemes (earlier known as Dog Island, also Lawrence Island) where there was an abundance of deer and other game besides thousands of howling wolves, they pulled their boat over to the head of Fidalgo Bay, referred to by earlier settlers as "Squaw Bay"). The party included Charles W. Beal and his cousin, Robert Beal. They had decided to stay there a while and, using a squatter's right, build a cabin cornered on the imaginary line of their claims. Then the Civil War called Lieutenant Davis and he left suddenly for the South, where he joined the Southern forces and won distinction.

Mrs. Munks still has the handwritten sheet of paper that gave notice to all concerned "that in exchange for $60.00 and a silver watch, the undersigned relinquished all claim to his cabin and a squatter's right —from this tree to that tree."

Soon after settling, Mr. Munks went to Bellingham to find an old friend, Eric Compton, and succeeded in persuading him to move to Fidalgo Island and locate beside him. These two helped each other and made their trips to Bellingham together. They rowed their boat each way, and it was a long pull with the oars to Bellingham, were they marketed their wild game and produce. Each trip took several days and they had certain places where they camped, usually near other white settlers. During the sixties other families moved to the island and steamers began to run between LaConner (then known as Swinomish Settlement) and Seattle. There were no wharves nor docks, and steamers anchored as near land as possible. Men wearing hip boots carried the supplies, and the ladies, ashore.

Mr. Munks built a wharf and store in 1873. A little later he married Arminda Van Valkenburg. Three sons were born, then twins, and it was during the birth of the twins that necessary medical aid could not be obtained in time from LaConner, and the mother and one of the babies died. The other twin lived six months.

The first home of Mr. Munks was built of logs, with shake roof and the rough floors had no carpets. The furniture was all home made.

Mr. Munks had first used candles—an open dish to burn oil—then later candles and lamps were obtained. The only means of transportation was by row boat or canoe. Later he had a horse which he rode over the prairie, which was then a fern-covered open country. Munks' Landing was the first stopping place on the island and the piles of white rock used for the landing are all that remain of this oldest landmark.

An old Indian fort and stockade had been built by the peaceful and quiet Puget Sound Indians years before, at the head of Squaw Bay, on the land later bought by Mr. Munks, and here one of the hardest fought Indian battles took place. Near the old stockade was a bed of clam shells approximately seven feet deep, indicating the Indians had used the site for a camping ground for many years. There were still many Indians in the region and Mr. Munks had many interesting and exciting experiences with them. He brought the first cattle ,seventeen head, to the island, aboard a sloop from Whatcom. He also brought the first wagon and planted fruit trees and a grape vine, and some of these plants still yield an excellent crop of fruit. They were planted in 1863. In 1870, Mr. Munks, a veteran of the Mexican War, was appointed postmaster. Prior to this time the nearest postoffice was at Whatcom, later named Bellingham.

Mr. Munks had lived in Whatcom before coming to Fidalgo Island, and had served on the Boundary Commission. Later he had a trading post on the Frazer River. He had crossed the plains in 1849 and had engaged in many of the Indian wars in California and Oregon.

When the boom struck Anacortes, December 31, 1890, the excitement spread all over Fidalgo Island, and Mr. Munks built an up-to-date hotel at the water front and near the old landing. He expended his entire savings. When the boom broke he found himself without a cent. However, during the boom he built on a grand scale, and his hotel was a three-story affair, built of lumber from Utsaladdy. Mr. Priest was the contractor. Mr. Munks passed away in 1898 on Fidalgo Island, of which he was often referred to as "King," a title of which he was proud.

After his death, life was a struggle for Mrs. Munks, left with two babies and three step-sons, debts and taxes long unpaid, and a mortgage on their home. However, she managed well and gradually paid off the indebtedness.

The Munks home is a rambling old frame house of two stories with large rooms, high ceilings, and large windows made of small square panes. It is comfortably furnished, with old pictures decorating the

walls. The floors have a few home-made rugs scattered about. In the attic is stored an accumulation of more than half a century. Among the pieces of furniture is a queer little organ, the height of a table, with flat top. Its tones are still mellow when played. In the parlor is a set of black walnut furniture that came across the plains.

Mrs. Munks says that when the old log school house was to be replaced by a new and larger one, the settlers gave dances and held social affairs to help raise the money for the new one . The neighbors helped to build it, and its construction was of shakes with a shake roof and Mr. Munks donated the land.

Mrs. Munks recalls that her first Christmas in Washington Territory was spent at Alden Academy. Mr. Munks brought home new shoes for the babies preparatory to the trip, which was made by boat.

The followiug year, The Rev. and Mrs. Horace Taylor and their two children, Julia and her brother, arrived on the island and stayed a month at the Munks ranch. During this time a Sunday school was organized. Mrs. Munks says that Mr. Munks was always glad when Sunday school was out, because Julia and her brother persisted in sliding off the hay shocks and scattering the hay.

Mrs. Munks remembers Mr. Arthur Denny telling her husband of the Seattle property he had bought for $50,000. Mr. Munks asked him what he intended to do with it, and Mr. Denny replied, "For the present it will make a fine pasture for my cow."

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH LOUISA SINCLAIR

Snohomish County

I was the first child born of a white parent in what is now Snohomish county. My father had operated a trading post and tavern at Ebey's Landing on Whidby Island, and there had married my mother, who ran away from her parents of the Skagit tribe because she did not wish to marry a brave they had chosen for her. She made her way across the Skagit prairie and somehow reached the northern end of Whidby, and followed the shore line to Ebey's Landing, where my father first employed her to help in the tavern.

After they were married, my father joined with Mr. H. Frost in establishing a trading post at Point Elliot (now known as Mukilteo). My first recollections of life are as a small girl playing along the

beach, picking up bright pebbles there, and being entertained by Indians and now and then a white man at father's store.

"Mukilteo is mispronounced by almost everybody. It should be called 'mew-kill-teo'—meaning 'good camping ground'. Because it was a good camping ground, and because there was a trading post there, it became a popular place for many tribes to foregather, and very often there were Indians camped there from a dozen tribes. This led to frequent clashes among the tribesmen—and so many murders that the killing of one Indian by another became a commonplace. My father often used to say when he heard of another such killing, "Well, that's fine—we'll have Indian for breakfast, tomorrow!" All the trouble, however, was between the Indians, they never attacked the white men, probably because all white men carried one or two big revolvers and a knife or two in their belts.

"When yet quite small, my parents decided I needed schooling and sent me to the Indian mission at Tulalip. But I did not like it there. I felt superior to the full-blood Indians, and I did not like the service. We were fed good enough food, but it was served in tin plates and tin cups. These, after having become accustomed, in father's house, to china, rough and heavy though it had been, was too primitive for me and I rebelled. I went on a hunger strike, refusing to eat anything, and in desperation the mission returned me to my parents at Mukilteo. Later I went to school for a few terms at Snohomish, and there I worked for Mrs. Ferguson for my board.

"Perhaps I am incompetent to tell you much about the typical life of children of those days, for mine was not typical. I always boast that for years I was the most popular girl in Mukilteo—and I was, for there were no others. Therefore, I was somewhat petted and spoiled, and as my associates were all adults, I was more than a little precocious.

"My mother early taught me the use of the needle, and I obtained patterns for shirts and other garments for men. From father's store I got materials, and made shirts for sale. I was well paid for them. Too, I liked to pick up shells and colored pebbles, and make knick-knacks and picture frames by embedding the bright-colored shells and pebbles in putty. These I sold for good prices. And when, somehow, I became possessed of a jig-saw, I spent a lot of time making seine needles, which were much in demand among the fishermen.

"I always had money, though I had little use for it. I suspect I was a bright youngster, for one day several men were sitting on the porch in front of father's store watching the approach from the Sound of a

sailing vessel which had appeared between the islands some miles away. They were betting as to which of the several vessels plying the Sound this might be. It seemed a good chance for me to make some more money. The vessel was too far away to be recognized, so I went into father's store, got his binocular and slipped away to a place where I could watch it, unseen. In a short time I saw the name. Then I replaced the binocular and very innocently joined the gamblers. They were still wondering. I said, "Can I bet?" "Sure," they replied. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll bet it's the Walter Ellis. I'll bet five dollars.'

"Just for a joke, as they believed, they took the bet, and I produced my money. I won, of course. I didn't tell how for years afterward.

"I often took care of the store while father was away on a trading trip. He would load up a boat, a small schooner, with flour and bright-colored cloth, and many small articles for trade, sail up Port Gardner Bay to the mouth of the Snohomish river and then up river as far as he could navigate. He would exchange his cargo for hides and cranberries, which upon his return he would ship to Tacoma. Most of his trading was with Indians, there were few white men along the Snohomish at that time.

"One day while I was running the store, an Indian was knocked into a campfire during a fight near the store. His back was badly burned and he was in great pain. I wanted to help him and ran into the store to return with a bottle of Pain Killer, a liniment presumed to be good for bruises and rheumatism, but which, if applied to a cut or exposed sore would burn terribly. I felt like a real angel of mercy as I emptied the whole bottle on the poor Indian's burned back, and for an hour he writhed in a pain far greater than that caused by the fire. Fortunately for me, he assumed that I had done the best thing possible for him, and when the pain had eased somewhat, he thanked me for saving his life. But how my father laughed at me when he learned what I had done to soothe the poor fellow's pain!

"My father was the first postmaster at Mukilteo, and in the early days there was no other postoffice in Snohomish county. So all the mail for settlers up the river came to our office. There may have been a schedule, but if there were, it didn't mean much; for the mail often was a week later than we hoped for. Sometimes letters addressed to settlers up river lay in our office for weeks before being called for. But when a vessel called the 'Chehalis' began making regular trips up the Snohomish river, its captain used to pick up mail for settlers he knew and carry it to the nearest point he could reach.

"One article of commerce that was always acceptable was feathers,

for making pillows and bed ticks. As the country settled, there was a good demand for them, and father bought all he could get from the Indians, who killed ducks then as much for their feathers as for food. They were usually brought in in bales, and were not closely inspected. So after a time the Indians began to put into the bales almost any foreign substance they could pick up—pieces of rope, grass and ferns, etc. Our store was filled with flying feathers one day when, after having had complaints about poor quality feathers, father insisted on inspecting one bale brought in by an Indian. It proved to be less than one-half feathers, the remainder being a combination of all sorts of junk. The Indian was so enraged that he kicked the opened bundle fiercely, and the feathers flew in all directions, settling down all over the store. The Indian then insisted that father must pay for the feathers, even if he rejected the other stuff, and father told him if he would gather up all the feathers and bale them, he'd pay. But it was too much of a job for the Indian, and he left. It was weeks before the feathers were brushed out of our stock and swept out of doors.

"Another water fowl, the brandt, which, though edible, was not considered as good for food as the mallard ducks, was often caught in fishing seines. The brandt would settle by thousands on the Sound at a point where the tide met the outflow of the Snohomish river. The Indians, in canoes, would surround a flock of them and throw their fishing nets over the flock. The brandt could stick their heads through the net but could not spread their wings to fly. By drawing in the seine the Indians easily caught and killed them.

"Mukilteo had the first fish cannery on Puget Sound. At first the salmon were either salted and packed in casks or were smoked and packed for shipment. And they were well smoked, too. Smoked until the meat shrank to resemble the present-day chipped beef—not merely colored a little as is done today. It was far more delicious, too.

"Later Mr. George Myers came here and started a real cannery, packing the salmon in tin cans as is done today. In his factory I got my first job at regular wages. I was taught to do the soldering that closed the cans after the cooking.

Substitutes

"This new knowledge was valuable to me in many ways. On one occasion ,when in the evening my father was using the only available kerosene lamp in our house, and I could not get close enough to it to read, I resolved to have a lamp of my own. The next day, during the lunch hour at the cannery, I made a lamp bowl of two bright new tin salmon cans, soldering them together and screwing into the top a new brass burner from my father's stock. With small shells and bright

pebbles, and some green paint, I made it a very handsome and useful lamp—so good, in fact, that father almost adopted it for his own.

"I can remember a time when I was very small when we had not even a kerosene lamp, when we had only a tin vessel very much like a tea kettle, with two spouts from which wicks protruded. Fish oil—made from the livers of dogfish—was the illuminant, and very smelly it was. Not only that, but from the tip of each flame there wavered constantly a streamer of black, oily smoke which, in time, covered the entire ceiling.

FROM AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. W. D. BRUTON

Klickitat County

My father, Charles A. Splawn, left Tarkio Bottom, Holt County, Missouri, to cross the plains to Oregon. There he joined the Volunteers under General Lane to fight the Rogue River Indians. He went by wagon train to Goldendale and in 1858 to Moxee. Excerpts from newspapers relate of finding cut nails and cornerstones of the Splawn house in the Moxee built in 1860.

Needing a supply of water, father dug a well. The water tasted horribly and smelled worse. He dug another in search of a modest little spring. The one he had tapped spouted into a geyser—an artesian well. Three people moved into the Moxee and Felien Thorpe, my grandfather, was irked by the lack of space. Still keeping in the Moxee, they homesteaded in what is now known as Thorpe.

Felien Thorpe, my grandfather, had lived on a Kentucky plantation and the roving Indians, people of color, were to him the same as the southern Negroes. He trained the Indians as he had the slaves, and if he had to "whale" an Indian now and then, it was good for the Indian. Antoin Bertram, cousin of Chief Seattle, was his house servant. He built the fires and swept the hearths, and lives today to tell of it, if he would talk.

With two augers of different sizes, grandfather bored the centers from fir poles and fitted one into the other, and piped water into his house from Heelen Springs. Some joints are still in the irrigation ditch, as serviceable today as when fashioned for the pioneers' convenience. A one-room shed of logs was built for the family. Cattlemen coming and going suggested a tavern. A tavern of logs was built. It had a fireplace, a large kitchen, two bedrooms downstairs

and four bedrooms upstairs. The tavern suggested a saloon. So, separated from the house and roadhouse, Grandfather Thorpe built a saloon, with two bedrooms upstairs. He rented the tavern for $50 a month. The cattlemen and horse dealers all stopped there on their way to Snoqualmie Pass.

Life was busy and exciting. The children played around the tavern, but the saloon was taboo. On occasions illegal entry was an event. Grandfather Thorpe and Charles Splawn moved their families from Moxee to Thorpe in 1868. I, Flora Bruton, was born in the Moxee in 1875. The family was living between Kittitas County home and the Moxee. Frequent trips were made over the road that wound down through the canyon and ended in Moxee. Father was the first white man to bring a family to Ellensburg. The two white men living there were bachelors.

In 1869 Tillman Houser drove a wagon through Snoqualmie Pass, an achievement today, an epic then.

The children, white and Indian, increased. There were ten of the little Thorpes, and no place to learn their ABCs. Grandfather Thorpe just started a school of his own with the Indian children, and there was a quota. Lois Yocum, fiancee of Ed Cook, was the first teacher.

I was sent to the Sisters of Providence Academy at Yakima as a boarding pupil. I was five years old when my schooling began. Most vivid of my memories is the home-knitted stockings, which today I abominate. The stockings ended at the knee and fancy garters were allowed. My shirts also were hand knitted in squares with fancy stitches.

In the midst of this almost feudal estate our fare seemed better than it ever could again. Cattle driven from Oregon were milk and cream, beef and butter. Hams and bacon were cured on the place, chicken and suckling pigs, preserves, jellies, and dried fruits about covered the everyday fare. There were no canned fruits nor vegetables in those days. Our provisions were supplemented by the men with rabbits, sage hens, and ducks.

Grandfather Thorpe was the first postmaster. For a year his home was the Tannum government postoffice.

At this time, following the Civil war, cotton was the most expensive of fabrics, but silk continued to be the dress-up material. Hoops and little, flower trimmed pancake hats were in vogue. Lace or thin cotton undersleeves were favored.

I was born a platinum blonde and called by the Indians the "child of Heaven."

W. R. GRIFFIN REMINISCENCES

Orcas Island, San Juan County

It was one of those heavy black, still nights late in the fall of 1897, relates Mr. W. R. Griffin, of Orcas Island. Their four little boys safely tucked in bed and all being quiet for the night, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. C. King were sitting in front of their fire when they happened to think they should have some fresh meat and since it was an ideal night for fire hunting it was not long until they were 'ready to go.' Mrs. King began getting the lantern in order while Mr. King took his old gun from the rack on the wall and began looking for ammunition. He soon found he had just a magazine full of shells, amounting to thirteen bullets.

When Mrs. King had the lantern ready, her husband knelt on the floor while she strapped the lantern on his head. She first placed a pad on his head and brought the straps down on either side of his face and placed a pad under his chin, then began cinching the straps tight, much like binding the saddle on a broncho. It was necessary that the lantern be fastened firmly, and this prevented the wearer from opening his mouth or talking while wearing it.

When they were ready to start out, Mrs. King accompanied him, as she felt sure the deer would be waiting for them in the orchard. When they arrived at the edge of the orchard she was not so brave and proceeded close to Mr. King's side. A number of deer were in the orchard and they could see the bright shining eyes.

Mr. Griffin, who relates the story, recalled with great amusement, that Mr. King started shooting in every direction, but the more he shot the more eyes he saw, until suddenly the old gun began missing, whereupon he examined the gun and found it was empty. Thirteen shells, and apparently no fresh meat. They were ready to give up when Mrs. King remembered two old shells on top of the clock, and feeling certain they were still there, away she went through the dark while her husband remained in the orchard with the light in order to blind the deer and prevent them leaving. The deer were frightened and running in all directions, stamping the ground.

Mrs. King returned with the last two shells, which had been hidden in the clock. One shell was wasted, then Mr. King realized he would have to make good if they were to have deer liver for breakfast. He picked out the largest and brightest pair of eyes and brought up the old gun. At the shot, the lights went out, and he was positive he had scored a hit. They rushed to where they thought the deer had been

standing and found what Mr. Griffin believes was the biggest buck ever killed on the island.

Mrs. King was well pleased with the evening's catch, but her husband was not. Anytime he had to shoot 15 times to get one deer did not look good to him, especially with his record as a successful deer hunter.

Next morning, after breakfast, the mules were hitched to the wagon and Mr. King took the boys to the orchard, where the youngsters were excited to find four more deer besides the one they had been led to expect. It was then Mr. King began to breathe easier, for he had wondered what alibi he could offer his friends for taking 15 shots to kill one deer. He felt sure the neighbors had heard the shooting and probably had counted each one, for his gun was of large calibre and made plenty of noise. The horns of all five of the deer were mounted.

When they first began hunting on Orcas Island with a lantern, it proved quite an improvement over the old way of shining with a pitch jack. The pitch jack was a home made affair, a heavy basket made of wire or thin iron bands. This was fastened to a crooked pole about six feet long and filled with pitch, lighted and the pole carried on the shoulder. This was not a successful method, being extremely dangerous in dry weather. The falling pitch would set fire to the orchards and woods. Balls of rags saturated with kerosene were also used in the early days for fire hunting.

ED. C. KING

As Told by Mr. W. R. Griffin

While recalling events of the early days in San Juan County, Mr. W. R. Griffin of East Sound told this story of Ed. C. King of East Sound.

Mr. King was born in Washington county, Ohio, in 1860. When a lad of 19 years, Mr. King visited a cousin in Illinois and while there he and his cousin decided to move to Kansas. They fitted out two wagons and drove through to the "promised land." They spent the winter near Fort Riley and in the spring moved to the Solomon valley where they rented a farm and planted 100 acres to corn, also stocked the place with 30 head of hogs and some cattle.

One day a very severe hail storm killed all of the pigs and five of the calves, and broke all the windows on two sides of the house. While they were surveying the damage caused by the hail, Mr. King's cousin

pointed to the west where a dark cloud was forming on the horizon. His cousin said it was a tornado and that they had better go to the cellar. But Mr. King said, "No cellar for me, I am going to see what happens." He stayed to watch part of the storm and went to the cellar just as a large object passed through the house, and shortly before the house itself left its foundation, leaving only part of the first floor.

Just ten days later, while at work in the field, he noticed another black cloud rolling up in the west. This time he did not need to be told what to do and left the team and started for the nearest house. The storm was even worse than the first one, sweeping everything in its path. Mr. King decided life in Kansas was entirely too strenuous, and having heard of the Puget Sound country, decided that was an opportune time to seek a new location.

The trip was made to San Franciso, then to Seattle and Bellingham (then Whatcom) by boat. He remained in Bellingham two years and was a charter member of the first band organized in that city. He first came to Orcas Island with Mike Adams, who lived at that time on what is better known as the J. E. Moore place. Mr. King was captivated with the island and the next day began to look around for a homestead location. He picked out the forty acres where he and his wife resided. He built the little log house of cedar logs, taken from the ground which is now their famous garden.

In 1885 Mr. King was married to Miss Etta Durkee ,who passed away eight months later. In 1888 he married Miss Ella Kepler, who came from Ohio with her parents in 1884, to locate on a homestead near Orcas. Miss Kepler had taught school in Ohio, and soon after arriving on the island she secured the position of teaching a three months term of school at Doe Bay. Her salary was $23.00 per month and board. The board was furnished by the different patrons of the school. Part of the time she had to walk a distance of two and one-half miles to and from school. When the term ended at Doe Bay, she taught a four months' term at East Sound. Her salary there was $25 a month, out of which she paid her own board, which was $6 a month. After teaching two years she spent a year at the State University, returning then to the island where she continued teaching until her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. King remained here for many years, but from 1902 until 1906 Mr. King was in the Klondike gold country. In 1910 the family moved to Kamloops, B. C., where they homesteaded and farmed 800 acres. They moved again in 1916 to Montana where they farmed 1600 acres. He grew the first corn that was ever grown in that part of Montana, although cattle raising was the chief industry on the ranch. In 1923 Mr. and Mrs. King returned to spend their declining years on the island.

MRS. P. H. SCHNEBLY (Eliza Frances Cook)

Kittitas County

I was born in Independence, Oregon, May 1, 1860, and I am the daughter of the Honorable Chas. P. Cooke (1824-1888); of Puritan stock, who came by ox team in 1849 to California, in 1850 to Oregon, in 1867 to Yakima where he homesteaded in the Moxee, then in 1870 came to Kittitas County. He was state representative from Yakima County from 1873 to 1876; of Yakima and Klickitat jointly in 1886; councilman of Yakima, Kittitas, Adam, Lincoln, and Douglas Counties; the first auditor in Yakima County and one of the first county commissioners. He assisted in organizing Kittitas County in 1883.

Arrive in Ellensburg

Our family came from Oregon with what at that time was considerable wealth and great possessions. From The Dalles, Oregon, they came by wagon train over the Indian trail. I was five years old, but remember seeing, from a bluff, the Columbia River at sunset. It was a stream of gold still to be conjured back to mind. We homesteaded in the Moxee, Yakima. Save for a spring and a marsh where bunch grass for the cattle grew, the place was a desert.

In 1870, with Elmer Thorpe, the Cooks came to Ellensburg. Coming up grade all horses were hitched to one wagon. From the crest of the last hill mother looked down upon the valley. It was springtime and wild flowers brightened the sage brush. "Right over there I am going to have my house." She pointed to what is now known as Fairview, the site she had chosen from the top of the world. Until eight years ago I had lived there on the 240 acres, 12 miles from Ellensburg. As we pitched camp and unpacked, the Indians watched us with eager curiosity, thinking a new trading post had been opened.

Father went to The Dalles once a year and on that trip bought enough supplies for the family for the entire year. The home was a one-room cabin, made of large logs, unplaned and chinked with mud. Its chief attraction was a huge fireplace, made of rocks and mud and a strong door with an old-fashioned latch as strong as a lock.

Very few families were in the valley at this time. Tillman Houser and his family were established and made the first wagon road, which the Cookes used. Other homesteaders included: Charles Splawn, F. Mortimer Thorpe, Charles B. Reed, W. A. Bull, Thomas Haley, George Hull, S. R. Geddes, George and Jeff Smith, W. H. Keister and Matthias Becker. By early fall we had erected two more cabins and the three stood in a row.

First Thanksgiving in Kittitas County

Thanksgiving of 1870 on Put-chem-mee creek was a frost-tanged day, filled with the gay tinkling laughter of eight children. I was eight years old and instead of helping mother, I climbed trees and slid from amazing heights on wild clematis vines.

That seemed to be one of my happiest Thanksgivings. We had an unexpected guest—John Brown, a cattleman from Oregon—and that was always a wonderful event. We knew mother would use her best linens and silver and the marvelous caster would occupy the center of the table.

My, I remember how much salt and pepper we used to take just to turn that caster around. And such a dinner! By one o'clock we were considered prim enough to sit at the table. Our hair was combed straight back over our ears and we had on our short white aprons. I almost forgot—we wore home-made shoes. Father made them out of leather obtained in The Dalles and we laced them with buckskin strings.

"I'll never forget the first shoes my father made. I can see them yet. He almost tore the leather to pieces getting it off the last. But after the first attempt he did better.

That Thanksgiving dinner was grand, though. We had three deliciously stuffed wild prairie chickens, baked a golden brown; mashed potatoes and lots of gravy, dried corn, for we had a very good garden that summer, and winter radishes. But the prize dish was mother's apple dumplings. Our guest thought they were made from fresh apples, but at that time no one thought apples could grow here. Mother made those delicious dumplings from dried apples father brought from The Dalles in the spring. Mother's jelly cake put the finishing touches to a wonderful Thanksgiving.

I remember that evening as I lay in my bed thinking of the happy times we had that day, I quietly drifted into sleep to a lullaby of low weird howls of the many coyotes.

Robbers' Roost

Jack Splawn in 1870 had bought the only trading post from Bud Wilson, the first white man to settle in Ellensburg. It had been christened "Robbers' Roost." Four times the log cabin was used as a fort, providing protection from the Indians.

"Forted Up"

Our family, the Cookes, gathered with the valley families at the fort during the Indian scare. We did not go in the fort but stayed

nearby, in a house which was fortified. The people were frightened, and, as time went by, tired and worn out. The children were fretful and the parents impatient. Nothing happened.

Last Indian Scare

The last fright was at the time of the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins. There was real danger then. The Indians could have taken the whole valley, the settlers were so scattered. People lived in dread, but there was no attack. After this the soldiers came in. Chief Moses was camped near our home, but spent every dinner time at the officers' camp.

School days

I walked three miles to school. Father organized District No. 4. The teachers came from outside and boarded around.

Married Life

I married Phillip Henry Schnebly, a farmer and stockman who came to Ellensburg in 1871. His father was David Schnebly, who published the Oregon Spectator, later the Oregonian. David came to Ellensburg in 1872. He founded the Localizer, now the Ellensburg Evening Record. With his six sons, of whom Phillip was one, he owned 40,000 acres of meadow land. They drove their herds of cattle over the Cascades to sell in Seattle.

MRS. J. B. DAVIDSON (Jeane C. Schnebly)

Kittitas County

I was born at Walla Walla, Washington. My great grandfather, Robert Moore, came from Peoria, Illinois, in 1840. His wife was not strong enough to make the trip. I have a letter, written with a quill pen in exquisite script, by my great grandmother to Robert Moore, in which she states that she knows she will never see him again. She never did. The letter is signed, "Your dutiful wife, Margaret Moore."

Robert and one other were the only two out of the eighteen who started west, that finished the trip to the Willamette Valley and founded the town of Linn. He was active in all the political affairs of the territory and helped to shape its laws. He was the only one in his community to possess a law book. I have an interesting copy of the Oregon Spectator, dated March 12, 1851. It is still in good condition. The Morse Telegraph code was new. A good deal of poetry

was printed and a grandiloquent harangue on "Rome, Proud City of the East, where art thou, today?"

In 1850 my parents came from Illinois. I remember my mother hating to stop at Portland, for it was nothing but a mud hole.

Famine

In 1860 my parents moved to Walla Walla. My father had driven blooded stock up from Oregon. The winter of 1861-62 was the famine season of the big freeze. There was no food for the stock. The horses came up to the house, looking to men for help, and died in the door yard.

Walla Walla an Old City

It was this year that I was born. I grew up there and attended school. I had a piano and took for granted all the possessions that later were to seem such luxuries.

Teaches in Ellensburg

In 1884 I came to Ellensburg to teach in the Academy founded that year. My two brothers, Phillip Henry and Charles P. Schnebly, lived there. My parents later joined their sons and daughter.

Pioneer Homes

Most of the homes were of logs. There was no timber within 20 miles of the settlement. The only servants were Indians and the settlers exchanged work. I remember an Indian woodsman employed by father. He would leave for the woods before dawn and he worked until dark and never a bite of food until he returned at night, when he would eat enough to have fed six men. He never stopped until he was filled up and then would roll over and go to sleep, to be up and at it again at dawn.

There were few cabins with flooring, the Ben Whitson cabin at first had a dirt and then a puncheon floor. I recall that at some of the dances the dust would be so thick one couldn't see one's partner. Later there were spring carriages, but at first we had only "dead-ax" wagons, Bains, and these were considered the best vehicle. Springs on the seats were considered luxuries.

Primitive Food

When I came to Ellensburg there was a grist mill, built in 1875 by Robert Canady, but before that time the settlers ground corn in a coffee mill to make their bread.

Amusements

Dances were the big events. In the early days, Miss Jennie Olm-

stead, who was teaching school ten miles away, was invited to come in for a dance. She rode to the river, forded it, and then drove, and later changed to a mule. She was the only young lady at the dance. It was there she met Walter A. Bull, whom she later married.

Fashions

At first clothes were made for service only. The men would come in from the outer settlements with a nail for a button or instead of a stitch. To lose a button was a misfortune. Buttons as well as thread and needles must come from The Dalles, Oregon.

In 1884 clothes were becoming important. The weaving and spinning days were over. Mother and grandmother had their best dresses made by Miss Pilger in Portland. It was not unusual to pay her $75 for fashioning the intricate formal costumes of the '80s.

I remember a silk and wool plaid dress I owned. It was fearfully and wonderfully made with a ruffled over-dress, with braided ruffle heading. Grandmother wore always the same style, with tight bodice, high neck, tight sleeve and a long plain over-skirt. There was a bit of cluny lace at the throat. Her caps were always the same. They were trimmed with a few violets. One thing interesting was that grandmother always wore a number 3 shoe. To be sure, the size markings had to be changed by the shoe man, but grandmother wore a number 3 until she died.

In 1886 I married J. B. Davidson, later active in the interests of his country and state. He was twice unanimously elected to the bench. After my husband's death I moved out of my big house and built a charming cottage near my daughter. The living room is filled with books and I plan to read all the things I have been wanting to read for years. I wonder if I can be so selfish when there are so many things to be done. Although I have not kept a diary I have preserved letters and papers and photographs that tell the story of the times. An invitation to my wedding fifty years age, engraved by Altman of New York, is as correct today as then.

WALLACE WILEY

Yakima County

In October of 1865, we hitched our team to the wagon and with my wife and four sons drove out over the old Barlow road where lay the remains of wagons abandoned by emigrants and piles of bones marking the spots where oxen had perished in the deep snow. Marks of

ropes and chains were still seen on the trees of Laurel Hill. We crossed the Columbia at The Dalles.

We had to lay over there for three days on account of wind and sand. The ferry was an old scow manned by three men. Our train consisted of one wagon and team, four cows and four calves and one saddle horse. After three weeks time, we arrived on March 10, 1886, at the present site of Wiley City.

That fall a school house was built at Skookumchuck (where the Ahtanum pavement now ends) and we had a two-mile walk morning and night in order to attend classes. Winter was coming on and we had only a small tent for a family of six.

After two weeks spent on the trail, we entered the Ahtanum Valley. on October 10, crossed the creek and proceeded up the valley. Passing a ranch, we saw a woman coming toward us along the trail. She had seen the wagon coming a long way off and had come to welcome another woman to the lonely valley. The woman was Mrs. A. P. Crosno, and a life-long friendship between the two families had it beginning that day as we accepted the hospitality of these new neighbors.

Within a few days we had the logs assembled and all the men who had settled within miles came for the house-raising, which was done in one day. (I think there were about 15 men.) The next thing was to make shakes for the roof. This was as great a job as building the house. Suitable timber was found near the mouth of Nasty Creek (a short distance above Tampico on the north fork of the Ahtanum), and was bolted and hauled home.

I cut down cottonwood trees for our first home. It was 18x18, with upstairs bedrooms reached by a ladder. Split shakes of yellow pine were used for shingles. Floors were of split puncheon and the furniture was made of the same. We had a stove, and the fireplace was built two years later of sandstone from the Lower Naches.

We brought food for the first winter. The next winter we exchanged shelled corn with our neighbor, J. B. Nelson, for dried peas, so our fare consisted of potatoes, cornbread and peas.

Pioneer women made their own soap, using wood lye. There were in Ahtanum at that time, a sorghum mill, a furniture factory, where tables and chairs were made of oak and birch from along the creek.

Clothing for the men and boys was made from "hardtimes cloth," while the girls' dresses were made of "ladies cloth." They wore big aprons to school to cover these pretty dresses.

The pioneers of Ahtanum Valley were enterprising and progressive. They were mostly farmers and turned their attention to clearing land, digging ditches and making roads. A school house was built. I also helped in its construction and paying two-thirds of the teacher's salary. I also cut and sawed lumber for the Ahtanum Church and for Centennial Hall and the Catholic Church of Yakima City and for the high school in Yakima.

In 1880 I built the first lath and plaster house in the valley, hauling the lime, doors and windows by team from The Dalles, Oregon.

Hugh Wiley was one of the earliest hop-growers in the valley and later I had a large acreage of hops, also. I also was a dairyman and stockgrower. I hauled my butter to The Dalles in barrels. having packed it in four-pound sacks immersing them in brine. A co-operative creamery was built in 1886, and I was one of the organizers.

The little town of Yakima City grew up near the mouth of the Ahtanum Creek, starting with a little store built by Mr. Barker in 1869. In 1870 he built a grist mill.

Kamiakin's gardens and his historic ditch were on the present site of our ranch. A pioneer picnic was celebrated there in 1918 and a marker driven to commemorate the chief's agricultural enterprise.

Jim and I organized the Wiley Land and Stock Company in 1892.

We raised fine horses and cattle and at one time had 7,000 acres of land under cultivation.

Many of the Ahtanum settlers who came to the valley as children, took part in the Pioneer celebration of 1935. Decked out in clothes of yesterday, driving vehicles reminiscent of pioneer days, the parade was four miles long.

INTERVIEW WITH ED SNIPES

Yakima County

Back in Iowa in the '50s one of our neighbors decided to take his family and move to Oregon. My brother, George, was in love with this neighbor's daughter, but her father was opposed to the match and took her away without even giving them a chance to say "goodbye."

George was heartbroken and a week or so later my father advised him to follow the wagon train, and that is the reason the Snipes fam-

ily came west. George caught up with the train fifteen miles east of The Dalles and sent the girl a note. They were married at The Dalles and went on to Rowena where they took up a donation claim.

Another brother left Iowa soon after for the Oregon country and the glowing accounts they sent back caused my father to pack a prairie schooner and take to the trail. I was only six years old but I rode a mule all the way.

Before we reached Oregon my brother Ben had driven his herd of cattle to the Klickitat in search of better pasturage. Hearing of the rich bunch grass lands further north, he drove a small band to the Okanogan country. It was fortunate for him that he did, for these were the only cattle that he had left after the severe winter of 1861-62. He drove them to the Caribou mines on the Frazer river and sold them for one hundred dollars a head, returned to Oregon and purchased another herd and started all over again; a herd that was to increase until a hundred thousand head wore his brand, ranging from the Oregon line north to British Columbia, east to the Columbia river and west to the foothills of the Cascades, an empire of waving bunch grass controlled by cattle barons for more than a quarter of a century.

Ben had three ranches with immense corrals. One of these was in Parker Bottom. One was near the present site of Mabton, the other near the elevation since known as Snipes Mountain and named for him.

One year Ben went to Oregon and bought a thousand steers and we drove them up to the little railroad town of Ainsworth, branded and turned them loose. We were not to see those cattle for four years, then they were rounded up for market, fat and sleek.

In 1866 Ben took 2,000 head to Montana. They were driven via Bickleton to White Bluffs where they swam the Columbia. Scarcely a house was seen on the way, only Indian teepees.

Like the majority of the youth of the Yakima Valley at that time, I lived in the saddle. Ben had three big crews, one at Umatilla, one opposite Long Island in the Columbia, on the Washington side, and the other in Yakima Valley. Each of us had a string of horses which we had to break. Talk about a rodeo! We had one every day, what with breaking wild mustangs, roping, branding, rounding-up the herds, and sometimes a wild stampede which nothing could stop.

Phelps and Wadleigh, Huntington, the government with the ID (Interior Department) brand, Snipes and Allen, and many other smaller outfits all joined in the spring round-up.

Provisions were brought from The Dalles, trading-post for all this country on north as far as Colville. Money was plentiful. Where we see a nickle today we saw a twenty dollar piece then.

I have seen fifteen to twenty wagons at one time, four, six and eight horses, taking goods to Robbers' Roost, the little trading post in the Kittitas, which had a big bull's head nailed over the door.

We were down in Klickitat rounding up cattle and one night Charles Splawn, Jack Schuster and I decided to attend a camp meeting, so we rode over to the little grove where Father Wilbur and his Indians were singing and preaching. There was no town in Klickitat county and there was a discussion that night as to the best location. "I'll give land," said Mr. Hickenbotham, "if you'll build a town at Columbus," which was a boat landing on the Columbia. Another man said he would give land on the Swale. John Golden had his turn then. He said, "I'll give every man a lot and start a town right here." That is what happened, for the town of Goldendale was started that year and was named for him.

THE HUTCHINSON BROTHERS—STOCKMEN

By A. O. Lee

Adams County

Sam, the elder of the Hutchinson brothers, was 7 feet, four inches in height and of tremendous strength, weighing about 250 pounds. He located on Crab Creek in the late 80's and engaged in horse raising. In 1901 he counted his droves in hundreds. He was a keen-minded man, strictly honorable in all his dealings. Sam had three daughters when the family moved to Sunnyside, Washington. One daughter became auditor of Benton County, and the family still resides at Sunnyside, but Sam passed on a few years ago. He at one time served as city marshal at Lind while living there to give his daughters the benefit of the Lind schools. Sam was a terror to the criminal class, who stayed clear of the town. The people of Linn deeply regretted Sam's resignation and the departure of this family.

Where they once had a real ranch home, now time has left nothing but a wreck.

Ben Hutchinson was a man six feet, ten inches in height, weighed above 200 pounds and at one time was very active for such a large man. Nestling in the side of a rocky cliff near Corfu, on the banks

of Lower Crab Creek is his little log cabin. The logs were hauled from the river and the cabin built in 1884 where Ben settled to start his horse ranch. He was born in Oregon, was educated there and at St. Mary's College in San Francisco. He had a fine education and was a splendid penman. Ben started the herd of what he called the red blooded stock which came from Kentucky and which roamed the range here in large bands. He was rather eccentric and had queer pets. Among them was an enormous bull snake that lived in his cabin for several years until he hired a young easterner as a rider. This rider came home one day and found the big snake in the cabin and shot it. Ben fired him from the job. Ben was an expert with a lariat and was considered one of the best between Calgary and the Rio Grande.

He usually drove a stage coach in Fourth of July celebrations and always helped make the parades more interesting. He told me at one time of the deep snows of the year, I believe, of 1889-90.

He once related to me that during the protracted severe winter weather, the animals ate the tails off each other, and mowed the tops from the sage brush. The bones of some of these animals may still be found on the rocks near the lakes in this region, where they died of hunger and cold.

HIRAM (OKANOGAN) SMITH

By M. E. Hatchet

Okanogan County

Hiram Smith was born in Kennebec County, Maine, June 11, 1829. His boyhood life, like that of many others in the early days, was hard. He was educated by the wayside, by the blaze of pitch pine knots, in the wilderness.

For awhile, when a young man, Smith worked as a printer on the New York Tribune, under Horace Greeley, leader and editor of that noted paper, who advised, "Go west, young man."

Smith answered the call of the west, with its promise of wealth, in 1849.

After the Indian War of 1855-56, he arrived at The Dalles, Oregon. In 1857 he started for the new Eldorado at Rock Creek, near the British line, and to the Fraser river mines.

During the summer of 1858, he retraced his steps to the Okanogan

country, where, at the mouth of Ossoyos lake, he built his first log cabin, and in 1862 he built the first private trading post in the Northwest. Here, says Major Guydir of Spokane, a lifelong friend, in those perilous days, Smith's courage, intelligence and sterling honesty, combined with a forcible, determined character, laid the foundation of progress for the whole Okanogan country.

Marries Chief's Daughter

By tribal custom, Smith married Mary Manuel, the daughter of a chief over the Similkameens of the Okanogan tribe. One daughter was born to this union.

The Smith rauch soon became noted far and near, a farm of 600 acres, and 300 more in addition were added by purchase from Chief Tonasket. These lands were never surveyed and never placed on record. In 1858 an orchard of 1,200 trees was set out, and this orchard now 70 years old, still bears fruit. This orchard was watered by the first irrigation project in the Northwest.

His great dining table seated twenty-four persons, and whether with or without money, no one ever left the place hungry.

Chiefs Tonasket and Moses once said to Indian Agent Major D. R. Guydir: "When Okanogan Smith tells us to do anything, he knows how to do it and shows us how; he never lies, while the government does." He taught the red men how to plow, cultivate and irrigate. His dusky daughter was sent to a convent at Portland and there educated. She returned and became the bride of Jack Evans, foreman of her father's ranch.

This young lady, in whose veins flowed blood of the finest man of his day, and also that of an Indian chieftain, gave birth to two children, Robert and Ella. The latter is now Mrs. Harry Irwin of Oroville.

Member of Legislature

Smith was appointed United States Land Commissioner, and while his decisions might not have always complied with the law, yet they were just and to the point. He was made a member of the territorial legislature in 1863, and later became a member of the second and third house of state representatives.

Okanogan Smith dressed plainly, a man of medium height, with a wonderful personality, dark eyes that shone clear and free from any stain as his character. In the legislature, Smith was an unique figure, but his words were heeded with attention. It was Okanogan Smith

who introduced a memorial to congress praying for the protection of American fishing interests in Alaska, which led to the purchase of that territory, following the investigation of W. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

In the spring of 1893, after the legislature adjourned, Smith, who had been sick, went to Seattle for treatment, where, at the Diller hotel, he passed away September 10.

Smith left a young white wife, whom he had married only eighteen months before, and the two grandchildren. His daughter had died the year before. His last will and testament is filed in Okanogan County, his estate being valued at $500,000, which was willed to the young wife and grandchildren. She and her children have never come into their share of the property to this day.

Smith was buried at Seattle. Thus, at the age of sixty-four, he passed to the Great Beyond. He closed the last chapter by writing "Finis—Okanogan Smith"—gone but not forgotten in the great Northwest.

Honored in his own country, he will never be forgotten; a pioneer with ears to hear, eyes to see, and a heart to understand a God-forsaken wilderness, whose life left indelible impressions on the history of the Okanogan country. To him goes the credit for a great development. Kindness and honesty won the respect and confidence of the savage red men that saved lives from slaughter on numerous occasions, by smoothing out the differences between the white man and the Indian.

WINFIELD MADISON DOOLEY

Okanogon County

I was born in Tama County, Iowa, in 1855. When I was 26 years old, the desire to go some place landed me in Bozeman, Montana, the end of the railroad. I drifted to Spokane, and back to Montana—then to Tacoma, where I was a dairyman. Driving cattle to Coulee introduced me to Okanogan, where I have lived permanently since 1900. In 1903 I bought the Dooley Hotel. It is still my home.

I have voted the Republican ticket always. I never held political office, and figured I couldn't have got one if I had wanted it.

Okanogan County was sparsely settled when I came. The bunch

grass still grew and cattle grazed on all the ranges. With the cattle kings of the day I rode with my ten cowboys in the round-up.

Being a cowboy was not a lazy man's job. A cowboy rode all day and slept with his head on his saddle wherever night overtook him. During the round-up I made my headquarters at a lake on a plateau on the Colville reservation. This lake is known as Dooley Lake.

The boys would get lost and unable to find their way back to camp. They built a platform, set up a pole on the top of a huge rock on this plateau and flew the American flag. Except in a fog it could be seen all over the range. It brought in many a lost cowboy, and the Indians called the arrangement "Dooley's Fourth of July."

Horses were turned out on the range from round-up to round-up. A fresh horse was ridden every day, whether or not it had been broken the year before, it must be done again each round-up. A horse was roped, thrown, saddled and bridled, and the cowboy mounted as the horse arose. The picture of the bucking broncho was a daily morning scene. The boys were bucked off, but Pete Smith, my foreman, was the best rider. No one was ever injured in my round-ups. I paid my riders forty dollars a month and keep during round-up. My brand was the XXXX.

OSCAR OSBORNE

Grant County

The Civil War was fought in front of our house. Father was bankrupt. There was nothing in the South for an ambitious young man, so I came West to Washington, as so many Tennesseans were doing. I came by the Union Pacific Railroad to San Francisco and by the Queen of the Pacific to Portland. I was the first on board to get seasick and the last to recover after the boat had crossed the Columbia River bar.

Grand Coulee

Billy Whitmore and George Wilson, squaw men, were the only white persons west of Coulee. The Coulee was waving in bunch grass up to the horses' bellies. Springs abounded, a lovely lake with ducks floating upon it, was under the massive cliff walls of the Coulee. I chose this for my homestead. My cattle could feed on the tableland in summer and in canyon walls made by the Coulee they would be sheltered in winter. Also the rocky land would probably discourage

homesteaders and insure pasture for the cattle I meant to buy.

Cattle

My first herd was bought with money borrowed from the Second National Bank in Colfax. I paid 18% interest. I paid it out and bought more the next year. Those were the first cattle in the Coulee —the finest range in the world at that time. Mine were the first cattle from the Big Bend to Ellensburg. Lord Blythe, Splawn and Snipes were all in the field later.

Building a House

The first thing a homesteader had to do was to show his good intentions by bringing logs on his land, proving he intended to build a house and live in it. We had no wagon. We dragged eight inch poles from the bluff, tied to the saddle horn, notched them and put up the cabin. It had a dirt floor and dirt roof. It burned and the second cabin was a little more pretentious.

Lord Blythe

Lord Blythe, a monocled Englishman, was the biggest cattleman in the country. His cattle grazed everywhere. Homesteaders, his pet aversion, eventually drove him out of business.

Occasionally he returned to England and was heard to say that overseas he was Lord Blythe, but in the Coulee he was just that "damned old Blythe." He did himself well in the way of house and servants, but while not criticised, seemed not to have had the close friendship of his neighbors.

Advice

Solomon McCruskey, a Tennessean in Colfax, advised me to marry a nice Dutch girl who was used to the country and not afraid of hardship. It was eleven years before I took the advice, Dutch girl and all.

White Pioneer

Nat Washington came into the country. He was a brilliant young lawyer and lived and died the most respected and loved man there. Mr. Washington took up land on a bar at Grand Coulee. The green shelf of it can be seen from the bridge to Mason City. Two men took it away from him. Mr. Washington took a six-shooter and went down and read the law to them. In three days they had cleaned out.

School

There was no free school in the Coulee until a district was organized. The daughter of a farmer taught the children in her home, charging tuition.

A Little Incident

The Nez Perce Indians still trail back and forth to Idaho, but in the early days they were to be seen on the trails all the time. They have no respect for the white man and less for his belongings. A man by name of Dillman lived in Rattlesnake Canyon. He had a nice little bunch of horses. The Idaho Indians saw a good saddle horse in the band, roped him, and took him along. Dillman got mad, saddled and chased them. He did not overtake them until on the grade this side of Lewiston. He demanded his horse and shot Mox-mox's arm off to show he was in earnest. Dillman got his horse. Mox-mox, with one arm, lived to be an old man.

Indians

General Howard, in the last big battle between the whites and Indians, rounded up Chief Joseph and his tribe at Steptoe Butte. The Indians got away in the most remarkable retreat in history. They took their squaws and all their possessions over what would seem impassable trails. They were captured at the British line. Chief Joseph had killed a good many whites. He was just as mean as an Indian could be. Even after the trouble was over, he was the most haughty chief in the west. One could see the spirit that was in him against the white man. His "Halo kumtux" was all he ever spoke.

Joseph and 30 of his braves, the meanest of them, were banished to Alabama. Half of them died. The rest were returned to the South Half of the Colville Reservation. Joseph died there a few years ago. Moses was the most friendly toward the whites, of all the Indian chieftains, but was pretty mean at times. The government tried to do the right thing by Moses and his people. Attempts were made to teach them agriculture, but more and more the country settled, their hunting grounds were fenced in, and mowing machines, harnesses, wagons, and seed were shipped in to gradually take the place of the hunting and trail equipment with which the Indian was familiar.

The San Poil Indians were suspicious of the motives of the government and in many ways were far behind the Yakimas. Moses' people came and took their allotments, but the San Poil Indians left their machinery on the bar at Stevenson's Ferry, seven miles below the big dam. Consequently, the expensive equipment left on the bar was exposed to weather conditions and thieves, for twelve months, until it was stolen, mostly by whites. People came from as far away as Waterville to take it.

Civilization

Farming experts were sent out to show the Indians how to farm

according to the white man's way. They were wary—"Bye and bye Boston man come and swallow all Indians' illihee (land)." They were willing for the farming experts to plow and sow and harvest. They would take the grain, but not do the work.

Chief Moses

The government built Moses a house at Nespelem, on the south half of the Colville Reservation. Moses still lived in his tent and the only time he used his new house was on hot days when he would get on the north side of it and sit in the shade.

Moses had a fine looking young squaw. It was reported that Moses wanted her to marry a white man. One hundred and fifty ponies would be her dowry. Several white men went and got acquainted, but none were reported to have married her.

The Indians used to come, 600 to 1000 of them, to camp in Coulee and dig camas. They still come, but in fewer numbers. What has become of them? The white men brought them smallpox, as well as farming implements. One year there were forty Indians camped by a stream and smallpox broke out among them. They took steam baths, and then jumped into the cold river, their treatment for all illnesses. They died and the river bank was lined with graves. Other diseases thinned out the race and what one sees today is the result.

Indian War Dances

The Indians, after the settlement of their disputes with the whites, got peevish about something and got up a big war dance at Nespelem. They danced for a week. The new settlers headed for Walla Walla. The government distributed rifles to the settlers—old Mississippi and Burnside rifles that had been used in the Civil War. For advice, I went to see Bill Wilson about that war dance. Bill laughed and said, "They will dance until they run out of grub, then they will disband and go dig camas." They did.

Wife Receives a Gift

My wife received $2000 from her family and invested it in the townsite of Osborne, which was promoted by me. Squatters were pitching their tents there and staying. When I ran them off, they came back and moved into an old shack on the place. I tore down the shack and then they took refuge in an old root house. Then I compromised, and told them they would have to move out or buy. More kept coming and 95% of them bought. If the high dam is completed, the town of Osborne and the original homestead will be under water. The government will buy this property and the holders will all be satisfied.

I got a postoffice for the town. I was surprised that the squatters were so fluent with the pen. A condition different from my own native Tennessee.

WILLIAM WILLFORD

Lincoln County

I came to Washington Territory in 1881 from Linn County, Iowa, with my parents, a brother and two sisters. A friend of the family who had come to this country the year before, wrote us of the opportunities which the far West offered, and as we were not progressing in Iowa, the Willfords decided to come out here and locate.

The family came in an emigrant train to San Francisco, then by boat to Portland, there changed to a river boat to The Dalles, Oregon, then by narrow guage railroad to Walla Walla, then by stage again to Sprague, Washington. Soon after arriving in Sprague, I got a job working at Medical Lake, in a saw mill owned by Dan Leighton.

After working for him about a year. I bought an interest in the business. In 1883, we moved the mill to what was known as Hawk Creek Falls on the Columbia River near Peach, where we remained for three years, then moved to Hell Gate, where we remained for a number of years. We think we are the only lumber men that ever built a boom which worked successfully on the Columbia River. It was the first saw mill in Lincoln County.

It wasn't necessary for me to move to different States, Territories, or Counties, as they came to me. I lived in Washington Territory, Washington State, Spokane, Stevens and Lincoln Counties without moving from the house in which I first lived here.

I belong to the Catholic church, but there were no churches of this denomination, or any other, in this vicinity, when I first arrived. There were only a few settlers in this vast prairie, and these were stockmen operating along Crab Creek, where there was plenty of water and free range.

I was well acquainted with "Wild Goose" Bill Condon, Portugese Joe Enos and the Hutchinson Brothers, all widely known frontier characters of the Big Bend country. I was a pall bearer at the funeral of Wild Goose Bill, when he was killed in a pistol duel in a cabin near Wilbur. The trouble started over a woman, who was wounded during the duel, and both men were killed. It is presumed that both men shot at the same time.

I have a solid gold ring given to me by Portugese Joe, which I have worn for about thirty years. Portugese Joe was leaving for California and said to me, "Bill, I want to make you a present, so go and pick yourself out a big watch, and if you don't want a watch, get a big ring. The bigger it is, the better it will suit me." I have never seen Joe since.

I was born in Linn County, Iowa, in 1861. I am a native-born citizen of Irish and English descent. I was married in 1892 at Wilbur, Washington, and have six children, but no grandchildren.

I have voted in Washington for fifty-five years. The first few settlers here lived in log cabins, when the small logs could be obtained. Otherwise, they used rough lumber which they had to haul from a long distance before the saw mill was built, or the Washington Central Railroad was built from Spokane.

One of the best entertainments in early days was the Indian race at Wilbur. The Indians and whites would come from miles around and bet large sums of money on these races. I recall an amusing incident which happened in the 80's at one of these races. Chief Moses was demonstrating how to start the races by firing his pistol into the air. A few drunken Indians nearby thought a fight was started with the whites and began to shoot off their guns. Chief Moses was so provoked with them that he tied short ropes to their wrists, laid them on their backs, staked their wrists to the ground until they were sobered up. I cannot talk Chinook, but I understand the lingo. The Indians had their camp grounds at the present site of Wilbur.

"Wild Goose" Bill built the first building on the present site of Wilbur, which was his homestead. He used the building for his home and small store which he ran. This building, built of logs, has been moved to the City Park as a memorial of bygone days.

MRS. JOHN ROBERTSON

Lincoln County

I came to Washington Territory from Andrew County, Missouri, in 1887. The trip was made in an immigrant train with my husband and two children. Our destination was Tacoma, where I had a sister.

We came west because of my failing health, as I suffered with tuberculosis, and welcomed my sister's suggestion that the dry climate of Eastern Washington might be beneficial. After a short stay in

Tacoma, we came to Sprague, where my husband secured work at his trade as a blacksmith in the Northern Pacific car shops. After working about three months, he quit his job, bought a team, harness and a buckboard and drove to the present site of Wilbur, where Mr. Robertson bought a small blacksmith shop. There were only two board shacks, "Wild Goose" Bill Condon's two story log house and the blacksmith shop on the site at that time. Dr. B. H. Yount, a physician, occupied one of the cabins with his family and carried on a country wide practice for many miles around, and "Wild Goose" Bill occupied his house only during the haying season with a large stock of liquor and a small stock of groceries. On their arrival in front of Bill's cabin after a two day's trip from Sprague, I refused to leave the buckboard to go into his place and sat there until Dr. Yount came out, introduced himself and invited me in his cabin. We remained with the Younts three days until Mr. Robertson completed a cabin. It was without a floor or windows. The first rain leaked through the roof and we were obliged to raise our umbrellas inside our cabin in order to keep dry.

My husband's business thrived and customers came from a great distance in all directions to have their horses shod. He bought machinery and a large stock of hardwood and added a wagon shop in conjunction with his blacksmith shop. In 1888 he bought a quarter section of lieu land, three miles south of Wilbur. In 1901 his wagon shop, $4,000 worth of hardwood, which he had just received, and all his machinery, was destroyed by fire. His insurance had expired two days before and it was a total loss. Mr. Robertson continued blacksmithing until 1907 when he sold out and was elected town marshal, which office he held until his death in 1919. He disposed of his land and sold a business lot on the main street of Wilbur to the Woodmen of the World for $3,050.

I was one of the organizers of the Methodist Church, South, which was the first church built in Wilbur. I was superintendent of this institution for a number of years.

I was born in Andray County, Missouri, in 1852, of American born parents. I was married in 1878. I have two children and three grandchildren. They are: Mrs. Bessie Dalton, Wilbur, widow with one child; Mrs. Myrtle Peffley, Davenport, Washington, married, and the mother of two children.

I have voted in Washington about twenty-five years.

When I came to the Big Bend country there were very few settlers in this district. The houses were rough board shacks and a few log

cabins. "Wild Goose" Bill Condon homesteaded the townsite of Wilbur. At the time the town was organized, the question of an appropriate name for the village came up. Some suggested "Goose Town" but I protested, saying I wouldn't live in the town if given that name. I suggested that if it was desired to name the town after Mr. Condon why not call it Wilbur, which was his middle name. This was agreeable to the committee and this name was adopted.

Transportation was by stage, horseback and wagons. Supplies were hauled from Cheney and Spokane, a distance of about 60 miles over very rough roads. These towns were the nearest railroad points. The Washington Central branch of the N. P. R. R. was constructed through the Big Bend country and Wilbur in 1888-89 and the growth of the country from that time was very rapid.

There were many Indians living about Wilbur, but they were peaceable and gave very little trouble unless they were drunk. I learned the Chinook jargon. Mr. Robertson's uncle was killed by two drunken Indians in Okanogan County in 1889 in a dispute over some tobacco. When found, his body, all excepting his lower limbs which were protected by his boots, had been eaten by coyotes.

DANIEL WILLIAMS

Garfield County

It was in 1873, back in Hardin County, Iowa, that my father decided to come to Washington Territory. Neighbors had made the journey, and sent back glowing accounts of the mild winters, the hills covered with bunch grass where stock roamed the year round, making it unnecessary to provide winter feed.

The route my father chose was by train to San Francisco, then by boat to Wallula. I was a lad of sixteen years, and I found the trip most interesting. There was the ride on the steamer to Portland, then up the Columbia, portaging twice before reaching Wallula. At this place our belongings were transferred to freight wagons and the long tedious ride to Waitsburg was begun.

Dr. Baker's famous strap-iron road was then being constructed, but was finished only as far as the Touchet. Stages were running between Walla Walla and Lewiston. Mines were active in central Idaho and stage travel was heavy. There were several stage stations; one of them being where Dayton now stands, one at Marengo, one at Pataha and another on the Alpowa. Stages had no springs. The body swung

on heavy straps as the cumbersome vehicle jolted along through clouds of dust.

The only roads were the old Indian trails. Some of them are still visible five miles east of Pomeroy; the same trails that Lewis and Clark followed when Indian guides led them through here in 1806 on their return from the mouth of the Columbia River.

In 1874 my father located his land. He bought a relinquishment from John Rush, who had filed a preemption. There was a log cabin 16 x 20 feet in size, and thirteen of us to occupy it, as one of my sisters was married and lived with us. There was a tiny cabin built to smoke meat, that accommodated two beds, while trundle beds were used by the younger children.

Soon we were building a roomier house, hauling the logs from the Blue Mountains. We hewed the logs and made the floors of lumber hauled from the Eckler mill on Eckler Mountain. We made the sash for the doors and windows ourselves, getting the window-glass from Waitsburg. There were two rooms, with a sort of gallery between them, where we often ate in hot weather. There were rooms upstairs, so we were not crowded.

In 1881 we built a really good house. There was a planing mill at Pomeroy by that time, so we brought lumber from the sawmill and had it planed. Windows and doors were shipped up the Snake river and we hauled them from New York Bar.

About the first article manufactured in this locality was a chair. Hartrode made the first chairs, using native maple which grew along the creeks and gulches. The seats were made of rawhide strips. We still have our set, made more than fifty years ago.

There was a lot of game in those days, although the Indians had killed off many of the deer. There were no elk. Prairie chickens and grouse were here by the thousands. The first elk were brought into the Blue Mountains by the Game Commission, which sent to Montana for two carloads, and turned them loose in the mountains.

There were no bridges. I used to watch the stage horses, lathered with sweat, plunge into the ice-cold streams, the stage coach dropping down the bank a foot or two, jolting the passengers unmercifully. Four miles east of Waitsburg a man named Star lived on the banks of the Touchet River by the stage crossing. The road commissioner, Mr. Fudge, decided that the time had come for a bridge. My brother-in-law, Thornton, and my brother and I were given the contract for its construction. It was a simple affair, but a real blessing to travelers

and horses. We cut down trees along the Touchet River and so came into being the first bridge between Pomeroy and Walla Walla. This was called Star's Bridge.

The first school east of the Tucanon was on Pataha Flats. It was built in 1874 by a man named Sharpneck, who had a little sawmill at the edge of the Blue Mountains. We met there for spelling school, literary and debating society, and the usual gatherings typical of the frontier days.

I recall going to Marengo in 1875-76-77 to attend Fourth of July celebrations. We had a picnic dinner, singing and speaking. Ernest Hopkins, a pioneer teacher, was the orator of the day. I knew Louis Raboin, the Hudson's Bay Company trapper. He lived with his Indian wife and children at Marengo, the place having been named for him.

I was well acquainted with Jerry McGuire and the Hopwoods, who settled in what later became Asotin County. I knew Chief Timothy well, and heard him preach on Pataha Flat. The site of his village at the mouth of the Alpowa later became the home of David Mohler. I have stayed there over night and gathered apples from the trees planted by the Rev. Spalding.

Where Pomeroy now stands were fields of wheat. The McCabe cabin stood near where Main street is now. The first wheat was hauled to Wallula; then to Walla Walla. As soon as father raised enough wheat to sell, we hauled it twenty-five miles to New York Bar using four to six horses to a load. In 1878 a mill was built at Pataha by Mr. Houser. Garfield County was organized in 1881.

The country was full of peaceful, blanketed Indians. They wintered at the mouth of the Alpowa and the Asotin. Spring found them journeying to the camas grounds. Over in the Wallowa Valley, Chief Joseph lived with his tribe on the land which his father, Old Chief Joseph, had demanded as a part of the treaty grant in 1855. The treaty had been broken once by the whites, but in 1873 it was again restored to the Indians, but only for a short time.

The valley was the hunters' paradise. There were deer, elk and mountain sheep; wild fowl by the thousands and a lake full of fish. There were berries and roots, everything the Indians desired, summer or winter. It was here that Chief Joseph was born. When an attempt was made to drive the Indians out, they fought to keep their home. Soldiers were ambushed on Whitebird Creek. I was at Lapwai when they brought in the wounded.

When a company of volunteers was organized at Pomeroy, I joined

and got the contract to haul military supplies for General Howard, I freighted as far as Mt. Idaho, fifteen miles from the Clearwater. From there, pack-horses and mules were used.

Chief Joseph retreated and kept up a running fight for three months before surrendering to General Miles. He was taken to the Indian Territory and kept there for seven years, then transferred to the Colville reservation in Northeastern Washington, where he died an exile from his old home. There is a monument at the foot of Wallowa Lake marking his grave.

BARNEY OWSLEY

Garfield County

(*The story of a Pioneer, 90 years old, whose earliest experiences associate him with practically all the famous men of early territorial days.*)

I was born March 29, 1847, in Cooper County, Missouri. In 1861 we started from Missouri, heading west to the Northwest Territory, as conditions were not comfortable in Missouri due to the Civil War. We thought there would be better opportunities in the far west. We had four yoke of oxen when we started and reached here with three head. I walked all the way from South Pass. The last house I saw was on the Loop Fork of the Platte. The first one I saw on this side was the Indian Agency at Umatilla. By the time we reached La Grande our food was gone and we waited there until our scouts went ahead to the agency and returned with supplies.

We left the wagon train at Umatilla, and started for Walla Walla, the straggling village on Mill Creek. There we learned that we could get work up the Touchet. We followed the trail as far as a wagon could go. That brought us to "Stubb's" place where he had built a cabin and lived there with his squaw. His real name was Schuebley and the land afterwards became the townsite of Dayton. "Stubbs" was killed in the Okanogan country, while running government horses across the border.

Davis and Whetstone had located in what is known as Whetstone Hollow, and father hired out to him to get logs from the Blue Mountains to put up their cabins, so we went up in the mountains and built a cabin of logs where we spent that first winter, which turned out to be the most talked-of winter in the history of this country.

We had been told that the winters were mild and we could work outside in our shirt sleeves. It began to snow and kept on snowing. Our cabin was completely covered. We had to keep shoveling the snow away, but we got along some way.

During the following April, when my father, brother and I started for the Florence mines, we went up over the Alpowa hills. They were covered with ice from the snow that had packed there during the winter. We dropped down into the Snake River Valley, to find the grass green and Indians camped at the mouth of the Alpowa. That was Chief Timothy's home. Many a time in later years I was to see this encampment and accept the hospitality of the friendly chief, who never lifted a hand against the whites.

We found ten thousand men in the Florence mines, and the good claims all staked. They were taking out $6,000 a day with rockers. We didn't stay long, but went down to the Salmon River Valley and spent the winter. Flour was $2.50 a pound and bacon the same.

I was 16 years old in the spring of 1863; my brother, Dick, was older. He killed a big elk in the Salmon River Valley, and we packed that to Florence and sold it for $1.00 a pound. That kept us going for a while. The woods were full of huckleberries, so when they got ripe we sold them for $5.00 a gallon. I could pick two gallons a day.

Two men whipsawed some lumber for father, and he made a skiff and we crossed the Salmon and went south. We drifted around, hearing of diggings here and there and finally returned to the Pataha.

Two miles above the place where the trails crossed the creek, a man named Sunderland had located. I went up to the mountains and got out logs for him and helped build his log cabin, the first on the site of the present Pomeroy, but the town started a long time after that.

I started packing to the mines and stayed with it six years. In 1863, Colonel Craig put his ferry on the Snake river between the present sites of Lewistown and Clarkston. The former was not long in becoming a town, but Clarkston was only a horse pasture for a long time. A man named Greenfield had a horse ranch on that side of the river. John Scilott had a ferry on the Snake river. His wife was Chief Timothy's daughter, Jane. When I'd go to Montana with a pack train, I would stop there. She was a good friend of mine.

Every kind of merchandise needed at the mines was packed in on the backs of mules; mining machinery, tools, tables for the gamblers, food and clothing. Expert skill and judgment were required to prevent over-loading and the wrong kind of packing. Flour was one of the most difficult articles to pack. Three hundred and fifty pounds

of merchandise were considered a good average load for a mule. Each pack train was led by a bell horse with a rider. The rider was also the cook. Forty-five mules was a five-man train, and twenty-three a three-man train. Sometimes we would be gone for months. President Lincoln was assassinated a year before I heard of it.

I packed to Fort Colville and to the Coeur d'Alene mines, through the Palouse and Spokane countries, stopping at George Lucas' on Cow Creek. Many a time we played checkers together and George always won. At the forks of the Palouse, where the town of Colfax was later founded, there was nothing but brush.

Saw Joseph's Retreat

While operating a pack train into the Idaho mountains, during the Chief Joseph war, I brushed into the retreating Joseph and his warriors. I discovered my dilemma in time to escape with a whole skin, but I deserted my pack train to do it. When Chief Joseph had passed, I went back and found horses and cargo largely intact, though Joseph's men had tapped a whiskey barrel and consumed considerable of it. This episode was one of my big moments.

The moderate climate of the lower Grande Ronde river and the Imnaha canyon attracted me. I moved my herd to that region, where in cold weather the stock grazed on the river bank and moved up on the hills in summer time. At the very point where engineers are now building the Shumaker grade, I found abundant pasture. I should have stuck to it, as it was a great stock country.

I crossed the Spokane river on Joe Herron's ferry, seven miles above the falls, often stopping there to fish. I could have owned the site on which Spokane was built. The townsite of Lewiston was offered to me for thirty dollars. It was traded by the owner, Mr. West, for a horse. Mr. West was homesick for trees, so he crossed to the Washington side and rode on and on until he sighted the feathery tops of pines against the skyline.

By 1866 enough farmers had located in the Touchet Valley to call for a grist mill. It was built at Long's, now the site of Long's Station. The method of threshing and winnowing wheat was primitive. I remember seeing Elisha Ping at his ranch on the Patti above Dayton, cleaning his grain in an old fanning mill, after tramping it out with horses.

I took grain to Long's mill in 1866 and had it ground and packed a whole train to Boise and another to Orofino. My uncle, Jesse Day, lived on the Touchet, and raised a lot of hogs . He made bacon, which I packed and sold for a dollar a pound. Uncle Jesse took the money

and bought the land of Schnebley where Dayton now stands. Schnebley had a log house where travelers stopped for meals and to spend the night.

Archie and Frank McCrearty were here when we came. So was James Bower. He owned the site of Pataha City. "Parson" Quinn had a squatter's claim on Pataha Creek. Billy Freeman and "Aunt Ellen" ran the stage station on Alpowa Creek. I stopped there many a time. Aunt Ellen was a famous cook.

I knew Jerry MacQuire, said to be the first permanent settler on Asotin Creek. He was a big Irishman, handy with his fists. His wife was a squaw, yet Jerry had a lot of fights with Indians. The hills were full of Jerry's horses, at least a thousand of them. His brand was a horse's head.

One day while in the hills, he ran into a band of hostile Indians. They were sixteen to one, but Jerry had the advantage. Beside him was a pile of rocks, apparently made to order. These he used with such unerring aim that the redskins fled.

Indians wintered in the Asotin where it empties into the Snake, as well as at the mouth of the Alpowa. The apple trees planted for Red Wolf by the missionary, Rev. Spalding, were still there on Chief Timothy's ranch. Many a time I enjoyed their fruit. The trees grew from seedlings, so the apples were small and of inferior quality, yet they were a treat in the early days, when fruit was scarce.

The Nez Perce was a fine type of Indian. When I first knew Timothy, he was about thirty-five years old. His wealth consisted of horses. It was Timothy who saved the Steptoe expedition from utter failure. He crossed the Steptoe command over the Snake River under cover of darkness and they went on to Walla Walla. I heard Timothy preach a number of times.

This was a stock country at first. Newton Estes, on the Deadman Creek, had a lot of cattle. J. M. Pomeroy brought in the roan Durham. Truly, there were "cattle on a thousand hills." The farming was all done in the valleys along the streams. Then it was discovered that wheat could be raised on the hills. From that time farmers turned their attention to wheat raising, especially after Dr. Baker's road was finished.

Steamboats ran on the Snake River and several shipping points were established. There was one at New York Bar, another at Grange City. Almota was a lively little shipping point in the early days.

When the government built the road over the Lola Trail, I packed

to the 200 men at the construction camps. There I saw Col. Craig. He had settled on land on the Idaho side in the 30's, later taking it as his donation claim. Col. Craig, Doc Newell and Louis Raboin came from St. Louis to trap for the Hudson's Bay Company. They were all "squaw men." Col. Craig established the first ferry on the Snake river. Doc Newell became Indian agent at Lapwai and Louis Raboin, or "Marengo," as he was known, settled on the Tucanon, just three miles over the hills from the site of my ranch in later years, and I knew him well. He was there in the 50's when Governor Stevens and his party of surveyors passed that way. Later the town of Marengo was named for him. He was always fighting mosquitoes when he was trapping in the Pend Oreille country and his companions named him "Maringouin," French for mosquito. Spelling it the way it sounded changed the name to Marengo.

In 1869 I settled on Pataha Creek, four and one-half miles from the present site of Pomeroy. I homesteaded and bought land and my farm covered three thousand acres, part of it being the "Parson" Quinn place. I had loaned him some money and one day he appeared and insisted upon giving me a deed.

The Grange put up a rough lumber building on my ranch and held their meetings. Other meetings were held there and later the building was used for a school house.

Game was always plentiful. When I ran out of meat I took my pack-horse and went up into the Blue Mountains, returning very soon with a deer. There were thousands of prairie chickens along the Tucanon; they fed on birch buds in the winter. Grouse hatched along the Tucanon in the spring.

In 1874 there was talk of dividing Walla Walla county. Elisha Ping was in the territorial legislature at that time and he used his influence to form a new county with Dayton as the county seat . He wanted the county named Ping, but Columbia seemed more suitable to the majority, so in 1875 the new county was sliced off. Some wanted Marengo for the county seat, but Dayton received the most votes.

Knew Famous Indians

Practically all conspicuous Indians of an early date were on speaking terms with me, and I had frequent intercourse with them, over the poker table, or in a business sense. Red Elk, Mox-Mox and even Long John, the renegade, are listed in that respect. Long John's checkered career has in it ample material for thrilling western history.

And there was Cherokee Bob! Of that man I have vivid recollec-

tions . Cherokee Bob was a Georgia "breed" who came to Walla Walla when that place was wild and wooley, and Bob was not long in spinning a web of troubles about himself. During a theatrical production, some soldiers persisted in annoying the actresses. Cherokee Bob may have been a "breed," but he had a sense of chivalry not understood by some westerners. Cherokee Bob warned once, then shot. Six soldiers "bit the dust" and Bob scooted for Florence. Soon he was in trouble there, and again over a woman. In the shoot-off which followed, with a man named Jack Williams, Bob's weapons having been tampered with by the woman over whom they fought, Bob's finish as foreordained. His remains lie at Florence, now a city of "bats and ghosts," under a rapidly disintegrating plank marker.

I engaged in stock-raising and sold my cattle to Dooley and Kirkman of the Figure 3 ranch. I homesteaded and bought land until I had 3,000 acres where I raised these cattle and part of my herd was raised in Asotin county.

In 1877 a buyer came in and I went with him to drive the cattle out. On the way back I heard that Chief Joseph was on the warpath and his warriors were killing the whites. Families were rushing from all parts of the country to forts that were being hastily constructed. At first I couldn't believe it. Chief Joseph was a friend of mine, a highly respected one. He had never made any trouble, asking only that he and his tribe might dwell in the valley which was his birthplace.

I joined the company that was organized, and did scout duty, going as far as Kamaia. Joseph retreated, entered Montana, kept up a running fight and retreat which lasted three months. Finally he surrendered to General Miles near Bear Paw Mountain.

The trouble started over the possession of the Wallowa Valley, the land given to Old Chief Joseph in the treaty of 1855. There they lived happily and peacefully for years. It was an ideal place for anybody, white or red. Wallula lake was full of sockeye salmon. Worlds of elk and deer came down from the hills in the fall and roamed along the river. There was small game of every description. In the spring there were roots of all kinds, and berries in the summer. It was sheltered in winter, cool in summer, and nothing more was needed or desired by the Indians.

White men coveted this Paradise, and the land was taken by them. Chief Joseph blamed Lawyer, saying, "If I had a horse and you wanted to buy it and I said 'no,' and you went to another man and he sold my horse to you, would that be right? That is just what you have done. You have sold land that did not belong to you."

When the young men of the tribe became restless in 1873, President Grant again turned the valley over to them, but in 1875 the order was revoked. From that time there was trouble. The Indians refused to leave. Stock was killed. Soldiers sent to reinforce the order of removal were ambushed and killed and the war was on. Chief Joseph was never allowed to again look upon the valley where he was born.

Returning from the war in 1877, I found that a grist mill was being built. Ben Day built a store. Carnahan had a saloon. The town of Pomeroy was starting.

The skeleton of an old mill marks the site of the first town in what is now Garfield county. That was Columbia Center, a thriving little village of the 70's. A man named Stimson, miller and mill wright, built the mill, also building one on the Alpowa. In 1876 he and his family entered the Asotin country, settling at Anatone. It was there I met his daughter, Harriet, when I went into the Grand Ronde Valley to raise cattle in 1878. We were married in 1879 and spent a year on Joseph Creek right across from Old Chief Joseph's ranch.

My cattle range was where the Grande Ronde empties into the Snake. When we were living on Joseph Creek, I was coming along the trail through the alders one day, when I discovered a cave. I explored it and found plenty of room for a good-sized camp, so I moved in. It extended far back and I chose a good place for my fire where the smoke drifted out through a crevice.

My father and another man visited me there at times and we cooked our meat and sourdough over the fire, using forked sticks. Years after I had abandoned the camp, the newspapers carried the announcement that a cave had been discovered that bore evidence of having been occupied in pre-historic days. It seems the cave-men had left forked sticks, ashes and a moccasin. These were sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

Fast Horses Owned

On the homestead on the Pataha, now known as the Wesley Steele place, we had a race track for training and race meet purposes. Some of the finest horse-flesh of the period capered over that track. Of all the horses I owned, Bob Miller, sired by Jim Miller, out of a strain of Kentucky runners, brought to Salem, was the favorite. Faster horses then than now? Sure. More interest and better horses.

For many years beginning with 1869 the Pataha homestead was headquarters for our family. When we came out of the Grande Ronde Valley in 1884, my farm on the Pataha was in Garfield county, the

new county cut out of Columbia county in 1881. I paid taxes on the same piece of land in three counties.

In 1883 Asotin county was formed from the eastern end of Garfield. Each time there was a division I wondered whether the new county would ever "stand alone" but the past fifty years have proved that no worry was necessary.

I might say that I have voted during 73 years, voting the first time at the mines when I was 18 years old, with two guns held over me.

EARLY DAYS IN MASON COUNTY

By Frank Mossman

Pioneer Hunter and Game Warden of Mason and Thurston Counties

Mason County in the early part of 1880 and in later years, was a paradise for the poor man. On the harbors of the county, both in fall and winter, there were ducks of many species and in the early winter there were many geese. On Big Skookum Bay one could stand on a point, during the incoming tide and catch big salt water trout and salmon until weary of fishing. While trolling, one could always catch big salmon—in spring time came the smelt run, as large fish pursued the smelt schools. The smelt at times would run in thousands out of the water and on the beach, where residents would fill tubs and barrels with these fish. Along the beaches one could dig a sack of clams on a tide run-out.

Oysters are Native

Mason County is, and was, the home of the famed Olympia oyster. They were first gathered by the Indians by hand. In the winter tide runs, the Indians had sleds with iron tops. On the sleds they built fires of pitch pine to light up the oyster beds as they selected the larger oysters. The oyster bay beds at this time were a mass of oysters, providing there had been no severe freezing weather for a year or so. Some winters, when the extreme low tides were at night, it would snow on the oysters, and before the tide would again cover them, the weather would turn cold and freeze the snow into ice. The delayed tide would return and raise the ice with its load of frozen oysters and the ebb tide carried hundreds of tons of oysters into deep waters and the ducks and gulls would feast for days on the frozen opened oysters floating in the bay.

With the coming of the white men to Oyster Bay, the methods of taking the oysters changed. The white oystermen placed floats out over the beds and when the tide was out, they raked and forked the oysters onto the float and floated it to the beach. Among the oysters there would be one large one to fifty small oysters, also mussels. The white men took only the best of the big oysters and dumped the rest on the beach, destroying thousands of bushels of young oysters. The price when delivered in Olympia was from seventy-five cents to a dollar for a two bushel sack that now must fetch twenty dollars. Later on, the oysterman got transportation for the oysters to Olympia instead of bringing them by row boat. A. J. Burr, formerly a postmaster at Olympia, had constructed the Old Settler. This was a big scow, flat-bottomed, with a donkey engine for power, and geared to run with an up and down motion. The engine was attached to paddle wheels. On the first trip to Oyster Bay, aside from breaking down several times, the Old Settler arrived there and created more excitement than the Great Eastern did on the Atlantic coast. The fuel was whatever could be found along the beach, and many an Indian carefully piled and stored wood along the beach, for the winter, which went up the Old Settler's flues. Being flat-bottomed, the boat could be run ashore almost any place, and the engineer, Vic, longshored the wood, while the captain scanned the shores for an Indian war party. The Olympia harbor, in those days, aside from two small channels, was a mud flat for miles when the tide was out, but Captain Burr never had to worry, as the Old Settler could paddle along the flats like running on water. On one trip, it is related, the engineer had oiled the engine and also himself, with oil from the Kiuse saloon. The water pump had stopped working and no water in the boiler. The befuddled engineer yelled to Captain Burr and then jumped overboard. The captain was the last to leave, and followed in a hurry. As they were near Olympia and the tide was out, they landed in two feet of soft mud. The Old Settler did not blow up, but continued on until it struck a pile. The captain and crew were rescued by an Indian.

Later in the oyster business, the young oysters and culls were restored to the beds after being separated from the marketable oysters. Captain Doane opened an oyster house in Olympia and made the fame of the Olympia oysters world wide, by his famous pan roasts and stews.

Game In Mason County

As we hunted the cougar, bear and wild cat, fisher, deer and other game during all our spare time, we learned quite a lot about these animals. In the autumn, when the dog salmon were running up Ken-

nedy creek, head of Oyster bay, we often, with our trained dogs, killed from one to five bear in a day when the bear were salmon feeding. Deer roamed the hills between Oyster bay and Summit lake. This Summit lake at that time was in Thurston County, and was the greatest natural trout lake ever recorded. Five hundred trout in one day were often taken by one fisherman. Using additional flies, one man often caught two and three fish at one time. Bass planted in this lake ate the young trout and ruined the fishing.

Cougar as a Killer

We have been in at the death of many cougars, seen my hounds killed by these animals, have heard many cougar yarns, but we only know of two instances both true, where cougars attempted or succeeded in taking human life.

Many years ago, in the Shelton community, a little boy and his sister were on their way to school, traveling along a brushy trail. A lurking cougar sprang out and caught the little girl by her clothes. At her screams, her little brother turned and beat the cougar over the head with his lunch basket, adding his yells to those of his sister. The cougar clawed the boy on the head, but by this time the children's dog, which had twice been ordered home, overtook them again, and came to the rescue, chasing the cougar into the brush. A party of hunters killed this animal, and found he was semi-blind, with a film coating the eyes.

A wounded bear is far more dangerous to approach than a cougar, and we have many times faced both. A cougar in Eastern Washington killed and partly devoured a fifteen year old farm boy just a few years ago.

The last known elk at the head of Oyster bay was killed by an Olympian with the aid of his dogs, which ran the animal into Summit lake. In the early 80's and for some years after, a herd of fifteen elk roamed in sight of Oyster bay in Mason county, and in the western and northwestern part of Mason county elk roamed in great herds and many are to be found today. In the early days, before the loggers had destroyed the beauty of the forests, it was a pleasure to travel through miles and miles of beautiful forests, with natural openings enhancing the charming scenes. In the fall, flocks of grouse would gather together, until at times two hundred and more would be banded, getting ready for the winter. They would roost high up on the limbs of a forest giant. These beautiful birds were a great help in settling Mason county. They furnished delicious meat for the early settlers.

Logging in Mason County

During the early days, most of the logging was done with cattle and a good trained yoke of cattle sometimes brought two thousand dollars. This was paid by Sam Willey for "Duke" and "Dime", his leaders in his ten yoke main skid road team. Five hundred dollars was often paid for a good yoke of cattle, well broken, and teams like this on a well greased skid road with a good driver, would haul a big string of logs half a mile to the landing and walk right along. A poor teamster could spoil a good ox team in a short time. Good bull drivers got at times four hundred dollars a month and board and it was as good board as could be found at any hotel. The men were paid off mostly with twenty dollar gold coins. On Sundays the men generally spent their time playing poker for high stakes. Samuel Willey was beloved by his logging crews. Later, when logging was being done by machinery and railroads, one of the largest employers of loggers was Sol Simpson. Sol's men, from "greasers" to the superintendents of his railroad and logging roads, praised him as the squarest man in Mason county. Sol Simpson met all on the same plane. The humble laborer or highly paid man—he was friendly to all. He owned steamers, railroads and the largest logging camps, but personally, he was a kind, friendly man to all who worked for him. Were a man hurt in his camps or on his railroad, Sol was the first to visit the injured man and did all he could in his behalf. Men from many states, coming to the logging region, were aided and given work and Sol Simpson would keep track of the family men to see that they were getting along all right. His wife and their two beautiful daughters will always be remembered for their kindness to the families of loggers working for Sol.

It was a day in 1885 that we rode over to Shelton, the county seat, to display our latest kill—an eight foot cougar. Among those in Shelton examining the animal was a fine looking old gentleman. He, we learned later, was David Shelton, founder of Shelton. Later on, we became acquainted with his sons, Buck and Till Shelton. Till Shelton afterwards became a very prominent logger. The day I met Buck Shelton, Buck related an amusing story about an Indian who lived on the bay and was a local seller of clams and oysters. His name was Seesal. Being a great fisherman, he would take his light canoe, bait his hook with smelt and troll for salmon with one hundred feet of line. According to Buck, this day Seesal had out about one hundred feet of line and had wrapped one end about his right, or rowing, hand. He was paddling along off Skunk Point, humming an Indian lullaby, when there came a tremendous pull on his line. In an instant Seesal's canoe turned over, but he hung onto one of the crossbars of the craft,

being unable to loosen the fishline. The fish was well hooked, and towed Seesal several hundred yards before another Indian came to his rescue and towed him ashore, canoe and all. The two Indians pulled the fish to the beach, and as it raised up in shallow water, displayed whiskers on its chin. Seesal had hooked a seal . In describing his fishing, Seesal said, "Mee ticky salmon, seal him ticky smelt. Me gettum hyas bath."

When David Shelton landed on his later townsite, it was covered by brush and timber as thick as hair on a cat's tail. It was raining, the creek was full of water and dog salmon and occasionally silversides. The Indians camped on the creek all fall, catching salmon and drying them. After eating dried salmon and smoked clams all winter, an Indian could be smelled on a warm day as far as an active skunk. Uncle Dabby, as the Indians called David Shelton, was depended upon for their "supalell" or flour. In return they gave Uncle Dabby many a fine haunch of venison or a prime salmon.

Newspaper Comes to Shelton

Years later, Grant Angle, then a young man, came to Shelton to establish a newspaper. He started the Mason County Journal. At that time most of the prominent oystermen on Oyster bay were married to Kloochmen, or Indian women, so to start his paper right Mr. Angle concluded to get up a book or pamphlet with photos and biographical sketches of Mason County pioneers. When he arrived on Oyster bay he was embarrassed by the wealth of detail of pioneer life, as the squaw men had been married Indian fashion and several of the older pioneers had been married to several different squaws. I helped Grant get the biographical sketches of the squaw men, but Grant slid over the marriage question. Also the papoose population. The Indians in those days on Oyster bay had a habit when one of the Indians got sick, of sitting up with him, and not only sat up, but they beat tin cans and wailed night and day to drive the devil out of the patient. They were successful most times, of not only driving out the devil, but the life of the Indian as well. One of the local Indians was Two Horse. He looked more like a mule with his big ears and feet as big as a small suit case. He was always hunting. When I became a game warden we had to arrest Two Horse for violating the game laws. He bucked and kicked about until we handcuffed him.

Bagpipe Charley Hildebrand

Among the residents of Oyster bay was Charles Hildebrand. He was a long, lean, hungry-looking man, who wore long hair down his back, and a buckskin suit. He was a perfect picture of Buffalo Bill gone to seed. He had a bagpipe and was a fine player. When he first

played this moaning instrument upon his arrival, he was a mile across the waters. When he began moaning before pulling out some of the minor keys of the bagpipe, I thought it was another sick Indian across the bay, and by the sounds, the Indian would die before morning—but there were few smarter men in Mason County than Bagpipe Charley. He claimed to have been chief piper for Queen Victoria, and he evidently wore the same suit of buckskin he had worn before the Queen. Charley had been in many Indian wars, carried dispatches for Generals Reno and Custer, and had been in the Modoc war in Southern Oregon and Northern California, where he had exchanged shots with Shagnasty Jim. Charley sold his oyster holdings for a cool hundred thousand dollars, later, and we lost track of him.

Upon leaving Oyster bay, we moved to Olympia in 1900 and a year or so later we became game warden of Thurston county. In 1907 we moved to Bandon, Oregon, and became a game warden under John W. Baker. After working in Oregon until the great war broke out, we moved to Pacific county, Washington, and worked as a marshal in the shipyards, then game warden of Pacific county, for nearly fifteen years. Then we resigned as game warden after thirty years of the work in Oregon and Washington states, among the hills and valleys, watching for game violations. That we were successful goes without saying, after making 1,700 arrests in the two states.

ISAAC V. MOSSMAN (My Father)

Isaac V. Mossman, aged 82 years, an Oregon pioneer and one of the foremost Indian fighters and pony express riders of the state, died Thursday at Roseburg. In the death of Mr. Mossman there passes one of the best known men of pioneer days. He was born in Indiana, August 8, 1830, and came to Oregon by ox team in 1853, arriving at Oregon City, October 20.

Mr. Mossman carried the mail from Oregon City to Scottsburg, on the Umpqua river, in October, 1855, when he went to The Dalles.

There, learning that the Indian agent at the Yakima reservation had been murdered by the Indians, he enlisted in Company G, first regiment, Oregon mounted volunteers, of which A. N. Armstrong was captain. After being mustered out of the company, he enlisted in Company B, second regiment of Oregon mounted volunteers, in command of Captain B. F. Burch. In April, 1861, he started a "pony express" to the Orofino mines, and soon after its establishment took in Joaquin Miller as a partner.

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